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INDEX.

PAGE

Advice, Siddy's 374
Aid for the Sick 670
All like a Dream 368
Amateur Art Exhibition, Our 480
AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY :—
Instantaneous Photography .. 347
Portraiture 595
American Namesake, Exeter's 602
April, Our Garden in .. 288
Arcadie, A Maid of 122
Armstrong, Sir W. G., and Newcastle 16
Art, A Morning at the Female School of 215
Art Exhibition, Our Amateur 480
Art of Garnishing, The .. 378
Art of Making Pictures in Stone, The 664
Art of Soup-Making, The .. 593
Artists, Pavement 235
At a College Breakfast Party 247
Atlantic Telegraphy, The Story of 759
August, The Garden in .. 528
"Auld Robin Gray," The Story of 406
Australian Forest, In an .. 271

Baby and I, My 533
Battle that all must Fight, A 698
Behind the Tapestry .. 22
Belgian Holiday, A .. 80, 159
Bengal, Home Life in .. 491
Berlin Castle, The White Lady of the 568
Best Estate, The 670
Birthday Cards, How to Paint Christmas and .. 18
Birthday Party, Eric's .. 478
Blind Man's Song, A .. 570
Bread, Old, and New .. 725
Breakfast Party, At a College 247
Bridesmaids, Old Notions concerning 688
BY-PATHS OF COMMERCE :—
Rags and the Trade in them 154

Canning House, A Visit to a (*Sights and Scenes of the New World*) 558
Canoe Voyage down the Wharfe, A 651
Cards, How to Paint Christmas and Birthday 18
Catching the Post 157
Certificated Teacher, "Wanted, a 693
Chairman, Mr. 747
Cheerful Patient, My .. 666
Children's Room, The .. 107
China, Concerning Derby .. 500
Chinese Newspaper, A .. 94
CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS, (WHAT TO WEAR) 43, 119, 183, 243, 311, 371, 427, 495, 555, 632, 695, 756
Christian Name, How to Choose a 542
Christmas and Birthday Cards, How to Paint .. 18
CLASP, WITHIN THE 1, 65, 129, 193, 257, 321, 385, 449, 513, 577, 641, 705, 756
Clay, Modelling in, as a Remunerative Employment .. 152
Club, How to Form a Tricycle 401
Coal, The Real Cost of .. 398
Coke is Made, How 203
Colds, Common Sense about Coughs and 29
College Breakfast Party, At a 247
Colonist, How England Strikes a 339, 591
Colours, The Folk-Lore of .. 413
COMMERCE, BY-PATHS OF :—
Rags and the Trade in them 154

PAGE

COMPETITIONS, PRIZE :—
64, 128, 147, 192, 256, 320, 353, 384, 448, 576, 640, 704
Concerning Derby China .. 500
Continental Trips as a Means of Education 464
COOKERY, PAPERS ON :—
How to Cook Tomatoes .. 30
Dishes of Haricot Beans .. 150
The Art of Garnishing 378
How We Entertained our Elders 440
Eric's Birthday Party 478
The Art of Soup-Making .. 593
Savoury Dishes: How to Improve them 662
Cooper's Hill Engineering College 716
Cost of Coal, The Real .. 398
Coughs and Colds, Common Sense about 29
Court Beaucourt's Treasure 49, 112
Court, Sketched in 283
Cure of Rheumatism, The .. 655

Day at a Model Laundry, A 267
Debility: its Causes and Cure 90
December, Our Garden in .. 32
Decoration of Town Houses, The Outside 14
Decorations, Table 115
Derby China, Concerning .. 500
Desponding Patient, My .. 474
Discovered in Time 599
Disinfectants, A Word about 586
DOCTOR, PAPERS BY A FAMILY :—
Common Sense about Coughs and Colds 29
Debility: its Causes and Cure 90
Healthful Recreations 278
Little Lessons in Household Surgery 410
An Invalid's Eating and Drinking 537
The Cure of Rheumatism .. 655
TALKS WITH MY PATIENTS :—
My Nervous Patient 142
My Reckless Patient 218
My Impatient Patient 331
My Desponding Patient .. 474
My Cheerful Patient 666
My Obstinate Patient 719
Dog Story, A 609
Domestic Training for Girls 56, 87
Door-Panels, How to Paint 415
Dream, All Like a 368
DRESS, WHAT TO WEAR, CHIT-CHAT ON 43, 119, 183, 243, 311, 371, 427, 495, 555, 632, 695, 756
Earthquake Experiences, Our 498
Eating and Drinking, An Invalid's 537
Education, Continental Trips as a Means of 464
Elders, How We Entertained our 440
EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEMEN, REMUNERATIVE, 117, 225, 366, 502
EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN, REMUNERATIVE 53, 174, 305, 438, 562, 682
Endings of Letters, On the 97
Endings of Things, On the 736
Engineering College, Cooper's Hill 716
England, How, Strikes a Colonist 339, 591
England, More Impressions of 591
England's Heritage in the West 534
English Switzerland, In the 623
Eric's Birthday Party .. 478
Estate, The Best 670
Evening in a Norwegian Vicarage, An 109
Exeter's American Namesake 602

PAGE

Fables, Some Modern 25, 156
"Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady" (*Prize Story*) 147
Fair Margaret 442
FAMILY DOCTOR, PAPERS BY A (*see under "Doctor"*)
FAMILY PARLIAMENT, THE :—
Are We Over-Educating our Children? 46, 171, 249
Ought the State to Provide Healthy Homes for the Poor? 300, 430, 494
February, Our Garden in .. 139
Female School of Art, A Morning at the 215
Filey (*A Nineteenth Century Holiday Resort*) .. 539
Filomela, La 628
Flax, From Raw, to Finished Thread 469
Folk-Lore of Colours, The .. 413
FORD, JOHN: HIS FAULTS AND FOLLIES, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM 418, 482, 546, 610, 674, 738
Forest, In an Australian .. 271
Forgive and Forget 186
From Raw Flax to Finished Thread 469

Garden, Our, in January .. 92
,, ,, February .. 139
,, ,, March .. 204
,, ,, April .. 288
,, ,, May .. 344
,, ,, June .. 400
,, ,, July .. 476
,, ,, August .. 528
,, ,, September .. 619
,, ,, October .. 684
,, ,, November .. 721
,, ,, December .. 32
Garnishing, The Art of .. 378
GATHERER, THE :—
Accident Ambulance 60
Accumulator, Barnet's 316
Actinometer, Electrical 701
Adding Machine 64
Aërating Flower-Pot 700
Aërophor 638
Ailsa-Craig Fog-Siren 443
Air, Velocity of Sound in .. 637
Air-Filter 443
Air-Waves, Volcanic 317
Alarms, Artistic 444
Aluminium, Soldering 638
Amalgam, Hydrogen 446
Ambulance, Accident 60
Ambulance Steamer 317
Ammoniaphone 320
Artificial Lightning 636
Asbestos Boxes 576
Asbestos Enamel 190
Asphalte Mortar 192

Balance, Magnetic 318
Balance, Parcels Post 251
Balloon, New 381
Balloon, Propelling 764
Barnet's Accumulator 316
Barometer, Natural 318
Batteries, Lighting Cars by .. 192
Battery, Gold 571
Battery, Pocket 316
Battery, Sunlight 251
Beacons, Self-Lighting 637
Bed Railway Carriages 639
Bell, New 575
Bell, Portable Electric 576
Bell, Water 764
Bicycle Bell, Electric 381
Biological Station, British .. 701
Blast Furnace Slag, New Use for 59
Bleaching Sponges 125
Boiler, Coking 126
Boilers, Cast-Iron 508
Boilers, Catechu and 189
Boilers, Lighting 190
Book-Clip 762
Book-Rest, Useful 443
Boot-Label 760
Boulder, Great 191
Boxes, Asbestos 576
Brake, Finger-Power 444
Bridge across Niagara River, New 192
Bridge, Novel 251
British Biological Station 701
Bronze, Liquid 59
Bullets, Measuring the Speed of 64
Buoys, Universal 252
Burns from Nitric Acid 573
Butter Worker, New 640
Cable, New 187

PAGE

THE GATHERER—*Continued.*

Cable Tramway, New 571
Candlestick, Pocket 316
Carbonic Acid, Solid 509
Carbons, Compound 576
Carcases, Utilising 63
Carpet Fastener 255
Carriages, Steel-framed 253
Cars, Lighting, by Batteries .. 192
Cast-Iron Boilers 508
Catechu and Boilers 189
Cedar-Paper 383
Centre-Cycle 380
Chain Coat-Loop 317
Chain, Monster 62
Chair, Crystal 319
Chicken-Hatcher, Electric .. 635
China Vase, The Largest, in the World 572
Churn, Marble 704
Circle, Squaring the 760
City Fire-Alarms 59
Clip, Book 762
Cleansing of Waste-Pipes .. 126
Clock, Sun-wound 188
Clock, Watch 384
Coal, Manitoban 251
Coat and Hat Rack, Pocket .. 384
Coat-Loop, Chain 317
Coke, Natural 508
Coking Boiler 126
Cold, Effects of, on Microbes .. 508
Colour Combiner 635
Coloured Photographs on Glass 189
Colours Photographed in Natural Shades 638
Compass, New 188
Conductors, Electric Light .. 509
Conduits for Electric Wires, Granolithic 127
Cork Drawer, Handy 383
Corona, Solar 253
Cremator, Sewer-Gas 701
Crystal Chair 319
Cure for Steamed or Frosty Glass 576

Damp-proof Paint 704
Danger from Flies 511
Deep-Sea Fishes, New 446
Demagnetiser, Watch 509
Disinfecting Oven 62
Distance Judger 763
Distributing Electricity 575
Door-Handle, New 316
Drawings, Motion 703
Drying Stove 127
Dust, Heat and 383
Dust-Pan, Useful 125
Dyeing Cut Flowers 252
Dynamo and the Telegraph .. 510

Earthquake Recorder 639
Effects of Cold on Microbes .. 508
Effects of Pressure on Life .. 444
Eggs, Preserved 637
Electric Bell, Portable 576
Electric Bicycle Bell 381
Electric Chicken-Hatcher .. 635
Electric Firelock 254
Electric Gas-Tap and Lighter .. 442
Electric Governor 762
Electric Insect 386
Electric Jewels 254
Electric Lamp, Submarine .. 574
Electric Light Conductors .. 509
Electric Light Effects 572
Electric Light from the Seine .. 380
Electric Light Holders 61
Electric Light, New Applications of 512
Electric Light Spectacles .. 700
Electric Light, Travelling .. 190
Electric Light Wires, Lightning and 702
Electric Line, One-Rail 573
Electric Microscope 381
Electric Mountain Railway .. 511
Electric Parcels Post 760
Electric Table Fan 117
Electric Water-Alarm 636
Electric Wire-Rope Railway .. 95
Electric Wire Transport 256
Electric Wires, Granolithic Conduits for 127
Electrical Actinometer 701
Electrical Speed Indicator .. 124
Electrical Watch 87
Electricity and Friction 191
Electricity and Tanning 319
Electricity and Tunnelling .. 383
Electricity and Vine-Growing .. 638
Electricity, Distributing 575
Electricity, New Mode of Generating 319
Electricity, Ventilating Mines by 191
Electricity, Voting by 511
Enamel, Asbestos 190
Endless Chains, Towing by .. 187
Engine, Manganese-Bronze .. 318
Engine, New Railway 761
Engine, New Spherical 380
Engine, Smokeless 640

PAGE

THE GATHERER—*Continued.*

Etching on Glass 510
Evaporator, Stove 124

Fairy Rings 382
Fence, Movable 126
Filter, Air 443
Filter, Automatic 316
Filter, Wall 571
Finger-Power Brake 444
Fire-Alarms, City 59
Fire-Bricks, Soapstone for .. 191
Fire-Escape, New 447
Fire-Escape, Novel 701
Fireless Locomotive 508
Firelock, Electric 254
Fish, Subterranean 574
Fishes, New Deep-Sea 446
Fishing Fleet, Steam 635
Flat-Iron, Gas 510
Flies, Danger from 511
Floating Reed Island 509
Flooring, Glass 60
Flour-Mill, Gigantic 63
Flower-Pot, Aerating 700
Flowers, Dyeing Cut 252
Flute, Automatic 511
Fog-Horn, New 508
Fog-Siren, Ailsa-Craig 443
Forth Bridge 637
Fossil Meal 62
Freezing, Sinking Shafts by .. 382
Friction, Electricity and 191
Frosty Glass, Cure for Steamed or 576
Frozen Nitrogen 253
Fuel, Tar as 61

Galvanometer, Mercury 572
Garden-Frame, Ventilated .. 509
Gas-Burner, Oxide 702
Gas-Engine, Pigmy 62
Gas Flat-Iron 510
Gas-Tap and Lighter, Electric .. 446
Gas-tight Tubing 762
Gases, Reducing Metals by .. 252
Generating Electricity, New Mode of 319
Germinator, Seed 508
Giraffe Hotel 761
Glass, Coloured Photographs on 189
Glass, Cure for Steamed or Frosty 576
Glass, Etching on 510
Glass Flooring 60
Glass, Iridescent 59
Glass, Marbleising 384
Glass Pulleys 571
Glass Sewer-Pipes 127
Globe Lightning, Artificial .. 762
Glow, Morning 319
Gold Battery 571
Governor, Electric 762
Grain-Dryer 63, 189
Granolithic Conduits for Electric Wires 127
Grape-Seed Oil 508
Grapnel, Tell-tale 190
Gravimotor 576
Green Moon 187
Greenhouse Heat-Alarm 700
Gyroscope, Marine 511

Hammer Telephone 126
Hand as a Telephone 447
Harness, Lighted 62
Harvesting Ice 188
Hat Rack, Pocket Coat and .. 384
Heat-Alarm, Greenhouse .. 700
Heat and Dust 383
Heat of Lamps 63
Helm Signal Lights 251
Hook, Self-Adjusting 575
Hospitals, Photography in .. 191
Hotel, Giraffe 761
Houses, Movable 255
Hydrogen Amalgam 446
Hydrogen Lamp 635
Hydrophobia, Inoculating for .. 383

Ice, Harvesting 188
Indicator, Station 445
Induction, Railway Signalling by 191
Inoculating for Hydrophobia .. 383
Insect, Electric 383
Insoles, Wire Gauze 59
Insulating Wires, New Mode of 187
Insulator, Paper 253
Iridescent Glass 59
Is there a Magnetic Sense? .. 443

Jewels, Electric 254
Joining Tramcars, New Mode of 128

Knife-Cleaner, New 639

Label, Boot 760
Laboratory, Mountain 382
Lamp-glass, New 761
Lamp, Hydrogen 635
Lamp Reflector, Movable .. 188
Lamps, Heat of 63
Languages, Phonograph and .. 380
Lathe, Automatic 319
Lawn Rake Attachment 573
Lawn Tennis Signal Scorer .. 380
Leather Wheels 61
Letters, New Mode of Stamping 446
Life-Buoy, Trunk 446
Life, Effects of Pressure on .. 444
Life-Preserver at Sea, New .. 320
Light, Non-Actinic White .. 703
Light, Pneumatic 639
Light-Reflecting Ventilator .. 636
Light, Standard of 574
Lighting Boilers 190
Lighting Cars by Batteries .. 192
Lights, Measuring Strong .. 380
Lightning and Electric Light Wires 702

PAGE

THE GATHERER—*Continued.*

Lightning, Artificial 636
Lightning, Artificial Globe .. 762
Lightning in a Cave 59
Lightning-Rod, Cheap 510
Lightning-Rod Tester 445
Lightning-Rod Tester, Siemens' 763
Lime-Light, Safe 444
Linen, Tanning 510
Liquid Bronze 59
Liquid, Luminous 124
Lithographic Stone, Artificial .. 191
Locomotive, Fireless 508
Locomotive, Spring Road .. 63
Lounge, Electrified 444
Luminous Liquid 124
Luxotype 320

Magnet, Steam 251
Magnetic Balance 318
Magnetic Sense? Is there a .. 443
Magnetophone 127
Manganese in Plants 635
Manganese-Bronze Engine .. 318
Manganese-Steel 693
Manitoban Coal 251
Manure from Slag 384
Marble Churn 704
Marbleising Glass 384
Marine Gyroscope 511
Marine Station 447
Meal, Fossil 62
Measuring Strong Lights .. 380
Measuring the Speed of Bullets 64
Meat-Safe, Portable 189
Mercury Galvanometer 572
Metals, Reducing, by Gases .. 252
Mexico, Natural Wealth of .. 60
Microbes, Effects of Cold on .. 508
Microscope, Electric 381
Microscope Slides, New 574
Mines, Ventilating, by Electricity 191
Miniature Sun 443
Moon, Green 187
Morning Glow 319
Mortar, Asphalte 192
Moss-Paper 316
Motion Drawings 703
Mountain Laboratory 382
Mountain Railway, Electric .. 511
Mountain, Sinking 512
Movable Houses 255

Nails, Steel 61
Natural Gas, Power from .. 255
Natural Wealth of Mexico .. 60
Needles, Curious 255
Neolithic Roadway 511
Niagara River, New Bridge across 192
Nitric Acid, Burns from 573
Nitrogen, Frozen 253
Non-Actinic White Light .. 703

Ohm, Standard 703
Oil-Bearing Shell 318
Oil, Grape-Seed 508
One-Rail Electric Line 573
Optical Phenomenon, Curious .. 253
Orchid, Giant 510
Organ, Neat Parlour 704
Organic Matter in the Sun .. 124
Osmium Telephone 703
Oven, Disinfecting 62
Oxide Gas-Burner 702

Packer's Puzzle 702
Paint, Damp-proof 704
Paper, Cedar 383
Paper Insulator 253
Paper, Moss 316
Paper Pails 639
Paper Ship 64
Paper Watches 574
Parcels Post Balance 251
Parcels Post, Electric 760
Paris Telescope, Great 254
Parlour-Organ, Neat 704
Pavement, Composite 253
Pen, Home-made Reservoir .. 124
Percentograph 445
Phonograph and Languages .. 380
Photographed, Colours, in Natural Shades 638
Photographs, Coloured, on Glass 189
Photography in Hospitals .. 191
Photometer, Chemical 61
Pictures in Stone 510
Pipe-Joint, New 703
Plants, Manganese in 635
Pneumatic Light 639
Pocket Battery 316
Pocket Candlestick 316
Pocket Coat and Hat Rack .. 384
Police Whistle, New 382
Potato Digger and Picker, New 189
Potato, New 256
Potetometer 572
Power from Natural Gas 255
Pressure, Effects of, on Life .. 444
Pressure of the Sea 576
Pulleys, Glass 571
Pump, Pigmy 381
Puzzle, Packer's 702
Pyrometer, New 575

Quadrant Tricycle 128
Quills, New Use for Old 127

Rack, Pocket Coat and Hat .. 384
Rack, Useful 761
Raft Rudder 62
Railway Carriages, Bed 639
Railway, Electric Mountain .. 511
Railway, Electric Wire-Rope .. 59
Railway Engine, New 761
Railway Signalling by Induction 191
Railway, Single-Rail 190
Rainbow, Circular 381

PAGE

THE GATHERER—*Continued.*

Rainbow, White 254
Rake Attachment, Lawn .. 573
Razor, Sheathed 575
Recorder, Earthquake 639
Reducing Metals by Gases .. 252
Reed Island, Floating 509
"Reservoir" Pen, Home-made 124
Rings, Fairy 382
Roadway, Neolithic 511
Rotary Spade 62
Rudder, Raft 62

Sail-Waggon 640
Sea, New Life-Preserver at .. 320
Sea, Pressure of the 576
Seed Germinator 508
Seine, Electric Light from the .. 380
Sense? Is there a Magnetic .. 443
Sewer-Gas Cremator 701
Sewer Pipes, Glass 127
Sewing Machine Shuttle, Useful 125
Shafts, Sinking, by Freezing .. 382
Shears, Useful Pair of 127
Shell, Oil-Bearing 318
Ship, Paper 64
Shooting-Screen 640
Shuttle, Useful Sewing-Machine 125
Siemens' Lightning-Rod Tester 763
Signal Lights, Helm 251
Signal Scorer, Lawn Tennis .. 380
Sinking Mountain 512
Sinking Shafts by Freezing .. 382
Slag, Manure from 384
Slag, New Use for Blast-Furnace 59
Sleigh, Velocipede 59
Slides, New Microscope 574
Smokeless Engine 640
Soapstone for Fire-Bricks .. 191
Sodium Battery 511
Soil-Heatlng 251
Solar Corona 253
Soldering Aluminium 638
Sound-Mills 382
Sound, Velocity of, in Air .. 637
Spade, Rotary 62
Spectacles, Electric Light .. 700
Speed Indicator, Electrical .. 124
Speed Indicator, New 575
Speed of Bullets, Measuring the 64
Speed of Tidal Waves 252
Spherical Engine, New 380
Sponges, Bleaching 125
Spring Road Locomotive 63
"Squaring the Circle" 760
Stains, New 576
Stamping Letters, New Mode of 446
Standard of Light 574
Standard Ohm 703
Station Indicator 445
Station, Marine 447
Steam Fishing Fleet 635
Steam Magnet 251
Steamed or Frosty Glass, Cure for 576
Steamer, Ambulance 317
Steel-framed Carriages 253
Steel, Manganese 639
Steel Nails 61
Steno-Telegraph 702
Stone, Pictures in 510
Stove, Drying 127
Stove Evaporator 124
Submarine Electric Lamp .. 574
Subterranean Fish 574
Sun-Heating 62
Sun, Miniature 443
Sun Motor 252
Sun, Organic Matter in the .. 124
Sunlight Battery 251
Sun-Wound Clock 188
Sweepings, Value of 638

Table Fan, Electric 187
Table, Novel 447
Tallow, Vegetable 383
Tanning, Electricity and .. 319
Tanning Linen 510
Tar as Fuel 61
Tea-Dryer 573
Telegraph, Dynamo and the .. 510
Telegraph, Wire-Fence 320
Telegraphing 7,000 Miles .. 512
Telephone, Hammer 126
Telephone, Hand as a 447
Telephone, Mechanical 319
Telephone, Osmium 703
Telephone, Remarkable Uses of 508
Telephone, Volcanoes and the .. 63
Telephone Wires, Vultures and 636
Telephonograph 443
Telescope, Great Paris 254
Temperature Tubes 576
Tell-tale Grapnel 190
Tester, Lightning-Rod 445
Tester, Siemens' Lightning-Rod 763
Thermometer, Negative 316
Tidal Waves, Speed of 252
Tool, Transplanting 190
Towing by Endless Chains .. 187
Tramcars, New Mode of Joining 128
Tram-Rail, Skidless 317
Tramway, New Cable 571
Transplanting Tool 190
Transport, Electric Wire .. 256
Trap, Deep-Sea 60
Travelling Electric Light .. 190
Treasure-Safe 700
Tree, Ancient 575
Tricycle, Quadrant 128
Trough Conveyer, Endless .. 188
Trunk Life-Buoy 446
Tubes, Temperature 576
Tubing, Gas-tight 762
Tunnelling, Electricity and .. 383
Twenty-four o'Clock 190

PAGE

THE GATHERER.—*Continued.*

Universal Buoys 252

Value of Sweepings 638
Vase, The Largest China, in the World 572
Vegetable Tallow 383
Velocipede Sleigh 59
Velocity of Sound in Air 637
Ventilating Mines by Electricity 191
Ventilator, Light-Reflecting .. 636
Vice, Handy 189
Vine-Growing, Electricity and .. 638
Volcanic Air-Waves 317
Volcanoes and the Telephone .. 63
Voltmeter, New 254
Voting by Electricity 511
Vultures and Telephone Wires .. 636

Wall-Filter 571
Waste-Pipes, Cleansing of .. 126
Watch-Clock 384
Watch Demagnetiser 509
Watch, Electrical 187
Watches, Magnetised 381
Watches, Paper 574
Water-Alarm, Electric 636
Water-Bell 764
Water-Heater, Rapid 124
Waves, Speed of Tidal 252
Wheels, Leather 61
Whip and Reins Holder, Novel 125
Whistle, New Police 382
White Light, Non-Actinic .. 703
Wings, Automatic 573
Wire-Fence Telegraph 320
Wire Gauze Insoles 59
Wire, Invisible 444
Wire-Rope Railway, Electric .. 59
Work-Bench, Portable 636

Genius, A Musical 461
GENTLEMEN, REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR 117, 225, 366, 502
GENTLEWOMEN, REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR 53, 174, 305, 438, 562, 682
Girls, Domestic Training for 57, 87
Glimpse of Norway, A .. 727
Gretty's Trust 657
Gwendolen 608

HAND, WITNESS MY 34, 98, 162, 226, 290, 354
Haricot Beans, Dishes of .. 150
Health, The Preservation of 206
Healthful Recreations .. 278
Heart-Bells 224
Heiress, Mr. Browne's .. 402
Heritage in the West, England's 534
Highland Joke, A 282
His Life's One Holiday .. 668
Holiday, A Belgian .. 80, 159
Holiday Resort, A Nineteenth Century 539
Holy Island, A Pilgrimage to 436
Home Life in Bengal .. 491
How Coke is Made 203
How England Strikes a Colonist 339, 591
How to Choose a Christian Name 542
How to Cook Tomatoes .. 30
How to Form a Tricycle Club 401
How to Paint Christmas and Birthday Cards 18
How to Paint Door-Panels 415
How to Take out a Patent .. 350
How We Entertained our Elders 440

Impatient Patient, My .. 331
Impressions of England, More 591
In an Australian Forest .. 271
In the English Switzerland 623
Instantaneous Photography, Amateur 347
Invalid's Eating and Drinking, An 537

January, Our Garden in .. 92
JOHN FORD: HIS FAULTS AND FOLLIES, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM 418, 482, 546, 610, 674, 738
Johnny, My 463
Joke, A Highland 282
July, The Garden in .. 476
June, The Garden in .. 400

Kartaline, What is 76
King Baby's Wardrobe .. 302
"Knots to Untie"—Railway Regulations 179

"La Filomela" 628
Lady Best's Mistake .. 84

PAGE

Lady of the Berlin Castle, The White 568
LADY, THE PERFECT 123, 213, 376
Land, Some Curious Payments for 660
Laundry, A Day at a Model 267
Lesson, A Winter 173
Lessons in Household Surgery, Little.. 410
Letters, On the Endings of 97
Letting off the Steam, On .. 395
Life in Bengal, Home .. 491
Life in Old Virginia.. .. 671
Life's One Holiday, His .. 668
Livia's Mistake 731
Love-Quarrel, A 718
Ludwig's Jealousy 335

Maddalena's Lovers.. .. 432
Maid of Arcadie, A 122
Maker, Wearer and.. .. 96
Manxland People 314
March, Our Garden in .. 204
Margaret, Fair 442
Marie: A Story of the American Civil War 210
May, The Garden in .. 344
Medical Students in Scotland 54
Meetings: Neptune, A Story of Strange 560
Memories, River 304
Mexican Gulf, The Queen of the (*Sights and Scenes of the New World*) 238
Mississippi Steamboat, On a (*Sights and Scenes of the New World*) 364
Mistake, Lady Best's .. 84
Mistake, Livia's 731
Model Laundry, A Day at a 267
Modelling in Clay as a Remunerative Employment 152
Modern Fables, Some 25, 156
Modern Pygmalion, A .. 690
More Impressions of England 591
Morning at the Female School of Art, A 215
Murmurs, To One who .. 299
MUSIC:—
A Reverie 26
Some Future Day 78
To the Last 144
The Improvisatore 208
The Gloaming Time 280
The Nightingale's Haunt .. 342
The Shadows 408
"He Loves Me Not!" 472
Vanquished 526
Beside the Sea 604
The Primrose Way 666
The White Dove 734
Music of Scotland, The National 222
Musical Genius, A 461
My Baby and I 533
My Johnny 463
My Neighbour Upstairs .. 750

Name, How to Choose a Christian 542
National Music of Scotland, The 222
Neighbour Upstairs, My .. 750
Neptune: A Story of Strange Meetings 560
Nervous Patient, My .. 142
NEW WORLD, SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE:—
The Queen of the Mexican Gulf 238
On a Mississippi Steamboat .. 364
A Visit to a Canning House .. 558
A Unique Watering-Place .. 751
Newcastle, Sir W. G. Armstrong and 16
Newspaper, A Chinese .. 94
Newspapers of the World, The 523
Nineteenth-Century Holiday Resort, A 539
Norway, A Glimpse of .. 727
Norwegian Vicarage, An Evening in a 109
Notions concerning Bridesmaids, Old 688
November, The Garden in 721

Obstinate Patient, My .. 719
October, The Garden in .. 685
Old Bread and New .. 725
On a Mississippi Steamboat (*Sights and Scenes of the New World*) 364
On Letting off the Steam .. 395
On the Deck of the *Osprey* 505
On the Endings of Letters 97
On the Endings of Things 736
Osprey, On the Deck of the 505
Our Amateur Art Exhibition 480
Our Earthquake Experiences 498
Our Sailors and Ships .. 588
Out of Pity 240
Outside Decoration of Town Houses, The 14

Panels, How to Paint Door 415
PARLIAMENT, THE FAMILY:—
Are We Over-Educating our Children? 46, 171, 249
Ought the State to Provide Healthy Homes for the Poor? 300, 430, 494
Patent, How to Take out a 350
PATIENTS, TALKS WITH MY (*By A Family Doctor*):—
My Nervous Patient 142
My Reckless Patient 218
My Impatient Patient 331
My Desponding Patient .. 474
My Cheerful Patient 666
My Obstinate Patient 719
Pavement Artists 235
Payments for Land, Some Curious 660
Peers in State, The 723
PERFECT LADY, THE 123, 213, 376
PHOTOGRAPHY, AMATEUR:—
Instantaneous Photography .. 347
Portraiture 595
Pictures in Stone, The Art of Making 664
Pilgrimage to Holy Island, A 436
Pity, Out of 240
Portrait, A 504
Portraiture (*Amateur Photography*) 595
Post, Catching the 157
Preservation of Health, The 206
Private Bill, The Promotion of a 286
PRIZE COMPETITIONS 64, 128, 147, 192, 256, 320, 353, 384, 448, 576, 640, 704
Proctor and his "Bulldogs," The 686
Promotion of a Private Bill, The 286
Pygmalion, A Modern .. 690

Quarrel, A Love 718
Queen of the Mexican Gulf, The (*Sights and Scenes of the New World*) 238
Queen's State Robes, The .. 544

Rags and the Trade in them (*By-Paths of Commerce*) 154
Railway Regulations ("Knots to Untie") .. 179
Real Cost of Coal, The .. 398
Reckless Patient, My .. 218
Recompense, Vincent Romney's 466
Recreations, Healthful .. 278
REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEMEN 117, 225, 366, 502
REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN 53, 174, 305, 438, 562, 682
Rescue, A Timely 564
Return to Solitude, The .. 141
Rheumatism, The Cure of .. 655
River Memories 304
River, The Town 28
Robes, The Queen's State.. 544
Rural Types, Some Vanishing 626

Sailors and Ships, Our .. 588
Savoury Dishes: How to Improve them 662
School of Art, A Morning at the Female 215
Scotland, Medical Students in 54
Scotland, The National Music of 222
Seaside, An Unfashionable Day at the 333
September, The Garden in 619
Seventeen, Sweet 203
Ships, Our Sailors and .. 588
Sick, Aid for the 670
Siddy's Advice 374
SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE NEW WORLD:—
The Queen of the Mexican Gulf 238
On a Mississippi Steamboat .. 364
A Visit to a Canning House .. 558
A Unique Watering-Place .. 751
Simply Sweet.. 310
"Sister Eyes" 274
Sketched in Court 283
Snakes, Tame: A True Story 459
Sold 58
Solitude, The Return to .. 141
Some Curious Payments for Land.. 660
Some Modern Fables 25, 156
Some Vanishing Rural Types 626
Song, A Blind Man's .. 570
Soup-Making, The Art of .. 593
Spohr (*A Musical Genius*) 461
Spring (*Prize Poem*) .. 353
Spring-Time: A Painter's Story 307
State Robes, The Queen's .. 544
State, The Peers in 723
Steam, On Letting off the .. 395
Stone, The Art of Making Pictures in 664
Story of Atlantic Telegraphy, The 759
Story of "Auld Robin Gray," The 406
SUMMER DAYS (EXTRA HOLIDAY NUMBER, 1884)—
The Crew of the "Curlew" .. 1
An Amateur Landscape Photographer 9
Broken Off 11
Oh, Happy Days! 14
In the New Forest 15
"He Loves Me Not!" 18
Mr. Kewthorpe's Accident .. 18
Holiday Cookery 24
Mr. Brown's Day among the Ruins 31
Mr. Daly's Sitter 36
My Obedient Patient's Holiday 41
Old Doddie 43
How Two Girls Walked from Bala to Llandudno 46
My First Holiday 49
The Cheap Excursion 53
Water-Lilies 56
"In that New World which is the Old" 59
Summer Gone 52
Surgery, Little Lessons in Household 410
Sweet Seventeen 203
Sweet, Simply 310
Switzerland, In the English 623
Table Decorations 115
TALKS WITH MY PATIENTS (*By A Family Doctor*):—
My Nervous Patient 142
My Reckless Patient 218
My Impatient Patient 331
My Desponding Patient .. 474
My Cheerful Patient 666
My Obstinate Patient 719
Tame Snakes: A True Story 459
Tapestry, Behind the .. 22
Teacher," "Wanted: a Certificated 693
Telegraphy, The Story of Atlantic 759
Thought - Transference? What is 621
Thread, From Raw Flax to Finished 469
To One who Murmurs .. 299
Tomatoes, How to Cook .. 30
Town Houses, The Outside Decoration of 14
Town River, The 28
Training for Girls, Domestic 57, 87
Treasure, Court Beaucourt's 49, 112
Tricycle Club, How to form a 401
Trips, Continental, as a Means of Education .. 464
Trust, Gretty's 657

Una and the Lion 175
Unchanged 412
Unfashionable Day at the Seaside, An 333
Unique Watering-Place, A (*Sights and Scenes of the New World*) 751
University Life for Women 182
Upstairs, My Neighbour .. 750

Vanishing Rural Types, Some 626
Vincent Romney's Recompense 466
Virginia, Life in Old .. 671
Visit to a Canning House, A (*Sights and Scenes of the New World*) 558

"Wanted: a Certificated Teacher" 693
Wardrobe, King Baby's .. 302
Watering-Place, A Unique (*Sights and Scenes of the New World*) 751
Waverley Abbey 220
Wayward Ward, A 753
Wearer and Maker 96
West, England's Heritage in the 534
Whale-Hunt, A 346
Wharfe, A Canoe Voyage down the 651
What is Kartaline? 76
What is Thought-Transference? 621
WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS 43, 119, 183, 243, 311, 371, 427, 495, 555, 632, 695, 756
When will the Songs be Old?.. 482
Which shall it Be? 530
White Lady of the Berlin Castle, The.. 568
Winter Lesson, A 173
WITHIN THE CLASP 1, 65, 129, 193, 257, 321, 385, 449, 513, 577, 641, 705
WITNESS MY HAND 34, 98, 162, 226, 290, 354
Women, University Life for 182
Word about Disinfectants, A 586
World, The Newspapers of the 523

Year Ago, A 590

13. to pen

WITHIN THE CLASP.

A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE JET-HUNTERS.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "The Tenth Earl," "Lady Flavia," "Paul Knox, Pitman," &c.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

GOLDEN TIDINGS.

AMONGST the many grand houses—or "palatial mansions," as the fashionable house-agents in their ornate catalogues love to style them—which have the advantage of overlooking Hyde Park, that of Sir Richard Mortmain was by no means the least splendid or spacious. There are baronets and baronets, no doubt. This was a long-descended wearer of such hereditary honours as accrue to the Red Hand of Ulster. Mortmain is an ancient name, and those who bore it had always been estated gentlemen of high degree. It was Sir Harry who, after fighting on the Royalist side at Naseby and Worcester, cut down his oaks, melted down his Tudor plate, and sent five thousand gold broad pieces to His Sacred Majesty at his out-at-elbows court of Bruges, or Breda. The merry monarch, after the Restoration, had never found it convenient to repay the advance; but he had rewarded his loyal subject by affably winning some more of his money at gleek, or shovelboard, or basset, in Whitehall Palace, and by creating him a baronet. The two last owners of Mortmain Park had, like their successor, borne the name of Sir Richard—more often than not clipped into "Dick" by their intimates on the race-course and in the hunting-field. The present baronet bore the nickname of "Richard the Third."

Sir Richard Mortmain was in what was officially known as his study. Now, even as baronets vary, so do studies, especially in a London house, from the cramped little den, choked with books and littered with papers, to the stately library, with its long tables and well-stocked shelves and array of lamps, and probably space and accommodation for busy secretaries and erudite custodians. But Sir Richard's study could be classed in neither of these two categories. In the first place, it was not furnished as befits a study. One cannot study without books, nor can a man commit his thoughts to paper without the concomitant aids of pen and ink; whereas, in the Mortmain town library there were no books—at least, none worth mentioning. As works of reference, there were the Stud Book, the Racing Calendar, and a few volumes, bound in crimson, of a sporting magazine. There was a red velvet divan, well cushioned, and also lounging-chairs of red velvet, and little tables on which lay cigar-boxes and sporting periodicals, and *consoles* on which stood dainty little statuettes in alabaster or marble, and bronze horses from Milan, with Turkish pipes and jewelled arms of Oriental make, and all the costly toys with which the rich surround themselves. There were pictures upon the walls, small cabinet paintings gorgeously framed, and which, if authentic, were very valuable.

Sir Richard was alone. A handsome man enough, so far as form and features went, with no reference to expression; tall, slender, and of goodly presence. He was neither old nor young—thirty-three, perhaps, or some two or three years older—with a pale, resolute face, that was almost waxen in its pallor, hair as black as the raven's wing, very dark eyes, and very white teeth. But perhaps the most prominent feature, if it may be so called, of the baronet's face was the long black moustache, carefully trimmed and trained, gummed and pointed, and the arrangement of which often caused the lord of Mortmain to be mistaken by strangers for a foreigner. His was, indeed, a countenance rather Italian than English, eminently aristocratic withal, but one that would well have suited with the character and the deeds of some subtle contemporary of Borgia and Macchiavelli—one of those white-handed patricians who plotted, and lied, and stabbed, and poisoned smilingly.

It was a fact that nobody ever had really loved, nobody had ever really liked, Sir Richard Mortmain. An unpopular boy at Eton, an unpopular officer in the Lancer regiment to which he had formerly belonged, he was now disliked in his club, or clubs, and tolerated only because the outer crust of his worldly respectability, if chipped, had never sustained serious damage. If the old school-fellows and ex-brother-officers of the master of Mortmain had been cross-examined as to the grounds of their antipathy to one who apparently had much to recommend him, they would probably have been puzzled to allege anything positive. "A sly, close fellow—still water that runs deep, for no good," might have been the verdict both of Etonians and cavalry subalterns. It was the same in the bigger world of London. Few of those who habitually met Sir Richard knew precisely why he was little liked, and less trusted, by them. It may have been that he was supremely selfish, cynical in manner, and careless of the goodwill of others; certainly it was not that he had ever done anything which should exclude him from the society of gentlemen, so far as was known. There had been flying rumours, disparaging tattle, to the effect that Mortmain was more hawk than pigeon, that he had won cash and acceptances from drunken

lads at uncanny hours in the morning, had run his race-horses or scratched their names with a single-minded idea of profit that displeased the august magnates of the Jockey Club; and that the gilded youths who frequented his society were certain sooner or later to be the poorer for his mentorship. But then, so many ill-natured things are often said concerning a sporting gentleman with narrowed means and a mortgaged estate.

Sir Richard Mortmain could not afford to live at Mortmain Park, the majestic old manor at which Queen Bess herself had in her time been a guest. But he had a hunting-box hard by Market Harborough and a tiny villa near Newmarket, and he kept up the London mansion pretty well. Wages may have been in arrear sometimes, and bills unpaid, but there were liveried servitors, and carriages and horses, and bachelor dinner-parties, for all that, while ever and anon there would set in a halcyon period, a sort of financial flood-tide, when ready money would abound, and even long-suffering London tradesmen derive benefit from the temporary prosperity of their titled customer.

"A person, Sir Richard, wishes very much, if you please, to see you for a minute. From abroad, I believe," said the discreet butler, who had entered quietly, as a butler should do. "The man is very pertinacious, and won't go away."

"Tell him to write, then," returned the baronet, arching his eyebrows as he looked up from behind the newspaper in his hand; "or call the police. One can't afford in London to be open to all comers, Binns, as you ought to know."

Binns the butler coughed apologetically under his employer's rebuke. It cannot be reckoned among the faults of town-bred servants, especially in grand houses, that they are over-ready to usher in unknown applicants.

"I should not have thought of such a thing, Sir Richard," he said mildly, "only that the party insisted that his name was well known—name of Crouch, please, Sir Richard, and——"

"I do remember such a name. Show him in," said the baronet, with a frown.

The visitor was promptly inducted into the room. A broad, short man, roughly dressed, in spite of the heat of the weather, in a coarse pea-coat, such as North Sea pilots wear, and with heavy boots besmeared by what was certainly not the mud of London streets—a man with a shaggy red beard that fell upon his breast, with a head of unkempt red hair, and with little restless eyes, like those of a wild boar at bay. Not a nice-looking, frank-spoken, honest-faced sort of man, by any means. A smooth exterior, a polished manner, can be dispensed with where there is sterling metal beneath the rugged surface; but this man was almost ostentatiously repulsive of aspect. His was a mien easy to associate with the shafts and rubbish-heaps, the tents and bivouac fires, of a gold-diggers' "rush" under the Austral sky. Easier still, perhaps, to link him with a vision of fallen gum-trees, a barricade of logs across the dusty road, and the gleaming gun-barrels and ragged felt hats of bush-rangers, rising from their ambush to plunder the caravan of successful gold-seekers—not a pleasant-looking man.

Sir Richard Mortmain, leaning against the corner of the massive marble chimney-piece, his sporting newspaper still in his hand, might have posed for an ideal portrait of aristocratic disdain as he lounged thus, in a graceful but unstudied attitude, his sleepy dark eyes but half unclosed, as he languidly turned his handsome white face towards the importunate visitor.

"You—wished to speak to me—Mr. ——" he said slowly.

"Crouch, Rufus Crouch," coolly returned the newcomer as, uninvited, he selected an easy-chair and seated himself. "No new name to you, Sir R., now, is it? But we may as well make ourselves comfortable before we begin our chat, mayn't we?" And as he spoke he threw himself back in the softly-padded chair, and set down his battered hat among the gewgaws on the pretty little table within reach. "We were pals once: thick as thieves, as the saying is, hey, Sir R.?"

The face of Sir Richard Mortmain, as with haughty surprise he looked down upon this extraordinary visitor, would have made the fortune of the painter who should have succeeded in transferring it to the canvas. The sleepy eyes were open now, and there was fire in their regard, while the pencilled brows contracted frowningly, and the well-cut lips tightened beneath the shade of the black moustache. So might Cæsar Borgia have looked at a vulgar tool of his who presumed to be insolent. But in our prosaic nineteenth century, and in this England of ours, neither the poisoned wine-cup nor the daggers of eager satellites lurking within call are immediately available to get rid of inconvenient intruders. Wherefore the master of Mortmain, with considerable self-control, assumed a smiling aspect, and, after a moment's hesitation, sat down also opposite to Rufus Crouch, who, from the vantage-ground of his easy-chair, and perhaps divining the drift of his thoughts, eyed him with malicious eyes.

"Well, Crouch, back again, I see. Why, I thought you fairly settled, under another name perhaps, in Australia," said the baronet, assuming a tone of genuine good-nature, and playing his part very well.

"'Tain't all of us, Sir R.," replied the man provokingly, "that have the luck to be baronets, or to have the dirty acres entailed upon us, is it now, Sir R.? I know, and *you* know, how one chap may get hanged for peeping over the hedge, and another may steal the horse without a question asked; hey, Sir R.?"

The words were offensive, and the manner in which they were uttered was more offensive still. Sir Richard Mortmain was a proud man, apt to resent a liberty on the part of his social inferiors; but he merely laughed now.

"Always the same sour sort of chap, Rufus, eh?" he said half-playfully—"a crab apple, as we said in the West country—as when you carried my second gun in the battues at Mortmain. How did Australia use you?"

"Much as Australia—and England, too, for that matter—uses them that haven't been born with a silver spoon in their mouths, Sir R.," rejoined the fellow, with great asperity. "If I got gold, I spent gold; and a dog's life, as a digger, I had of it, working, ay, working, as navvies never did in a railway cutting; starve to-day, feast to-morrow. Not but what I learned a thing or two as to the lie of the gold and prospecting."

And here the man looked thoughtful, and there was a dash of vanity in his tone.

"Yes," he added, after a pause; "yes, the stuff's nigh everywhere—even here in England, only you trample over it, and are blind to it. But the days are done now for your independent digger t'other side of the world. No more nuggeting; no more cradle-rocking. Nothing but big companies, machinery, wages, and quartz-crushing, while the beef and the dampers are as dear as ever, and the rum and the brandy as murderous. It's a master's country now, not a poor man's, is Topsyturvyland."

"And the bush?" asked the baronet lightly.

"What do you mean by the bush?" growled Rufus, scowling at him as fiercely as a tiger-cat about to spring.

"Nothing, nothing; don't lose your temper," rejoined Sir Richard equably. "And now, Crouch, what can I do for you? Any recommendations, any interest that I can exert on your behalf, if, as I conjecture, you are in quest of employment here at home, I would willingly concede for the sake of old days, and on account of your father, who was bailiff and right-hand man at Mortmain, as I can well remember, in my father's time. One thing I warn you of—ready money is as scarce with me as leaves on a birch at Christmas, so that I can be of little use in that way; but——"

"You may spare your trouble and your smooth words, Sir R.," said Rufus very gruffly, but earnestly. "I could be a quill-driver again, as I was before, I dare say, without asking you to make or meddle. But just now it is Fortune herself, though you may not think it to look at me, that knocks at your door, for, Sir Richard Mortmain, Baronet, I come here as the messenger of golden tidings."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE TRUST-DEED.

SIR RICHARD MORTMAIN, reluctantly seated opposite to his plebeian visitor, himself well dressed, fastidious, and eyeing the intruder with haughty surprise and disgust but thinly veiled, presented a striking contrast to the ruffian with whom he conversed. That Sir Richard was not a good man might easily be guessed. But there was something of grace and elegance to environ him, something thoroughbred about him, villain as he might very possibly be. Whereas Rufus Crouch, on this occasion of set purpose, showing the more salient points of his unamiable character, appeared a scoundrel, unredeemed by one touch of gentleness or trait of excellence. Each of these two men, so widely divided by rank and worldly circumstances, had known a great deal about the other, Rufus's reminiscences being, of course, the more ample, since it is better worth the while of a land bailiff's son to drink in gossip as to the heir to his master's title and estates than for the future baronet to remember idle tattle as to the shrewd son of a useful subordinate. Probably each thought that he had taken the measure of the other, and probably both were wrong. The baronet was the first to speak.

"Golden tidings, Mr. Crouch," said Sir Richard mildly, "would of themselves insure a welcome anywhere. I am not—as I may tell you in confidence—a wealthy man, and such intelligence would be doubly dear to me. You know that my grandfather left the estates in a bothered condition, and my poor father, and I myself, I dare say, have added to the burdens rather than lightened them, I fear. Well, Rufus, let me hear your good news. In what Australian gold-mine, now languishing for lack of capital, ought I to take shares, with the certainty of three hundred per cent. annual profits? or what buried treasure, in some stony gully beneath the constellation of the Southern Cross, can be had for the expenditure of a few cool hundreds? and——"

"Now, Sir R.," broke in Rufus impatiently, and, slapping the table beside him with his heavy hand, after a fashion that made the dainty objects it supported leap or quiver, "I didn't come here to be made game of, nor yet mocked. I know your bantering way of old. No; I'm no tout for a joint-stock concern in a bad way, nor am I one of the drivellers who maunder about horseloads of the yellow dust and flakes, stowed away in far-off places of the bush, as some do. To my thinking, the old country is the richest. I never saw a rush or a placer to equal some of the snug, quiet ways of money-making of which there are so many in England, and——"

He seemed to pause for breath, and Sir Richard blandly remarked, "I quite agree with you, Crouch. Colonial enterprise opens out, no doubt, fresh fields for the adventurous, but the home market is perhaps the safest. You learned a good deal, I am sure, while you occupied the honourable, if humble, position of confidential clerk to the late Mr. Bowman—Lawyer Bowman, as we generally called him in Somersetshire—before your worthy employer had the sad loss of memory and physical strength which succeeded to the paralytic stroke, and before you——"

"Cut away with his cash-box," interjected Rufus, glaring at his entertainer: "that's about what your civil chat comes to, Sir R. Mortmain, Baronet. Yes, I bolted. And not only did I carry with me the ready coin and notes—little enough, I promise you, and which melted like snow in the sun—that the miserly old hunks kept by him, but every valuable paper that his big iron safe contained, some of them dating from before the time that I first was indentured to him as his articled clerk. I made a clean sweep. Settlements, wills, mortgage deeds—all were fish that came to my net just before my start for Topsyturvyland. I landed in Australia with precious little money, but

with a heavy heap of parchments, I can tell you, Sir R."

"Let me hope, for your sake, that the parchments proved precious too," said Sir Richard affably, but arching his eyebrows once more. "Of the morality of the transaction that preceded your—departure from your native land, I prefer to say nothing. It was irregular, of course. It might have caused inconvenience to yourself, on account of the inveterate prejudices of the public at large, and of the peculiar view of judges, magistrates, and other legal functionaries with respect to the erratic freaks of genius. I give no opinion; it is no concern of mine. I am not the Public Prosecutor, nor can I be numbered among the law officers of the Crown, and therefore——"

"Ay; and, Sir R., those that live in glass houses can't afford to fling stones," coarsely retorted Rufus. "We don't care to set our neighbour's rick on fire, for fear of our own barn kindling up, do we, Sir R.?"

Sir Richard Mortmain's pale face may have become a shade the paler, and he winced a very little, as a daintily groomed horse winces under a stinging stroke of the whip. But he managed to smile as he made answer, "you were always a philosopher, Crouch, in your cynical way. Most men have their foibles, I am afraid, and few of us, in the Palace of Truth, would come off scatheless and unrebuked. What I regret is that you should deem it necessary to assume a hostile tone towards one who has always wished you well. It is not as if our interests were at variance; I don't say that in the least."

"No bones broke and no offence taken, Sir R. Mortmain, Baronet," grumbled out Rufus, as his restless eyes scanned the white, handsome face of his former acquaintance, "so long as you recollect the job we both had a hand in."

"I should prefer to say, the service you once rendered me," chimed in Sir Richard, with genial cordiality.

"The job of which I have the proofs," went on the inexorable Rufus. "I don't want to be always throwing it in your teeth, Sir R.; only, when one's got a pistol handy, one has got a pistol. Suppose that business brought to light, and sifted in a court of justice, and reported in the papers, and so forth, how tongues *would* wag at the Pall Mall Clubs, wouldn't they, Sir R.? It would be, 'Who'd have thought it?' from some, and 'I always knew he'd been up to games of some such sort,' from those that prided themselves on being knowing ones, and a sad disgrace it would be too, wouldn't it, Sir R.? A rough chap like myself wouldn't suffer half so much in oakum-picking, or on the crank, or quarrying stone at Portland or Princetown, as a white-fisted gentleman like yourself, Sir R., used to the best of everything."

"Confound you! don't try me too much," broke out the baronet passionately, as a faint tinge of angry crimson rose to his brow, and his dark eyes glanced, perhaps mechanically, towards a bijou cabinet, behind the locked doors of which, as he well knew, a loaded revolver lay for purposes of self-defence. But in a moment more he laughed with apparent frankness. "All this time you have forgotten to explain to me, Crouch, the nature of your golden tidings," said the baronet, with no sign of ill-temper. "I could only gather that they are in some way connected with the documents which you—conveyed, we will call it—to Australia with you. And if so, I am at a loss to conjecture in what manner their contents could possibly affect me. Old Mr. Bowman had ceased to be my father's country solicitor full two years before your hasty journey to the Antipodes, and I am pretty sure that the Mortmain deed-boxes, with their musty freight of mortgage deeds and leases in counterpart, had long before your departure been transferred to lurking-places in another office."

"Now, Sir R.," said the ex-gold-digger grimly "you must take me for a new chum, indeed, as we say in Australia, if you think I would have burthened myself with such rubbish as that. No, no; I had other fish to fry. Far off in the bush, when others slept, I've sat up, many's the night, in my tent, poring by the flickering light of a stump of candle over the papers and parchments I had with me. Most of them were useless, only fit to be cut into tailors' measures, but some were better worth, and one in particular, You ain't married, Sir R.?" abruptly, and as if a sudden thought had struck him, demanded the man, and there was something of dismay in his tone.

"I thank you for the kind consideration which, I am sure, prompts your inquiry," rejoined Sir Richard gravely. "No, I have not the happiness to be married."

"That's right!" emphatically exclaimed the returned adventurer, with another sounding slap of his heavy hand on the unoffending table. "For in that case, Sir R., I should have had to go farther afield in search of a partner, and that would have been a pity, wouldn't it, since you and I understand each other, don't we? Well, Sir R., since you are single still, you're my man, if you please. And you ought to be much obliged to me, too, for it is one word for me and two for yourself: what with the fine fortune, and what with the charming young wife."

It was a genuine look of surprise which came into Sir Richard Mortmain's face, and for a moment he seemed in doubt as to whether he were not conversing with a lunatic. He shrugged up his shoulders, as a Frenchman would have done. "Excuse my astonishment, Crouch," he said incredulously; "I never contemplated you until this instant in the somewhat novel character of a match-maker. Hitherto I have kept clear of the rose bowers and raptures of matrimony; why, I hardly know. Perhaps I was fastidious in my choice. Perhaps there would have been a hitch as to settlements, for Mortmain, as you are perhaps aware, my friend, is dipped beyond redemption in the black quagmire of debt."

"I can get you out of debt, Sir R., indeed I can," said the rough visitor earnestly. "I can set you free from duns, and make your life easy to you—for your life, at least."

"I should be satisfied with that. Your power to aid, friend Crouch, does not, I opine, reach beyond the

grave," said Sir Richard languidly. "What I want you to do is to come to the point."

"I'm coming to it, Sir R.," was the man's sullen answer. "Now, you must know, I get my bread as a jet-hunter on the Yorkshire coast, Whitby way. A nice business it is! Why, only last week I was all but drowned, buried alive, along with others of the gang, in a quicksand. I'd not have been here to-day, Sir R., but for a young jackanapes."

"You were very much obliged to the jackanapes, no doubt," said the baronet, showing his white teeth.

"I hate the curly-haired, dandy chap, with his gentleman airs, as I hate poison!" growled Rufus; "but that's neither here nor there. I only spoke to say what a calling it is for a man who has seen better days. Well, Sir R., our captain, as we jet-hunters call him, has a house in Beckdale, parish of Woodburn, near Daneborough, and that part of the coast being rich in jet, and as well known to old Obadiah as his farmyard is to any farmer, has come to be in a sense our head-quarters. Now—you see I am open with you, Sir R.—in Woodburn parish, ay, and in Woodburn Parsonage, lives the young lady whom I should like to see as Lady Mortmain."

"Indeed! may I ask her name?" demanded Sir Richard.

"UNINVITED, HE SELECTED AN EASY CHAIR AND SEATED HIMSELF" (*p.* 66).

"Her name, Sir R.," returned the man grudgingly, but with emphasis, "is Violet—Violet by name, I should say, and by nature, for she is a timid, pretty young lady, nineteen years of age, and knows nothing of the world's ways, and just as little of the fact that she's a great heiress."

"Upon my word," said the baronet coolly, "you have traced a very charming portrait of rural loveliness and simplicity. What is the name of this wood-nymph?—Nereid, rather, as a dweller on the solitary sea-coast—and what the amount of the fortune which she has unconsciously the power to bestow?"

"The fortune," replied Rufus slowly, and fixing his small keen eyes upon the white impassive face of his aristocratic host, "was at the first seventy thousand pounds. It must be a goodish bit more by this, rolling up as it has been for years. Think, Sir R., what such a heap of ready cash would be to you."

There came a flash into Sir Richard's sleepy dark eyes, and his whole countenance seemed to brighten. "Sure of the sum-total, Crouch?" he asked eagerly. The fellow nodded.

"Now for her surname, then?" inquired the baronet—"though if it were Snooks or Sniggs I could condone it, double-gilded as it would be by such a dower—if only there's no mistake as to the money."

"No, Sir R.," interrupted the ex-gold-digger gruffly. "And there's just as little mistake as to the young lady that owns it. Miss Violet Mowbray is her name, and from all I hear the Mowbrays are as good as even the Mortmains, so far as pedigree goes. This young girl is an orphan. Her father was an officer that died in India. Her mother died there too. She has a small income, and her guardian, a tough old City bachelor, arranged for her to reside with his own niece, our parson's wife, Mrs. Langton. She has grown up in that quiet nook, and knows no more of the thumping sum she is entitled to than I do whether it will freeze or thaw next Christmas."

"How do you know of it, Rufus?" asked the baronet. "Some will, eh, that formed part of your spoil on leaving your former employers?"

"Not a will," answered Crouch, with a wink. "Wills may be revoked and codicils added; but this is a snugger sort of thing. This is a trust-deed. But that is about all I have to tell gratis, Sir R. Mortmain, Baronet."

And, indeed, nothing more by the most skilful diplomacy could be extracted from Rufus. He certainly had not brought the valuable document with him, nor would he give any further information as to its contents until a bargain had been struck, and his own recompense or share agreed to. Nor would he, on that occasion, name his price—that was a matter for future consideration. What he desired to know was whether Sir Richard would "come into it" heart and soul, and take immediate steps to bring the scheme to a successful conclusion. Sir Richard was ready enough to lend his aid, but he demurred to taking what he called "a leap in the dark."

"I don't ask you to marry, Sir R.," said the former confidential clerk of Lawyer Bowman at last, "without better security than my bare word that the bride's little hand is weighted with much gold. But then, suppose she shouldn't fancy you? Or suppose something should happen? We all know the proverb about the cup and the lip. My interest and yours, though, go in the same groove. And what I advise is, come down to Yorkshire, and judge for yourself."

"Perhaps it would be better so," returned the baronet slowly; "though to leave London in the full season is a sacrifice, of course. When first you spoke of Daneborough, Woodburn, and so forth, I recollected a dreary old place of my father's in those parts, that I haven't seen since I was a boy, and never thought to see again—Helston, they call it. The house has been shut up for years, but it belongs to me, after all, and it lies, I remember, just about the upper end of Beckdale, and four miles from the sea. I might go down there, if this prize of yours be really worth the winning."

"You never did a wiser thing in your life, Sir R., rely on it, than following up the golden clue that I have put into your hands," said Rufus Crouch, picking up his hat and rising from his seat. "So good-bye, for the present, Sir R. Mortmain, Baronet. Our next talk, with your leave, had better be in Yorkshire. No need to write to me. News flies fast in a country-side, and when you come to Helston I'm certain to hear of it. Meanwhile, your humble servant."

And with no more formal leave-taking, the ill-assorted confederates parted.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE JET-HUNTERS.

"STRIKE work!" shouted a powerful voice. "Gold is better than silver, and light than dark, and Gospel truth than vain imaginings. Down with shovel and bar and pick; down with spade and basket, lads and lasses, and give thanks, old and young, for the plenteous harvest of this day. For a harvest it is, full measure, and heaped up, and ready to be garnered, that lies ready to your hand."

It was Obadiah Jedson who spoke, and a picturesque figure did the aged captain of jet-hunters present, as he suddenly appeared standing on a flat-topped rock, the highest of a rugged reef of storm-beaten stones, at the foot of which some fifteen members of his company were busy at their usual toil on the sea-beach. Years had not bowed the gigantic figure of Obadiah Jedson, and the long, thin, grey locks that streamed from under his broad-brimmed hat only served to add to the impressiveness of his aspect. There he stood, in his coarse working garb, towering aloft, and bearing himself with a dignity that was perhaps not wholly unstudied. Beside him stood Don. It was a bright June morning, and the hour so early a one that the glorious summer sunrise of the eastern coast was not quite as yet an accomplished fact, and the golden rays yet flecked and kissed with tremulous light the dancing azure of the sea. Inland, the green corn waved in billowy masses before the gentle breeze, and

the lark soared high above the rising downs, straining its little throat as it poured forth its world-old carol of hope and joy. There were streaks of lilac and rose-pink that clung to hazy cloud-threads in the dappled sky. The jet-seekers, some straggling, others collected in a group with upturned faces, looked towards their captain, as if waiting to hear more.

Time had confirmed, instead of lessening, the influence of Captain Jedson over those who co-operated with him in his strange industry. The average muster-roll of the jet-hunters' company may have been shorter than of old, but that was because new openings and fresh careers allured away the recruits who would once have thrown in their lot with the explorers of the sea-shore. Jet, like other commodities, fluctuates in its market price on account of the caprices of fashion. Sometimes, in the years that had followed that memorable day on which the foundling of gentle birth, who was still known as Don, and Don alone, had been met with on the lone sea-beach, the value of jet had sunk so low that few except Captain Obadiah's company, sorely shrunken in numbers, went on pursuing so unprofitable a trade. Then there came, perhaps from abroad, a sudden and imperative demand that far exceeded all possible sources of supply. Jet was wanted for everything, from a shoe-buckle to a rosary bead. The dresses of Parisian great ladies were incomplete unless trimmed with sprays and festoons of jet, while brooches, crosses, fans, and bracelets had to be manufactured in hot haste, as fast as English dealers could export the raw material. These, of course, were palmy days for the veterans of the coast. It was not merely because Obadiah Jedson knew his trade, nor was it only because he was an upright man, as to whose integrity even Rufus Crouch, one of the newest, and certainly the most cantankerous of the company, would not have dared to cavil, that the gaunt old chieftain was reverenced. There had grown up a legend, which was more or less implicitly believed in by those who followed him, to the effect that Captain Obadiah's long good fortune was due to supernatural aid. It was not merely that he had never been driven, like others, to abandon his career under the sharp pinch of poverty, and was reputed to have actually saved money; but then, his escapes from mortal peril had been so frequent, and his prudence had availed to save so many times the lives of those under his orders, that the captain was less honoured for the prizes he had won than for the dangers he had eluded. It is a hard business, that of the jet-hunter.

Perhaps one reason for Obadiah's remarkable personal influence over others was that, often and weightily as he spoke, he was a reticent man, who would brook neither jest nor questioning. That he had once been a teacher in a school, and, subsequently, an engineer in a great silver-mine in South America, was known. He was, therefore, superior in education and experience to those whom he led, but not so superior as to be cut off by a gulf of taste rather than knowledge from the untutored beings around him. That he was a religious man, as well as an honest one, none could doubt. He would sit for hours under the lee of a rock, turning the pages of the little Bible that was his constant companion, and sometimes he said a word or two in public that made more impression on the hearers than most sermons did, but he never preached, as some North country laymen with deep religious convictions are wont to do.

"What is it, captain?" asked one of the elder men, after a pause. "Aught of good luck would be welcome here, for not a poor half-crown's worth——"

"Peace, Hiram Young!" interrupted the captain, with some sternness, as he lifted his bony hand. "If there be a heathen word in our English speech, a word I hate, it is that word 'luck,' that comes ever so readily to your lips, mates. If there be a word to bring with it confusion to the boastful user thereof, it is that pagan name for a pagan fancy. What is written is written, ay, with pens of flame and ink imperishable, and on a scroll that shall last while time shall endure. And what is written is the thing that shall be, the thing that had been settled before the foundations of the world were laid. Enough. Lads and lasses, ye remember my dream—the dream that on Thursday last I told you of?"

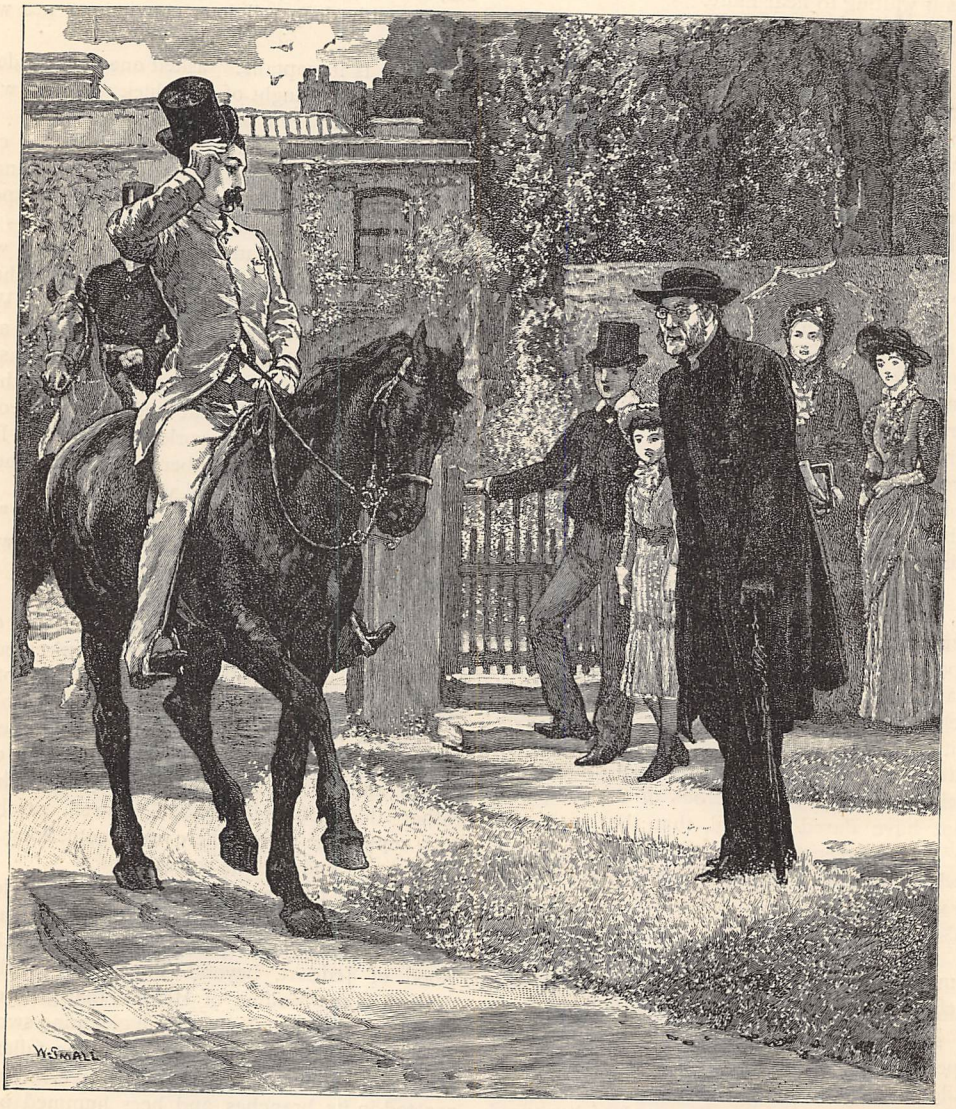
"We do!" "We do!" "Yes, captain!" "Yes, Obadiah!" "Well we mind it!" Such were the eager replies.

It is very probable that few or none of the hearers, save Don, fully comprehended the drift of their leader's discourse; yet they were impressed by it, just as a peasant woman abroad, who cannot understand the Latin of the *De Profundis*, trembles with reverential awe as she listens to the thunder of the deep-toned chant. But all remembered their captain's dream, and all felt a thrill of superstitious hope, the rather that Obadiah, like Cromwell, rarely spoke with confidence unless there were something of solid certainty to underlie his words.

"A black tree, was it not, of which I told you?" demanded Obadiah, looking around him frowningly, as if to challenge a sceptic. "Ay, black as the Black Rood of Jeddart, beyond Tweed, or as the swart timbers of the Maiden of Halifax, that grim engine of earthly punishment, beneath the gleaming sword-blade of which many an outlawed head has fallen in our forefathers' time. Yes, a black tree. But fowls roosted in its branches, and bees hummed pleasantly among the flowers that encircled its trunk, and corn and wine and oil were stacked in plenty at its foot. The black tree was the type of abundance. And lo! the dream is fulfilled. Last night, two miles from here, in Dutchman's Bay, there was a landslip, which has laid bare black traces that a boy's inexperienced eye might read as pointing to a mine—a jet-pocket, where lies a buried tree not seen by mortal eye since England was a kingdom. The dream has come true. Quick to gather in the fruits of it!"

"Hurrah!" The cheering broke out irrepressibly, the shrill voices of the women and girls blending with the deeper shout of the men. And then tools and

baskets were snatched up in a hurry, and there was a prompt movement in the direction of Dutchman's Bay, which lay somewhat to the south of the lower extremity of Beckdale, just as the Soldiers' Slough was



"THE STRANGER LIFTED HIS HAT" (*p.* 74).

at a short distance towards the north. But Obadiah was no mere dreamer of dreams, no mere herald of good tidings; he was a consummate captain, who understood organisation and the value of discipline.

"No hurry, there! no rushing, comrades!" he called out, in a voice which all present had learned to obey. "The traces yon turn cliffwards, and the cliff at Dutchman's Bay, as ye ought to know, is crumbly and bad to work. It's not that ye may dig your own graves that I called you. Six of you—six that are young and strong—go with Don, here, to fetch the wooden props that are ranged in the outhouse of my little place up dale; they will be enough for the present. But, unless my old eyes play me false, or fifty years have not taught me my trade, there'll be many a tough young ash-tree to buy and to cut before we get at the heart of the black jet-tree that lies under ten thousand tons of sand-cliff. Say nothing, if ye meet with idlers on your way. The more sharers, the less to share!"

Dutchman's Bay—so called, probably, on account of some eighteenth or seventeenth century tradition of

foreign smugglers—was a long narrow gulf, with beetling cliffs, in the soft friable sandstone of which many sea-fowl made their nests and reared their young. During the night a landslip on an extensive scale had taken place, as Obadiah's practised eye had quickly perceived, for the beach was strewn with heaps and mounds of rubbish, while here and there glinted in the sun, a fragment of something black and shining, like bottle-glass, at sight of which a fresh cheer was set up. Seldom indeed, did the opening up of a new vein of the precious fossil promise so well. There was a general rush, and many chips and some lumps of the freshly exposed jet were picked up, while there was a babble of voices. "It's wonderful!" "It's Obadiah's dream, indeed!" "We'll all be rich, rich as Jews!" "I wouldn't take fifty gold sovereigns for my share, I know!" "What a go this is!" "Nobody like our captain!" Such were some of the exclamations of the sanguine and admiring. Obadiah himself was mute. He was a more experienced jet-seeker and a more educated man than any there, and he had seen from the first that the lie of the tree, some buried pine of untold ages ago, was towards the cliff. The fragments that peeped from the rubbish-heaps or sparkled on the beach were but broken bits of the fossil conifer, laid to rest in some remote geological epoch beneath the sand and marl of the shifting coast-line. He looked on, then, indulgently as the younger members of his band scrambled excitedly for black flakes and nodules amidst the débris of the landslip, and waited to commence serious operations until Don and the party of volunteers under his orders should arrive with the ashen props, without which it would be suicidal rashness to attack the main fortress of the cliff-wall. Presently Don and his party arrived, laden with the short tough pillars of tenacious wood which Obadiah Jedson's prudence had provided, and the assault on Nature's fortress was commenced with a will. Gradually the rumour spread to cottage, and farmstead, and fisher's hut along the sea-shore, that the jet-hunters had hit upon an extraordinary mine, or technically, "pocket," of the valuable material for which they passed their lives in searching, and that such a yield was forthcoming as, in the memory of man, the Yorkshire sea-coast had never known. By-and-by, exaggerated rumours were current as to the success of the explorers. They had gleaned five hundred pounds' worth, it was reported, before dinner-time, the early dinner-hour of country-bred toilers. They were picking up jet in lumps like those of Newcastle coal, and at a rate that would cheapen the value of it in Whitby and Scarborough for twenty years to come. They had been offered by a Daneborough tradesman a thousand pounds for their venture, and they had refused it—all of which was eminently fictitious.

The higher the social rank, the more slowly does gossip permeate towards the possessors of it. Every hind or fisherman in or near Beckdale had heard of the exceeding good fortune of Obadiah Jedson's roving company hours before the news was conveyed to Woodburn Parsonage. And it was late in the afternoon when the rector himself, his wife, his children, and his beautiful ward, Violet Mowbray, appeared on the hard, firm sea-sand of the upper end of Dutchman's Bay, where a crowd had collected, and where two coast-guardsmen were, by their lieutenant's orders, present to enforce order. But though the honest fellows strolled to and fro, their cutlasses clanking at their sides, there was really no occasion for their attendance. Nothing could be more orderly than the behaviour of the crowd. Yorkshire dalesmen and blue-jackets of any part of the coast have an instinctive, if rude, sense of justice and of the rights of property. The jet-hunters had begun their hunt alone, and alone they had, by the unwritten law of the beach, the right to finish it, unvexed by the claim of any interloper. At the first any stray adventurer might have struck in, but now an uninvited intruder would have found popular opinion, and perhaps lynch law, strongly against him.

Still more striking was the scene by torchlight that evening, the red smoky glare of the flambeaux contrasting with the pale silvery flicker of the June moonlight, as the jet-hunters pushed their galleries deeper and deeper into the cliff-front. Still, a mob of idlers hung about the spot, like flies round a jar of honey. But there was nothing envious, nothing unworthy, in the feelings of the lookers-on, so far as could be judged from their talk. It was the jet-hunters' luck, of course—a rare stroke of luck; but then it was universally admitted that old Captain Jedson and his company deserved their luck, and had, in fact, done much, by untiring research, to earn the opportunity by which they were profiting. One thing there was from which the spectators appeared to derive much satisfaction: Rufus Crouch was not one of the busy band of jet-winners now engaged in driving their burrows, like so many rabbits in human shape, deep into the cliff. Rufus Crouch was absent. It must be presumed that the returned Australian gold-digger had not conciliated the good opinion of the neighbourhood, so hearty was the chuckling and so sincere the delight of the crowd, as the probable disappointment of the travelled jet-hunter was the subject of discussion.

"Not a penny of it for old Rufus!" "Won't Crouch be mad when he hears of it?—a bumptious chap like that, who even argues against Captain Obadiah himself." "He's up in London." "Ha! ha! ha!"

In the course of the evening Mr. Langton, this time alone, came down to the beach, and had an opportunity of seeing and speaking with the old captain of the jet-seekers. "We hope to make a good business of this, sir," said Obadiah, in a low voice, "though not a tithe, at best, of what chattering tongues proclaim. But what I should do without Don I cannot think. I am getting in years, and stiff, and cannot be everywhere, and that brave boy is like another self to lead the way. But for him, and but for me, these poor silly creatures, in their hurry, would neglect prop and lintel, and get a score of tons of sand down on their wretched heads as the reward of their thoughtlessness. But Don is worth a thousand."

Late into the night the torches burned, and the

work went on, until at last the wearied jet-hunters desisted from their task, and fell asleep around their fires of wreck-wood.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

SIR RICHARD INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

SOME ten days, or twelve, had elapsed since Rufus Crouch, ex-gold-digger and present jet-hunter, called so unexpectedly at the Mortmain mansion in Hyde Park. The morning was a bright and sunny one, with but a few lazy clouds of fleecy whiteness sailing across the blue sky, as the Rector of Woodburn, with his family, returning after a week-day service from the church hard by, saw, slowly riding out of the Parsonage garden, a gentleman, followed by a mounted groom. Visitors in that thinly-peopled district were rare and usually well known, so that this well-dressed stranger, on his gallant black horse, attracted some notice. Mr. Langton stepped forward and bowed. The stranger lifted his hat with a pleasant smile, and instantly dismounted and threw the reins to his groom.

"Mr. Langton?" he said inquiringly. "Allow me to be my own introducer. My name is Mortmain—Sir Richard Mortmain—a neighbour of yours, since I have just arrived at Helston, and I have taken the liberty of coming across to call at the Rectory, emboldened by the fact, Mr. Langton, of my father's old friendship with yourself. I have so often heard him speak of you, and always cordially and with expressions of high esteem, so that I trust you will pardon my lack of ceremony."

The baronet made his introductory speech very well, with just the proper amount of feeling expressed in his well-modulated voice.

"Most happy to make your acquaintance, Sir Richard," exclaimed Mr. Langton, genuine pleasure in his eyes and tone as he stretched out his hand in greeting. "Yes, I knew your father, the late Sir Richard, and was under no trifling obligations to him, as you are perhaps aware. It was he who, when my health broke down, presented me to the living of Woodburn here, of which you, of course, are the patron, as he was. Allow me to introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Langton, as the son of a very old and kind friend, who will always be welcome under my poor roof."

So Sir Richard was made known to Mrs. Langton, and to pretty Violet Mowbray, and to the olive-branches of the Langton family now at home—two girls and a boy, in the hobbydyhoy stage of life. And Sir Richard smiled and bowed, and spoke very nicely and not too much, and acted his self-imposed part with consummate care and skill. He had, he felt, been relieved from one great danger at the first. When he commenced his seemingly unstudied address he had been unaware as to how much, or how little, the parson of Woodburn had known concerning his former relations with his father. It must be confessed that when the baronet alluded to laudatory expressions on his papa's part concerning the Reverend Samuel Langton, he was drawing boldly on his imagination. The one salient fact of which he was sure was the presentation to the living, and that the giving of it had been a gift indeed, and no matter of barter. Sir Richard himself had sold the advowson privately, and could no more appoint a future Rector of Woodburn than he could a Dean of Westminster. But he had no objection to Mr. Langton's believing that so much of ecclesiastical patronage yet was his, and he was glad that the clergyman evidently knew nothing of the coldness, the quarrels, the estrangement that had existed between his father and himself during the latter years of his father's life. Sir Richard had not been a pattern son, but he congratulated himself that Mr. Langton was unaware of this.

Then followed a hearty invitation to luncheon at the Parsonage. "You *must* break bread with us," the rector insisted genially; and Mrs. Langton was able to second her husband's proposition, not only graciously, but with few of those qualms and doubts which are apt to beset a prudent housewife when a guest of superior rank and wealth is suddenly bidden to share the family meal. But they kept a better-supplied table at Woodburn than is invariably to be found in clerical homes, and hence, when Sir Richard, after a faint show of reluctance, allowed himself to be persuaded, his acceptance did not fill his hostess with dismay. The groom and horses, therefore, were sent down to the village inn, while the baronet, becoming at each instant more and more at home with his kindly entertainers, walked on with them towards the house.

"I was almost sinful enough, Mr. Langton, to covet this charming place of yours," said Sir Richard, "when first I caught sight of it. These pretty flower-beds and the smooth lawn and the smooth paths make me ashamed of the tangled wilderness that they call a garden up at Helston. I hope, if Mrs. Langton will give me the benefit of her kind advice, to get the grounds there laid into better order soon, but for the moment everything wears the aspect of neglect. I hope to be a good deal in Yorkshire, now."

Mrs. Langton was a kind, homely woman, as simple—nay, more simple than her husband, whose book-lore was not armour-proof against the wiles of a worldling such as the master of Mortmain. She was pleased to have her flowers praised, and lingered to point out the merits of this or that favourite rose-tree and such-and-such a bank of azaleas, and had no idea that the astute town-bred man was only anxious to enlist her as a partisan. Violet Mowbray said never a word. She looked shy, more timid even than was usual with her; nor did Sir Richard's eyes dwell upon her beautiful young face. There were two things against which he was especially on his guard. The first of these was to avoid the character of a London dandy and fine gentleman, such personages being in rustic neighbourhoods reputed cynical, selfish, and, worst of all, satirical. Secondly, the baronet wished to give no inkling that Miss Mowbray's attractions had been the magnet that had drawn

him to the humble Parsonage of Woodburn. Wherefore he scarcely turned his glance towards her at all, seeming to regard her, as he did gawky Maud and Julia and their stripling brother John, as a mere adjunct to the more important elders of the household.

"You seldom visit London, I believe, Mr. Langton?" asked Sir Richard, when they were all seated at table.

"Very seldom indeed; I may more truthfully say, never," replied the rector, as a momentary expression of pain passed across his face at the recollection of hopes long since frustrated, and honours which once seemed almost within his grasp, relinquished. "Nor do I keep up an active correspondence with such of my former friends as are still in the busy world. My letters would only bore them, and theirs could hardly be of profound interest to me. They are in the arena yet, while I have long ago renounced my chance of a crown, whether of palm or laurel. No, Sir Richard, I am a country clergyman, and my cares are bounded by the narrow limits of my parish."

Again the visitor felt a thrill of gratification. There are still parsons as parsonlike and as secluded from metropolitan tittle-tattle as was Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." And there are others who are proud of the clubs they belong to, the frequency of their trips to town, and on being well posted up in metropolitan gossip. Now, Sir Richard's name was one that, without being actually infamous, was, at any rate, not in the very best odour. Nothing had been proved against him; certainly not. But then, that social verdict of "Not Proven" is a darkling shadow that dogs a man's steps, and is not to be shaken off. The baronet was very glad to find that his hospitable acquaintance had never heard of his dubious reputation among the denizens of Pall Mall.

In the meantime, the ripening of the new acquaintance into friendship, or, at any rate, into that vague stage of liking which precedes friendship, went swimmingly on. Sir Richard was, what very few fashionable men of our day are, a conversationist, a talker who knew how to practise a lost art, and to relieve the monotony of ordinary intercourse by providing a higher species of intellectual entertainment than the mere interchange of short statements as to facts. There never were, at any one time, since the days when the wits tapped their gold snuff-boxes in Wills's Coffee-house, many talkers of the male sex, but their words were usually worth the trouble of listening to, and they had a strange power of riveting their audience. The lord of Mortmain was not merely fluent and graphic in his discourse, but skilled in his choice of topics. He had travelled and had read, and had the knack of using his literary stores so as to eke out his personal reminiscences cleverly enough, but without a dash of pedantry. The rector was pleased with a guest who had the grace to say so little of the London from which he was himself practically excluded, and so much of Damascus, Sicily, Florence, Egypt, the Engadine. It was not Mr. Langton's fault that he had not had time to make acquaintance with Pharpar, and Abana, and the Lake of the Meadows, of the glorious city that Khaled and his half-clad Moslems conquered, or with the Golden Shell of orange-bowered Palermo, or with solemn Egypt. Florence, and Milan, and Venice, and Switzerland he *had* seen, but he knew them better from books than by actual experience. And then Sir Richard talked about all these places in so well-bred a way, with such deference towards Mr. Langton's well-known scholarship, and put forward his own opinions as to Saracenic architecture, Greeks, Turks, and Arabs, in so modest and tentative a fashion, that his clerical entertainer never dreamed that he was being "drawn out," as the phrase is, and tempted to ride his own hobbies as he listed.

Mrs. Langton also was much predisposed in the favour of her titled visitor. She had suffered much, as country-folks do suffer much, under the infliction of the company of those who have little to say for themselves, and whose little is so stale by dint of frequent repetition. The neighbouring clergy, the two or three gentlemen of independent means who lived within hail, the doctor of the union, and the officer of the coast-guard were all excellent persons, but quite the reverse of amusing. Sir Richard was a bird of much brighter plumage than any that harboured near Woodburn, and, once that he found himself accepted at his own valuation, he did his very best that his singing should please the ears and tickle the imagination of his auditors. Then he talked of Helston, and of his own design to live there, to render the neglected old place trim and orderly, and to cultivate neighbourly relations with those who had formerly been known to himself or his father.

"Yorkshire visiting, I believe, Mrs. Langton," he said cheerily, "was once limited only by the number of miles to which our forefathers' carriage-horses could be induced to drag the clumsy old coaches in which our grandmothers were content to jolt along; and if we live in less heroic times, at any rate I hope to see something of friends within a moderate compass."

And then he said something as to a notion that had struck him as to the feasibility of a garden party or gipsy picnic in the Helston grounds, which, if ill kept, were rocky and romantic. "I should like to try it," he said, "if only I could get any ladies to accept the awkward hospitality of a blundering bachelor like myself. I thought so directly I saw the place."

Luncheon was over. The fernery, the tiny hot-house, the exquisite peeps at the sea which, through overhanging ivy-tangles and festoons of noisette roses, the different windows afforded, had been one and all exhibited and admired. Even the albums of photographs and rare sea-weed on the drawing-room tables had been surveyed. John Langton's toy ship, a model schooner, four feet long, of the construction and rigging of which the boy was very proud, though frank enough to own how much assistance he had received from "Mr. Don," was next shown. "I should never have got her so taut and smart by myself," said the youngster; "but then, Don is such a fine fellow!"

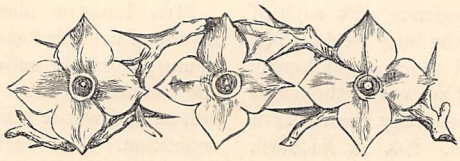
"And who is Mr. Don? A Spanish sailor, I presume, or possibly a Neapolitan, since they use the Spanish title there?" asked Sir Richard, trying not to yawn.

Mr. Langton took it upon himself to answer. "It is difficult," he said, with a smile, "to say what Mr. Don is, and what he is not. I never had a pupil to match him. He is the handsomest lad from here to Sunderland, and about the boldest. He is only a jet-hunter, living by a precarious industry peculiar to our sea-coast, but out of a crowd you would at once select him as a gentleman, though whence he came or what was the rank of his parents, no one knows. A fine fellow, Don!"

"I am sure of it," returned Sir Richard, with every appearance of interest. Then the baronet's groom and horses came round to the door, and there was a hearty leave-taking, with pledges of future friendship, and the visitor rode off gracefully towards his lonely home at Helston. More than once during the ride Sir Richard showed his white teeth with a triumphant air.

"A good beginning," he muttered. "I saw the girl's eyes glisten more than once as I spoke of the East and of sunny Italy. If I can touch her youthful fancy and it is all right about the money, why, then!"—and he rode on.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.



WHAT IS KARTALINE?

UNDER the name of Kartaline a new method of colouring photographs has lately been introduced; and as it is one that will, we believe, commend itself generally to amateurs, we purpose explaining the process. The colours, which are specially prepared, were invented by the same French chemist who was so successful with his indelible colours for tapestry canvas; this in itself is a guarantee that they possess the qualities claimed for them. As the tapestry colours sink into the canvas and in drying become indelible, so the Kartaline colours sink into the photograph, and become, as it were, a part of it, not merely lying on the surface as water-colours do. This being the case, the picture presents a beautifully soft appearance, somewhat like an ivory miniature, and the resemblance is the closer the more the picture is worked up. The incorporation of the colours with the photograph, whilst it secures durability, has yet its disadvantage for amateur workers, for, as will be at once understood, no false strokes can be made without injury to the painting; but those who have any mastery over their brush will find no difficulty in employing this mode of colouring.

The colours are named as follows:—White, flesh (No. 1 and No. 2), vermilion, carmine, light yellow, golden yellow, light brown, wood brown, sienna, blue, violet, purple, green, black. They are dry, with the exception of black, and are spread on a piece of cardboard. Even these colours, few as they are, will not all be needed in the generality of subjects. To apply them, dip the brush into the bottle of medium, and with it take some of the colour off the card, transfer it to a palette, and dilute it as much as necessary with the medium. Various tints may be obtained by the admixture of colours, as in ordinary water-colour drawing. The Kartaline green is never used pure for foliage; it is invariably modified with yellow or brown. Divers reds are sometimes required for draperies in genre subjects; for these, proceed after this method:—First, wash over the portion that is intended to be red when finished with yellow; after a few seconds, sponge it off and lay over it a wash, or successive washes, of vermilion or carmine, until the requisite depth of shade is secured.

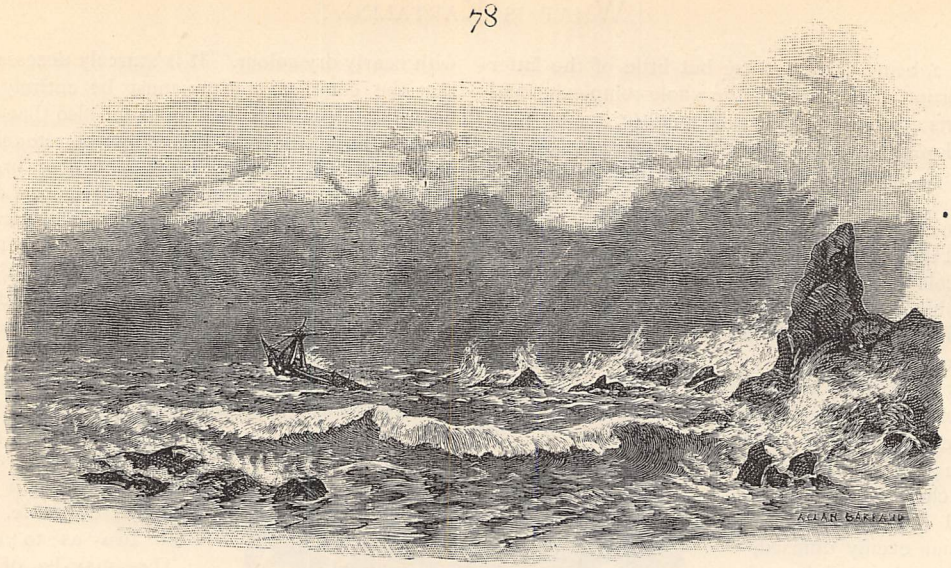
For the assistance of our readers who propose attempting a trial of this new art work, we will describe the colouring of a cabinet-sized photograph. The larger the head the easier the work will be, as the features will be more plainly marked, and the eyes, probably, more distinct. It should especially be noticed that the outlines of the eyelids and the iris of the eyes are perfect, not blurred and difficult to trace; otherwise the painter will have to depend much on himself for supplying deficiencies, and introducing lines and shadows. In portrait-painting a line wrongly curved or a shade too strongly marked will make all the difference between a good likeness and a bad one.

First of all, the photograph must be damped, and in no way can this be so satisfactorily done, as photographic colourists acknowledge, as by the tongue. It is well, however, that we are assured that the photograph and the Kartaline colours are quite harmless, being "prepared without any poison or deleterious matter of any kind." Now, dip a brush into the medium, and rub it on the colour known as flesh tint No. 1. All the colours are used thin, as in drying the tints deepen. Wash over the darker parts of the complexion with this, and leave it for a few seconds until it is partially absorbed; then remove the superfluity of colour with a wet sponge, brush, or with the tongue. Next mix on the palette flesh tints No. 1

and No. 2, being careful to use but little of the latter in proportion to the former; the whole complexion and flesh parts are laid in with this mixture, a short time being allowed for it to become incorporated with the photograph, after which it is treated in the same way as the first wash. If too great a quantity of No. 2 is used, the complexion will appear of an unnatural pink hue, and the picture will in consequence be worthless, for the colour cannot be removed—that is, not to any appreciable extent—when once it has been left to sink in. It is better always to use the colours too weak than too strong, for it is easy enough to strengthen them by laying on a second wash. Now we come to the cheeks. For these, lay on a drop of flesh tint No. 2, pure, and wash off again at once; repeat until the whole cheek presents a rounded appearance, with the colour evenly diffused, but lightened as it fades off into the local colouring.

If possible, get the person whose likeness you are colouring to give you a sitting; no portrait can be so truly rendered from memory as from nature. If this is impossible to obtain, procure a piece of the hair that you may be able to give the right colour, and try to get some one to describe accurately the colour of the eyes, and whether the complexion should be florid or pale. For the shadows use blue or a grey tint, as may be deemed most desirable. The principal shadows are those under the eyes and eyebrows, round the nostril, and on the chin; but the learner will need to put them in with great care, for if they are too dark the likeness cannot be pleasing. A small brush is best, and it should be only slightly filled with colour. Soften the hair also on the forehead with relief shadows, and when these are sufficiently strong, blend the tints by washing over the whole complexion with a last wash of flesh No. 1 and No. 2. The colour for the lips is flesh tint No. 2, but it must be much diluted. Apply with care, shading delicately so as to give roundness, keeping well within the outlines, and having regard especially to the expression. The eyes are put in with brown or blue, the pupil with black, and the whites with white modified with blue. The high light should be put in last of all.

Introduce as little white as possible in Kartaline painting; being opaque, it does not look well in certain lights, and yet it is essential for some parts. Work in the details with the tip of the brush and with nearly dry colour. It is scarcely necessary to say that the complexion tints must be entirely finished before the details are laid in; and also that when the white is once placed it should not be retouched, or it will work up. Employ light brown, or brown and black, for the hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes, and mark out the latter distinctly but softly. The curve of the eyebrows must be rendered truly, also the texture of the hair, with its waves and curls. Attention must be paid to the quantity of medium that is added to the colours, but the only way to learn how much to use is to watch the work as it progresses. Too little will cause the wash to appear dull, and it will become uneven when wetted. On the other hand, too much will make the picture shiny, as though gum had been added to the tints, which is by no means desirable. A word or two as to draperies. They may be of any hue that the worker prefers, but we would advise a beginner not to overlook the importance of securing good contrasts combined with harmony of tone. A book on colouring will be found valuable to the amateur; but after all, experience is the surest guide, and that can only be gained by constant intelligent practice. White — in any quantity, that is—should be avoided, but lace is becoming to every complexion. When a group of figures forms the subject of the picture, blue and red draperies are both admissible, but for single figures they will be generally considered too pronounced. The worker, when he has once mastered the art, will not need to confine himself to simple subjects, for any photograph can be coloured after this method. The background should harmonise with and relieve the subject; a warm mixed tint is safest for the beginner to use, in our opinion. The background may be left unpainted at the option of the worker; it does well enough, but the picture has not so finished an appearance as when it also has received a wash of some colour. Lastly, there is an enamel called Kartaline Preservative, which is sometimes used to render the photograph still more lasting; but it is not of importance, as the colours will preserve the work without its aid. It gives a bright gloss which some may not think an improvement. When employed it must be poured on freely, allowed to flow over the surface, and then quickly drained off into the bottle again.



Some Future Day.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. *Music by* FRANZ ABT.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Moderato. *mf* *tenuto.* *p*

1. Some fu - ture day we p'r'aps may meet, And vows we breath'd of old re - new; Those words we loved so well re - peat, With lips and hearts still staunch and true! Ah, yes! for strange are ways of fate— To solve them all must
2. The hal - cyon past I ne'er for - get— Its mem-'ries yield a gold - en store; And ev - 'ry hour is with me yet, As bright as in the time of yore! Ah, me! and will there come no end? Must life for ev - er

cres. *cres.* *cres.* *cres.*

f *dim.*

strive in vain; And ea - ger hearts per - force must wait, Though wait - ing means a life of
love - less be? Will fate at last for both un - bend, And joy or - dain for you and

f *dim.*

rit. *pp*

pain! } Ah! Some fu - ture day we p'r'aps may meet— We know not when that day may
me? }

pp

f *p*

be; But, love, to us it would be sweet: Yes, sweet to you and sweet to

f *p*

cres. (*v.* 2.)

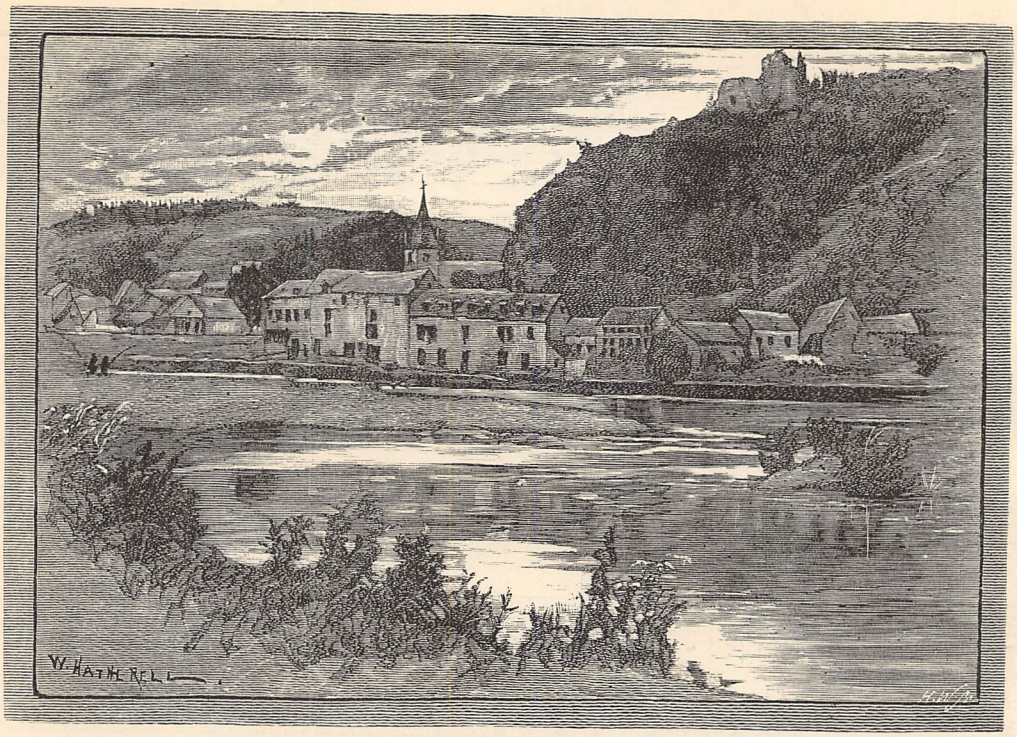
me! But, love, to us it would be sweet: Yes, sweet to you and sweet to

cres.

1*st time.* 2*nd time.*

me! 2. The

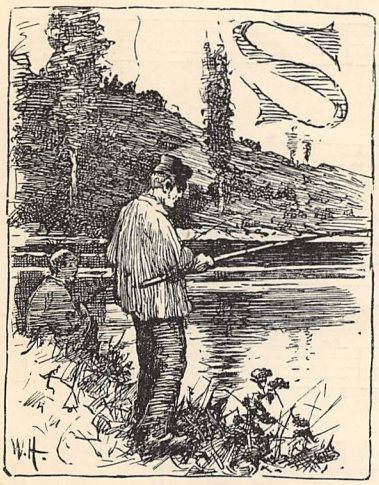
mf *p* *p* *pp*



BOUVIGNES.

A BELGIAN HOLIDAY.

BY WILLIAM SHARP. IN TWO PAPERS.—FIRST PAPER.



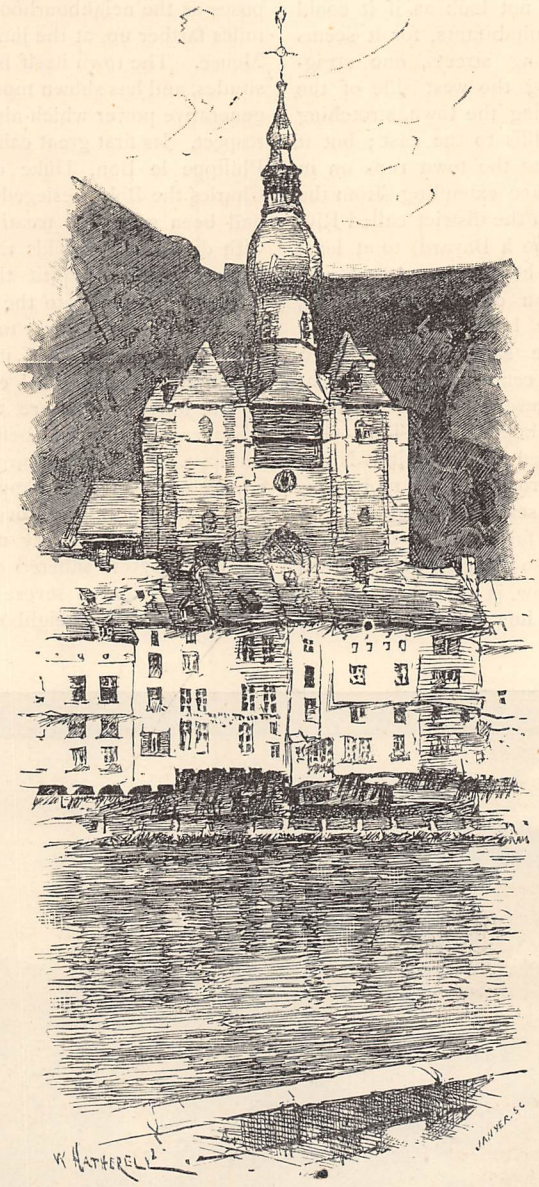
SO many thousands annually leave London between the beginning of June and the end of October for a more or less circumscribed holiday, that it is a matter for wonder so very few ever find their way to "fresh fields and pastures new." Undoubtedly this mainly results from two causes: first, the uncertainty as to an entirely new country or district, whether it will be liked, whether lodging will be easily obtained, whether it will prove moderate, and so forth; and secondly, from hesitation as to the amount of expense liable to be incurred. There are many, for instance, who, having only three or at most six weeks at their disposal, go to watering or inland places in the north of England or in Scotland, under the impression that while such holiday places are more expensive than the more or less frequented resorts nearer London, they are yet much more moderate than places of interest or beauty within a day's reach across the Channel, that is, resorts which, like Dieppe, Boulogne, St. Malo, Ostend, &c., are not as commonplace from familiarity as Margate, Brighton, or Hastings.

But as a matter of fact there are many places in Normandy and Brittany and in midland Belgium quite unknown to the vast majority of those who wish at once to spend their brief holiday in some place before unvisited, a place combining beauty of landscape with at least fair lodging, and above all not entailing a large expenditure. It is, however, to midland Belgium that the writer would on this occasion draw attention, more especially that portion of it which lies in the beautiful valleys of the Lesse and the Meuse.

It may at once be stated that Dinant-sur-Meuse is the most fitting starting-point for those who wish to spend some pleasant days or weeks up these valleys, or for those who desire to go right into the heart of the Ardennes country, to Rochefort and La Roche; or it can itself be made the goal for a stay of ten days or so. Dinant is within an easy day's reach from London by Dover and Calais or Ostend, the route being direct

to Brussels, and from thence *viâ* Namur by branch line, and the fare can easily be calculated by adding on about four shillings to that from London to Brussels, the second-class fare from the latter to Dinant being about 4f. or 4½f. At Dinant itself the rates of *pension* vary between 7½f. and 10f.; at the Hôtel des Postes the charges being 9f. or 10f. according as the rooms have a river frontage or not. But after leaving the "Gate of the Ardennes," as some one has rather vaguely styled this town, living, in good hotels, may be calculated at from 4.50f. to about 7f. (3s. 9d. to 5s. 10d.) daily, at which moderate rate (of course not including "extras" or luxuries) it will be seen that one can live better and much more moderately than in the expensive North British hotels, or even than in private lodgings if there be several of a family sojourning together.

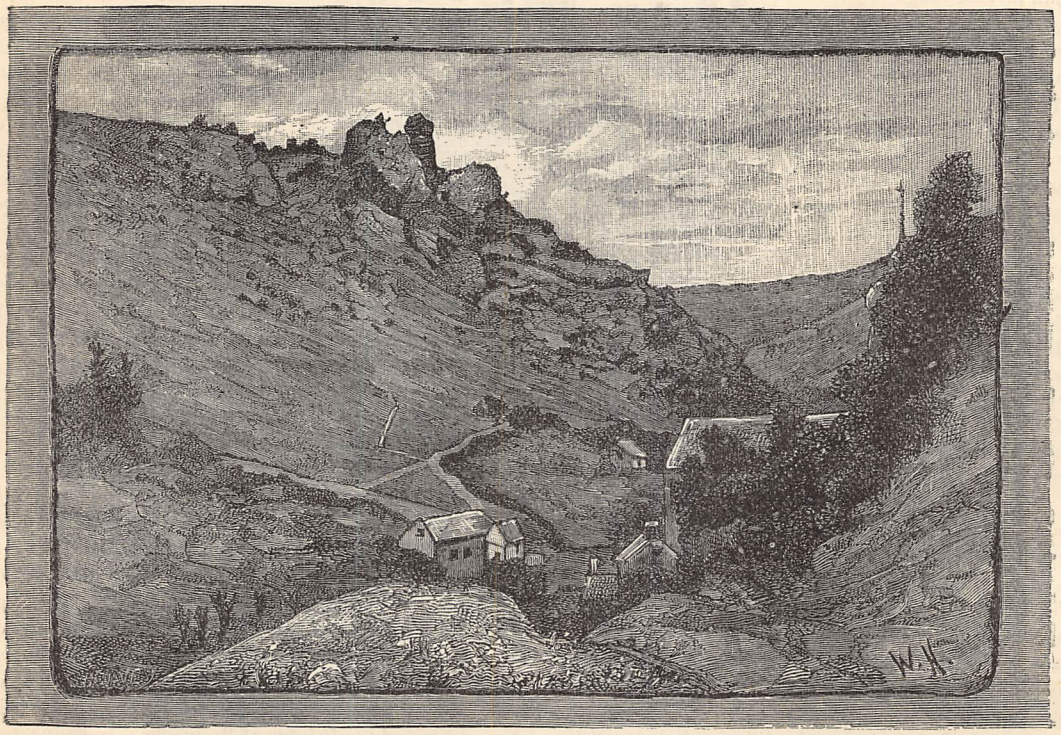
The route from Brussels, especially after leaving the picturesque and interesting old town of Namur, is a very pleasant one; but although the train skirts the right bank of the broad clear Meuse nearly all the way to Dinant, no fair idea can be obtained from the carriage windows of the beauty of the wooded heights and frequently precipitous cliffs that, now on this side and now on that, line the river nearly the whole way. If a stay over-night has been made at Namur, or if times otherwise fit in, a still pleasanter transit to Dinant may be made by taking the small steamer that once or twice a day sails thither from the former; and, if this is done, both a much better idea of the riverside beauty will be obtained, and glimpses be had of villages and châteaux and interesting natural features which mostly escape the observation of passengers by train. About five miles above Namur the village of Dave, with the huge precipitous rock rising near its ancient château, is passed; then comes Frêne, with strangely-shaped rocks and several grottoes worthy of a visit, if the traveller be in the neighbourhood at any rate; then Rouillon, with its landmark of precipitous rock called La Roche aux Corneilles from the numbers of jackdaws which have their nests within its clefts; then Yvoir, at the junction of the Boucq or Bocq with the Meuse, and thereafter a beautiful stretch of some three or four miles, with the ruins of Montaigle, and further on of Crèvecœur to the right, and of Poilvache to the left, till Bouvignes is passed, and Dinant is seen stretching along both banks of the river, the main portion of the town picturesquely sheltered beneath a huge precipitous limestone cliff, crowned at its summit by a disused fortress, and breaking at its further extremity into gradual slopes covered with beech and oak. Of the hotels at Dinant undoubtedly the best, both for accommodation and the views it commands, is the Hôtel des Postes. This hotel is close to the railway station and also fronts the river, its cheerful balcony looking out on the most picturesque portion of the old town, and, from its position, commanding whatever sunset aspects may reveal themselves down the valley of the Meuse beyond the heights of Poilvache. In connection with the Hôtel des Postes is the Belle Vue, situated



FROM THE BALCONY OF THE HOTEL DES POSTES, DINANT.

on the opposite side of the bridge, and also a hydropathic establishment on the hill-side on the southern bank of the river, on the road to Bouvignes. The Tête d'Or is another good hotel, more moderate than the Postes, but neither so cheerful nor so commodious, though it has the advantage of beautiful garden-paths opening from behind up the steep rock-side.

At first sight Dinant does not look as if it could possibly contain over 7,000 inhabitants, for it seems to consist merely of two long streets, one straggling in a broken line along the west side of the river, and the other, constituting the town, stretching along the base of the high cliffs to the east; but it will ere long be discovered that the town runs on in this narrow fashion for a space extending (from the weir above Bouvignes, through the district called Rivage, to the picturesque Roche à Bayard) to at least three miles. Some of the old houses are picturesque, notably the Hôtel de Ville, an old German-looking, yellow-hued building on the boulevard facing the Meuse; but this cannot be said of the church (dating from the thirteenth century as to foundation) with its high bulbous tower rising 200 feet up the sheer cliff immediately behind it. This cliff, which can either be ascended from behind Notre Dame by 400 steps cut in the rock, or by a more gradual and shaded path through semi-private grounds on the hill-slope about half a mile further on, is well worth scaling; for the view, if not so picturesque as that to be obtained from the river below, is extensive and full of interest. The fortress itself, however, is not ancient, for it was only erected at the time of the eventful revolution of 1830, and it is now wholly disused, though by no means yet incapable for defensive purposes if emergency should arise. The Meuse at Dinant is broad and deep enough to admit small steamers and heavily-laden barges ascending the river for many miles, but it is not nearly so suitable for boating or bathing purposes as the neighbourhood of Anseremme, about two miles farther up, at the junction of the Lesse and the Meuse. The town itself has gone through some vicissitudes, and has shown more than once that sturdy regenerative power which always commands interest and respect. Its first great calamity befell it in 1467, when Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, and his son Charles the Bold, besieged the town, whose inhabitants had been guilty of treating the former's commands with disrespect and his threats with indifference—an independence of spirit that was severely punished when Dinant fell into the duke's hands, for not only was the town given over to the pillage of the soldiers, its walls destroyed, and its houses finally set on fire and burned, but a cruel edict was given whereby 800 of the inhabitants were tied in pairs, thrown into the river, and drowned before the eyes of the savage Philippe. Recovery, however, and renewed self-confidence must have been rapid, for less than ninety years later it was again given over to pillage and destruction by the French soldiery under the Duc de Nevers. Again in 1675 it suffered capture by the French, but with not quite so severe results. But, despite the foreign enemies or neighbouring powers who cast fre-

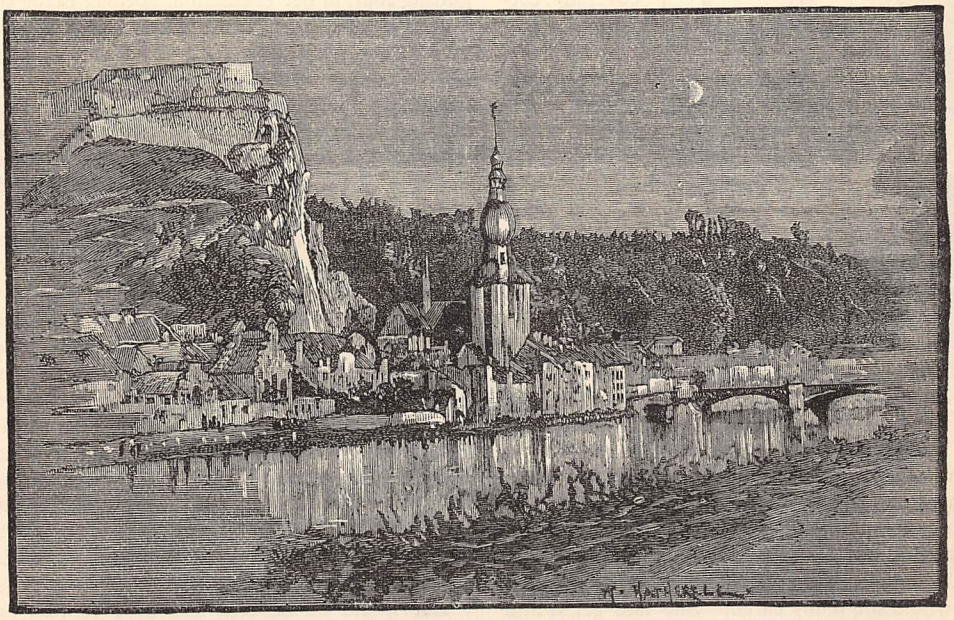


CHATEAU DE CREVECŒUR.

quent jealous eyes upon the industrious little town whose copper-wares (*dinanderies*) were so widely known and purchased, the inhabitants could yet not refrain from quarrelling with their most immediate neighbours, and local chronicles record many a rival onslaught and ill-adventuring struggle between the hot-blooded "Walloons" of Dinant and Bouvignes.

The latter, now a mere village, at one time even surpassed its rival in importance; its recuperative powers, however, did not prove so strong. To the ordinary visitor who strolls to it from Dinant the main attraction lies in the picturesque ruins of Crèvecœur crowning the rocky hill immediately behind the village to the west. The castle of Crèvecœur plays a romantic part in the history of the occupation of this district by the French in 1554, the time of the second destruction of Dinant referred to above. The legend—and there is nothing to disprove its asserted facts—runs that during the siege of the town, when the defence was at last wholly restricted to the small garrison within the castle, three of the most beautiful women of Bouvignes entered the tower of the latter, determined to take what part they could in the defence, even if that should only amount to the encouragement their presence would give to the besieged, including their three husbands. A prolonged and determined resistance ensued, but ultimately the last of the garrison perished and the siege was over; but ere the savage French soldiery could gain entrance to the tower the three fair women, preferring death with their husbands and friends to the outrage and cruelty they were sure to experience from their enemies, together sprang from the summit of the tower of Crèvecœur, and, in sight of the beleaguering troops, were hurled, maimed and dead amongst the rocks at the base of the steep slope.

A pleasant walk or drive of a mile or two further leads to Yvoir, a small village situated at the junction of the Bocq with the Meuse; and about an hour's distance from hence is the famous castle of Montaigle, the finest ruin in Belgium, which is well worthy of a visit if for nothing else than the view down the valley of the Floye. But in the case of ordinary pedestrians Yvoir will probably be found far enough, and these should not neglect to see the intermittent spring which is situated in a meadow at no great distance from the village. Whether on foot or in a carriage the return to Dinant should be made by the opposite side of the river, crossing the latter by the large bridge connecting Yvoir and Moulins—the latter a foundry, but formerly a Cistercian monastery—and before long a lofty and craggy rock will be reached, on whose high summit the extensive ruins of Poilvache command views in all directions. Poilvache was destroyed so long ago as the middle of the sixteenth century, in the same year that Dinant and Crèvecœur also succumbed to the French; and though there is now little of interest in the ruins themselves, they are worth the ascent for the splendid panorama that stretches northward, eastward, and westward, while the wooded southward view is best comprehended from the neighbouring ruin of the Tour de Monay. Resuming the return road to the south, the uninviting hamlet of Houx is passed, then the influx of the small Leffe is crossed, and shortly afterwards Dinant is re-entered. Other picturesque walks (which are also *diligence* routes) can be taken along the road to Ciney, starting from the town on the eastern side of the river, or along that to Philippeville, which winds south-westward from behind the railway line a little beyond the station.



GENERAL VIEW OF DINANT-SUR-MEUSE.

LADY BEST'S MISTAKE.

BY JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

THEY lived in a creeper-covered cottage nestling among verdure in the highly-cultivated valley of one of the Home counties. There was a small dairy-farm attached to it, upon which Lady Best bestowed all her leisure hours, and thereby managed to add no inconsiderable sum to her income, which since her husband's death had been rather limited.

With the money derived from this source she had been able to send her only son, Arthur, to Oxford—Arthur, who was the apple of her eye, the one only being for whom she really cared. She had given him a first-class education, and it had not been received on stony ground, for Arthur was clever, and a book-worm, too much so for worldly purposes, since he had indulged in study and contemplation till he had become a dreamer. By the time he reached the age of twenty-five it had been declared by all the neighbours, and Lady Best's circle generally, that Arthur would never do any good for himself in life: a hard verdict, considering that he had not a single vice, and was handsome and manly-looking. Not that his habits and pursuits were exactly manly; fishing was the only sport in which he had ever been known to indulge, and he spent his time for the most part in wandering listlessly about the valley, wearing clothes of a somewhat æsthetic cut, which was particularly distasteful to his rural neighbours, a slouching felt hat on his head, and a book—generally poetry—in his hand.

Idolising Arthur though she did, it depressed Lady Best not a little to see him take to an effeminate do-nothing style of life; and since he had now wasted more than a year in this sort of dream, she began to despair of seeing him embark in any of the professions for which she had hoped his education would have fitted him. What she was to do—how she was to change the current of events—she did not know.

"Was he in love? Had he had a disappointment?" her acquaintances asked her till she was tired of answering. The question, however, at last suggested a remedy. Why should not a touch of the very disease from which people thought that he was suffering, bring about his cure?

Girls! she would surround him with girls; of course, while she had a due regard for good looks, never forgetting that, in her estimation, nothing made the eyes glisten with so much pleasure as the sight of gold.

So Lady Best gave a tennis party, and invited all the beauty of the county, including two or three heiresses; but before the afternoon was half over, Arthur had disappeared. He had wandered down the valley, away from "the noise," as he called the musical laughter of these maidens, promising himself to return as soon as they should all be gone.

Lady Best was disappointed but not crushed; she would try again, this time in a quieter but, she hoped, more effectual way.

"Arthur was out so much, she was at times very dull," she told him; "moreover, she wanted some assistance in effecting one or two dairy reforms. Her eldest brother's daughter—Hannah Milton—aged nineteen, was, she understood, a decidedly practical, energetic girl. She had not seen her since she was a baby, but she should like to invite her on a long visit, and make her acquaintance. Had Arthur any objection?"

"No; none whatever. Of course his mother was perfectly free to do as she liked."

But would he be civil and kind to this unknown cousin when she came?

"If she pleased him, certainly; but, doubtless, she would in no way interfere with his pursuits."

Not very encouraging if Lady Best had any serious intentions in reference to Miss Hannah Milton, who—we will observe in parenthesis—she believed would sooner or later come into the possession of at least a hundred thousand pounds.

Not a word of this did she, however, utter to Arthur; but, without farther discussion, wrote an affectionate letter to her niece, asking her to come and stay at the Cottage as long as she could endure the frugality and smallness of their impecunious life.

Miss Hannah Milton answered by return of post that she should be delighted to avail herself of her aunt's invitation, more especially as her father was going abroad on business, and she should be her own mistress for the next two months. She might be expected to arrive, bag and baggage, at the Cottage on the 5th of July. It was then the end of June.

To this announcement followed a postscript that she hoped her dear aunt did not object to living animals, as of course she could not leave hers all alone at Milton Hall during her own and her father's absence.

Lady Best was delighted at the success of her letter, and wrote again to say that both she and Arthur were particularly fond of pets.

Arthur had read Miss Milton's letter, and merely said that he hoped the dogs, if they were dogs, were thoroughbred; he hated everything that was not perfect.

So, till the 5th of July, the Cottage, whenever Arthur

went out—for it could not be expected that he should endure fuss and clatter—was convulsed with preparations for the arrival of the heiress-niece and her retinue. A bed-room was turned into a boudoir for her private use, and two bed-rooms adjoining were set aside for herself and her maid.

The Cottage was one of those elastic establishments, with countless small rooms, capable of taking in a far larger number of people than its exterior would lead you to imagine.

Hannah Milton's home was in the North; it would be quite evening before she would arrive, and Lady Best passed all the day in a state of feverish excitement, wandering from room to room. She seemed to feel that there was a destiny at stake; while Arthur—the individual who was in all probability the most concerned—was perfectly cool and collected, and passed the hours in his habitual placid enjoyment of a book.

"THERE THEY WERE, ALL THREE TALKING AND LAUGHING" (*p.* 87).

The mystic shade of twilight was already creeping up the valley when wheels were heard approaching the Cottage, and Lady Best went out into the porch to receive her guest. Fain would she have persuaded Arthur to accompany her, but he preferred an arm-chair by the window.

At last the carriage is at the door, and Hannah Milton, having sprung out, is clamorously kissing her aunt.

There is nothing æsthetic or dreamy about her. She

has a broad, plain, honest, open face, with fine eyes, and a large mouth full of strong-looking white teeth—not the slightest pretension to beauty, but you can see at a glance that Hannah Milton is a thoroughly good, kind, sincere woman. Her voice is very loud, but it has the ring of a true heart. It frightens Lady Best, however, as she thinks, "What will Arthur say? Will he run away from Hannah, or allow himself to be subdued by her?"

In the carriage beside Hannah—half concealed by bird-cages, a Persian cat, and three small dogs of different breeds—there is a girl: the maid, of course. The dogs and the cat spring out after Hannah, and the footman takes the bird-cages. Just as the unnoticed occupant of the carriage is stepping out, Hannah turns round.

"Oh! I forgot; let me introduce my dearest friend, Agatha Burghley. Of course you expected her; she never leaves me, you know."

Lady Best held out her hand in a welcome to which her heart did not respond; nor did she speak, except to say—

"And your maid, Hannah?"

Miss Milton burst out laughing. "That is a luxury in which we don't indulge—do we, Aggy? We arrange our toilettes ourselves, and very effective they are sometimes—eh?"

Lady Best looked again at this companion of whom she had never heard before. No, decidedly; if she had known of her existence she would not have asked Hannah to the Cottage. For Agatha was beautiful, of that refined spiritualised beauty about which poets rave.

For an indefinite period she had invited Hannah, and this companion, this Agatha, was she also to be their daily associate for weeks?

The meeting with Arthur, however, could not be deferred, and Lady Best led the way into the drawing-room.

He was as cordial as it was in his nature to be in his reception of his cousin, but when the same formula of introduction with which Lady Best had been greeted was gone through, and Agatha, dragged forward by her energetic friend, stood before him, with the pale gleam of the rising moonlight on her face, he started back as though he had seen a spectre, more in fear than admiration, as it seemed to his anxious watching mother.

There was no time, however, for speculation as to what feelings Agatha had awakened in Arthur's breast, the necessities were asserting themselves, and Hannah in her blunt way declared herself to be famishing.

"A rapid toilette and dinner. Come on, Agatha, we shall not keep Lady Best waiting long," and the two girls went quickly up into the rooms that had been prepared for them.

In less than a quarter of an hour they came back, looking as spic-and-span as if they had made no long journey. It was very obvious that the services of a maid were unnecessary.

The evening, however, was scarcely a merry one. Arthur was more than usually silent and meditative, Agatha very tired; she was not so robust as Hannah, who was the only lively one of the party, and chattered ceaselessly to Lady Best, who, for once in her life, was not a good listener. All her attention was riveted on "that young person," as she already, in her mind, designated the somewhat lackadaisical Agatha.

Hannah was very full of the projected dairy reforms. She loved everything that gave her practical tendencies full vent; but Lady Best was by no means as keen as she was.

"While they were reforming, what would Arthur and this beautiful Agatha be doing?" she asked herself. "Oh, if Hannah would only turn her full attention on the far more important work of reforming Arthur!"

Lady Best was, however, too much of a diplomatist to let her thoughts appear in words; no, she must act, manœuvre, watch.

Of course the first thing next morning Hannah expressed a wish to go over the farm, and, accompanied by Agatha, she and Lady Best started on a tour of inspection. Arthur had seen the farm *ad nauseam*, he said, and it did not amuse him; he preferred remaining in the house till luncheon-time.

With the explanations and discussions which this farming pilgrimage entailed, Lady Best's spirits rose, and she became thoroughly absorbed in her subject, rejoicing that she had found so congenial a companion and able co-worker as Hannah. On a sudden, however, her spirits fell to zero—Agatha had disappeared. "Of course, she had gone to join Arthur; it was a preconcerted plan between them," and the mother as she thought of it became perfectly miserable.

No more talk about gallons of milk, London market, home consumption, &c. She was tired, she said, and if Hannah did not mind, they would return to the house. They reached the bottom of the garden, which lay in front of the drawing-room windows, just as Agatha, accompanied by Arthur, strolled up the terrace towards the wood.

The sight was past bearing; this then was to be the end of all her loving care for Arthur; he was to marry Hannah's penniless companion. Nor did Hannah's remark, as she too perceived them, tend to calm the excited mother's fears.

"Oh! they are going to have a little chat. I told Aggy the sooner it was over the better."

"A chat with my son? Has this—this Miss Burghley met Arthur before?"

Hannah laughed. "Did you not know? Oh! then I must not tell the secrets of the prison-house. But pray don't look so rueful, aunty mine. The secret is not of a very dreadful nature."

Lady Best was, however, by no means comforted by this intelligence. "Arthur had been carrying on with this girl unknown to her, and hence the reason of his dejection and listlessness; of course, the neighbours were right, love was the root of the evil. And to think of the little minx forcing herself in here under Hannah's auspices! Oh! it was too bad—very much too bad; she had been treated shamefully!"

And, her heart too full to speak without committing herself, which pride prevented when she remembered that this niece had been conniving to deceive her, she went in-doors, up into her own room, of which she locked the door, and then indulged in the luxury of a tempestuous burst of tears.

For more than an hour she remained there, sobbing and composing herself by turns, till at last she heard voices under the window. Carefully concealing herself, she peeped from behind the curtain.

There they were, all three talking and laughing, a "woke-up" look on Arthur's face which she had not seen there for months.

It was strange, very strange; and as she stood and watched them, she could not make up her mind whether she had or had not made a mistake in asking these people to come. After all, if his love for Agatha saved Arthur from despondency, and made a man of him, she ought to consider her object gained.

Anyway, she made up her mind to be silent for the present, and take notes; and so deciding, she washed her face, smoothed her silvering hair, set her cap daintily on her head, and went down-stairs, where the luncheon was decidedly far more cheery than the dinner had been on the previous evening.

And the days passed on—life at the Cottage seemed very bright to all but its mistress, who could not reconcile herself to the fact that she had been deceived; not even though it gladdened her heart to hear Arthur laughing merrily, as he sometimes did at his cousin's sallies, or to see him take an interest he never took before in the farm and its workings.

Agatha's pale beautiful face would come between the mother and the change her presence seemed to have effected, and Lady Best felt that she could never love Agatha, even though Arthur's whole happiness was centred in her.

But if she had lost a son she had gained a daughter, for, appreciating Hannah's merits as she did to the fullest, she felt that she was each day learning to love her more and more. Many times was it on her lips to tell her how grieved she was at the direction Arthur's fancy seemed to have taken, but pride held her back.

At last, almost before they could believe in its approach, St. Partridge arrived, and with it a letter from Mr. Milton, saying he should be back in less than a week, that he would take the Cottage on his way, see his sister, and escort his daughter home.

What tears and heart-burnings did this letter produce! Hannah was evidently in despair at leaving the Cottage. Arthur became as despondent as he was two months ago; only Agatha seemed to have no regret.

"Of course not, since she expects to stay here always; not with me, though. She will not live here with me," raged Lady Best to herself.

And in this mood Arthur found her one morning, when he sought her in the little morning-room she called her den.

He broke the ice without any preliminary skating over it.

"Mother, will it not be a pleasure to you if I bring you a daughter to welcome?"

"Oh, Arthur, if you only knew how I have dreaded this question!"

"Dreaded it, mother? I thought you would be delighted."

"How could you? A penniless, lackadaisical, intriguing"——the rest of her sentence was a sob, interrupted, however, by an exclamation from Arthur.

"Penniless—Hannah? Why, her only fault in my eyes is that she has money, and my uncle may think——"

"Hannah! You don't mean to say it is Hannah you love? Oh, you dear Arthur—my own boy!"

"You did not think it was Agatha? Why, she has been engaged to my old college chum, Laurence Wilmot, for the last year. They had a little breeze just before she came here, which I had the pleasure of making up. I could not tell you because the whole thing was a secret on account of his uncle. The old gentleman, however, has given in, and they are to be married very soon."

Lady Best soon forgot all her anxiety and the unhappiness of the last few weeks in her present joy; and of course she promised to negotiate matters with Mr. Milton when he should arrive, and she did so most effectually, for he seemed as pleased as she was; and from the day that the marriage was finally settled, she began to unbend and find a place for Agatha in her capacious heart, showering upon the girl—in very gratitude for finding that her love for Arthur was all a mistake—as many kindnesses and presents as she bestowed on her well-beloved Hannah.

And when, at last, the two marriages took place at Milton Hall on the same day, the uninitiated would almost have thought that Lady Best was the mother of both the brides.

DOMESTIC TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

BY MRS. WARREN. IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A YOUNG daughter in training for house management must, if work is to be satisfactorily done, overlook the laying of the breakfast-table, or must do it herself: the knives and silver must be bright, the glass clear, and everything set straight on the table; not the handle of one knife or fork projecting in advance of its neighbour, or so near the edge of the table that the first passer-by sets them awry. A knife, fork, serviette, and breakfast-plate before each person's seat; extra plates on each side of the table; the salt fine, dry, and smooth; the

salt-spoons and casters bright, and the latter properly filled; a bread-plate and knife; another plate for cut bread, and a fork by its side; two butter-dishes, each with a knife by its side, or one as may be needed; the cups, saucers, and basin bright and without smears; the tea-spoons and tea-pot well washed, polished, and without smears; the table-cloth uncreased from its having been, when put away, folded in the same folds as it came from the laundress; a chair placed straight before each person's plate; the tea and coffee made with boiling water—both can be kept hot under a cosy. If bacon is ordered for breakfast, she should see that it is done according to the fancy of the people who are to eat it, neither burned nor greasy; if to be crisped, it should be dried on paper before dishing it on a hot dish; and if to be served with the bacon-dripping, a china drainer should be placed under the bacon, so that the fat which runs through may be served from the dish; if bacon is kept in fat it will not be pleasant to eat. Toast must be crisp and equally toasted; each piece, of a golden brown, should be stood upright with a fork run through it and on a plate, for if put into the toast-rack while hot, each slice steams against the other and renders it soft and soddened.

Eggs should be washed in cold water before cooking them, if they are not perfectly clean when put into the saucepan, and each should also be held over the steam for a minute, or if not quite fresh they will crack when the boiling water touches them. When eggs are doubtful as to quality they should be put into cold water and quickly cooked; when they boil they are done, unless required to be hard, and then are cooked a longer time.

Cold meat should be served on a spotlessly clean dish, with sprays of parsley or water-cress round the meat, not on it. Wash both or either in hotter than tepid water, and a small portion at a time, and instantly throw it into cold water, and thus the insects, worms, dirt, and sand are quickly dislodged and fall to the bottom of the water. It is worse than useless washing any vegetable in cold water only, even if salt be added, as the latter semi-kills insects and snails, but also makes them exude a gummy slime and stick the harder to the greenery.

There are many other things usually served at a breakfast-table, but the whole matter requires to be done by delicate handling oneself, or by a very sharp supervision of a young servant.

After the breakfast is served, and if a servant waits, she should be taught to put down plates and cups on the left side of the person for whom they are intended, but she may take away either on the left or right as most convenient.

After the breakfast the silver and knives should be washed and wiped without delay, and should not for this purpose be taken to the kitchen. Further than this the breakfast-things can remain unwashed till the bed-rooms have been attended to. It is most essential to house-training that a young girl assists with the beds, and setting the rooms in order. The windows should be thrown open, the clothes stripped from the beds; and if there are mattresses, these are to be turned; and during the time of this airing, all the necessary water arrangements should be done, baths emptied, &c. &c., but no water-jugs filled: this is the latest work after bed-making, sweeping, and dusting. It is a good plan to have dust-wrappers placed over the wash-stands and toilette-tables, and a wrapper over each bed after it is made, and during the necessary cleaning, be it slight or thorough. A mother should show her daughter how to shake a bed properly, how to tuck in the clothes securely, and finally how to make it "plump." Servants shake the feathers from side to side, never divide the lumps by rubbing them; these lumps are sure to collect in a badly-made bed, and the feathers will not spread evenly. The blankets and sheets should be tucked in at the sides, and particularly so at the foot of the bedstead; careless bed-makers leave the upper bed-clothes untucked at the foot of the bed, to the misery of the occupiers at night.

One can scarcely direct in a limited paper how the various duties even of one day are to be done, but without order, punctuality, and certain work done within a given time, and this daily recurrent, no efficient training can result. Unless there be an innate love of order, neatness, and thoughtful prevision in mistress or maid, a well-ordered household is impossible, and where one of these is found there exist ten of the happy-go-lucky species.

The management of a household may be divided into four sections:—first, the general ordering of the work of a house; secondly, the careful supervision of linen of all kinds; thirdly, a knowledge of cookery and methods of serving meals also, that meals may not only be served well cooked, but neatly and ornamentally; and fourthly, a daily supervision over the assistants in daily work.

A mistress often complains of the trouble of overseeing one or more servants, and that they cannot be trusted to do their work without this overseeing. She forgets or is ignorant of the fact that no work is without an overlooker. A man walks about watching masons building a house, he does not work with his hands but with his eyes; a shop-walker the same; in every factory there are overseers. And in every house the eyes of a mistress should indeed do more work than her hands if she employ servants; and what is a universal and compulsory practice need not be a hardship.

There is perhaps not so much science in managing work, as there is in spending a weekly or yearly income. And this is the first trouble in household matters of a young inexperienced wife, who knows not how far money will go. And in this matter a peasant girl is generally as ignorant as one of a higher rank. We constantly see questions asked, "How much ought I to spend on different items of housekeeping and servants, with such-and-such an income?" The answer to this foolish question must be unsatisfactory. How can any one ignorant of a stranger's habits give a reliable estimate of expenses?

To young people who know not the value of money, £200 a year represents comfort, but reduce this to its daily proportions and 10s. 11½d. is the result. Rent,

taxes, clothes, laundress, food, drink, fire, railway fare, and the numberless insidious sundries which swallow up the pennies in no time, are to come out of this 10s. 11½d. a day. It requires good management to keep up appearances upon £200 a year. We are assuming the recipient to be of the respectable middle class. To spend this sum to the best advantage, and save a trifle, a good knowledge is needful of the most economical joints of butcher's meat, and how to cook the meat, and the plentiful supply of vegetables which go so far to eke out a dinner. Very little meat is really needful for health, but it is wonderful how much comfort and nourishment can be got out of good vegetables and well-made gravy from the joint, whether large or small, which serves for dinner. With so small a sum as 10s. 11½d. a day, a shilling is all that should be spent on meat, or 1s. 6d. with vegetables. And there should be no question of liking or disliking. Fish is often cheap, and delicious when properly cooked, which can be done without extravagant materials, if only a girl knows "how to do it." Soup of various kinds costs very little, but then again, one must know how to make it good, palatable, nourishing, and inexpensive. Still it is possible to be done daily, and what is daily done shortly becomes a pleasure to do and to improve upon.

Even with £300 a year, the daily income is but 16s. 5¼d. If the value of money were a little more understood by the "merry maids of England," there would be less of "marrying and giving in marriage." Men are generally good accountants, and many of them know quite well the value of fractions as regards their £300 or £400 a year salary. Say the last—a net 22s. a day—how very little comfort can be got out of it with a wife who is ignorant of any details of housekeeping, who does not know the name of one joint from another, or scarcely one kind of food from another! Such an one is a syren, she can attract wonderfully—play, sing, sketch, paint to perfection—and she may also make her own clothes, but, excepting the latter, wherein is the home comfort?

It is unsatisfactory and to be deplored that we have in our ignorance distanced the wise knowledge of our foremothers, and have arrived at the terminus of "Know-Nothing." How to sew, darn, mend, cut out garments, and keep linen in good order—the whole is a mystery, and to cook properly is even a greater mystery.

What is known by girls of the minor ailments of children, and how to treat them?—things that years ago formed part of a girl's domestic education.

As to cookery, the aptness to make much appetising food out of inexpensive ingredients; how to prevent dyspepsia (indigestion), and, having the agony, how to ease or remedy it; and when the appetite fails from weakness, how to restore it, not by pandering to sickly fancies, but by simple means. From babyhood knowledge of different kinds can be acquired without verbal teaching, only by seeing and hearing how things are done and managed.

The domestic training of a girl should not vary with her position, for all things that are necessary to be learned make the comfort of others and the pleasure of ourselves. Peasants' children, and all children below the highest aristocracy, should be taught alike. There is no household work such that a girl should deem it beneath her position *to know* how to do it. To scour, scrub, clean saucepans, blacklead and clean grates, to black shoes, to clean windows, knives, plate, and to wash and iron, and fold for the mangle, brew and bake. For in this way only can she teach others, and she will find comfort beyond expression in this knowledge. Whether her destiny lies in the old country or in the colonies, her knowledge of home matters will be the greatest of blessings to herself and to others.

All this is by no means incompatible with accomplishments of every kind, for by these in action a home is made bright, cheerful, and attractive, but the foundation of domestic management must be well laid at first.

A girl should recollect that in courting times she was on her best behaviour, smiling, busy, gay, good-tempered, and herself solicitous that her lover-guest should be served becomingly and attractively. Then let her train herself to be equally fascinating when she is married.

The value of money, a knowledge of how to manage it, how to apportion it so as to keep out of debt, and how to save are the first lessons in housekeeping. Other domestic matters are based upon a knowledge of accounts. A girl should be early trained to learn and remember domestic arithmetic to a complete knowledge of the four first rules in application to bills of parcels, to weights and measures, and to the tare weight, also what number of fluid ounces constitute a pint and the like. Bills require to be gone over, and the correctness tested of each article charged for. In weights and measures, she should know the difference between a stone weight as applied to her own or other human weight, which is fourteen pounds, and the weight of a stone of butcher's meat, which is eight pounds, while a stone of butter is sixteen pounds. And as to the "tare" of an article, a housewife could not make her preserves and jellies without this knowledge. The weight of a jug or other vessel intended to hold unsweetened preserve is first ascertained, and the weight written down. Then, having poured the syrup or preserve into the jug, the latter is again weighed, and the difference of the weight of the jug is subtracted from the greater weight, and this is termed the "tare," or deduction from the whole weight, and upon this deduction the requisite amount of sugar is calculated.

A great muddle arises in a household from unchecked bills, when from circumstances they are allowed to stand long for payment. And a very serious cause of trouble is carelessness in filing receipts. A very little child may be trained to seeing the necessity of not being called upon to pay the same bill twice, but if the receipt is not forthcoming this is certain to be the case. Consequently, a knowledge of arithmetic and orderly habits are among the first elements of training to become a good housewife.

Much more could be said on the domestic training of girls if this article were not limited to space.

DEBILITY: ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THOSE who suffer from the effects of over-work, care, worry, or grief, or *general debility* from almost any cause, would derive incalculable benefit by spending the earlier spring months in a voyage to New York and back. Leaving this country about the first week in April, they would find a balmy, pure, and bracing air; and a trip or two up the Hudson, with its splendid scenery, would put new life into them, would banish care, would give them appetite and strength, and make them feel quite ten years younger.

Sea-sickness only lasts a few days, if it comes on at all. In some cases, I grant you, it may last all the voyage, but that is only when people, through sheer want of courage, give in to it.

I'll tell you two things that I have noticed at sea. First, those among the cabin passengers who stay on deck all they can, and, even from the very first morning, come resolutely down to meals, get over the *mal de mer* in a very short time. I've watched them. I myself am "sea-fast," so I could afford to do so. The first day or two, their faces would be pale enough, and their eyes dreamy and languid, and when we talked to them or tried to amuse them they smiled, but it was a sickly smile, a mere smile of politeness; and they sometimes, if the ship gave a bit of a lee-lurch, or lifted her head or stern higher than usual, ran away from the table altogether. But I could mark a change on the second day; and on the third there was the blood back again in their cheeks and lips; they paid more attention to their toilettes, and even spoke and laughed without being spoken to. Meanwhile Mr. A and Mr. B, who had lowered their flags to old Neptune, would still be prone in their stuffy cabins, and likely to be there all the voyage. For this reason—it is only when you first come on board that you have really strength enough to fight the foe. If you give in to him, and keep your cabin for three days even, debility of mind and body ensues, and you have neither the will nor the power to hold your head up.

The second thing I have noticed is this:—The emigrants that go out seldom suffer for more than two days from sea-sickness; and why? Is it that they are made of tougher metal; that they are more inured to sufferings of all kinds on shore? I do not think this is quite the reason. The cause of their immunity from sea-sickness lies, methinks, in the fact that they are "roused out;" they are drilled on deck; all their "'tween-decks" abode must be washed and scrubbed daily, and while this is being done they are up above, breathing the pure air of heaven, and inhaling the ozone-laden winds that blow over the blue, blue sea; and more than that—they get sunshine.

Prevention lies in a nut-shell. Sea-sickness is very easy with those who possess stamina and nerve. You come on board with this; then perhaps *mal de mer* attacks you. Well, if you keep below you have merely your own strength to defend you; if you go on deck, and keep on deck, you find allies, most valuable, in the pure bracing air of the sea, and in the sunshine, and in the walking exercise you take, to say nothing of the good mental effects that accrue from seeing everything that is taking place around you, and from exchanging ideas with your fellow-passengers. In this way debility flies; you get stronger instead of weaker every day, and as you gain more and more strength, farther and farther flies away the danger of becoming a victim to sea-sickness.

Debility must be fought by passengers going first to sea; and my advice to all is to prepare for the voyage for three weeks or a fortnight beforehand, by regular living, temperance in everything, good diet, exercise, and fresh air. Do not take stimulants at sea, or the liver is bound to go wrong, and your last state will be worse than your first.

Well now, I had a friend with me when I went out to America. He did not eat much for the first few days, because it was blowing a little, but under my supervision he soon got round, and used to handle his knife and fork with all the joyful agility of a Berkshire ploughboy at a beanfeast. I used of a morning to put the following question to him—

"How is your thoracic duct this morning, old man?"

"Bother the thoracic duct!" he used to say. "Until I came on this voyage with you, Doctor, I never knew I had such a thing as a thoracic duct."

"By the way, Doctor," said our paymaster one day, what *is* a thoracic duct? Have I got one?"

"By the way you play with that plate of plum pudding—your second help, mind," I replied, smiling, "I should think you had, and that it was in first-rate order too."

Many people, reader, live and die without ever knowing that they are possessed of such things as thoracic ducts; and still, upon the competency of that little tube—and it is not much thicker than a quill—the existence in this world of a man entirely depends. I will try and explain, for this duct has a good deal to do with the subject I am writing on, namely, debility.

What becomes of the food of which we partake? It is digested, turned into blood. But how? Why, briefly speaking, in this way:—It is first masticated in the mouth. This process of mastication is a far more important one than most people believe. It consists of two distinct operations, though they are both performed at one and the same time, namely, the grinding down of the food, or the pulpification of it, and the

mingling of it with the juices which come from the different glands, whose efferent ducts open into the mouth. These last aid its digestion, and if the food be swallowed quickly, without sufficient mastication to enable the stomach to act on it easily, digestion is delayed, the food leaves the stomach only partly acted on, and produces flatulence, acidity, diarrhœa, constipation, and many other kinds of mischief. But well-masticated food is easily rendered by the stomach into healthy chyme, by means of muscular action, and by the addition of the gastric juice. After this chyme—a homogeneous pulpy matter—leaves the stomach it is mingled with the secretions from other important organs, such as the liver and spleen, and then becomes what we call chyle, a milky kind of fluid, which represents the nutrient portion of the food we have eaten.

Now this chyle is collected or absorbed by a distinct series of extremely minute vessels, like tiny veins. These, after charging themselves with their valuable contents, unite and reunite; just as rippling rills join bigger streams, and bigger streams rivulets, and rivulets the great river itself, and the great river flows onwards to the sea, so the absorbents, laden with all that is life-giving of the food we have eaten, end at last in one larger canal or tube which goes upwards, for safety's sake, we may presume, along the vertebral column, opens into one of the largest veins in the body, and thus the chyle is mingled with the blood.

This tiny tube, then, is all we have to depend upon for life itself. Were anything to happen to it, were it to become diseased, or were a tumour to press upon it, we should assuredly die of inanition—in other words, starvation. In battle a bullet may pass clean through the lungs, or all round the chest; it may even wound large vessels, and still the soldier may live; but if it cuts through this little life-laden tube, no power on earth can save the man.

This tube, the thoracic duct, in cases of debility partakes of the general weakness; so do the absorbents, and this only proves the inutility and even danger of forcing food into the stomach when there is little or no appetite. Hunger is but the voice of nature telling us that sustenance is desired, and that all preparations have been made to absorb it. But if in the absence of this appetite food is swallowed, encouraged probably by the use of stimulants, the stomach, it is true, may act in a half-hearted kind of way—rob the already weak blood of gastric juice, and finally force the food along—but the effects of the stimulant will have gone by this time, the absorbents take up but little of the chyle, and very likely fermentation takes place, not the least painful results of which are a fevered, uncomfortable state of body, restlessness in bed, bad dreams, a foul tongue in the morning, with either headache or feeling of discomfort about the brow and eyes.

Debility is one of those ailments in which every portion of the muscular system, and every organ in the body, are more or less affected.

Thousands and tens of thousands suffer from debility who have no actual disease of any particular organ, but, inasmuch as some vital part may be at fault, every one so suffering should consult a medical man and adopt proper treatment. For be assured that general debility cannot last very long without working deadly mischief in some way or other.

Apart from actual disease of important internal organs, general debility is usually caused by depressing influences of any kind, such as over-work of brain or body, over-worry, grief, want of sufficient sleep, intemperance, working in rooms that are not sufficiently ventilated, exposure to cold for days or weeks together, the abuse of tea, coffee, or tobacco, or the continued use of aperient medicines, to which many people resort to keep the system free, instead of devoting an hour or two daily to wholesome exercise.

The symptoms are almost too well known to require description; probably there is not a very appreciable degree of loss of muscular strength in the limbs, although generally the sufferer from this complaint cannot walk far without perspiring either about the body on the whole, or about the knees and fore-parts of the legs; the appetite is lost, or capricious; there is a sense of weariness on getting up in the morning, and a feeling of drowsiness which even sleep does not banish. This latter points to a congested state of nerves and brain. There is also great irritability of temper, fits of depression of spirits, languor, listlessness, and a feeling as if everything in the world was going wrong with the patient. He is unable to look beyond his own weakness, and very often despairs of ever being any better. He is sometimes even afraid to consult a doctor, but generally not averse to treating himself, or, alas! at times having recourse to stimulants, the habit of taking which grows rapidly on either male or female.

Well, as to the cure of general debility: it is usually simple enough if the patient can be got to adopt it. Let him disabuse his mind for ever of the idea that he can get well by the use of medicine alone. Medicine well chosen may assist the cure; it never can complete it. He must remove the cause of his debility. He must get to the truth of what this cause is, and if he values his life, he *must* change his mode of living.

The first thing, then, for a patient suffering from debility to do is to meditate, to examine himself, and determine at once to live by rule—live, for a time at least, in obedience to all laws hygienic. Let him not neglect careful clothing, exercise, and the bath. Above all, let him be temperate in eating—I need not say in drinking—and let his supper be light and solid, and taken a good two hours before going to bed.

If he can get away from all business and care for a time to a well-chosen seaside place, and to a mountainous district, let him do so. As for medicine, an iron tonic with quinine, or dilute phosphoric or nitro-hydrochloric acid, will do well, the latter to be taken with some vegetable bitter infusion and tincture of orange-peel. A very mild aperient pill should also be taken weekly. But I repeat, medicine is only an aid to cure; regularity and alteration in life alone can bring a patient round; and to every one suffering from debility—without actual disease of internal organs—I say, your life is in your own hands.

OUR GARDEN IN JANUARY.

IT is not merely because it is the opening of another year, but because it is this very month of January, when nearly everything in our garden is in a dormant state, that we ought to devote ourselves to heavy trenching; and we wish to impress upon all amateurs the importance just now of an efficient and thorough preparation of the soil for crops of all kinds. This, perhaps some will say, is very elementary advice; but for all that, it is astonishing how necessary it is to enforce it. Ill-prepared soil most certainly entails either a poor and meagre crop or an almost complete failure. One enthusiastic old gardener, however, the writer can well recall, at a time when a sudden and severe frost had put a stop to many gardening operations, used of necessity under these circumstances to discard his spade, for the ground was too hard to go on with it, but the pick was resorted to in its place, and large lumps of earth were turned over, and thus exposed to all the benefit accruing from the action of the frost.

Not only outside are we thus engaged in tough and healthy work, but in our greenhouse we are carefully watching the progress of our little stock that it is a pleasure to see thriving so well, when everything else, though only a foot away from the house, is perhaps ice-bound.

The early spring flowers are having a good deal of our attention, those naturally having the most that we expect to bloom the earliest. And as by February those gay and popular varieties of the cineraria ought to begin to show their florescence, it may be as well to say a few words this month about the culture of the cineraria, before giving a few hints as to the general gardening operations for January.

And first, then, as to the soil in which it thrives best. Loam, peat, and well-decomposed manure is the preparation perhaps most recommended. The seed may be sown in wide or shallow pots or pans, and about the month of May. Keep them pretty moist, and in shade under a frame. When your plants are well up, and have developed some half-dozen leaves, or even less, prick them out singly, and in rather richer soil, in small pots of the size known as sixties. During the summer months your young seedlings, if well attended to, standing in a dry place and well watered, will do very well in the open. A little later they will bear shifting into pots a size larger, and about Michaelmas they must be taken into your greenhouse, and placed on shelves near the glass.

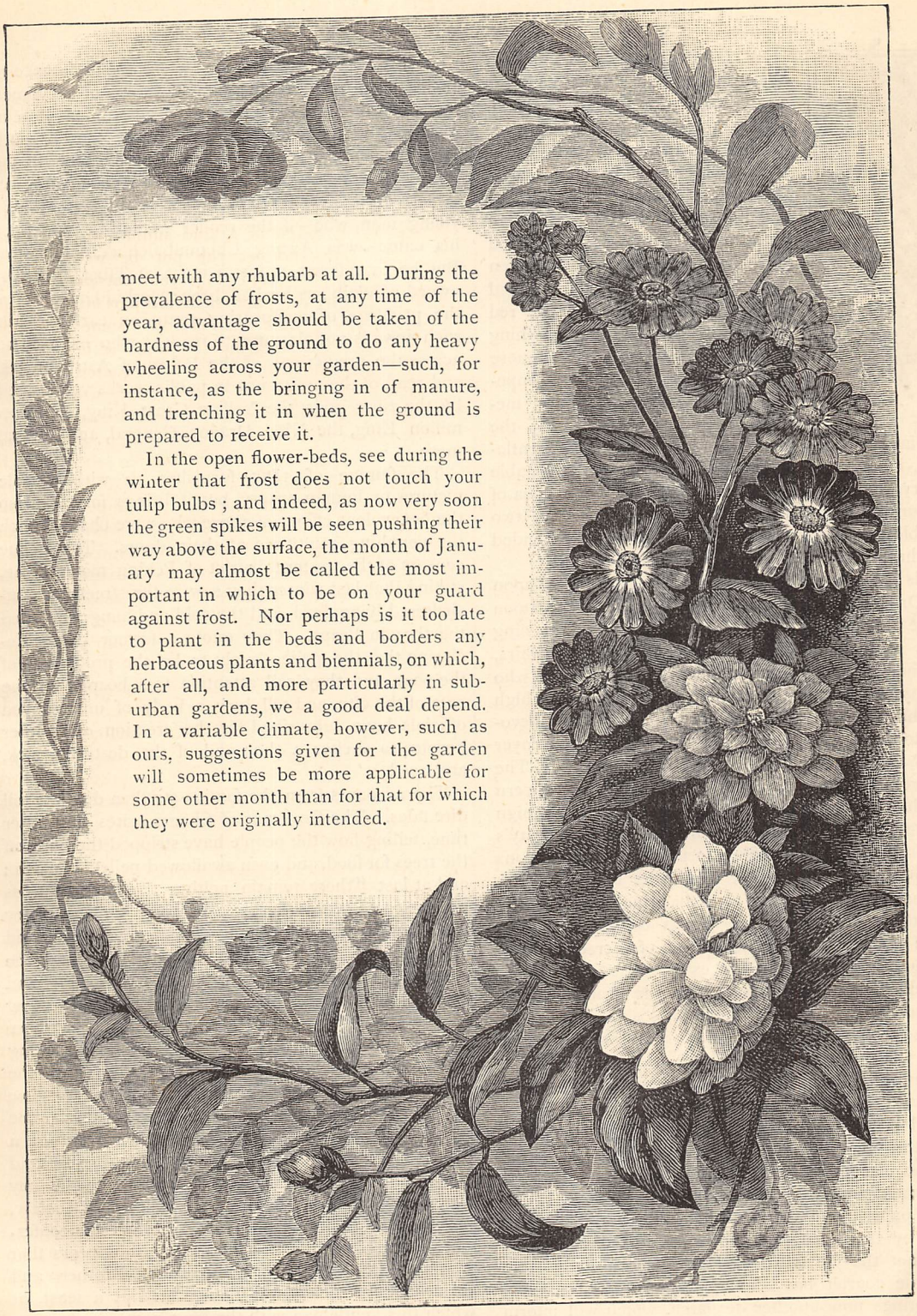
As we remarked at the outset, in the early spring they will begin to flower, and then, of course, is the time in which to see what sorts are the most worth preserving. Perhaps we should, therefore, have said at first that it is of the greatest importance, when you go through the long process of raising from seed, to take care that the seed is taken from the very finest and best specimens. Those that have the broadest petals are generally the most admired and sought after, but sometimes the colouring is very rich even in those that have smaller petals.

To propagate from cuttings, when your plant has done blooming cut down the stem, stir the earth well on the surface, throwing away the upper and loose part of it; then fill up your pot with fresh compost—of course of a kind similar to that already in your pot—and let the pot be well filled too. Give a little water, and place your pots in a frame, or failing that, in a dry and sheltered part of your garden. In a few weeks' time you will notice some side-shoots, some with roots to them, and some with hardly any. Those side-shoots that seem well rooted may be at once potted off into your small sixty-sized pots, and treated afterwards just as you would those that have been raised from seed. Those which seem rootless should then be stripped of two or three of their bottom leaves, and set out in a pot or large pan—of course in similar soil, but with the addition of a little sand at the top—and finally covered with a bell-glass. Keep them always moist, and not exposed to the air until they have struck. Or should you have a hotbed, of course a little bottom heat will materially assist them to strike if they are placed under your frame. Raising from cuttings, then, would almost seem preferable to raising from seed.

We must, however, give some attention to more general gardening matters. There are, for instance, just now under our glass the camellias, which we should be tending very carefully. As their buds rapidly begin to expand, let the plants be properly watered, or the buds will fall off. Any sudden or great variation of the temperature is liable to produce a similar disaster.

And in open and favourable weather—during, that is, the absence of frost—trees may, all through a mild winter, be planted in your fruit-garden and orchard. Gooseberry and currant bushes should be planted in a row across your garden: it is a mistake to have them put in only here and there, without order or method. Or if your raspberry canes have been hitherto neglected—which is too often the case—they may even yet be seen to, the number of canes reduced to not more than three or four, and all the weak ones cut away, as allowing these or too many to remain on only tends to impoverish your canes, and therefore your fruit. Have some good digging done between your rows of canes, and get some manure in as well.

By the end of the month the rhubarb may be covered over with boxes, and surrounded with hot stable manure to force it on. As a rule, however, it is perhaps the most economical plan to let it take its own course, even in a mild winter, for the cold spring which almost invariably follows is liable to terribly injure even so hardy a thing as our rhubarb; and this was the case in March of last year, when the frosts were so severe that for a time it was difficult to



meet with any rhubarb at all. During the prevalence of frosts, at any time of the year, advantage should be taken of the hardness of the ground to do any heavy wheeling across your garden—such, for instance, as the bringing in of manure, and trenching it in when the ground is prepared to receive it.

In the open flower-beds, see during the winter that frost does not touch your tulip bulbs ; and indeed, as now very soon the green spikes will be seen pushing their way above the surface, the month of January may almost be called the most important in which to be on your guard against frost. Nor perhaps is it too late to plant in the beds and borders any herbaceous plants and biennials, on which, after all, and more particularly in suburban gardens, we a good deal depend. In a variable climate, however, such as ours, suggestions given for the garden will sometimes be more applicable for some other month than for that for which they were originally intended.

A CHINESE NEWSPAPER.

THE *Peking Gazette* is as unlike a Western newspaper as its contents are unlike Western news. It is an oblong book of a few thin leaves, printed with downward lines of word-characters. In shape it is like our cash-books, but so narrow and flimsy that it could be curled round a finger; strings of twisted paper, run through the back, fasten it into paper covers of the national yellow, besmeared with dim red letters—and there is the whole thing complete, the organ of the Chinese Government for publishing Imperial decrees, official changes, memorials and reports from the provinces; and to thousands of pigtailed gentlemen, in and out of office, it is that indispensable luxury, the daily paper. We shall glean some idea of its curious contents from the collected issues of two notable years—1875, when a new Emperor ascended the throne, and 1877, a year of war and famine.

His Majesty the Emperor having "ascended upon the Dragon to be a guest on high" in the twelfth moon of the past year, or early in our January, the opening news of the year deals largely with Palace affairs. The new Emperor—the adopted successor of him who had ascended upon the Dragon to be a guest on high—publishes such protestations of grief and of devotion to the Empire, that it is with a shock we discover afterwards his mature age of three years. The Empress Dowager and the Empress Mother govern for this imperial wiseacre, and issue such "benign decrees" as the disgrace of His late Majesty's physicians by the immediate forfeiture of their buttons and peacock feathers—for having let him die. The peacock feather which is worn hanging from the cap, and the top button which by its colour marks the grade of rank, are often the subject of decrees.

Memorials from the provinces are constantly printed. A minister asks for retirement on the grounds of ill-health, begging that His Majesty's "slave" be given rest, so that he may, though useless and wasted, continue his existence on the face of the earth. The Governor of Kiang-su, on being appointed Governor-General at Nanking, declares that he sent up a memorial last year, begging leave to retire on account of his infirmities, but as the courier rode to Peking he was so drenched by rain and snow, that the wet penetrated the despatch-box and the many folds of oiled paper, and reduced the letter of entreaty to pulp, by the jolting of the horse. And thereupon does not the Governor of Kiang-su exultingly state that the courier has been repaid with the bamboo, and brings now another despatch, which will inform His Majesty that he, the injured Governor, will take command at Nanking, although his rheumatism is hard to bear?

It is strange to find, in columns of news, reference to the search for a child in whom the soul of a Nomen 'Han of Tibet has been reborn. The Nomen 'Han in question died in exile seventeen years before. A youth of seventeen is now discovered in an obscure village, and it is stated that he is the re-embodied spirit. A petition is forwarded in favour of this remarkable young man, who—if the reader wishes to remember his name—was Awang Chiamubalch'u'ch'êngchatso. But he is refused re-instatement at Tibet, and disowned officially, as he had been "forbidden for ever the privilege of reappearing again on earth." But such news is not alarming to readers who have come across the predictions of the Board of Astronomers, and read of the assistance in public works vouchsafed by the river gods, the Yellow Great King, the Vermilion King, the Nine Dragon General, and several more.

The famine of 1877 furnishes us with terrible pictures of human misery, but it brings forward also the benevolent efforts of those who were charged with the perishing multitude at their doors. The police censors of the western district of Peking memorialise, stating that last winter they saw in the streets the unsheltered lying dead, and the cold and hungry huddled together in heaps. They quote a former decree declaring that the police ought to be the protectors of the poor, and they call attention to a hospice at the gate of the city, and tell how a body of unemployed officials have subscribed for the erection of another hospice to shelter a thousand of the destitute, sick, and aged.

The accounts from the famine-stricken districts tell dire tales. The Governor of Shansi writes time after time, telling how the people have stripped the bark off the trees for food, and even swallowed pellets of earth; and at last "there remain neither the bark of trees nor the roots of wild herbs to be eaten, and ordinary food supplies have absolutely disappeared. The land is filled with the sound of lamentations, and the corpses of the starved are to be seen on every hand by the waysides." The great work of providing shelter and relief for myriads is, according to these reports, energetically taken up, even a war being abandoned that all attention may be given to the nation's needs at home. The few glimpses that we get of war are even more horrible than the famine reports. Here, for instance, is the discovery of a Chinese secret society. Hwang-Shing-ling-Ta and about forty associates are arrested and punished by law, on the charge of having met in a secret society, probably for seditious purposes. From their confessions, most likely given under torture, it appears that Hwang-Shing-ling-Ta was the Elder Brother, and their luckless society was inaugurated at a feast, at which this gentleman with the long name constructed a bridge of tables and chairs, and a bamboo archway at the end, and bade them pass through into the Wood Willow City—little dreaming that the Wood

Willow City led to the prisons, tortures, and bamboos of a Chinese criminal court.

Reports of other cases lead us to suspect that Justice is particularly blind in China. The punishment for atrocious crime—the *ling-ch'e*, or slicing to death—is by no means uncommon; but the most horrible part of this pitiless justice is that the insane criminal, whether man or woman, must suffer the same punishment as the sane. From these reports it seems that the escape of prisoners is frequent, and takes place in many curious ways: the prisoner, in transit from town to town, breaks out of his wooden cage in the night; or he scrapes and digs a hole in the wall of his prison, or during a wet and windy night, when the warders are taking shelter elsewhere, the prison wall falls down, and in the morning the birds are flown.

When Chinamen talk about "the vicious habit," they refer to opium-smoking. The culture of poppies is here reported as destroying the ground for crops, and therefore in some places conducive to famine. Elsewhere we come upon reports of another offence of a far different kind—the false personation of candidates in the Government examinations, a most ingenious improvement upon Western cramming and forgetting, since one who is crammed to professional perfection can make his living by surreptitiously sparing the brains of others. It is more curious still to read the Censor Kwoh Ts'ung-ku's report on the disorderly conduct of the graduates at a then recent examination at Peking. These enthusiastic students, when they were assembled for the Palace competition, before the ceremony of prostrations was completed, "sprang to their feet in wild confusion, and began to scramble for the blank essay forms. The Secretary of the Board of Ceremonies, who was in attendance, in endeavouring to quell the riotous proceedings, and to keep possession of the papers, had the back of his hand lacerated by the finger-nails of the contending graduates. Such want of reverence as this for the Imperial halls has surely never before been displayed by the lettered class!"

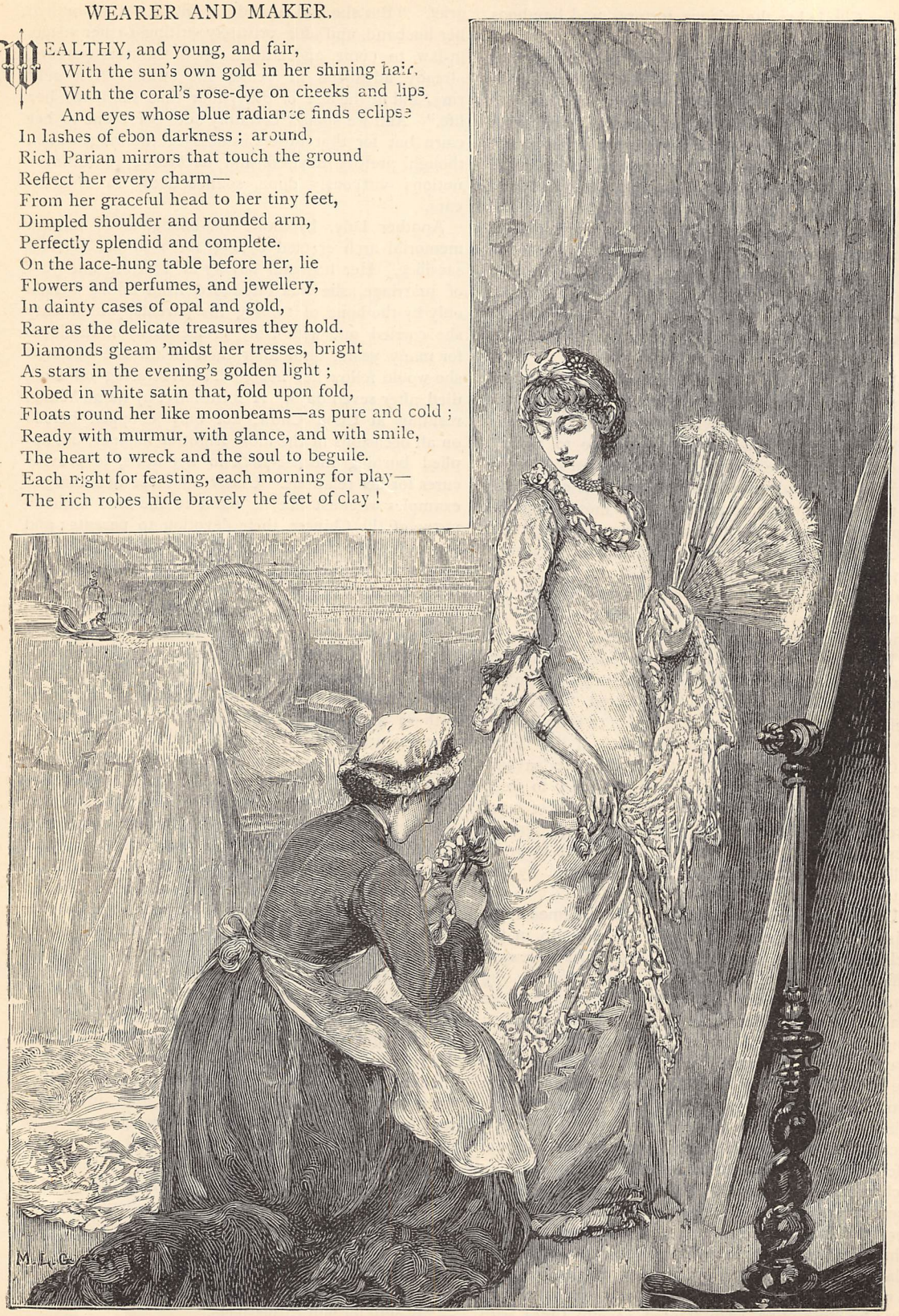
But if there are thefts, murders, and misdemeanours, prisons, fearful executions, and the bastinado, in the Celestial Empire, there is also the Virtue Reward Office, and its reports are frequent in the *Peking Gazette*. What manner of virtue is rewarded, we shall glean from a few examples. A petition with a long list of influential names is sent up to the Throne, praying that a monument be erected to immortalise the name of the Lady Ho. The Lady Ho had been married, at eighteen, to Lu Shu-yung. When he was seized with his last illness, the lady, "although occupied every night in secretly burning incense and offering up tearful prayers, maintained during the day a cheerful countenance, that the parents might not be overcome by dejection. For months she changed not her raiments, but devoted herself sedulously to administering to the wants of her husband; and finally, as a last resource, she cut from her arm a piece of flesh to mix with the medicine." But it was all unavailing: Lu Shu-yung died. Ho fainted several times with grief. "But she had already resolved not to outlive her husband, and after privately writing to her sister-in-law to come and attend upon the two parents, already advanced in years, she swallowed a gold ring, and at the age of thirty-four thus sacrificed her life." And we should certainly add our stone to her cairn but for that little business of the ring, which, though prettily devised and according to Chinese notions virtuously done, sounds badly to Western ears.

Another lady, by name Wu-chang, is to have a memorial arch erected to her for a similar suicidal sacrifice. Her husband having died before one year of marriage, she was dissuaded from killing herself only by the hope of serving his parents, which duty she carried out with truly praiseworthy faithfulness for many years, until after their death she declared she would follow her husband, and refusing all food, died after seven days. A third lady, by name Wang, residing at Choh Chow, not only chopped herself on all occasions in the most frightful manner, but applied burning incense-stick to her arms, to provide cures for her relations. Under all these overcharged examples we must not be blind to the true national virtue of the Chinese, their devotion to parents; and the ladies who are faithful to "one love in a life" are worthy of all honour; but it troubles us benighted Westerns to read of the fair wee-footed creatures burning, starving, and cutting themselves, or even swallowing gold rings. The Virtue Reward Office has often better work than this to do; fidelity, filial devotion, the bravery of soldiers who die in battle, the virtue of women who sacrifice life rather than honour—these are things to be rewarded with more than posthumous titles and memorial arches.

One of the strangest pages that yet remain for us to glance over, is the letter and tribute of the King of Burmah to the Emperor of China, who was at the time, we must not forget, however patriarchal in official documents, in reality a mere baby of between three and four, oddly destined to have gravity, ceremony and splendour, instead of natural childhood. Meng-tun, King of Burmah, sends a letter written in gold to be laid before the Throne of the Great Emperor of the Heavenly Dynasty. He calls himself his vassal, his insignificant slave, and paints poetically how, as the sunflower bows before the sun, all mankind turns with adoration towards the Imperial person; and his letter ends by wishing to His Imperial Majesty "long life for ten thousand—for ten thousand thousand years." The list of tribute presents, which were to be delivered at the Palace gate, includes—this letter written in gold, a Burmese image of the god of longevity, five tame elephants and an immense pair of ivory tusks, rings and jewels, thousands of sheets of gold-leaf and silver-leaf, heaps of sandal-wood; and, in the same wonderful catalogue with the elephants and the jewels, fifteen peacocks' tails, twenty bottles of scent and pomade, several pieces of thick heavy shirting (no doubt from Manchester), and—last, not least, and decidedly useful for an Emperor—"twenty foreign carpet-bags."

WEARER AND MAKER.

WEALTHY, and young, and fair,
With the sun's own gold in her shining hair,
With the coral's rose-dye on cheeks and lips,
And eyes whose blue radiance finds eclipse
In lashes of ebon darkness; around,
Rich Parian mirrors that touch the ground
Reflect her every charm—
From her graceful head to her tiny feet,
Dimpled shoulder and rounded arm,
Perfectly splendid and complete.
On the lace-hung table before her, lie
Flowers and perfumes, and jewellery,
In dainty cases of opal and gold,
Rare as the delicate treasures they hold.
Diamonds gleam 'midst her tresses, bright
As stars in the evening's golden light;
Robed in white satin that, fold upon fold,
Floats round her like moonbeams—as pure and cold;
Ready with murmur, with glance, and with smile,
The heart to wreck and the soul to beguile.
Each night for feasting, each morning for play—
The rich robes hide bravely the feet of clay!



Haggard, and pale, and worn,
With the superscription of shame and scorn ;
Young, yet so old by the lamp's dismal light.
Stitching through all the long day and hot night,
While shadows like monsters fantastic fall
Upon the bare floor and across the wall.
With ruined heart and soul,
To whom happy youth, and pleasure, and love,
In ever so scanty a dole,
The hope below and the hope above,
Came never, are all unknown ; instead,
Curses and squalor, and madness for bread !
Stitching, with feverish blood-shot eyes,
At a pearl-woven lustrous robe which lies
Like a ray of moonlight pure and cool,
Tinging the brow of some noisome pool :
In the reeking garret. The woman sits
Among her fellows, while round them flits
Death, with his minister, fell Disease,
The only angel for such as these !

Lo, the Judge at the door
Waits with a recompense searching and sore
For contented ignorance, wealth abused,
Work undone, and talents disused !
O ye daughters that are at ease !
At *your* hands He will require
The unsaved souls of such as these,
That serve for Satan's hire.
Go forth and help them, while ye may,
Up from the pit to the light of day ;
Give of your time, your wealth, your youth,
To teach your wretched sisters the Truth.
Better than dress, or than flattery,
A whispered blessing from these shall be ;
Better than beauty, or wealth or power,
The prayers of such in your dying hour ;
Better than all the world hath given,
The sweet "Well done !" as ye enter heaven.

SHIRLEY WYNNE.

ON THE ENDINGS OF LETTERS.

THAT the end crowns the work is a true saying, and nowhere is its truth more apparent than in the matter of ending a letter. The most bald, disjointed epistle is sometimes raised from the low level of the commonplace by a felicitous and smooth-flowing termination, while, on the other hand, a really admirable piece of epistolary composition may be mulcted in half its effect if the writer ends up with a "I must now conclude, as the post is going out."

Apropos of this particular termination, we may remark that we ourselves should be disposed to warn our readers against ever saying anything about "now concluding."

In all letters of form or courtesy, they should strive so to frame their communications that their signatures should constitute the closing words of the final sentence, and this final sentence be intimately connected with the body of the letter.

The following instances, taken at random from some of the best letters extant in the English language, will exemplify our meaning.

Samuel Johnson, in that famous letter to Lord Chesterfield in which he so indignantly denies that he is under any obligation to the noble lord, ends thus :—

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it—if less be possible—with less ; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient Servant,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Walter Savage Landor, in an irate letter to Lord Normanby, concludes thus :—

"We are both of us old men, my lord, and are verging on decrepitude and imbecility, else my note might be more energetic. I am not unobservant of distinctions. You by the favour of a minister are Marquis of Normanby, I by the grace of God am,

"WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR."

Then again, Pope, writing to Mrs. Arabella Fermor about his poem the "Rape of the Lock," winds up thus :—

"If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortunes be what it will, mine is happy enough to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem, madam, your most obedient, humble Servant,

"A. POPE."

Turn also to that remarkable specimen of irony, the letter sent to Oliver Cromwell by the author of "Killing no Murder." The whole of this curious epistle is devoted to pointing out the various benefits which will accrue to the nation on Cromwell's death, and it closes thus :—

"That your Highness may be speedily in this security is the universal wish of your grateful country ; this is the desire and prayer of the good and of the bad, and, it may be, is the only thing wherein all sects and factions do agree in their devotion, and it is our only common prayer. But among all that put in their request and supplication for your Highness's speedy deliverance from all earthly troubles, none is more assiduous nor more fervent than he that, with the rest of the nation, hath the honour to be (may it please your Highness) your Highness's present slave and vassal,

"THE AUTHOR OF 'KILLING NO MURDER.'"

In every one of the above instances the letter runs on naturally to its conclusion, and the impression is given that the writer has finished saying all that he wants to say.

Now, in writing to strangers, whether in the spirit of friendliness or of anger, this is just the sort of impression we wish to convey. In letters, therefore, to persons with whom we are not intimate we should aim

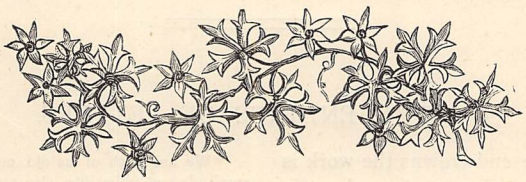
at endings of this sort. When, however, we are writing to near friends, and our letter may be one of an interminable series, we can be far more careless about the way in which we end it. We may break off as abruptly as we please, passing from the most stirring narrative of public events to a simple good-bye, good night, farewell, &c. This is what Horace Walpole constantly does in his correspondence with Sir Horace Mann.

"Old Marlborough (Sarah, Dowager Duchess) is dying—but who can tell? Last year she had lain a great while ill without speaking; her physician said, 'She must be blistered or she will die.' She called out, 'I won't be blistered, and I won't die!' If she takes the same resolution now, I don't believe she will. Adieu, my dear child; I have but room to say, yours ever,

"HORACE WALPOLE."

It will be seen that we have drawn the above instances from the correspondence of a past age, but we have done so because it is among bygone generations that we look for the greatest excellence in the art of epistolary composition. At the same time, we must caution our readers against a slavish imitation of such models. For instance, it is now extremely old-fashioned to sign yourself, in an ordinary letter, "Yours obediently," or "Your obedient servant." When you are addressing strangers, even though they be superior to yourself in social position, "Yours faithfully" is the correct thing to put; while, should you be corresponding with some one with whom you are slightly acquainted, "Yours sincerely" or "Yours truly" will be most appropriate. Should you wish to infuse a shade more warmth into your ending, this can be effected by a transposition of the adverb and pronoun you employ, "Very sincerely yours" being a degree more genial, because less hackneyed, than "Yours very sincerely."

A. H. B.



WITNESS MY HAND.

A FENSHIRE STORY.

By the Author of "Lady Gwendolen's Tryst."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

ERLSTON HALL.

"Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide."
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

I DO not suppose any stranger would love Erlston Hall as I do, but the most indifferent would, I think, admit its picturesque and venerable beauty. It was built of stone—a rarity in the Fens—and stood upon what, by contrast with the surrounding level, was called high ground. The difference to the uninitiated eye was not great, but we considered that the park had a perceptible slope from the house to the lodge, and were intensely proud of the elms and oaks that grew, if they did not flourish, in it. Time had softened the stone to a lovely grey, thick ivy clung to buttress and chimney, gable and mullioned window, and lichen and moss tinted the time-worn walls.

The entrance-hall was low and large, panelled in dark oak, and lit by lancet-shaped windows of stained glass. One side of it was almost taken up by a huge fireplace, where in winter a fire of corresponding size threw a warm light on the rare mosaics of the floor, and in summer evergreens and beau-pots made the great bare space a bower of greenery. The staircase was of oak, black with age and curiously carved, but still more curiously worm-eaten; at least, the innumerable holes the soft tiny creatures had drilled in that hard wood always seemed to me the greater marvel of the two.

One room led out of another at Erlston in the most eccentric fashion. I know not which was the pleasantest—the cream-tinted drawing-room, gay with painted panels, where flowers bloomed and butterflies disported themselves through all the changes of the year; or the dining-room, with the great window stretching all along one side, and that the south one; or the library, bright with the morning sun; or Grace's little boudoir, brighter still with the pretty trifles that girls gather round them, and made indescribably sweet to me by the frequent presence of Grace Erlston's saint-like face. I use the word

advisedly. Sweet it had always been, but since that terrible day when the shadow fell on both our lives it had grown daily gentler and sadder and quieter, till no pictured saint I ever saw seemed to me half so saintly. Her soft, quiet manners, her low voice, the abstracted gaze of the eyes that were not brown like John's, but of a deep still grey like Robert's, all harmonised with her face, and her dress had almost a conventual air. Since she had discarded the crape she had worn as long as a widow, her dress had been always the same: a long plain robe of black, unrelieved by any ornament but a jet locket and chain. Plainly-banded hair and small white collar and cuffs gave a touch of severity to her appearance, as her resolute avoidance of my brother's name gave a tone of severity to her grief. For any allusion she made we might have fancied she had forgotten that lover as well as brother had gone down in the ill-fated *Artemis*, but I knew that James's likeness lay on her breast night and day. It always struck me as one of the ironies of fate that James, who was just an elder edition of Ralph, practical, well-meaning, and till that one heroic act undeniably common-place, should be mourned in this fanciful and poetic manner.

"She is like a picture," Helen whispered to me, as Grace came into the room, her long black dress trailing behind her, and her eyes with their soft dreamy expression, almost veiled by the lowered lids.

Helen, I was beginning to find, could often shape my thoughts into words for me. Grace *was* far more like some antique painting than anything of ordinary modern life.

She came and sat down by us, and soon drew Helen into conversation. It fell, as the talk of girls who know but little of each other generally does, on books; and I sat a little apart, amused enough to listen without taking part, till John called me for our usual game at chess.

"What is the discussion?" he asked. "They seem very animated, and you look half sorry to come away."

"Longfellow *versus* Tennyson. Grace is quoting 'In Memoriam,' and trying to make Helen confess it superior to 'Excelsior.'"

"She will not succeed," said John. "Don't you see it is not, as you say, Longfellow *versus* Tennyson, but a young, happy, hopeful spirit against poor Grace's shadowed life?"

"But Longfellow's poems are not all bright and hopeful."

"No," said John; "but the gentle and rather sentimental melancholy that colours them is just what suits those who have not learnt what real sorrow is. Listen now."

Helen, her hands clasped, her face glowing with girlish enthusiasm, was repeating in low earnest tones her favourite "Psalm of Life," quite unconscious that any one but Grace was listening to her. Sir John was dozing in his easy-chair by the fire and his wife sat near him, busy with the fancy work in which her deft old fingers still excelled. John and I might fairly be supposed to be engrossed in our game.

"It is too bad to listen," said John, "but it is pretty to see her. She means it so thoroughly, and she knows so little about it, poor child! And yet I think she could 'suffer and be strong.' There is something more than girlish sentiment about your Helen."

Ay, there was. I think no one looking into the brave young face could doubt that she would, if called to suffer, "suffer and be strong," though the fearlessness in the clear eager eyes might be in part ignorance of what real suffering meant. No one who had tasted it once would face it again in quite such dauntless fashion.

The entrance of Louisa Seymour roused me from the reflective mood into which I had fallen. She had been paying a visit in Westrea, and had only just returned, and it seemed to me as if she brought an atmosphere of the outer world in with her, and in some indefinite way disturbed the harmony of the evening.

Sir John woke up, and began talking to her with old-fashioned gallantry. Grace and Helen came into the circle by the fire, and John and I voted our game "a draw," and gave it up.

Lady Erlstone asked for music, and Louisa began to play. She was a very brilliant performer, with a crisp, clear touch, and an accuracy of execution that did not falter in the most difficult and intricate passages of Chopin or the stormiest "presto" of Beethoven's. To listen to her was an intellectual treat, but I always felt that it went no deeper than that. One listened in serene enjoyment, with equal pulses and unstirred heart.

The piece she was playing now was one of those later sonatas of Beethoven's whose obscurity is, I think, not entirely the result of their tremendous difficulty. Louisa played it fluently, but its meaning failed to reach my ear. It was like hearing a discourse in an unknown tongue. Helen, perhaps, understood it better. She stood by the piano, turning the leaves of the music, and listening with rapt attention.

"Does not your cousin play?" said John, leaning over my chair.

"Yes; but not like this."

"I should imagine not."

The tone was so equivocal that I looked up to see if it were a compliment or the reverse.

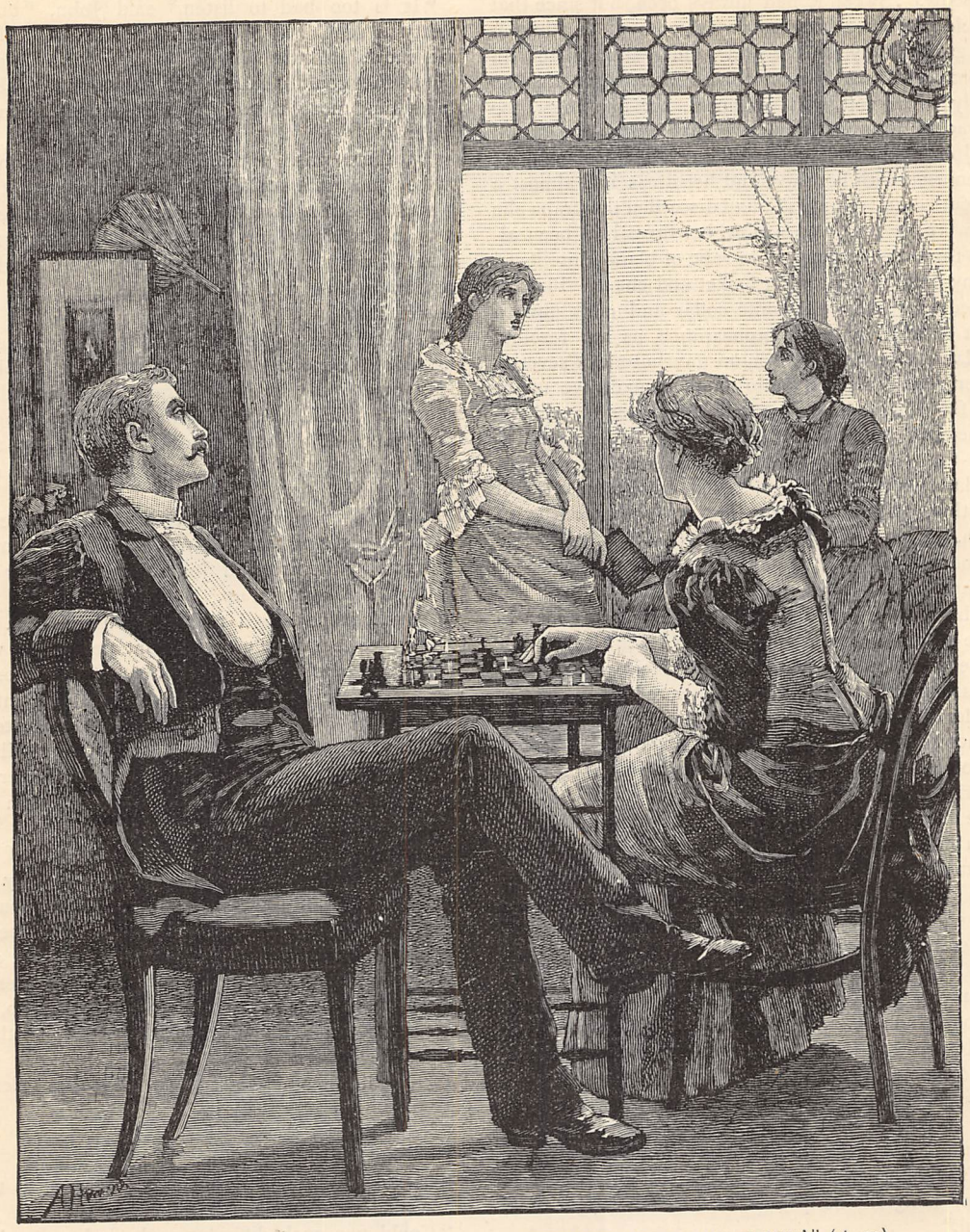
"Could two such different souls find expression in the same fashion?" said John.

"And pray, Master John," said I, "what do you know about either of these young women's souls?"

"I have not been without opportunities of studying one," said John, with the most innocent manner, but with a wicked light in his dark eyes. "For the other—you know it. Enlighten me."

"It is no business of yours. I distinctly decline."

"That is unkind. I have an impression that the study you seem to prohibit would be both pleasant and profitable. Helen! It is a lovely name—strong and sweet and musical—Greek as the Maid of Athens



"'THERE IS SOMETHING MORE THAN GIRLISH SENTIMENT ABOUT YOUR HELEN'" (*p.* 99).

herself. Is your cousin as Greek as her name—ancient, not modern Greek—you understand?"

"Indeed I don't. I only understand, very distinctly, that you are talking a good deal of nonsense. What do you mean by Greek, I wonder?"

"I mean intellect without hardness, and passion without voluptuousness, grace of form and nobility of soul. Some of these things I can see your Helen has. Can you wonder that I wish to discover whether she possesses all?"

"John! How metaphysical, not to say sentimental, you are! Let us leave unprofitable discussions, and listen to the music."

"With all my heart. I have the firmest faith in its excellence."

"You should not sneer at what is above your comprehension."

"That is just it," admitted John. "Now and then comes a passage I can enjoy, but it is only now and then."

"You like to underrate yourself. I am sure you looked very much interested a little while ago."

"Perhaps. But, to tell you the truth, I was not thinking about the music at all. I was watching how prettily Louisa's hands moved over the keys; such speed and such precision are an unusual combination in your delightful sex. And the strength that lurks under all that daintiness and grace! Look now, how lightly her hands poise themselves, like two white butterflies playing together, only there is so much purpose and certainty in their play. Every now and then a white finger darts down on the bass, and one would be glad to stop one's ears. Now hush, please" —as if I had been talking!—"your cousin is going to play."

Helen sat down on the stool Louisa had vacated and John composed himself to listen, with an air of critical expectancy that presently gave place to a satisfied smile.

It was not a finished performance like Louisa's. The intricacies of Chopin and the more difficult movements of Beethoven were beyond Helen's technical skill; but there was something in her touch that seemed to give a strange new beauty even to simple and familiar airs. There was little of Louisa's manual dexterity, but under Helen's sympathetic touch the piano was no longer an instrument—it was a voice. Her fingers kissed the fair cold keys, and they thrilled and warmed into responsive song.

Louisa stood behind Helen with a superior and rather depreciatory smile, but every one else listened with unaffected admiration.

"That is very pretty, my dear," said Lady Erlston. "What is the name of it? I don't think I know it."

"It is an old French air, I believe, but I never heard its name. One of the governesses used to play it very often in the twilight, and something put me in mind of it to-night."

She did not say what, but as she spoke her eyes rested wistfully on Grace's quiet face, and I felt sure that its saintly beauty had recalled this twilight song.

"Play something else, my dear," said Lady Erlston, in the pleasant voice that made one forget that her requests generally took the form of commands.

Helen obeyed with an unaffected promptness that pleased her, I knew. Louisa had been drilled to Erlston ways, but Helen could not have known that "missish" excuses and delays were my lady's particular abhorrence, and the spontaneous obedience was all the more commendable.

She chose a melody simple as it was sweet—a low, wailing air, with deep sobbing bass notes, answering the desolate plaint of the treble. It was John's fancy, that—but I have never heard "Robin Adair" since without feeling how true it was.

When she ceased no one spoke for a moment. Music like that seems beyond conventional thanks or praise. Then Louisa lisped out a patronising "Thank you" that I must confess made me feel inclined to shake her, and John got up hastily, and thanked Helen in a tone that seemed to apologise for Louisa's.

He went to the piano and begged for another piece, and Louisa, with a shrug of her white shoulders, came; and sat down by Grace and me.

"How well Miss Rivers plays!" Grace whispered; "even I can understand it is something very different from ordinary music."

"It is very good—for a school-girl," said Louisa, with a curl of her pretty lip. "But one can hardly judge from simple melodies like these, and she seems to play nothing else."

"John seems to appreciate these," I could not resist saying; and I am afraid I was not very sorry to see what an unpalatable speech I had made. A sneer at Helen's expense made me feel quite spiteful.

It was not the last I heard that night, for Louisa was evidently out of temper. Perhaps something had put her out in Westrea; or was it possible she was foolish enough to be jealous of the attention John was paying to Helen? Even if it were possible for so acknowledged a belle to be jealous of a girl just out of the school-room, at least Louisa ought to have known the attraction a fresh face possessed for John, and how he invariably came back to herself after each digression in search of novelty.

Westrea gossip had linked their names together for some time past, and Louisa's manner left little room for doubt that the thought was far from unpleasing to her. As for John, it was impossible to predict anything from the attentions of so universal a gallant; but unquestionably he had fluttered longer round the light of the fair Louisa's attractions than round any rival flames; and, as I have said, however he might be attracted by fresh faces, eventually he always returned to his allegiance.

I had no doubt he would do so again, and only felt a little concern lest Helen should think more of his evident admiration than it was worth. But, young as she was, there was plenty of sense and spirit in this cousin of mine, and I was not much disturbed by my fears on her behalf.

How bright and animated and happy she was looking to-night, and with what vivid interest she entered into everything that was said and done! Especially when John brought out his book of autographs, and proceeded to find Longfellow's for her. We were all amused at the enthusiastic delight with which the fanciful child hung over it and feasted her eyes upon it, not even relinquishing her hold when John brought her his book of private autographs, and told her he should want hand as well as eyes for that.

"I get all my friends to write in it," said John. "How do I know but what some of them may be famous in twenty years' time? And at least it is interesting to me. How characteristic some of the writing is! Look at this of Alice's. Would you not know at once that she was just the precise little person she is? The hand that wrote that would never be guilty of leaving its owner's things about, or having anything half an inch out of its exact and usual place."

"It might occasionally be guilty of boxing impertinent ears," I retorted; and John, affecting great

alarm, put his autograph-book before Helen, and found her a pen.

"Write here," he said, pointing out a vacant space in the well-known book that was to me worth a thousand of that other that held the signatures of poets and princes. For was there not in the humbler volume, surrounded now by a deep line of black, a name that used once to make my heart leap as nothing has ever done for five long years? There, on the second page, and traced by that dear dead hand, was the name, "*Robert Erlston*," and underneath, "Faithful unto death"—the motto he chose when John would have him write one below his name. Aye! and how worthy he was to bear it!

"You must choose a motto, Miss Rivers," said John, when Helen had written her name in the place he had pointed out.

"Let me see what Alice's was," said Helen, turning over the leaves; but John put his hand on the page.

"No, no! Decide for yourself, or it will lose all character and significance. Suppose yourself choosing a motto for your life."

"You are not frightened, are you?" laughed Louisa, as Helen drew back, looking a little startled. "Choose something practical and pleasant, my dear—'Live and let live,' for instance."

"I don't think pleasantness is likely to tempt Miss Rivers," said John, looking at the young face that had suddenly taken a look of lofty disdain. "'*Per ardua ad astra*' would be more to her taste."

"Not if one could reach the stars in any other way," said Helen gravely.

"No," said Grace softly; "only we know '*Crux scala Cœlo.*'"

"Ta, ta, ta! What is all this Latin about?" cried the squire, who had been listening with an amused face. "No, Miss Helen; if you want a motto, let an old man choose you one. 'Tender and true' was the sort of thing a girl liked in my day—eh, mother?—and I don't think all your Latin improves on that."

"If Miss Rivers insists on Latin," put in Louisa, before Helen could reply, "here is one that is sentimental enough for anything. How do you like '*Omnia vincit amor*'—'Love conquers all things'?"

"Hear, hear!" cried the squire.

"But does it?" said Helen, with an ingenuous blush.

"You will know some day, my dear," cried the old man, laughing. "There is not much that can stand against it. Eh, Louisa?"

Louisa shook her head, laughing and bridling very prettily, and John looked curiously at Helen's expressive face.

"Miss Rivers does not agree. She will not admit that 'Love is lord of all.'"

"I do not know," said Helen simply; "only it does not seem as if it ought to be. Do you think it is, Alice?"

"In one sense—yes; but in the usual meaning—certainly not."

"Commend me to Alice for an oracular opinion!" muttered John. "Having uttered the dark saying, pray expound it."

"Well," said I, answering rather the questioning in Helen's eyes than the mischief in his, "if love is of the very highest kind, that which will do anything for the loved one's sake, *except* what is wrong, then the motto is all right."

"But that is just what it does *not* mean," interrupted Louisa. "A love that stops and considers, and weighs niceties of right and wrong, could never conquer all things."

"Yes," cried Helen, "for I see what Cousin Alice means. It would conquer all, for it would conquer even itself."

"Like the Irish snake that began at its own tail and ate itself up," said Louisa, with a scornful little pout. "*Merci du rien* for such a love as that!"

"'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more,'"

said John. "I suppose that is the idea."

"Well, I like better, 'Love me all or not at all,'" retorted Louisa. "I would not care to be second to any man's honour."

"What do you say, Miss Rivers?" said John.

Helen did not answer. She drew the book to her, and wrote something under her name, and returned it to John in silence.

He glanced at it curiously, and then at her with a look that I am sure expressed both admiration and respect; but he only said—

"Your writing is *sui generis*. I should know it again anywhere."

How well I remember his saying it! Perhaps because it was a prediction so sadly, alas! so fatally unfulfilled.

"What is the motto?" I asked, and John passed me the book.

There, in marked, bold characters, I read—

"HELEN RIVERS.
"*Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.*"

Louisa came and looked over my shoulder. "Is that quite Parisian French?" she whispered; but I answered, aloud—

"It is old French. It was correct enough once, no doubt, though it looks so quaint now."

"Yes," sneered Louisa, "as quaint as the writing, and that is not saying a little."

I could not dispute it, contradictious as I felt.

Helen's writing was very unusual and distinctive—the up-strokes firm, the down-strokes ending in wide square turns, very thick and black, and all the letters standing clear and distinct, and sloping a little to the left. It was deficient, no doubt, in feminine grace and prettiness, but it had great individuality and character, and was like no one else's writing I ever saw.

But if I resented Louisa's remarks on Helen's writing, and her depreciation of Helen's playing, I was forced to admit that in some things she could be very

obliging and kind. Helen herself had, happily, heard neither criticism. She had returned to the book of public autographs, and was absorbed in contemplation of her favourite poet's.

One must be very old or very young to admire Longfellow: he has so much wisdom and tenderness, so little mystery and passion. It is before Life's deepest chords have been sounded, or when only their echoes remain, that the sage and gentle American finds our ears really open to his song. I did not think he would be Helen's favourite poet long; but there was no doubt of her admiration now.

"John," exclaimed Louisa, "you will either have to forfeit Mr. Longfellow's signature, or Miss Rivers's regard, unless I come to the rescue and copy it for her."

"I am afraid a copy would not have the charm of the original," said John, half inclined, I think, to bestow that on its young admirer.

But Louisa took the book to a side table, and in a few minutes produced a copy that might well have satisfied a more critical or unreasonable person than Helen. It was, indeed, a marvellous *fac-simile*, and John had every reason for accepting her eager assurances that she was perfectly content with it, and would not think of depriving him of the original.

Ralph, who had come in a few minutes before, with the intention of walking back with us, added his opinion with the air of an expert.

"You have no idea how difficult it is to execute a copy like that till you try," he said oracularly. "I have sometimes had to finish another man's engrossing, and as I like to have things orderly and exact——"

"Alice's brother!" interjected John; but Ralph did not deign to notice the interruption.

"I have often taken pains to imitate his writing, but I have never achieved so faultless a copy as this," he continued quietly. There was always something a little stilted and formal about Ralph's conversation, and I often noticed that when he took a subject up, other people let it drop.

It was so now, but as we walked home across the moonlit park, John accompanying us as far as the gates, Helen recurred to it.

"How kind it was of Miss Seymour to take so much trouble for me!" she said, looking at John. "Or was it really for you, lest you should spoil your book by giving away the original? But, either way, it was very kind."

"And very clever," persisted Ralph. "You have no idea——"

We were evidently going to have his experiences over again, when John struck in—

"We are all agreed about that, I think. But, all the same, it is not exactly a comfortable accomplishment. If I were the young lady's husband, I should keep my cheque-book under lock and key."

"If you were the young lady's husband!" I thought to myself; "I wonder if you ever will be."

And then, without quite knowing why, I looked at Helen.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

BY WESTREA MERE.

"Whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind than the whole race of politicians."—SWIFT.

WESTREA was not a shady place. Low houses standing in wide gardens stretch no welcome shadow to pedestrians in the street, and the Westrea houses were so low that they left on a stranger a general impression of thatched roofs surmounting a streak of whitewash. Farm-yards stood artlessly forward in the little town, and barns with high-pitched roofs appeared side by side with the houses that were only a little loftier than themselves. Horses Rosa Bonheur would have loved to paint, light carts and heavy wagons, were more numerous than thoroughbreds or carriage-horses, broughams or landaus, for Westrea was essentially a country town.

No one could mistake the well-built striplings or portly men who crossed its streets with free and swinging gait, for townfolk. Their garments might be homely or weather-stained—they were not pretentious or vulgar. Their manners might not be those of Mayfair—but they never suggested "'Arry."

Unpretending little country town as it was, for it was too near the great and beautiful capital of Fenshire to have much activity or enterprise of its own, I loved it dearly. The wide straggling streets, so hot and dusty and glaring in summer—so exposed and windblown in winter and spring—were yet the streets my childish feet had trodden, as I tottered by my nurse, or scampered with James, or walked demurely by my mother's side to the beautiful church whose tall, graceful spire was one of the glories of Fenshire. They were the streets where, later, I had walked with some one dearer still; along which, as I watched at the window for him, I had so often seen him coming in the golden light of summer days, or the misty glow of a frosty afternoon.

Our front windows "gave" on the market-place, and commanded a view of the High Street that ran through it. A stand of flowers stood in one, behind which a watcher could see without being seen, and it was not long before I found, with a curious mixture of feelings, that the low chair by the flower-stand which had once been my favourite seat, was Helen's favourite now.

What was it that drew her so often to the window? Was it just a girlish rebellion at the monotony of our lives, and a natural seeking for outside interest and amusement to relieve it? Or was it that John had found his way to us so often lately, and that his way lay down the High Street, on which our windows looked?

I was far from accrediting Mr. Erlston's unusually frequent visits to the sudden access of fraternal devotion he professed for myself—a devotion that developed itself in talking to Helen, and that could not possibly have taken a pleasanter form to me.

A fortnight is not much in which to learn the character of ordinary acquaintances, but a fortnight in the close companionship of a life like ours is a test

to try a life-friend by. Tried by it, Helen had grown into my very heart of hearts. Pure, brave, upright, tender, and true—what wonder that I loved her as I never loved any other woman, this girl-cousin of mine, who was only a girl, except that she had, I felt sure, a woman's power of loving and of suffering? And as the days went on, the bright spring days, each one of which brought John Erlston to our door on some flimsy pretext of punctilious courtesy or transparent pretence of business, what wonder that a great longing took shape and grew within me to see this beloved cousin the wife of the man who was now the dearest to me on earth?

I am sure I must have worn a very happy face during the last month of Helen's visit—happy as those who foresee, or think they foresee, the fulfilment of a cherished hope.

I understood, I thought, perhaps even better than John himself, the source of the new energy and earnestness, the want whereof had hitherto been his chief, I had almost said his one, defect. I had always thought that when the great softener of other men's lives came to John, it would come with bracing and tonic effect, and it seemed to be falling out just as I had hoped. There were a depth and earnestness in his looks and tones when he spoke to Helen, that I had never seen in his manner to any other woman—something quite different and distinct from the gallantry of his many flirtations—quite different and distinct even from his manner to Louisa Seymour.

What *she* would have thought of it I could only conjecture, for the Seymours went up to town the week after Helen's arrival, and I do not think she saw John and Helen together after that first night at Erlston.

There were many nights at Erlston after that—nights made beautiful by Helen's music, and ending always in a walk home with John through the park, while Mr. Erlston invariably forgot to bring the key of the wicket that would have shortened it by nearly half a mile.

It was far on into May before Helen left us. Uncle Rivers' house took a great deal of arranging, and Uncle Rivers left Lady Clare to see to it, and beguiled the time by a visit to Paris himself. He did not need much pressing to let Helen remain with us till his return.

So the month of her visit lengthened into nearly two, till even in the Fens, Spring reigned supreme. The trees were in their first greenery, with pale tender tints that could not linger long. Underneath were young grass and growing corn, and the sweetness of clustering buds. The skies were blue and bright, with small white clouds sailing swift and high; the days were light and clear, even if still a little cold.

It is in broad generalities like this, in the lightening and lifting of the sky's wide dome, in the greening of the earth and the unlocking of frozen water, that Spring makes her gracious presence known in Fenshire.

We have few hedgerows to whiten with scented hawthorn, few copses to star with anemones or primroses, few trees to delight our eyes with manifold beauties and diversities of tint. Such as we had were all astir with reviving life.

The tall, stiff poplars clothed themselves with a shimmering, gauzy veil of palest green, and presently shook out their delicate, crumpled, silver-lined leaves to the freshening breeze. The willow-buds glowed brightly in the sun, the soft velvety things with their golden dust crowning with a strange new beauty the ungainly pollards that marked the lines of long, straight dykes. The yellow iris made splashes of colour in the sombre fen, and the forget-me-nots began to show azure blossoms and faint pink buds by the side of Westrea Mere.

Only an inconsiderable pool was left now to represent the once famous Mere in which Westrea used to be a water-bound island one half the year; but it still retained its name of Westrea Mere. Poplars fringed its banks, and willows, for once not pollarded, dipped graceful branches in its waters. There was a sprinkling of aspen and alder and ash, and we plumed ourselves on its variety of foliage and picturesque appearance.

The walk beside it was known as the Bank—*the* bank *par excellence*—and was sacred to Westrea lovers, especially on fine evenings; but its shady beauty made it a favourite summer promenade to many quite innocent of love-making in any form or shape.

Here Helen and I were wont to repair with Ralph after office hours, and here John Erlston was prone to join us, pairing off with Helen in a way that seemed to annoy Ralph as much as it delighted me. But then Ralph was rather a misogynist, and held what he chose to call "John's philanderings" in supreme contempt.

Certainly no one could accuse Ralph of philandering himself. Such attentions as a host was bound to pay to his guest he paid to Helen, but with a formal courtesy that diverted her extremely.

"If you would only assure him, Alice, that I have no designs on his heart and hand," she would say sometimes to me, with a gay laugh, sweet and saucy and bright. But for all her sauciness she never ventured to betray her amusement in Ralph's presence, standing a good deal in awe, like all the rest of us, of this grave young master of the house, who was so quiet and reserved and stiffly polite, being, indeed, with ladies more than a little shy.

Nevertheless, he did his duty to the best of his ability, keeping the boys in order with a high hand, and insuring his young guest's comfort in every way he could; even taking holiday from the office one bright Saturday forenoon to drive us into Fentonbury, where we were to do some shopping for my mother, lunch at the "Mitre," and go to service in the Cathedral in the afternoon.

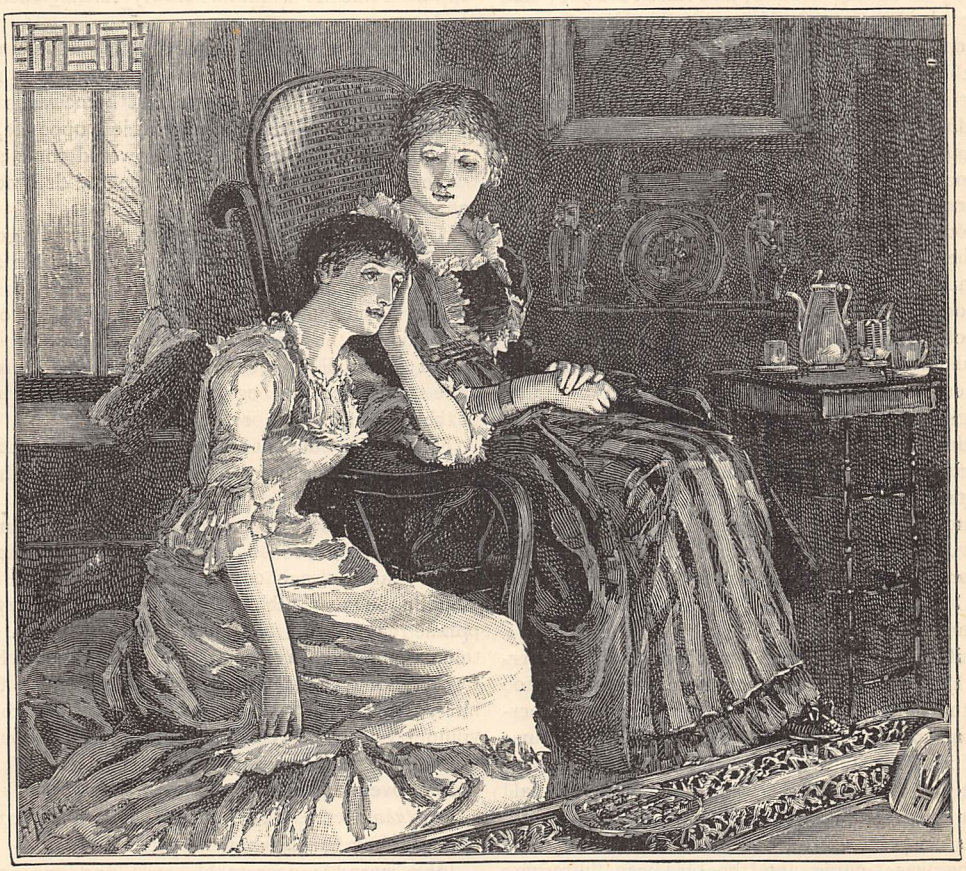
Our shopping was soon over, for Fentonbury shops did not offer many attractions to a visitor familiar with the Boulevards and acquainted with Regent Street, so we made our way back to the little hotel where experience had taught us the cooking and waiting were so superior to the more pretentious hospitality of its fine neighbour, the "Crown."

There was half an hour to spare before lunch, and we sat at the old-fashioned oriel window in the "Mitre's" best parlour, and amused ourselves with watching the motley crowd in the market-place below. The Corn Exchange was just opposite to us, and, to judge from the constant stream of buyers and sellers going in and out, business was at its height.

Here we saw the English farmer at his best and worst—from the highly-educated, skilled agriculturist, meditating his next speech at Royal Society or local Chamber of Agriculture, or his next article in Magazine or Gazette, indistinguishable in manner or bearing from his titled landlord—squire, magistrate, savant, politician—to the slow-witted, ruddy-face, rotund old-fashioned agriculturist, more conspicuous on market-days at the two o'clock ordinary than at Chamber or Corn Exchange, and quite incredibly well-meaning, ignorant, prejudiced, and obtuse.

Here, too, we were pretty sure to see Sir John Erlston, whose interest in and knowledge of practical agriculture could scarcely be exceeded by any farmer in Fenshire, and whose efforts to ameliorate their condition had gained him the *sobriquet* of "The Farmer's Friend."

There was no more ardent member of the Royal Society of Agriculture or the Smithfield Club than Sir John Erlston. His home-farm was a compendium of scientific improvements, the *corpus vilum* on which was tried every new nostrum that was warranted by its enthusiastic inventor to enable the apparently exhausted soil of England to compete with the virgin West. Sir John's hobby was no doubt expensive, but at least its interest was constant and cumulative.



"HELEN AND I SAT OVER IT LONG AFTER JOHN HAD GONE" (*p.* 107).

Politics, Sir John declared, were losing their flavour year by year, but the great battle to be waged against cyclic gloom, and exhausted land, and one-sided or indifferent legislation presented continual interest and excitement. The rival merits of ensilage and exhaust-fans, phosphates and rotation-crops, emigration and Government interference, promised to occupy the energies of "The Farmer's Friend" for as many years as nature was likely to allot him; and Sir John was as well known at great agricultural gatherings as the Prince of Wales or the Duke of Fenshire, and was a

constant attendant at the Fentonbury corn market on Saturdays.

We saw the familiar bent figure and white head coming down the steps on John's strong arm now. I do not know if John took as much interest in the contents of the farmers' sample-bags as his father did, but there always seemed to me something very beautiful, and almost touching, in the way in which he lent his bright strong youth to the support and "succour"—I like that word!—of the other's feebleness and age.

He saw us at the window, and raised his hat; and then we saw him put Sir John into the Erlston carriage, and the old man drove off alone.

What became of John did not appear; probably he went to the Close and lunched with his cousin, Prebendary Erlston, for they came into the Cathedral together just after Helen and I had taken our seats.

I do not think Helen saw him. Her face was rapt and abstracted, bathed with wonder, and delight, and awe. Notre Dame and St. Paul's had done nothing to prepare her for this masterpiece of Gothic beauty.

She had shivered a little as we passed under the deep shade of the western door, whose eternal shadow strikes cold and chill even on a summer's noon; but as we walked up the nave, where the "dim religious light" seemed bright as sunshine by contrast with that colossal gloom, I saw her face kindle with admiration and wonder.

Now from our seats in the choir we looked back on the long range of columned arches springing heavenwards into misty obscurity and mysterious beauty. A boy's voice, clear and sweet as a lark's, was rising heavenwards too; the organ was softly pealing; a bird that had blundered in was flitting in and out of shaft and column.

Would Helen ever forget, I wonder, that first afternoon in the great Cathedral that seems to gather into itself all the inarticulate longings for beauty, and perfection, and infinity, that must else lie dumb and unsatisfied in a Fenman's heart? Surely not; for on her indefinite and vague delight was already set the seal of human interest that gives permanence to abstract emotions.

The boy was singing and the bird was fluttering still, but Helen's eyes were veiled under white and down-dropped lids, and on her cheek was a flush that was not reflected from the stained windows; and I knew that she had seen John.

He joined us as we came out into the brightness of the fair spring afternoon, and we walked round the Close, where the grass is greener and shorter and finer than in any other place I know; and Ralph told us the history of every part of the Cathedral, with the name of its builder and date of erection, as well as any verger or guide-book could have done. We were very attentive and dutifully quiet, but I think Helen did not profit much by the erudite lecture. She listened, or seemed to listen, to Ralph, but she walked by John's side, and her eyes were dewy, and tender, and sweet.

We drove John home across the level marshes, he and Helen sitting side by side, and the westering sun falling on their faces and showing them bright and glad.

There was a railway from Fentonbury right into the heart of Fenshire, and as we set off, the great pile-built bridges stood up gaunt and white in the evening light on our right hand, while the Cathedral loomed dark and grand on our left. The two always seemed to me fit portals to the strange and silent land.

Soon we left both behind, and drove between rush-filled dykes, with the east wind well in our faces, and the dark lines of windmills slowly turning their heavy sails.

We were a very silent party; Ralph busy with his horses—fresh and frisky as those sagacious animals are when their noses are turned homewards after a bountiful feed—and John and Helen, opposite, speaking but seldom, and then in lowered tones; and I watched them in contented silence and dreamed pleasant dreams the while.

I notice that in watching young people and their proceedings I am very apt to outrun them in arriving at a *dénoûment*. I see, or fancy I see, so plainly what it all means, the sighs and smiles that come so capriciously, the mysterious glances that are so very patent after all. I see, I say, the end before they have recognised the beginning, or know the meaning of their own feelings, or divine each other's.

Thus it falls out that I have settled all about it, down even to the bridal wreath, before a single vow has been exchanged or a word of love spoken.

It was so now. I had no doubt in my own mind that the two I loved so well were fast becoming even more dear to each other than to me—were indeed "falling in love" with each other, to use the expressive phrase that is, after all, truer than any other. Affection and regard may grow and mould themselves day by day, but love is sudden, precipitate, final. It is not hurry that this "falling" indicates so much as involuntary action. We choose our friends, but our lovers are sent to us, a supreme gift for good or ill, or they are no lovers at all.

But *these* were, I told myself with a smile, though perhaps they hardly knew it yet.

John wore his inscrutable smile, and no one could look more inscrutable than Mr. Erlston when he chose; and for Helen, I was sure that to her all was as yet sweet and misty as the dawn, and if in her heart first-love was budding with the spring flowers, it was in a silence deep and unconscious as theirs.

Even to the last night of her visit I do not think she knew.

John spent it with us, a little graver than usual—as, indeed, we all were, with the shadow of the morrow's parting upon us. We went down to the Bank for Helen to see the last Fen sunset, and then wandered about the garden till the dusk fell and my mother called us in.

And then, after supper, there were songs and glees, and the sweet old melodies John preferred to Mendelssohn and Chopin. And last of all Helen sang "When the Swallows," to Franz Abt's pathetic music,

and I think I was not the only one to whom it seemed even more pathetic than usual.

There was still a fire in the chilly evenings, and Helen and I sat over it long after John had gone, not speaking much, but clasping each other's hands. The moonlight came brightly in through the uncurtained windows, and the house was very still, for the others had gone to bed as soon as John left.

"Will you be as sorry to leave us as we shall be to lose you?" I said, caressing the fair, shapely hand that lay in mine.

"Do not talk of it," cried Helen hastily. "Indeed, Cousin Alice, you cannot be as sorry as I am. You will go on living here just the same—here, where everything is so sweet and beautiful."

"In the Fens!" I could not help exclaiming, and I smiled in spite of my sorrow. "Beauty is the last thing they are generally supposed to possess."

"They seem beautiful to me," said Helen, with grave simplicity, and I did not argue the point.

I knew, or thought I knew, through what sweet glamour my young cousin looked on our homely flats. Did she know, or guess, herself?

"You leave us as you came to us, Helen?" I said, with tender anxiety—so much might have happened on that homeward drive, or later on the Bank by Westrea Mere—"You leave us as you came to us, dear, except that we have learnt to love each other?"

And then Helen looked at me with eyes that shone with a happiness that startled me, although they shone through tears, and said "good-night," and fled away up-stairs. I followed more slowly, staying to put away the scattered music left as John and she had left it, with that plaintive parting song still on the piano.

When I opened our room door Helen was standing at the dressing-table, with her favourite book of devotions in her hand. But I saw her face in the glass, and I did not think she was reading. Not for her to-night were pious aspirations after a selfless holiness, and a life of renunciation and sacrifice. Divers are the praises and the needs of men, divers the voices they lift to the Eternal Throne, and the steps by which they reach it! Could I blame my fair young cousin that her pious book was held in heedless hands, while her whole face was moved and stirred with a gladness that was in itself a thanksgiving, even as are the songs of birds?

As I closed the door she started and shut the book, placing something hastily between its leaves, and then turned to me with a shy and startled look.

I had seen what the something was—a slight pale green stem with a brilliant turquoise crown—and my heart leaped at the sight.

An impulse I could not resist sent me to the cabinet where my few treasures were. I unlocked it and took out the little prayer-book Robert gave me when he went to sea. It held another gift of his, and by long usage opened at the place.

I laid the open page before my cousin, with the poor faded flower lying brown and sere upon it.

"What is it? Why do you show it to me?" she whispered, with reddening cheeks.

"It is only a faded relic now," I answered, looking her full in the face. "Once it was one of the large blue forget-me-nots that grow by Westrea Mere. It was the first thing Robert ever gave me."

I do not know if I should have have said any more if Helen's face had borne out the studied unconcern of her attitude; but it was far enough from doing that.

The soft, dark eyes fell under mine as a bird falls when the arrow has pierced its breast; and such a blush flamed over cheek, and neck, and brow, as stopped my lips in very pity.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

BY A MOTHER.

IN all houses, except very small ones, where there are children, there ought to be a room especially devoted to the use of the little folks. This, I fear, is very often the most neglected of all the rooms in the house. I do not know why this is, but it certainly ought not to be. There is assuredly no other room of so much real importance, for is it not there that our wee pets receive their first impressions and ideas? and I am afraid we shall find it almost impossible to instil into their little minds proper ideas of neatness and order, if all their early surroundings are of an opposite character.

The nursery, or children's room, ought not to be, as many people make it, an attic, or room at the very top of the house, used also as a repository for all odds and ends of furniture which are not considered suitable for any other room. I think this a very grave mistake indeed. Let the nursery be up-stairs by all means, as the air is fresher, and circulates more freely there than on the ground floor; but let it be a nice, bright-looking, good-sized room, with, it possible, a southern aspect. Have a light cheerful paper on the walls, and plenty of simple pretty pictures hung round them. Many of the pictures given with the illustrated papers, if simply pasted on the walls, will serve the purpose. For a floor-covering, I should recommend linoleum as by far the best. I have tried it myself and found it to answer admirably. It is very much warmer than oilcloth, and decidedly cleaner than carpet. It is nice and soft for the feet, and easily kept clean.

The articles of furniture in a nursery need be very few and simple, but let them at all events be suitable. A model nursery, which is in my mind as I write, was furnished in the following manner. Floor and walls

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

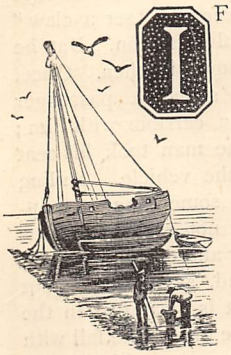
were covered as already recommended; a large table stood in the centre of the room, with a pretty, cosy-looking cloth upon it. A smaller one was placed in front of the window, forming a stand for some plants and nurse's work-basket. This I thought was a very good idea; the plants were a source of interest and instruction to the children, and the table being in front of the window, prevented them from leaning out, which is at all times a very dangerous practice. A large toy-cupboard was in one corner, into which the little ones were taught to put their playthings every night when done with: a habit not easy for children to learn, but one which they cannot be taught too early. Some half-dozen neat, polished wooden chairs stood round, with one, rather larger than the rest, for the mother when she went to sit with her pets. The windows were draped with gay-coloured curtains, which not only gave an attractive appearance to the room, but helped to keep out those tiresome little draughts which are always to be felt at the chinks of a window, and which do so much damage to our little ones, almost before we are aware

of their existence. A high, strong guard stood in front of the fire, and this completed the furniture of as cosy a children's room as I have ever seen.

It will be understood, of course, from what I have said, that the nursery which I have been describing was not made so much a "living-room" as a "play-room" for the little folks. The practice, so prevalent in many houses, of keeping the children constantly shut up in the nursery, when not out of doors, is, I think, a very bad one indeed. How should we, their elders, feel if we were compelled to spend so many hours every day in one room? Yet children require even more liberty than we do. I do not mean for a moment that they should be allowed to run wild all over the house; but the plan I myself followed, and which I have found to answer admirably, was this: whenever I had half an hour to spare, the children were brought down-stairs to me, and allowed then to have a good romp, if they felt so inclined, or sometimes we would have stories, after which they would return to the play-room quite refreshed and happy. Their meals, too, I always had laid down-stairs, where I could superintend them myself. Who so fit, or able, to teach the little ones gentle and proper behaviour at table as the mother? Surely no servant, however good and faithful she may be, can have the future interest and well-being of the children at heart so sincerely as the mother; and it is only by beginning at the very commencement, to teach them what is right and proper, that we can reasonably expect them to turn out well afterwards. Another advantage of having meals down-stairs is, that it gives time for the nursery to get properly aired, and "put straight," before the children return to it. This will be found a much healthier plan than having all the meals up-stairs.

There are many points of interest respecting the little inmates of the nursery themselves, upon which I should like to say a few words, but space will not permit.

AN EVENING IN A NORWEGIAN VICARAGE.



IF you will take the map of Scandinavia before you, you will discover, some hundred miles beyond the Arctic Circle, a myriad of islands of all sizes and shapes, extending as a tapering barrier deep into the Arctic Ocean, and separated from the mainland by the turbulent Westfjord, of which every traveller in the north of Norway has woeful experience. These are the Lofodden Islands.

For thousands of years the icy waves from the Pole have been shivered to spray against their granite sides, which often rise perpendicularly some 3,000 feet out of the sea, with hardly a vestige of flora or fauna. Bold, and gigantic, they stand here as a bulwark in the ocean, where hardly a sound is heard but the monotonous sigh of the wave as its force is broken on the rock, or the plaintive cry of the eider-fowl and the sea-eagle—whose favourite haunts these islands are—as they call their young to the nest.

But some of the larger of these islands offer, nevertheless, an inhospitable abode for a hundred souls or so, and as these people must be christened, married, and in rare instances, when the ocean refuses to do it, buried—besides, of course, requiring spiritual guidance—they are endowed with a church and a clergyman; and it is a visit to this worthy functionary—who toils here by the sweat of his brow for a scanty compensation, and with the prospect before him of some day laying his limbs to rest in the depths of the terrible fjord—to which I invite you.

The family in the vicarage have just finished dinner, and are now taking coffee. It is only two o'clock, but being mid-winter, it is already dusk in the room, and were it not for the windows facing in three directions, lights would be necessary. From the windows can be scanned the vast Westfjord, separating the Lofodden Islands from the mainland, where terrific gusts of wind sweeping down from the mountains are lashing the enormous waves into drifting froth, accompanied by the melancholy howl of the storm. From time to time the house is shaken by a squall, as if it were in the grasp of a giant; and an Arctic cold cuts through the cosy drawing-room, in spite of the enormous log-fire blazing on the hearth.

But why this anxiety depicted on everybody's face? Why this constant peeping through the windows, as if somebody were expected? Yes, somebody is expected, has been anxiously expected for the last three weeks—the post. "The post is coming!" is the magic sound which causes the blood to roll faster through the veins here in the Arctic north. The post is the connecting link between the small community here and civilisation without. Europe may be in flames without the fact being known here. The post brings news, but whilst perusing the newspapers or scanning the lengthy letters from friends outside, one forgets that the events which for the moment excite the reader have taken place weeks before, and are almost matters of history to the world down south, while others are at that moment agitating the mind.

On the ottoman the clergyman and the only merchant on the island, the chief dignitaries, are in conversation as to the probabilities of the post arriving that day, the merchant having for the last fortnight paid daily visits in anticipation thereof. This post is also awaited

with more than usual interest by all parties. The commercial representative expects to receive "anticipations" as to the price of fish down in Bergen, on which his purchases at the impending winter fishery depend; while the vicar expects a letter from his son-in-law down south. For more than a month the worthy vicar has been looking for news, and for the last fourteen days he has anxiously scanned the turbulent waters for the white canvas of the mail boat, and with patient resignation observed each day slip by. He also has great reason to be interested in its arrival. For the past twenty years he had preached the Gospel up here, and was, so to say, nearly grown to the mountain, when his curate, obtaining a better appointment in the very parish down south where he was himself born, married, and carried his eldest daughter away with him. This has no doubt touched the old man's heart, and the longing again to see his daughter and recollections of childhood have caused him to seek the living as vicar there, just fallen vacant; and although his heart is gladdened by the probability of rejoining the friends of his youth, he cannot dwell without regret on the separation from his honest parishioners, with whom he has shared good and evil for a score of years.

His wife is busy at the coffee-table, but her attention is with the conversation among the gentlemen, from which she silently concludes that the post may certainly be expected that day.

The vicar's curate, who walks up and down the room in meditation, now and then glancing through the window, is greatly interested in Constitutions, and enthusiastic, above all, about the French. This does not, however, prevent him seeking the living up here, in case his chief should be removed to another parish; and as last mail brought tidings of troubles in France, and the appointment in question must by that time be settled, he is not the one least interested in its arrival.

By the window two of the vicar's daughters are seated, engaged in an animated conversation with the tutor. They, too, are longing for the post with the passionate expectation of youth: the girls to hear news from their sister and the decision as to the removal, whilst the tutor has a sweetheart down south, from whom he has had no letter for some time. But these three are not able to wait for its arrival in silence. The tutor, who is madly in love with his sweetheart, has the weakness of wishing to conceal it, perhaps, in order better to act the gallant up here; this the girls have discovered, and are now teasing him with the pleasing prospect of not receiving any letter this time. "Well, perhaps she is," they say, "already married to some one else, as the ladies down there are so strange." The tutor writhes under the lash, and tries to look unconcerned, and replies that such a discovery would not affect him in the least.

But at the window stands a trusty sentinel, the vicar's young son Fred. He has no personal interest in its arrival, but he takes great interest in what concerns sailing and the sea, and when the post arrives it is his function to run down for the bag, and at the same time to get a hasty account of the weather encountered, how many "claws have been set,"* &c. He stands there, with his nose flattened against the window-pane, and his gaze fixed on the ness from behind which the boat will appear. He has stood there at the same time each day for the last fortnight, and at last he sees to-day something heading the point—a canvas and a flag.

"There is Nils Postman!" he exclaims, and disappears through the door. Everybody hastens to the window to observe the mail boat running for the quay by the vicarage at a terrific speed. With only one claw set, the gallant little craft darts through the waves with the lightness of a sea-bird.

While the circle at the vicarage is watching the tumultuous movements of the boat as she dives in the enormous waves, or the gusts catch the sail and heel her over, I must explain about Nils.

Nils has all his life been one of the most daring sailors in Lofodden, and there never was weather in which he was afraid of putting to sea. In his youth he was for some time naval mail-carrier: hence his *sobriquet;* and, as such, he had many a rough trip across the Westfjord, but they never seemed to affect him. If the weather were boisterous, and he came up with a sloop, his greatest pleasure was to race her, and as it was his rule never to "set a claw" until the vessel took a reef, he always won. But he had, of course, slight accidents now and then. Once, for instance, in mid-winter he sailed a passenger across the Westfjord, who had a carriole with him; the wheels were taken off, and the man took his seat snugly enough in the body of the vehicle. Sailing thus, a wave, which Nils had for some time seen approaching, but which he could not escape, sweeps over the boat, carrying passenger and carriole with it. Nils does not even turn his head, saving being out of the question, but as the boat is swamped in the same moment, and near sinking, he grasps the fall with a presence of mind almost superhuman, and hoists the sail "taut" in the fearful gale; the skiff shoots forward like an arrow, whilst the water washes out behind, and the crew is saved.

After he was dismissed from the King's service for certain irregularities, he was for a time to be found loafing about the vicarage, and now and then was sent out to catch fish; his function soon became, however, to fetch the post for the vicar and his flock. Thus employed, he waits about the post-office on the mainland, waiting for its arrival, which is often delayed.

Mais nous verrons. By the window the family stand aghast at Nils' reckless sailing. The merchant is in terror lest Nils, who only sets one claw when every sensible man would set three, should hereby lose his valuable commercial epistle. Nils is, however, in his element as the boat dances in a sea of foam, and in a few minutes he is alongside the landing-stage. A hurried conference between Fred and him, and the former comes tearing up the path with the bag in his hand.

In the meantime the vicar's wife has ordered

* To set a claw is the term used for reefing in Lofodden.

candles to be lighted, and all now congregate round the table on which the precious bag is subsequently deposited, and hands are soon busy in breaking the seals. Then comes a lengthy silence. The vicar raises, as from old habit, his velvet cap from his silvery head; the lips murmur a short prayer. He replaces it, and is soon intent upon opening the newspaper packets and the letters. The valuable bits of paper, which would not be exchanged for gold, are at last displayed to view. But now for the sorting. The first letter is written in a lady's neat character, and the hand of the tutor shoots forward to catch the gem, but not before a white little hand has caught it, and one of the vicar's daughters holds it betweeen the tips of her tiny fingers, taunting him to confess how dear its possession would be to him.

"Bah! I would not mind waiting until to-morrow before reading it," he says, with badly-concealed emotion.

"Well, on that condition you may have it," responds the artful minx maliciously; and the letter disappears in his pocket, to burn there like a red-hot coal.

Meanwhile the vicar has sorted the others—of which one is from his son-in-law. With a trembling hand he opens it, whilst his wife and children cluster around him, and the group they form is certainly a very pretty one. All seem for a moment to pause, in order to observe the old man as he peruses his letter. Quickly he scans the first few lines, the serious expression in his face disappears, and gives place to a beaming smile. Joyously he relates that everything is well, that Louise has a boy, "mother and infant doing on the whole well."

An expression of tenderness seems to pervade the souls of the grandparents, while the new-fledged aunts and uncle look at each other with rather a puzzled expression of countenance. They congratulate each other, and even the strangers participate from their hearts in their joy, for the old vicar and his family are greatly beloved by everybody. But grandmamma will hear the rest of the letter, and the children congregate with her around the vicar, to hear the remainder of the lengthy epistle.

The merchant opens his commercial letter, and the curate is soon deep in the perusal of "News from France;" whilst the poor tutor, who does not dare to read his *billet-doux*, attempts in sheer despair to interest himself in a newspaper.

The curate's face grows longer and longer, and the merchant's assumes a more and more serious air.

"It's sold!" the curate exclaims, jumping from his seat.

"At two shillings and sixpence!" growls the merchant, flinging his letter on the table.

"What is sold?" inquires the tutor, animated.

"The French Constitution. That upstart has usurped the power; it's shameful!"

"Codfish sold at two shillings and sixpence; it's shocking!" says the merchant indignantly.

The tutor laughs at their excitement, resumes his paper, and whilst thus scanning its columns, he finds the official intimation of the vicar's preferment.

"You have got the living, sir. Allow me to congratulate you," he cries, handing the newspaper to his senior.

Joy now reigns supreme, and for the present nobody cares to touch another scrap of paper.

And thus the long winter's night under the Polar Circle, with the terrific storm howling without, glides past as a minute; the news has given plenty of theme for discussion. The tutor is, however, not at his ease until the girls disappear to look after the supper, then he sneaks to his room, and reappears after a little while intoxicated with joy, but his eyes sweep the room searchingly to discover if his absence has been observed.

It was late before it became quiet in the vicarage that night. The vicar and the curate discuss the administration of the living during the vacancy, whilst his wife and the commercial factotum sift the important questions as to which of the cows shall be sold, and which left to figure in the inventory. In a corner the tutor and the girls are in an animated conversation; they have somehow discovered his temporary absence, and are now, with female generosity, teasing the poor fellow to make him confess to it. In despair he takes the offensive, and commences pointedly to bluster about the young cavaliers who will become frequent visitors in the vicarage down south, and probable results therefrom, and the result is that the girls retire blushingly from the contest.

The only one who is not quite content is, however, little Fred. Of course he is proud of being uncle, and wishes his nephew all happiness; but why father will remove south, where there are no sailing boats, not to speak of such an interesting individual as Nils Postman, he cannot understand.

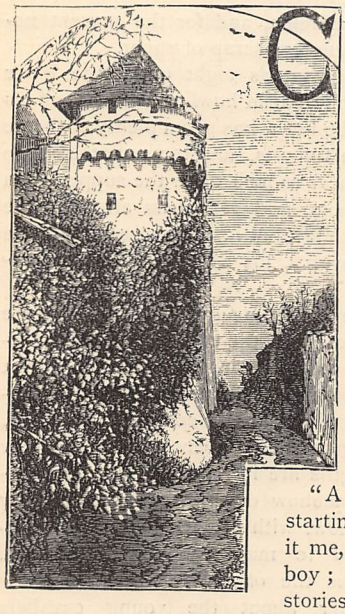
At last every one has gone to rest, and in their dreams the sentiments and thoughts of the sleepers are tossing as in a many-coloured kaleidoscope. Fred sails his boat over all the green fields he has been told of down south, whilst Nils sits at the helm, singing out, "Catch the claw, catch the claw!" and the merchant is breaking the neck of the buyer in Bergen. The curate is now Emperor in Lofodden, then *curé* in France; and the tutor dreams his sweetheart has emigrated to California. The girls dream of shaded walks and garden parties, of which they have heard so much and experienced so little; and the old parson and his good-wife stroll with each other in the garden of the vicarage as in the first days of their love, and when reaching the great lime on the lawn, they cut their initials in its hoary bark, as they did five-and-twenty years ago; but lo! there is a lovely baby's face peeping through the venerable branches: that is the little grandchild beckoning its grandparents from the chilly north to the sunny home of their youth.

CARL SIEWERS.

COURT BEAUCOURT'S TREASURE.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONE SPRIG OF EDELWEISS."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.



CHARLIE absently ruffled my hair with his hand.

"I suppose she meant the old tradition that she and most of the people about here believe in, that there is treasure hidden somewhere," said he, rather indifferently, for he was busy slipping my wedding-ring—the only ring I had—up and down my finger.

"A tradition!" I cried, starting up, "oh, do tell it me, that's a dear good boy; you know I love stories."

"Very well," said he: "but you must not expect anything romantic: it is only an old tale. The story runs that Charles de Beaucourt, when he went to join the Royalist army under Charles the First——"

"*De* Beaucourt, Charlie?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; didn't you know we were De Beaucourts till the Civil Wars, and only lost the "De" in the Commonwealth? Well, this fellow went to join the Cavaliers, and before he went he hid all his immense wealth—there had been some freebooting with the Spaniards a generation or two back: where, I forget, I'm sure—and the family jewels in a secret hiding-place known only to himself; and, getting killed at Edge Hill, and the estates passing to another branch of the family, it has remained hidden ever since. They say that we Beaucourts will never prosper, and that there will never be a direct succession, until the Treasure is found; and certainly we have come down-hill at a gallop, and the place has never gone from father to son, but skipped about wildly. It came to me from my great-uncle, and it's going, as far as I see at present, to my fifty-second cousin, my dear."

"Then you believe the story," said I, in great haste, "you believe it, Charlie?"

"Not I! I believe it's only a delicate way of saying that he melted it all down and sent it to whatever was the equivalent of his 'uncle' in those benighted days, particularly as the great punch-bowl which Edward the Third bestowed upon Brabant de Beaucourt, and which he holds in his picture, disappeared about the same time. There is an idea among the people, however, that Cavalier Charles hid the treasure in one of the rooms at the Court."

"Oh, Charlie! which room? I have never seen it, have I?"

"No, because it is a room in the old part of the Court—the oldest part of all, where the Norman keep was. It is shut up now, and falling to bits for want of the repair we can't give it."

"Oh, my dearest boy! why has nobody ever looked for it?"

"Ah! but they have, scores of times. Everybody looked, and the furniture in the room was half smashed, and lately that part has been said to be haunted, and so is shut up. I don't think it's been open these twenty years. I never remember to have seen it, and I've been here every holiday time since I was born."

"But we might find it. Do let us look, anyway. Promise that you'll show me the room to-morrow—promise, Charlie, do promise."

"Very well, if you like. I have known where the key has been kept ever since I knew anything; though I don't know what good it will do you."

"If we only could find it!" I sighed, pressing my hot cheek against his knee. "What wouldn't we do with it? We'd buy back Holme Beaucourt and all the old lands."

"And repair the Court, and do it all up swell."

"Yes, and travel, and have no end of servants, and horses, and everything jolly. Is there no clue to the place where it is hid?—no papers or anything?"

"Not the least thing, except an old rhyme that may have something to do with it: it's certainly very oracular—

> "'When the doe and the wolf shall come together,
> Then shall be found Court Beaucourt's Treasure.'"

"What do you suppose that means? It's a very bad rhyme, 'together' and 'treasure.' I should think the ancestor who invented that must have pronounced it 'togessher.'"

"I always looked upon it as a bit of the severest sarcasm, the doe and the wolf coming together being like 'the lion lying down with the lamb" or the stars falling—in other words, never. I fancy the wolf may have something to do with the wolf's head being the Beaucourt crest."

"And oh, Charlie! you *must* remember that a white doe is one of the charges on papa's coat-of-arms—the Aslington coat-of-arms! Doesn't it seem to mean that we are fated to find it? The doe and the wolf have come together, don't you see? I am sure it is predestination."

"If you put it like that," said Charlie, "I quite agree with you and believe in it at last. The doe and the wolf *have* come together, and the treasure of Court Beaucourt has been found;" and, stooping down, he gathered me up into his strong young arms.

I clung to him closely, though I whispered that

he was a silly boy, and for a little while we forgot even "the Treasure."

But as we slowly climbed the great oaken stairs on our way to bed I looked down and saw Mrs. Susan in the hall beneath, followed by Steven, who bore a farthing rushlight. I snatched the candle from Charlie and waved it above my head, as I leaned over the banisters and shouted—

"Wish me good luck, Mrs. Susan, I'm going to look for the Treasure!"

She looked up, startled. Then all the sternness died out of her old face, and an eager flush made it look almost young. She clasped her hands together, and cried out—

"Heaven bless ye, Mrs. Charles, dear! Heaven bless ye!"—then actually burst into tears, and fled.

"Now, Charlie," said I the next morning, directly breakfast was over, "remember what you promised. I'm quite ready to begin hunting for the Treasure."

"WE LOOKED AT THE SMALL IRON BOX" (*p.* 114).

"Oh, you insatiable child!" said he, getting up from his chair, "will you never be satisfied? Come along, then."

And opening the carved desk in the corner, he took a key from one of its drawers, and led the way, through halls and corridors and up staircases, to the oldest part of the house: led the way at first, but only at first, for when we got into the regions that were new to me I was rather awed by

the eerie look of half-open doors and glimpses of disused rooms; so that I was not content with following, but preferred clinging to the sleeve of the brown velveteen coat, and thereby retarding its owner's movements.

At last we stopped before a low arched door, heavily studded with great clumsy nails and crossed with bands of rusty iron. Charlie looked at me with a smile, but said not a word, and began fitting his key into the huge lock.

I left his arm, to stare with fascinated eyes at the wonderful door which, unused for so long to be swung on its hinges, resisted all efforts to open it.

All at once, however, it gave way and flew open, almost flinging Charlie headlong into the room. I gave a little cry, and rushed in after him; then stopped short, and gazed about me. I saw a low, rather large room; the walls and ceiling of oak, worm-eaten and dusty; the floor of uneven stones. The walls were panelled, and carved with rude representations of beasts, birds, and flowers. The furniture, which was of the roughest description, consisted of a low oaken bedstead, also carved, three or four wooden settles, a broken table, and an open oak chest, all of quaint and antique workmanship, very much the worse for age and hard usage, and brown with accumulated dust, which rose up in a cloud at our abrupt entrance.

Charlie, with an exclamation of disgust, rushed to the little arched window, flung open its casement of leaded panes, and thrust out his head and shoulders, vowing that he was on the verge of suffocation; while I pounced upon the furniture, which had so evidently been thoroughly examined over and over again in years gone by, and pulled it about till I was tired. Certainly the search did not take very long, and by the time the dust had settled again I had come to the conclusion that nothing bigger than a sixpence could be hidden in that room, far less Cavalier Charles's immense treasure.

"I might have known somebody would have found it long ago if it had been hidden here, where every one has looked for it so often," I said at last, sinking exhausted on the edge of the bedstead—in which Charles de Beaucourt's whole family might have slept, it was so big—and sighing bitterly. "Come along, Charlie; it's a horrid sell! I mean to ask Mrs. Susan where she thinks it is—she'll be sure to know. I vote we go down again. Come, Charlie."

But Charlie had just espied a hare crossing the wild tangle—which was once the pleasaunce garden—and was still boy enough to find such a sight completely engrossing. So I began to study the carved panels and admire the remarkable figures.

"What a lot of wolves and wolves' heads there are on the walls, Charlie!" I said, speaking much more to myself than to him, however, as, his head being far out of the window, he could not possibly hear me; "and what fierce creatures they are! How ghastly to sleep in a room with so many wolves about, isn't it? or rather, wasn't it? I wish you'd come, Charlie dear. And here are snakes and eagles—a perfect "Zoo" of wild beasts and reptiles—and here's a wolf, an immense one, on one panel, just ready to spring on an unfortunate creature in the wreath of leaves on the next—a pig, I think; but they really carved so peculiarly in those days that I won't be certain. No, I fancy it's meant for a stag; but it is not a correct likeness: it has no horns; it must be a doe!—yes, that's it, a doe. Why, Charlie!"—and my words died away on my lips as, with a shock like a thunderbolt, there flashed through my mind the words of the quaint old rhyme—

> "When the doe and the wolf shall come together,
> Then shall be found Court Beaucourt's Treasure!"

And the truth burst upon me with a sudden rush that took away my breath.

I gave one frightened gasp, and flung myself against the wall, with both hands outstretched, and then—I don't know how, for it all happened in a moment—the two panels seemed to slide together, and the figures carved on them to meet, leaving a great deep cupboard in the wall, where I could see dimly through the darkness the outlines of bulky forms, and then—then I gave one choking cry of "Charlie!" and as my young husband, startled, drew in his head and turned hastily, I dropped down on the dusty floor at his very feet!

I opened my eyes again by-and-by, to find myself in his arms, and his dear anxious face close to mine. But joy does not kill, whatever people may say, and before long I was able to stand up and cry on my dear boy's shoulder the happiest tears I ever shed in all my life.

Presently I grew calmer, and we looked in at the secret hiding-place that had kept its treasures so faithfully all these years; at the great iron-bound chests and the worn old bags, some of which had burst and showered their golden contents out upon the floor; at the small iron box which Charlie said must hold the renowned old family jewels; and, wonderful to relate, at something that lay near the entrance, black with age, but round and bulky as ever—nothing less than Brabant de Beaucourt's silver punch-bowl! We looked at them in silence, and then, without a word, we looked at each other, and, still clasped in each other's arms, we knelt down on the dust-carpeted floor and thanked God humbly and earnestly that it had pleased Him, after so many years, to reveal to us its hiding-place, and to grant to us—the last of all the race—at last, in our dire need, to find Court Beaucourt's Treasure.

* * * * *

That was two years ago—two such happy, beautiful years as seldom fall to any woman's lot; and it is just six months since my baby, my bonny wee boy, was born. Such a boy as he is!—exactly like his father (though his father vows he can't see it) and the best little thing that ever filled a cradle. He lies there beside me now, while Mrs. Susan, promoted from maid-of-all-work to head-nurse, is singing to him softly some endless ballad of a somebody de Beaucourt who fought and bled at Poictiers.

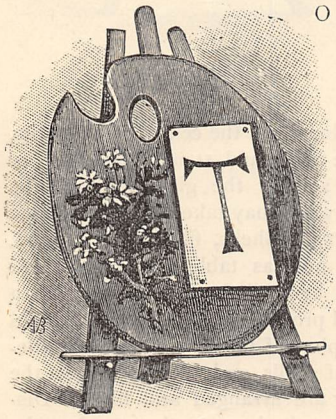
I am writing by a fire in the old blue boudoir, which is so dear to me from its memories of the time when Charlie and I were poor, that when the Court was being done up my dear boy had it renovated and improved for my morning-room. We are fonder of it even now than of any of the grander rooms, and I like best to sit here alone with Charlie and talk of those past days, so hard and yet so dear.

As I look from my window the whole country round as far as I can see is once more Beaucourt estate. Once more the Beaucourts "hold up their heads with the proudest in the land," as Mrs. Susan used to say when she exasperated me by telling me I was not one of them.

There is Charlie's step on the stairs: he is coming to sit with me till the dressing-bell rings. This is our cosy half-hour together—the happiest half-hour in the day.

"Take Baby to the nursery, Mrs. Susan, please; and, Charlie dear, let Charles the younger go, and don't smother him beforehand.—No, I didn't say you might look over my shoulder, you rude boy! I'll come directly; I have only half a dozen more words to write to finish the true, complete, authentic history of Court Beaucourt's Treasure, and how it was lost and found."

TABLE DECORATIONS.



AN EASEL MENU-STAND.

To make home bright, cheerful, and beautiful, is assuredly one of woman's primary duties; but to be successful in fulfilling this duty a good deal of time and thought must be given to the subject. There are so many ways in which we can beautify our surroundings, so many opportunities are constantly recurring, that if we take advantage of them we cannot fail to enliven and improve even the dullest of dull houses. We do not, however, intend to take up our space with remarks of a general kind; we would rather try if we can help, by a few practical words, those housewives who, acknowledging their obligations in this matter, are yet sometimes at a loss to tell what to find in the way of novelties.

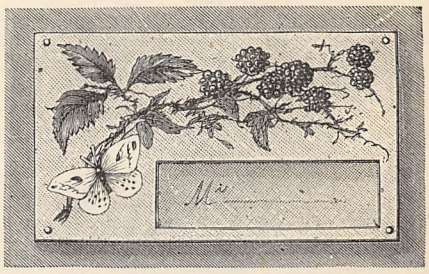
In the present paper we intend to deal exclusively with table decorations, although in doing so we do not mean to confine ourselves merely to the consideration of the filling of silver épergnes and exquisitely engraved flower-vases mounted on golden stands. Those who possess such valuable articles probably possess also the means wherewith to send to the most renowned florists for a supply of the rarest hothouse blossoms, and with such materials, if they have any taste whatever, they can scarcely avoid making a creditable display.

Nothing can take the place of flowers. Their lovely varied tints and graceful foliage make a decoration that cannot be equalled by any substitutes, natural or artificial.

Then, too, no table can look well, however rich may be the appurtenances, unless the linen is pure and spotless. No "slut's folds" should mar the regularity of the creases. A table-cloth that has seen its best days, and some of its worst as well, if fresh and clean, is preferable to a new one tumbled and soiled. And it must be put on carefully, with the centre crease exactly in the middle of the table; it is enough to spoil the flavour of the best-cooked viands to sit down in front of a cloth laid all askew, and almost enough to make the most indifferent lose at least some of their appetite for the meal—be it ever so tempting.

A large embroidered monogram is admirable in one corner of the cloth; the crest may occupy the other, or the crest may be placed above the monogram: whichever plan is adopted, it must be carried out on a large scale if it is to be effective.

The serviettes naturally claim our next attention. These look well when flatly folded on the table if the centre is worked with the monogram—the centre, that is, of the outer square when the serviette is folded. For the breakfast-table we like them simply laid, but for dinner most will agree that they should be



A GUEST-CARD.

more elaborately folded. To our thinking the neat tall pyramid is one of the best forms, and it is more uncommonly used than the mitre or the shoe. The serviettes should be large, and they should be quite square, or it will be found awkward to fold them up in the different styles.

As a last word on table-linen, let us say that it

should be of the very finest quality, then, if well "got up," it looks almost like white satin, so soft and shiny is the surface; and the pattern should be unobtrusive yet well defined. A fashion that now-a-days finds favour is to lay a strip of plush on either side of the table; the colour, it is almost needless to say, should harmonise with the room decorations. To choose a shade simply because it is pretty without any regard to its surroundings would be an act of simple folly, for the appearance of the room would be quite spoilt if the table-strip did not agree with the curtains, &c.

Were a wrong tint used, a casual observer might not be able to tell at once what seemed to him objectionable in the room when he entered it at the appointed dinner-hour; but he would feel the incongruity of the juxtaposed colours; there would be no repose because the eye would not be satisfied.

In choosing the plush we must remember that for a large part of the year many of us dine by artificial light; therefore it will be necessary to consider, when making our purchases, what colours will be least affected by gas or candle-light. Some persons are so fond of blue, they would have it everywhere, on their bonnets and on their chairs; but charming as it is in the day time, it is not a colour that lights up well. At the risk of seeming showy in our taste, we would rather advise that a deep ruby or maroon be selected, as doubtless these will prove on trial to be far more appropriate for the purpose; the red tells well against the green foliage of plants, as no blue would do.

The strip of plush may vary in width according to the width of the table, and also to suit the fancy of the housewife. It may be bordered with cord or gold lace; the latter will produce a good effect on the white damask; or, what is a more elegant style to our

SHELL FLOWER-STAND.

idea, it may be simply bordered with a garland of real leaves; but the latter plan labours under the disadvantage of the work having to be done each time the plush is used, while the corded or lace-edged strip is always ready for use. Cut flowers may be placed at intervals on the plush band, or little flower-glasses, raised on three feet, filled with light foliage and two or three blooms, can be placed on the plush, one in front of each guest. In preference to the band, or for the sake of a change, some persons would like to have plush mats;

SHELL FLOWER-STAND.

these should form a line down the centre of the table. On the largest middle one would stand a tall glass of flowers, on the two smaller the glasses should be lower, or small china vases may take their place, filled with tiny growing ferns. Shells, filled with flowers, are sometimes used now as table ornaments; and skilful fingers, guided by fertile brains in conjunction with artistic taste, will prove that there is a large field open here for the display of talent. Success will depend on the choice of shells, and still more upon the manner in which they are arranged and filled. Discretion should be exercised as to the number the table will take, so that there should not be an overplus; then there should be variety without the loss of unity. We do not need to match our shells in pairs as we would our vases, still they must to some extent agree either in size or form; to have one very large specimen, and in the corresponding position on the table a wee insignificant one, would be fatal to all ideas of good proportion. They may be placed *au naturel* on the cloth or plush, or they may be mounted on stands. The latter are easy enough for any one to make, although there is, of course, some little trouble attending their manufacture; still there is a lasting satisfaction, if it is successfully accomplished, in seeing our own handiwork on our tables. The stands are to be made in the following way:—Get some firm young branches of trees and cut off pieces of the required length; trim off the smaller shoots informally to within about a quarter of an inch or so of the stem. Now ebonise all the sticks and set them on one side to dry. Then with some wire, or twine, fasten them together, some little distance from the top, after the fashion of the gipsy kettle-stands. The fastening must be placed higher or lower according to the size of the shell the stand is to support. Gild the tips of the off-shoots and also the fastening. Set the shell well into the sticks, and on no account let it look as if it would easily fall off, neither should it appear top-heavy.

Having now made our ornaments, we may enjoy the pleasure of seeing how they look when filled. The larger kinds may be set with lycopodium drooping over the edges, and some tall feathery fern-leaves subduing a few blossoms of brilliant hues; the smaller ones can have a foundation of moss laid in, and shooting up from among the rich green some primroses and snowdrops. Flowers must never be overcrowded. Those who can arrange a few effectively with some delicate fronds of maiden-hair are more certain of a successful result, and deserve higher praise, than others who must needs have a large handful at least to fill a single vase. Colours, too, require to be contrasted well, the brilliantly-tinted flowers being modified in tone with ample greenery, the more delicately toned with light graceful foliage. If one colour is found to detract from, or "kill," another, they must not be placed in juxtaposition. When heavier and lighter kinds of flowers are combined, the latter must be cut with longer stems that they may rise above the rest and fall gracefully over them.

Much of interest might be written on the subject, but we must not linger further than to say that the best way to prove whether the arrangement is satisfactory or not is to finish it off, put it in position, and then to stand back some distance to look at it; the faults can then be noted, and the general effect judged of, as they never could be while the observer is bending over the vase, putting in the flowers. In the same way does the artist judge of his painting; he puts in some touches, then retires a few paces to criticise his work. And the arrangement of flowers is artistic work; to a few it comes as it were naturally, the eye decides at once on combinations of colour and form, and with a few skilful touches they rear a marvel of loveliness in maybe the commonest of vases. Above all, never let an artificial flower, made of muslin or paper, find room on the table, as if any one could be imposed upon by such paltry make-believes, or that such materials, forsooth, could even for an instant lead any one to suppose that they were looking at the delicate petals of a natural flower. If we cannot have cut flowers, and are not satisfied with growing foliage plants alone, thinking that colour is indispensable to dinner-table decorations, then by all means let us find it, but in some less objectionable way. Let us subdue our candle-light with soft pink shades, lay our table with ruby-tinted glass, let our water-jug and goblets be of topaz-hued glass set with amethyst handles, let us ornament our dishes with clear-cut jellies of varied tints; there are a hundred ways in which we may add colour without descending to the employment of shams.

And what of *menu* cards? Of the making of these it would seem there is no end. Well, we will give our idea of a pretty conceit; if they are not *chic* they are nothing. Have a miniature easel cut by a carpenter, and also a palette. Stain them both dark oak. Now paint a cluster of flowers on the left side of the palette, being sure to leave space enough clear for a card to be fixed on it; on the card the *menu* is to be written. Choose one of the right size, make four holes a little way in, one at each of the corners, lay it in position on the palette, and make four corresponding holes in the latter right through the wood. Now get some tiny gold-headed paper-fasteners, and with these fasten the card in place. Glue the palette on to the easel, and the *menu* stand is complete. When the card has to be changed, remove the fasteners and put on a fresh one. The palette may be tied on through the finger-hole, if preferred, with a fine silken cord and tassels; or it may rest loosely on the easel. Guest-cards can be made very prettily and easily by any one who can paint a design of flowers. Two cards about the size of a gentleman's visiting card, and four of the small fasteners mentioned before, are alone required. On one card paint a spray of blackberries, commencing on the left side, and let it spread climbing along the top. On the lower part of the right-hand side cut out an oblong piece sufficiently large to allow of a slip of paper, on which the name is written, being inserted underneath. Fix the cards together at the four corners with the gold-headed fasteners, and when required for use write the name on paper and run it between the two, so that it shows through the oblong opening. The advantage of this style of card is that it can be used over and over again. The flower designs should be varied as much as possible.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE interest evinced by so many of our readers in the articles on "Remunerative Employments for Gentlewomen," and the attention the latter have constantly and increasingly received on all sides, prove that the subject is one not only of great importance, but one also that affects the well-being and comfort of a considerable number of the gentler sex. These are days in which "high prices" are largely prevalent; when the "march of intellect" has added considerably to our housekeeping expenses; and when the habits, the conveniences, the very civilisation of the age, in fact, render an outlay inevitable such as would have been held to be the very height of extravagance and folly in our grandfathers' days. To provide for this, and to enable us to perform somehow or other that very delicate operation of making ends meet, every nerve has to be strained, every power of mind and body has to be brought into requisition and utilised. If ladies feel, in so many instances, the pressure of

this necessity, how much greater must be the responsibility in the case of those of the sterner sex! The former are not always called upon to take up the task of winning gold, however necessary or convenient it may be under certain circumstances for them to do so. But in the case of men, "toil for gain" is the appointed lot. The exceptions are rare indeed where their wants have already been sufficiently provided for by an income derived from the previous success and the savings of others. The great difficulty is to find employment, either of such a nature as is suited to their particular tastes and qualifications, or which is sufficiently remunerative. The one quality is not always found co-existent with the other. In almost every case some previous preparation is absolutely essential to success; and this brings us to a matter to which it may not be out of place on this occasion to call particular attention.

Among the many difficult problems which, in some degree or other, exercise the minds of most parents, there are few of greater importance, or upon the happy solution of which more depends, than that relating to the choice of the profession, trade, or calling to be followed by their sons. It is impossible to say to how great an extent the future success or failure of the latter may be involved in this question, and yet it is one to which the answer is, in too many instances, deferred until long after the time at which it ought to have been definitely and decisively given. The error appears to lie in the belief that this matter can well stand over until the boy has received his education, whereas, in truth, it ought to have a very important influence on the latter. It is somewhat unfortunate that the decision as to what this career shall be has to be made, more frequently than not, at a time when the boy is utterly incapable of judging for himself as to what is most suitable for him, and the responsibility thus thrown upon the parents is considerably augmented thereby. Even when a lad shows a decided taste for work of a certain character, it is not always easy to find out what employments there are of the kind that are open to him. It is our desire in these papers to give what information we can on such points as these, and for the benefit, we trust, not only of parents desirous of finding a suitable opening for their sons, but also of others who may be seeking remunerative employment for themselves.

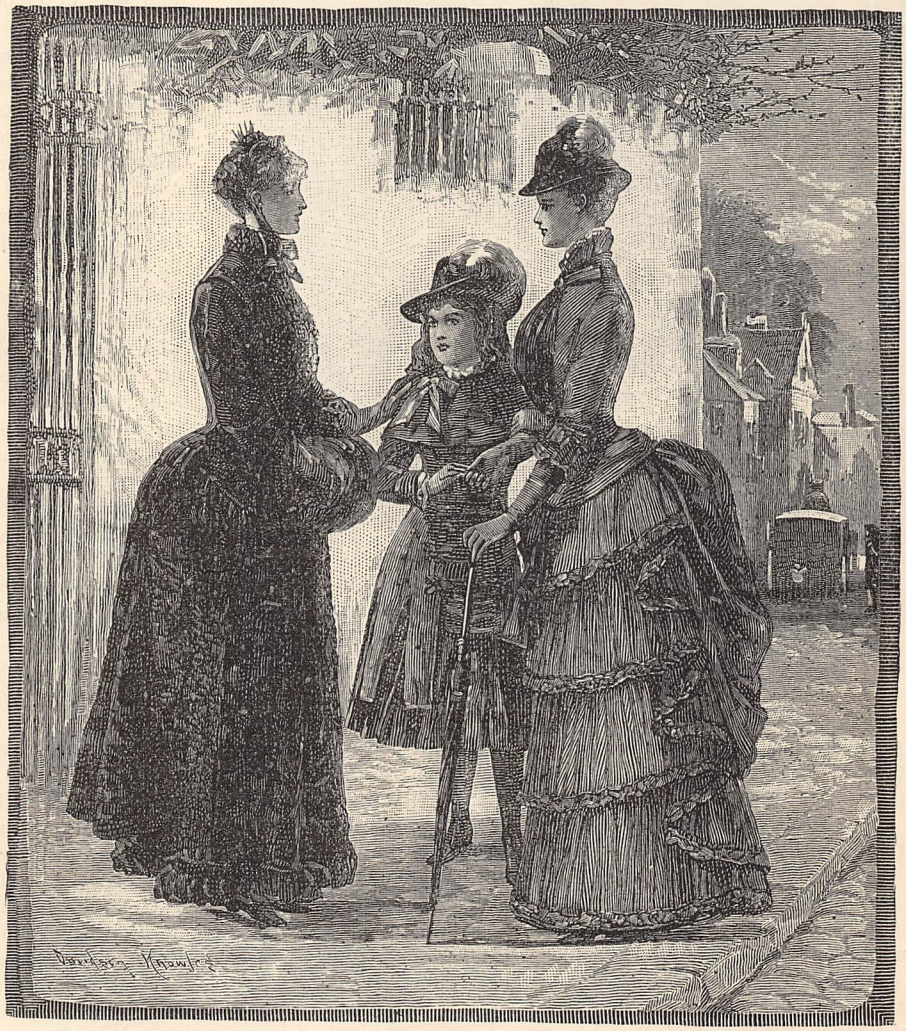
It is not our purpose to dwell upon those professions and occupations the nature and remuneration of which are pretty generally known to most of our readers. Neither will it be necessary to include in our list the various departments of the Civil Service. Full information as to the latter will be found in the excellent Guide published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., price 3s. 6d. Our object will be rather to direct attention chiefly to such employments as are at present but little known to the many, and which offer a fair field for the energies of those who may be willing to earn a competence by their means.

It is now generally admitted that the various applications of electricity would seem to offer in the immediate future the best opportunities for young men of education, and even for young lads, say, from fourteen years of age upwards. They are new fields, and such as are constantly and rapidly extending themselves; the expenditure of time and money in obtaining the necessary knowledge is comparatively small; the commencing salaries are high, and we are assured that with fairly diligent application and study a good position may undoubtedly be secured at an early age.

There is at 12, Princes Street, Hanover Square, W., a regular school of telegraphy and electrical engineering, where instruction is given in the theory and practice of the various systems of telegraphy generally employed, and especially in submarine telegraphy; in the construction, erection, and management of electric light apparatus; in the management of prime motors, arc and incandescent lamps, accumulators, &c.; and, lastly, in the various applications of telephony. No pains or expense have been spared to place at the disposal of the pupils such technical and scientific instruction as shall qualify them for the most important posts in connection with these new branches of electrical engineering. Pupils on entering may join either the elementary or the advanced class. If the latter, they will be required first to pass a preliminary examination. Formerly, the minimum period in which a pupil was expected to prepare himself at the school for the final examinations was six months. This was when telegraphy was practically the only application of electricity of any professional importance. Now, however, that the applications of electricity are so varied and extended, and the necessity of obtaining a general knowledge of them is so frequently exemplified in the experience of men who have found unexpected openings after leaving the school, the minimum period of training has been fixed at nine months. It is said that in this time "a candidate of ordinary intelligence and industry, and with a certain amount of previous educational training, may lay the foundations of a successful career as a telegraphist, an electrician, or an electrical engineer, and qualify himself for the various superior appointments which are frequently occurring through promotion, the extension of the present lines of telegraphs, the laying of new submarine cables, the establishment of telephone lines, telephone exchanges, and the adoption of the electric light."

The commencing salaries in the "service," for fully qualified men, range from about £100 to £200 per annum, and the increase to those of proved ability is often both rapid and considerable. It is obvious that men possessing a thorough knowledge of electrical science and telegraph engineering will have a far greater chance of advancement than those entering the service as mere manipulators, and therefore the "complete course" of instruction at the school has been arranged and adapted to meet the requirements of those desirous of qualifying themselves to fill any of the vacancies in the higher appointments, but who wish to avoid the cost both in time and money involved in becoming articled pupils to a telegraph engineer.

The chief aim kept in view is the preparation of the pupils for actual practical work. The cost of the complete course of instruction is seventy-five guineas, and when we remember how much is often paid for the preparation of lads for competitive examinations in which, after all, they are too frequently unsuccessful, we may consider the charge an exceedingly moderate one. It has been well said that "the advantages of the school are most exceptional, and the science taught is so interesting, that even gentlemen's sons for whom no necessity exists of joining the above-mentioned services, might do well to acquire the accomplishment by a nine months' training; whilst, as opening an honourable and promising career to those young men who are ambitious, intelligent, and painstaking enough to avail themselves of the teaching, the School of Electrical Engineering deserves the special consideration of parents deciding the future for their sons."



WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

WHEN the New Year breaks, the family wardrobe, as a rule, wants renovating. I shall begin by dwelling on some new stuffs suitable for the season. First and foremost, heather mixtures in reversible cloths—brown and blues, red and browns, light blue and brown, yellow and black; be careful in selecting to choose what best suits your figure and complexion. These materials have large spots so interwoven that they show diverse colours on either side—brown on one side, blue the other;

all these fabrics much depends on the making-up. The fancy materials are made up as coats quite plain and undraped, but showing large chenille and gimp ornaments on back or sides. The bib waistcoat obtains with all styles of dress. A pretty plain black Sicilienne made in this way had a cardinal silk bib for day wear, and one of crêpe lisse for evening, which gave it a dressy appearance at once. The skirt had large single plaits coming towards the front, velvet revers at the side, and a drapery of velvet and Sicilienne at the back, where it stood out well, but had no steel, only a treble box-plaiting of horsehair-cloth down the back. I am inclined to think that those who tried this plan would not return to steels, which soon get out of order, but the horsehair-cloth needs renewing from time to time. Among the most recent inventions, which some of the best-dressed women in England favour, are crinolines intended to be tied to the side breadths of the skirt giving a gathered fulness at the sides, which insures freedom of movement to the limbs.

or in lieu of spots they have stripes, a wide stripe with two narrow ones in the centre, and intended to be made up horizontally with an admixture of plain stuff in the same tones. I have seen some pretty dresses of these made with box-plaited skirts, a wide box-plait coming from the waist at the back, the plain stuff used as a tunic, issuing from beneath this plait, and falling in draped points at the side.

Perhaps more startlingly new and original is a fish-scale velvet, suited for another class of gown altogether. The colourings shade from gold to red, and the design carries out the name. This and similar materials are employed with plain fabrics chiefly in panels, for by their richness they are precluded from being used for draperies. Rather costly, handsome-looking, but scarcely conveying the impression of their really good quality, are the chenille serges. They are a fine make of serge, with such designs as clubs and cubes of a distinct colouring from the serge ground, in chenille. For example, cardinal on blue, brown, or green, and so on. Another new soft woollen stuff has large shaded flowers and leaves worked in chenille. In

One of these crinolettes was fastened inside one of the prettiest dinner-gowns for a young girl I have seen lately. This was made of cream merveilleux, and had a petticoat formed of rows of cream lace, the silk draping across this, and falling in a point at one side, being trimmed with Turkish embroidery. The pointed bodice was fastened at the back, and had a double row of lace turning downwards from the neck.

The cloaks worn by well-dressed women at the present moment become richer in fabric and more elaborately trimmed each month. In materials employed for them it is the groundwork that shows the chief novelty. Some new matelassé has tiny dots of chenille, or horizontal stripes of chenille, interwoven with the pattern; the Ottoman brocades have a striped ground and the pattern in plush, and this is used for the long pointed Venetian sleeves just brought in. The idea of their form is taken from the sleeves worn in Venice, in the days of its glory. The rest of the mantle is generally plain velvet, satin, or brocade, so that the sleeves are all the more remarkable, as the long pointed ends fall below the elbow. Chenille galons

and fringes are the usual trimmings, and the shape of the mantle a jacket paletôt, long in front, and shorter at the back.

I have seen some new dressing-gowns lately cut in such cosy, comfortable forms that I am tempted to describe them. They are made in coloured flannels, plain and printed. Some are cut as a jacket with the skirt attached, viz., sewn on the edge of the basque, so that it can be slipped on all together in a minute. The skirt portion is plaited back and front to the bodice, and has one flounce, cut in vandykes and plaited between, just at the hem, the whole being trimmed with coffee lace. Another is cut as a bodice, with the skirt sewn to it. It has some nine or ten knife-plaits at the back, a waistband, and down the front, both of skirt and bodice, are graduated folds with a cascade of lace down the centre. Round the skirt is a crossway flounce piped and bordered with lace, with four tiny folds at intervals of five inches.

If you want to combine warmth and lightness for evening under-petticoats, have them made of swan's-down cloth; muslin trained pieces and crinolettes can, if desired, be attached on the outside.

Many tea-gowns are made of black silk or satin, just having a Watteau plait at the back. The elaborate trimming being entirely reserved for the front, it takes the form of a petticoat of soft silk, gathered in one place, a quarter of a yard above the hem, beneath a cluster of seven or eight loops of ribbon; the bib blouse being tied with the same. Others again have this front breadth of alternate rows of lace and silk flounces pinked out at the edge. A black and white striped velvet and satin had a delicate front of orange tone. Thus made, dark green plush with grey cashmere is a good mixture for a useful tea-gown.

Fur is much used as a trimming on dresses, and brocaded velvet, satin, and woollen bodices, quite distinct from the skirt, are worn. If you have any very old brocade, use it now in this way; you may never again have a chance of turning it to so good an account.

For evening wear, startling colours obtain. Bright petunia satins have rich white embroidery for trimmings; green satins show a dash of orange; an eau de Nil satin might have gold lace upon it.

Young girls who wish to have a smart outdoor garment without much outlay, should order a short dark red cloth jacket, with brown marabout trimming, and a little red capote to match; these jackets are single-breasted, short in the basque, but very smart-looking. It is a *sine quâ non*, however, that they fit well.

In lieu of Newmarkets, red cloaks covering the dress, but gathered back and front at the waist to the figure, have found most favour with young girls. Cloth mantles, in green, red, and brown, trimmed with marabout, are made of the long shape, with capes gathered at the back. These coloured cloths are smart yet inexpensive. Smoke-colour is just the tone of the season in London, yet it would scarcely be possible to find one more unsuited to the climate. Velveteen of this shade makes up remarkably well, and is trimmed with silver braid and marabout of the exact hue. Many girls with scant allowances are glad to give variety to their gowns at little cost, so I will tell them a plan which finds favour now. Soft silk of any bright tone, plain or striped, about half a yard wide, is gathered at the throat and waist, fastened to an all-round collarette made of a

band of the same, and so forms a transferable vest, for the front of any dress.

The fashion of wearing the hair turned up from the nape of the neck has established itself in England. I will tell you exactly how to dress it. Part the hair across the head from ear to ear. With half the front make the usual rolls or curls on the forehead, the rest comb backwards and gather together into a knot on the top of the head, thus forming a foundation for the rest. Next comb up all the back hair thoroughly and neatly from the nape of the neck. It requires a great deal of combing and a constant recourse to the hand-glass to see that all the ends are well caught in. Having combed it to the top, hold it in the left hand and give it one twist, then securely hair-pin it to the knot already formed. If you have plenty of hair, enough to make a good coil on the top, well and good; if there be but little, you must twist that little up tightly and pin it down neatly to the foundation, and supplement it by a false strand of hair; but in any case, before you finish the arrangement on the top of the head, you must proceed to comb the hair upwards at the sides. If it is long enough to gather up with the back, you will not have much trouble; if it is short, you will have to comb it up and pin it at each side on the top of the head. Remember that, to give the head a good appearance, the hair at the back and sides must all be straightly combed up. At the top of the head it is variously dressed by different people; sometimes in a simple coil of hair round and round. I think, myself, it is prettier to twist it in the figure of 8, pin it down on the top of the head, and add small ball side-combs. A great variety of combs and horseshoes, and tortoise-shell pins are sold for the purpose. Unfortunately we have not worn the hair turned upwards for many years, and it has an obstinate way of falling down in small untidy hairs; these must be combed down and cut sufficiently short to be curled either on paper or on leathers, or with irons. It is a very comfortable style of coiffure when once adopted, and admits of stars or single blooms being easily inserted in the evening.

Brides are sometimes wearing low dresses, and bridesmaids veils and wreaths. A very stylish bridesmaid's dress recently worn was white nun's-veiling, with waistcoats and cuffs of sapphire-blue velvet, and hats of the same, bunches of red blush-roses being placed on the shoulder. One of the guests at the same wedding wore a myrtle-green embossed velvet, opening in front to show a frilled skirt of pale green watered silk, the velvet being trimmed with chenille fringe and ornaments. The green velvet bonnet had a Himalayan pheasant upon it. A cravat of old lace was worn round the throat.

Now let us turn to the illustrations. In the first group there are three figures—a mother and two daughters. The matron wears one of the long rich mantles that have found such favour this winter. It is black velvet, brocaded on a repped or Ottoman ground, and trimmed with thick chenille fringe about nine inches deep, and each strand terminating with a jet ball. The lining of the cloak is shot chaudron satin, and the chenille trimming is carried down each side as a panel. The bonnet is gathered black velvet, with a wing and an aigrette in front. The younger daughter wears a brown cloth costume, the shoulder-cape bordered with a band of natural beaver, and the close-fitting pelisse fastened in front with fouragères of heavily-knotted brown silk cord; a brown satin bow fastens the cape on the right shoulder, and the felt hat with its shaggy beaver brim is turned upwards on the left side, and ornamented with a shaded ostrich feather. The elder daughter wears olive-green cashmere and satin, the full bib and the sash loops being of the same material. The kiltings in front and the cascades at the side are embroidery worked in olive silk on the cashmere. The gloves have long fur gauntlets, and the olive-green velvet hat has a pale pink feather curling round its brim.

In the single medallion we have the fashionable form of short jacket, made of garnet velvet and trimmed with a bouillonné of the same round the hips; the sleeves are high and full on the shoulders. What is their object, I cannot say, but I notice that Frenchwomen, when they wear jackets at all, adopt a full, bulky trimming just below the waist-line.

And, lastly, we have a pretty evening dress which can be copied in either satin or gauze, and trimmed with lace and ribbon; but if the flowers are dispensed with, the more economical nun's-veiling, or inexpensive Surah, might be used. For dinner-dresses, grey satin trimmed with embroidery of grey pearls on net is worn, likewise tan-coloured satin and golden-brown net studded with detached flowers in chenille.

A MAID OF ARCADIE.

HAST ever watched upon a flowery lea
A sweet wild blossom, shy with modest grace,
Lift to the sun its dew-besprinkled face?
Hast ever stood in still amaze to see
A queenly rose in some fair rosery?
Blend these in one, that stand so far apart—
The child of Nature, and the child of Art—
And lo, my maid! my maid of Arcadie!

Amid the sweet wild flowers I saw her stand,
And each one claimed her for a sister dear,
And bent to greet her, ignorant of fear!
And yet so fair her face, so nobly grand,
I trembled in her sight, and Love drew near
And led a willing captive through the land.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

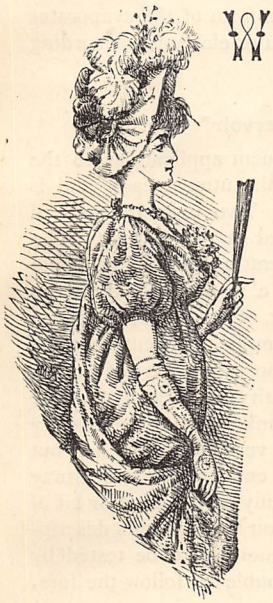
"AMID THE SWEET WILD FLOWERS I SAW HER STAND."

"A MAID OF ARCADIE" (*p.* 122).

THE PERFECT LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ETIQUETTE OF GOOD SOCIETY."

I.—INTRODUCTORY.



WHO can lay claim to a title such as this, which comprehends so much within its limits? I shall not cull my specimen from real life, although I could make a selection of those universally allowed to be worthy of this title; it will be better for our purpose to consider the question in the abstract. It is far easier to point out imperfections, and by this means show what perfection should be, but the wisest course is to ensconce in a niche in our minds an ideal of perfection, and from time to time it is well to place ourselves beside this ideal, and see whether we reach any point near the level of its lofty height.

Now my words will not dwell very much on the moral and intellectual qualities of the perfect lady; those qualities and capacities certainly influence, and have an effect upon, her actions, and thus help to form perfection; but even short dissertations upon the formation of morals and the expansion of intellect would stretch out the subject beyond our limits. Besides, there is not the necessity for pursuing these particular branches, for in childhood it is the endeavour of those who rear us to cultivate the mind and imbue us with the spirit of truth, honesty, and the like. When we grow out of childhood into girlhood, parents and instructors still continue to fan the flame with assiduous care; they combine their efforts to impress the virtues upon the character, and to strengthen and enlarge the brain power.

In womanhood these threads of light should still run through the life; but as presumably they have been securely interlaced therein by our mentors who have acted as guides thus far, my remarks will be chiefly directed to lines of instruction not required beforetime.

On entering womanhood we enter a new world, we tread on different ground, we are surrounded by different circumstances and requirements: the entrance into society necessitates our learning a fresh set of lessons; we have to learn how to comport ourselves on a thousand and one different occasions. Social duties suddenly rise up and confront us; sometimes we are bewildered and unable to cope with our difficulty; sometimes we overlook or ignore it, and so cause offence or hurt the feelings of others. The manners, deportment, and what is called the general style of a lady, characterise and affix their seal on the perfect lady. As yet these marks have been but faintly traced—but little beyond the simple politeness of "If you please" and "Thank you" has been taught, together with the admonition to hold the shoulders straight, and to turn out the toes. Silence has been encouraged, remarks on persons have been discouraged. Hitherto the girl has been under the direction of mother or governess, and her actions are supposed to have been done under their superintendence.

Directly the girl takes her place in society as a woman, directly she emerges from the schoolroom, her position is changed; all that she does and says is subject to the observation and criticism of those amongst whom she moves. Her manners, her deportment, her style are commented upon, and form a subject for discussion amongst her acquaintances. This being so, our aim is, by the suggestions given in these papers, to protect her from adverse criticism.

We often see girls who have just stepped on to the world's stage, standing half-reluctant to go forward, not knowing what to do, looking shy, embarrassed, uncomfortable, and fearful of committing some blunder. As a consequence of these feelings and visible quakings, they appear to singular disadvantage; this shyness or embarrassment gives an impression to the onlookers of stupidity or awkwardness. We sometimes also see, and have feelings of compassion for, the girl who thinks she has no need of instruction, or who does not care to receive it, but rushes on the arena in full confidence and self-satisfaction, determined to be regardless of all that people say or think about her.

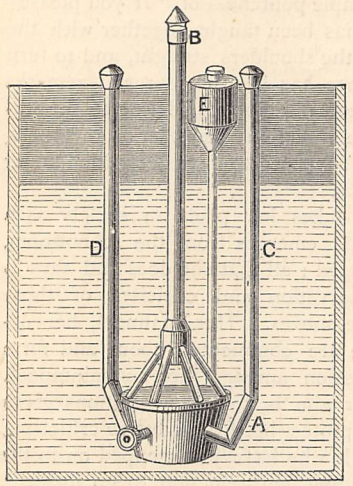
Yet again, there comes another epoch in a woman's life, when a further series of lessons is needed in the matters we are going to discuss. Marriage brings another and a greater change. Again she is placed in a new and untried position, and in it she stands alone; again her manners and bearing and actions are freely commented upon. Hitherto, although she has in a measure controlled her own conduct, she has, to a certain extent, been under the surveillance of mother or chaperone; some one has been at hand to suggest or advise. After marriage a woman's life is virtually in her own hands. She is expected to be her own guide in her own particular province; she finds herself suddenly placed in the midst of new duties and requirements, the centre for a time of an unknown sphere. Oftentimes she is ill at ease in her new province; she feels she ought to come to the front, and yet she shrinks from the ordeal, from want of confidence; her knowledge of these matters is scant, she is afraid of showing her ignorance.

I propose, therefore, to give some practical hints in future papers, which will, I trust, help the young married and unmarried lady through the maze, and give them an insight as to what constitutes the perfect lady.

THE GATHERER.

A Rapid Water-Heater.

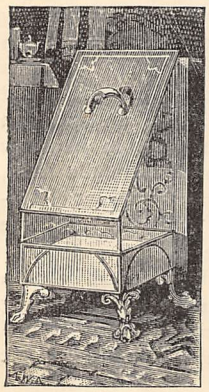
It is sometimes convenient to be able to heat a large quantity of water, say a barrelful, without the use of a boiler. Hence the apparatus which we illustrate, and which is the device of Mr. J. B. Webster, has recently been introduced. The apparatus consists of a sheet-iron chamber, A, of the form of a truncated cone, containing a small pan or lamp of petroleum, or other oil, which is set fire to. Inclined tubes convey the products of combustion to a central chimney, B, from which they escape into the air. The other tubes, C D, convey the fresh air to the fire. The oil burned is contained in a reservoir, E, and feeds downwards to the burner. The apparatus only requires to be plunged into the water.



A Luminous Liquid.

Lieut. Diek, of the Russian Army, has discovered a new luminous powder which has three colours—green, yellow, and violet, the last-named giving the most powerful light. Mixed with water in a glass vessel, an illuminating liquid is produced which may prove very useful in mining and military operations. The illuminating power lasts for eight hours, when fresh powder must be added.

A Stove Evaporator.



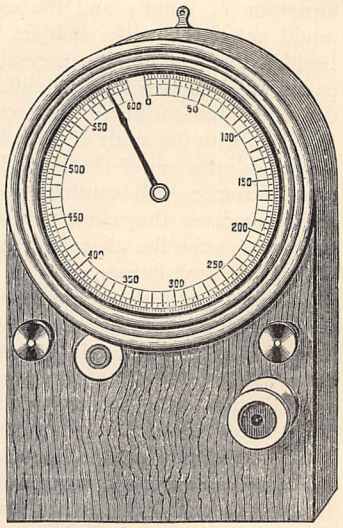
Rooms heated by furnace-pipes and other stoves are sometimes made unpleasant to the occupants, owing to the disagreeable effects of the hot air given off by the stoves. With a view to remedy this defect, the evaporator represented in the accompanying woodcut has been designed. As will be seen, it consists of a reservoir of water of suitable size and shape to be placed in front of or upon the stove. The heated air, deflected by a removable shield, passes over the water, which it absorbs in its passage. In this way moisture is imparted to the air of the room, and so neutralises the objectionable effects above alluded to. The form of the evaporator allows of ornamentation, plain or elaborate, according to the desire of the purchaser.

Home-made "Reservoir" Pen.

A pen that will obviate frequent applications to the ink-stand can be made with the utmost ease, and is said to be perfectly reliable. Two ordinary pens of the same pattern are inserted in one holder. The inner pen will perform the operation of writing, while between it and the outer one a supply of ink will be reserved—the twin-pen having, of course, been dipped in the ink—which will be amply sufficient to write several pages of manuscript, though the rate of writing will materially affect the quantity of work that can be performed with one supply of ink. It is not necessary that the two pens should be very close together, but should the ink not flow freely enough, the points may be brought nearer by using a tiny rubber band or bit of thread. The cost of a "reservoir" pen of this description is infinitesimal, and its merits can be tested by any one who will take the trouble to follow the foregoing instructions.

An Electrical Speed Indicator.

The apparatus which we illustrate from the design of Mr. W. Groves, is intended to show at any distance the number of revolutions per minute made by an engine or piece of mechanism. The construction is similar to that of the Wheatstone counter, but electricity is called in to transmit the indications to a distance by means of electro-magnetism, in an ingenious manner, which would, however, occupy too much space to describe in detail. The apparatus has the advantage of only one dial and indicating hand, by which the speed is shown at a glance.



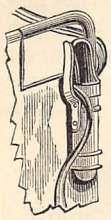
Organic Matter in the Sun.

By means of a new method of spectrum analysis, in which the dark rays beyond the red end of the

spectrum are photographed, Captain Abney, the well-known authority on this subject, has been led to conclude that there may be organic compounds in the sun. The dark lines are emitted only by bodies of low fusing point, such as calcium, sodium, &c., and hence it is inferred that the other lines observed in the dark photographs obtained of the ultra-red spectrum must be due to bodies other than the metals. Captain Abney is not certain that organic compounds do exist in the sun; but his experiments amount to a suspicion, or more, that ethyl and benzine exist either in the sun or space. When we remember that Dr. Huggins also infers that cometary and nebular matter contains hydro-carbons, we may place our faith in the belief of Captain Abney and Colonel Festing, that as science advances, we shall be able to say more and more exactly whether compound bodies exist in the heavenly orbs.

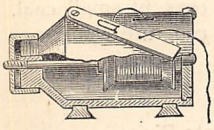
A Novel Whip and Reins Holder.

The annexed engraving represents a simple appliance for holding, in a combined form, the whip and reins. The whip-socket, of metal, wood, or other material, is fastened to the dashboard or other part of the vehicle convenient to the driver. The upper end is furnished at the back with a "guide" for leading the butt end of the whip into the socket—a useful arrangement in putting aside the whip when the carriage is in motion. The reins-holder consists of a flat spring and is secured to the side of the socket, with the upper end pressing against the outer surface of the "guide," to enable the reins to slip easily between the spring and socket, where they are detained by the pressure of the former. Here they will remain until the driver, by taking them again in his hand, forces them up through the spring.



Useful Sewing-Machine Shuttle.

Perhaps it is only in accordance with the "eternal fitness of things," that the appliance which we are about to notice is the invention of a lady. The annexed woodcut shows a new kind of shuttle for use in sewing machines, the novel feature of which is that it holds any ordinary reel of thread, and thus avoids the trouble and delay of re-winding the thread on the small reel generally used in such shuttles. The shuttle consists of a hollow cylinder, tapered at one end and fitted with a screw-cap, which receives the spindle upon which the reel is loosely mounted. This spindle extends through the opposite end of the shuttle, and is furnished with washers to keep the reel in its place. The plate that forms the larger end of the shuttle is held in position by a spring. To the upper side of the shuttle is pivoted a bar with a U-shaped slot and eye for receiving the thread and giving it a certain degree of tension, and the shuttle is slotted for the passage of the thread, which goes thence to the slot and eye in the bar, which is retained in working position by a spring catch. To remove the reel and replace it on the spindle, the larger end of the shuttle must be taken out. When necessary, the spindle may be removed by unscrewing the cap on the conical end of the shuttle.



A Useful Dust-pan.

Every housewife probably will approve of the novel dust-pan represented in the accompanying woodcut. As most people know, the task of sweeping a room with brush in one hand and pan in the other is by no means a light business. But the present arduous system is hard labour itself compared with the ease with which a room may be swept by means of the simple and effective device here illustrated. This improved pan enables the sweeper to employ the long broom while holding the pan by her foot. No stooping is needed, and the upright position permits of the free use of the long broom. The pan is of the ordinary size and shape, and owing to the arrangement of the patented appliance, the pressure of the foot causes it to lie closely to the floor, so that the dust always passes on to the pan. It can also be moved readily with the foot to any part of the floor. The engraving so clearly explains the manner of using this improved pan, that further explanation seems to be quite unnecessary.

Bleaching Sponges.

Sponges can be bleached to a very pure white by immersing them, after being thoroughly cleaned of sand and dirt, in a solution of one part of permanganate of potash in 100 parts of water, then washing them in water, squeezing them dry, and afterwards steeping them for fifteen minutes in a solution made by dissolving 8 oz. of hyposulphite of sodium and 1 oz. of oxalic acid in a gallon of water. On being washed clean they will be found to be white.

The Hammer Telephone.

A new receiving telephone has been devised by M. de Locht Labye, of Liége, which is called the "hammer" telepone, from the sound being produced by rapid blows of a small hammer on the sounding-plate.

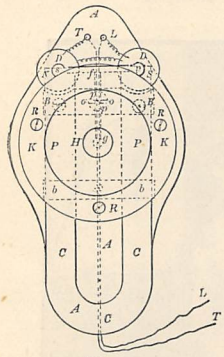


FIG. 1.

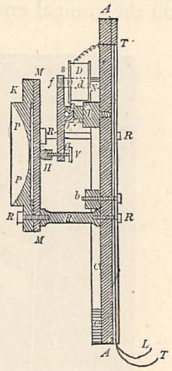


FIG. 2.

Figs. 1, 2, and 3 illustrate the apparatus; Fig. 1 being a front view, Fig. 2 a section through it, and Fig. 3 a general view. To a wooden plate, A, is secured by brass brackets, B B, a powerful horse-shoe magnet, N C S. To each pole is attached a small core of soft iron, *d*, surrounded by the coils, D D, of insulated copper wire. These coils are connected in the circuit of the telephone line by the wires L T. Opposite the cores of the electromagnetic coils D D, which are covered with gold-beater's skin, are the ends of a bar armature, *s n*, kept from actual contact with the cores by the film. This armature is attached by its middle to a bar of brass, *f g*, which swings on the axis *o*, fixed to the post *p*, which is made in one with the bracket B. The lower end of this bar, which is free to oscillate, is traversed by a screw carrying at one end a small hammer, H, which rests against the centre of a thick ebonite disc, M (Fig. 2), screwed to the resonator P, the whole being secured to the base-plate A, by the metal posts R R. By means of the screw V (Fig. 2), at the end of the hammer, the space between the poles of the magnet and the armature is adjusted to give the clearest articulation. The electric current coming in from the line traverses the coils of the electromagnets D D, and attracts the end of the armature *s n*, with a force varying according to the variations of the current — that is, according to the undulations of speech; and the hammer on the other end of the armature beats upon the plate in a corresponding fashion, and excites a sound in the ebonite disc, which is a reproduction of the original speech.

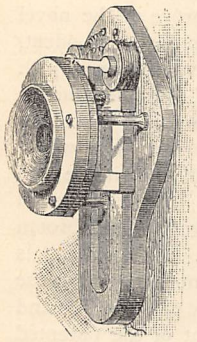


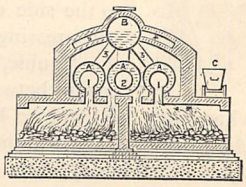
FIG. 3.

A Movable Fence.

In some parts of the country it is often desirable to use fencing that can be quickly erected, removed, or repaired, having regard also to strength and durability. Such a fence can be put up in a simple and inexpensive way. A number of posts set in pairs in Λ form, and connected at top and bottom by brace-bars, are erected in sockets of earthenware tiles. The top rails rest on the brace-bars, the overlapped ends of the rails being "locked" by the overhang of the inner edges of the tops of the posts, thus doing away with special means of adjustment. From the overlapped ends of the rails, stout wires are suspended and bent in upon themselves at regular distances, for the purpose of making "eyes" or supports in which the lower rails are held. The wire hangers are used at each end of the rail, and thereby keep the lower rails separate, saving material, and allowing of the ready removal of any bar. The ends of the lowest rails may be connected by splice-bars or bolts; and the fence may be steadied in high wind by the use of galvanised wires passed round these splice-bars and secured firmly to plates in the ground. The bars may be further supported by metallic or wooden braces running diagonally across the fence.

A Coking Boiler.

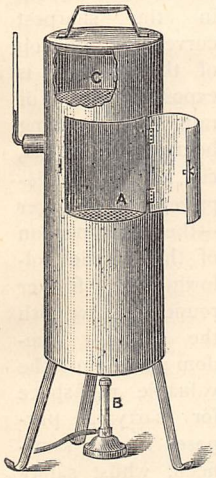
The cost of electric lighting is very considerable owing to the expense of coal for burning in the engines driving the dynamo-electric generators. The new coke boiler of Mr. Courtenay Kingsford, by which coke is made while steam is produced, may however be the means of lowering the cost of electricity for lighting purposes. The figure represents a section through such a boiler, the coke ovens being shown below, and the boilers, A A A, with flame-flues, 1, 2, 1, above. The steam chamber, B, is shown over all. The flames only leave the boiler after passing by the flues, 3, 3, 4, and 5 to the chimney. Coal is fed into the coking fires by the small truck shown at C. All smoke is consumed by the plan in question, and for this reason it is also suitable for electric lighting in towns. Such a boiler 18 feet long by 3 feet in diameter, evaporating 300 gallons of water per hour, will produce 160 tons of coke per month from, say, 266 tons of small coal. That is to say, nearly 9 tons of coal are coked per day of 24 hours.



The Cleansing of Waste-Pipes.

It often happens that the waste-pipe from the kitchen sink or the bath becomes obstructed so much as to prevent water from flowing away rapidly. The accumulation of refuse—rags, paper, scraps of meat and bones, and other things—sometimes stops the pipe altogether. Then the plumber must be called in and expense incurred. A leading American journal describes a simple, cheap, and effectual method of clearing the pipe. Before retiring at night, the servant should pour into the pipe enough *liquid* potash lye of

36° strength to fill the "trap," or bent part of the pipe just below the outlet. About one quart will suffice for a bath or sink. *See that no water is allowed to run in till next morning.* During the night, the lye will transform all the refuse matter into *soft soap*, which will be entirely washed away by the first current of water next morning. The lye should be kept in heavy glass bottles, covered with wicker-work, and be locked up when not in use. It does not act upon metals, and does not therefore "eat" the pipes like strong acid. The gentleman who describes this interesting and useful means of cleansing waste-pipes states that, in an experience of over thirty years, he has never had occasion to make more than two applications of the process in any one case.



A Drying-Stove.

The drying-stove illustrated is the design of M. Thierry, a French chemist. It consists of a metal stove, having two copper gauze grills, A and C, one above the other. The heat necessary to determine the upward current of drying air is set going by the Bunsen burner, B, under the stove. The stuff to be dried is placed on the grills, seen through the sides of the stove. Chemists and others will find this apparatus useful.

Granolithic Conduits for Electric Wires.

The term "granolithic" is applied to an artificial stone invented by Messrs. Berry and Stuart, which is being used for paving purposes, and which is a non-conductor of electricity. It is therefore likely to be useful for making conduits for holding electric wires laid along the streets in cities. These wires may either be bare or insulated, and they are laid in grooves cut in the stone. Electric light or telegraph wires can in this way be laid, as it were in the pavement itself, or at least under it, and they will thus be more easily got at than when laid in iron tubes as they are at present.

Useful Pair of Shears.

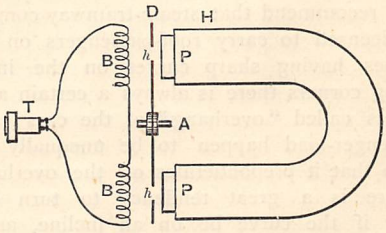
The Americans have a wonderful knack of producing what they call "combination" tools, and one of the latest inventions in this particular line well maintains their reputation for novelty and ingenuity. The tool is intended for cutting wire and tin ribbons, such as are used for fastening boxes which have to carry very heavy goods, and stand much knocking about. It combines a pair of shears, a tack-hammer, a claw for pulling out tacks, and a screw-driver. The shears are provided with bow handles like those of an ordinary pair. One bow is furnished with a little hammer-head, and the other with a claw so placed that the part of the bow just in front of it will supply a fulcrum when the tool is used for tack-drawing. The two cutting edges are made on a line with the pivot, so that a powerful and firm grip may be had for cutting tin or wire. One blade is made short, and the other is longer and tapers towards its extremity into the shape of a screw-driver blade. This is a fair example of the *multum in parvo* class of article with which we are becoming so familiar in this country.

Glass Sewer-Pipes.

The suggestion has been made that considerable sanitary advantages would result from the use of sewer-pipes made of glass. It is possible that the experiment of producing such pipes may have been tried, but we are not aware of it. The probability is that they could not be made at a sufficiently low price to induce builders and others to use them. Apart from this consideration—which is, however, of the utmost importance—there is no doubt that glass sewer-pipes would not only be very durable, but, owing to their smooth hard surface offering no hold for the lodgment of refuse matter, would possess great value from a sanitary point of view.

New Use for Old Quills.

There has been and is, it is known, a growing scarcity of whalebone, owing to the increased wariness of the great marine mammal and other causes. This has, of course, enhanced the cost of the material. Various substitutes have been from time to time employed, such as cane, steel, bones, rubber, horn. The notion, however, has occurred to an ingenious inventor that the quill portions (stalks or stems) of feathers after they have been stripped—as, for example, those of geese, turkeys, chickens, and other "birds"—might be utilised, after certain mechanical "treatment," for the purpose which whalebone commonly serves. These have hitherto had little or no commercial value, and might be turned to account in this way. He contends that they would make a better substitute for whalebone than any yet devised. Not only could this new stiffening material be used for ribs for various articles of dress, but also for some kinds of surgical appliance, for elastic rods (such as whips) and for other purposes. The idea is certainly novel.



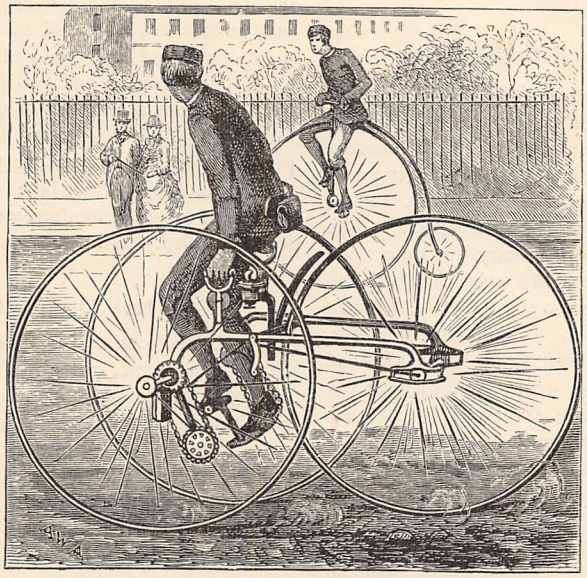
The Magnetophone.

Professor Carhart, of Evanstown, Illinois, has devised a curious apparatus, which is a kind of "magnetic syren." It consists of a powerful horse-shoe magnet (see the figure) having the poles, P P, placed on

one side of a metal disc, D, which is mounted on an axle, A, so that it can be rapidly rotated. On the other side of the disc are placed two bobbins of wire, B B, in circuit with a telephone, T. Holes, *h h*, or V-shaped grooves (it matters not which), are cut in the disc round its rim, and these holes pass in front of the bobbins as the disc revolves. Now the metal disc has the effect of screening the bobbins from the magnetism of the poles, P P, except when the holes pass between. Hence there is an induction of electricity in the bobbins by the magnetism every time a hole passes; and a note is caused in the telephone by the rapid succession of electric pulses set up by induction as the disc rotates. The pitch of this note is proportionate to the speed of the disc.

A Quadrant Tricycle.

The figure illustrates a new tricycle termed the "quadrant," which has three wheels of equal size, so that the weight is equally divided amongst them. This gives the steering or third wheel a better "bite" of the ground, and facilitates the act of steering. The machine is open-fronted and is braked at the axles. The axle of the hind wheel revolves in sliding boxes, operated by a steering-rod.



A QUADRANT TRICYCLE.

A New Mode of Joining Tramcars.

The fatal accidents which have occurred at Birkenhead, Blackburn, Huddersfield, and elsewhere, through the overturning of tramcars, have led the Board of Trade to recommend that steam-tramway companies be not licensed to carry roof-passengers on steep-grade lines having sharp curves on the inclines. In turning corners there is always a certain amount of what is called "overhang" of the cars; and if the passenger-load happen to be unequally distributed, so that it preponderates on the overhanging side, there is a great tendency to turn over—especially if the curve be on an incline, and the car be travelling at a quick rate of speed. To obviate this risk, and also to provide a superior mode of connecting tram-engines with their cars, an invention has been patented by Mr. E. C. Wickes and Colonel Beaumont, R.E., by which the car is divided into two parts—one portion containing the engine and part of the passengers, and the other carrying the remainder, inside and outside, altogether fifty-six persons. The length of the whole is less than 30 feet, or about 5 feet shorter than the space occupied by two horses and car carrying forty-six persons. The car is jointed about the middle, and held by a perch-pin in the floor and roof, which enables the car to move freely in a lateral direction, and to take the sharpest curves with ease, each portion tending to keep the other on the line. The passage between the two is about a foot in length, and could be dispensed with entirely. It is protected from the weather by cylindrical shells moving within each other, in such manner that in the sharpest curves no portion of the passage is exposed to wind or rain. The overhang being, so to speak, cut in two, is deprived of all danger—the latter portion of the vehicle following the former round the curve with the greatest freedom; and thus the valuable roof-space for carrying purposes is not sacrificed, whilst safety from upsetting is practically insured. Where mechanical power is employed, the advantage of this is obvious, as every passenger carried tells in the receipts; and however great the load, there is no "cruelty to animals." The cars are of handsome appearance; and being used with compressed-air engines, nothing is seen of the latter, which occupy about 6 or 7 feet of the front portion of the car, and are of course free from the heat, smoke, steam, or fumes of the ordinary steam-locomotive. The mode of junction is said to be equally applicable to connecting steam-engines with their cars, or for connecting a series of ordinary railway carriages. Cars according to this patent have been constructed for use on one of the suburban tramway lines of the Metropolis, and are shortly expected to be in daily operation.

SONG COMPETITION.

Intending competitors are reminded that, in accordance with the regulations published in our June (1883) *number, February 1st,* 1884, *is the latest date for receiving MSS.*

WITHIN THE CLASP.

A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE JET-HUNTERS.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "The Tenth Earl," "Lady Flavia," "Paul Knox, Pitman," &c.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

IN THE SQUARE CHAMBER.

IN Dutchman's Bay, the work which had been begun some four or five days before went steadily on, thanks to the authority which Obadiah Jedson was able to exercise over the members of his band. There was no necessity, as in some branches of industry, to stimulate laggards by reproaches or threats. The real difficulty was to insure that the labour should not be pressed on without regard to the safety of those who performed it. As it was, men, women, and boys worked feverishly, almost fiercely, overtasking their strength when allowed, and reluctantly giving up the turn of duty to a less weary comrade. The imaginations of the jet-seekers were all aflame, so promising were the signs, and so hopeful appeared to be the enterprise in which they were engaged. "This should be more than a pocket—this be a mine, sure!" was a not infrequent remark among them as they snatched their hasty meals. Now, a "pocket," or deposit of jet, is what the seeker expects, unless singularly unlucky or raw to the trade, to hit upon in the course of each summer campaign. But a mine of the black fossil is now so rare, so much more seldom found than in the earlier years of the eighteenth century, that it may be truly said to exist only in tradition.

No; there are in England, the natural home of jet, no available jet-mines, nothing to match with the amber-mines of Pomerania and other North German provinces: precious properties, that are by no means open to all comers, but which form the best farms on the estate of some needy, haughty Count or Frei Herr of Prussia, who has to provide the portions of the young baronesses or countesses, his daughters, and the army allowances of the young counts or barons, his sons, out of the yellow yield of his carefully husbanded amber-diggings amid the sand-hills of the sea-shore. But if there are now in England no actual mines of jet, there are legends of such mines long ago, and of fortunate jet-hunters who became burgesses and aldermen of their towns, and married mayors' daughters, and lived and died and were buried among the worshipful of the snug old unreformed civic corporations, all on account of the heaps of glistening jet which their spades had won. In such stories there was nothing heroic, nothing sublime, but much that suggested promotion, comfort, gratified vanity, and social success. And here was, possibly, that El Dorado of the jet-seeker, a real mine of the precious black stuff, just about to be brought to light for the emolument of the finders.

How they worked, these roving explorers of the sea-shore! Nothing, with some natures, so braces up the nerves for toil as the notion that the labour, extravagantly hard for the moment though it be, is to do away for ever with the hated necessity of earning daily bread. This it is that makes the diamond-seekers of Kimberley and Dutoit's Pan, under the hot sun of South Africa, work as never men worked before, save under pressure of the slave-driver's cruel lash, outworking even the miners of golden California and auriferous Australia, because each hopes to be the Sinbad who shall win the great prizes in the Valley of Diamonds, and so go home a capitalist, and work no more. In Dutchman's Bay, on a small scale, the same spirit was rife.

The grim, gaunt captain had need of all the prestige that clung to him, to keep his band from proceedings that would have been little short of sheer suicide. But for him the cliff would already have been pierced by half a score of tunnels—narrow, low, and unpropped as to the crumbling roofs—mere graves, into which the eager diggers of them would have crowded recklessly, careless as to whether the accidental removal of a stone might not have brought down the crushing weight of tons of sand to fill the cavity and bury its occupants. As it was, old Obadiah Jedson, aided by Don, had contrived to restrict the excavation to three parallel galleries of reasonable height, and the roofs of which were made comparatively secure by ashen props, and, at intervals, by stout wooden lintels spanning the passages. There was also a square chamber, or central hall, towards which the galleries converged, and which was of use as helping to keep up a supply of air, communicating as it did by a comparatively short corridor with the adit, or outer entrance of the mine.

Rufus Crouch had returned to Woodburn, and had readily been received as a partner in the enterprise, as had also six or seven other absent jet-hunters, who had come hurrying back from the north at the first tidings of the good fortune of their comrades. And, after some demur, sundry volunteers, who were not regular or occasional members of the jet-seekers' company, had been permitted to become sharers in the work in hand and in the ultimate profits. Full-grown men of good character, and whose hardened muscles might be counted on to endure the strain, were alone accepted by Captain Jedson, who was inexorable in rejecting the offers of the eager-eyed

striplings and girls who had hastened to the mouth of the mine. "No, no," the old man would say kindly, but in a tone that brooked no remonstrance; "this is a job for the strong to win through. Boys and lassies are best out of it." And, indeed, the younger and feebler of the jet-seekers were often seen to crawl, gasping, and with white faces and haggard eyes, out into the free air, utterly overcome by the heat, the vitiated atmosphere, and the toil in a contracted space, where to stand upright was impossible

In the evening of the fifth day since the commencement of the mining operations, the rector and his family strolled along the beach to Dutchman's Bay, accompanied by Sir Richard Mortmain. The accomplished baronet had by this time succeeded in establishing something almost like intimacy between himself and the inmates of Woodburn Parsonage. Mr. Langton had been prompt in returning the visit of the son of his former patron, and Sir Richard had willingly accepted his invitation to partake of tea and strawberries on that balmy summer's evening which witnessed the expedition to the jet-mine.

"I don't feel in the least alarmed," the baronet had said laughingly, as they rambled along the shore towards Dutchman's Bay, in answer to Mrs. Langton's mention of the excessive heat of the cave. "It is difficult to believe that anything can more accurately reproduce the Black Hole of Calcutta than some London drawing-rooms in the height of the season; and as for a possible avalanche of earth and stones—well, the very suddenness of such a catastrophe would leave no time for fear. And I really am very much interested in these remarkable parishioners of yours, Mr. Langton. I know nothing about jet, except that I have seen brooches and shirt-studs of it in jewellers' windows, so that the whole thing is delightfully new to me."

"I can scarcely claim the jet-hunters' company as members of my flock," answered Mr. Langton. "Their captain, old Obadiah Jedson, with whom I have the privilege of being acquainted, and who has a house at the lower end of Beckdale, is indeed a sort of parishioner of mine, although he goes to church and chapel quite impartially, and holds, as I fancy, wild and mystical ideas on matters of religion. Yes, Obadiah is a very worthy man; nor do I know any harm, but rather good, of those who compose his gang. His young lieutenant, Don—whose name, Sir Richard, I think I have mentioned to you before—is an especial favourite with me and with all of us. I wonder, if you see him to-night, how he will impress you."

"Favourably, I feel convinced," smoothly returned Sir Richard. "I never did see a village genius myself, but I can imagine that this swan of yours is a genuine cygnet, and no bird of meaner plumage. But we have arrived, I conclude, for yonder is the hole in the cliff, with rubbish-mounds all around it, and people swarming near like ants about an ant-hill. Very ant-like, too, are these basket-bearers whom I see coming out, each with his load. And what is that which twinkles and glows through the darkness, like a red star?"

It was Violet Mowbray to whom the question was addressed, and she made answer shyly. "It's a torch, I think, which is kept always burning in the square chamber, as they call it, of the mine. We saw it yesterday."

At the very mouth of the mine the party of visitors encountered a miner coming out, who shaded his eyes with his broad hand, and peered out into the twilight. A red-bearded man this, brawny of limb and awkward of gait, and whose hairy face was dark with heat and toil. "Where are those ash plants?" he called out, in a hoarse, imperative voice. "Not come eh? The lazy hound that sold them promised to cart them here before sundown; and if I were captain——" Here his restless eyes lit on Sir Richard Mortmain's impassive face, and with a growl like that of a bear disturbed in his lair, he made a half-sheepish, half-sullen attempt at a salute, and shambled away. Nothing in the baronet's attitude or demeanour would have told that he had ever seen Rufus Crouch before.

The square chamber once reached, Sir Richard was compelled to admit that even the atmosphere of the most crowded London assembly was less trying than that of this, the central hall, without which the narrow passages could not have been tenable for more than a few minutes at a time. Here, by the gleam of the blazing torches, they were shown the jet that had been already won—how few and poor did the few handfuls of black lumps and chips, lying at the bottom of a small box of common deal, appear in comparison with the almost frantic toil that was going on! Obadiah Jedson, his lofty head almost touching the irregular roof of the cavern, and grimly picturesque of garb and mien, received his visitors with solemn politeness as he stood there, torch in hand. "You are right, sir," he said, in answer to Mr. Langton; "it is as hot even here as I have ever known it in Brazil. But this is cool, to the galleries. Yet they bear it with wonderful courage and endurance, our mates, and never leave their labour, as you see, till they are absolutely compelled to breathe the purer air." And at this moment, from the middle passage, there emerged the figure of a young miner, feebly dragging himself along on hands and knees, and who sank fainting on the floor the instant that the more spacious chamber was reached.

"It's young Joe Nixon!" exclaimed old Captain Obadiah, as he strode across the vaulted chamber, and lifted the tall stripling in his mighty arms, as a grown man might lift a child. "Poor Joe! he's about the last of our young ones to stand the murdering heat of the galleries. First the boys broke down, then the girls, smothered with the foul air. Joe alone held out. It's grown and seasoned men, not lathy lads, should face yonder heavy heat and killing air."

"Poor fellow!" "Poor boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Langton and Violet Mowbray anxiously, as they saw the tall young jet-seeker, with his death-like pallor, and dim half-open eyes, laid upon the floor, and propped against the wall, while Obadiah, kneeling beside him, supported his heavy head. The rector, too, looked anxious, while Sir Richard Mortmain contemplated

the unfortunate digger as he might have done a big fish just drawn to land. There was a bottle at hand, and a gulp or two of the cordial it contained enabled Joe to stammer out, "I'm right, thank ye, captain; I feel better now. But Irish Larry is pretty nigh gone, and Mr. Don and old Master Peterson are getting him along." And, a minute later, the grey-haired veteran, Mark Peterson, appeared, staggering under his share of the weight of his helpless burthen. Very ghastly, inert, and unconscious did the stalwart young Irishman seem as he was thus borne forth, utterly overcome by the vitiated air of the mine. "Dr. Conkling is outside," said somebody; "better let the doctor look to the poor chap at once." And strong arms were not lacking to relieve those of his present bearers, and to carry forth the insensible form of Irish Larry to the free air of heaven and the presence of the doctor.

"This is my young friend Don—Mr. Don they style him, usually," explained the rector, coming forward—"of whom, Sir Richard, you have heard me speak. This gentleman, Don, is Sir Richard Mortmain, a neighbour of ours now." Don, flushed and breathless, took off the sailor's cap that rested on his silken curls, and, somehow, Sir Richard Mortmain felt himself constrained to lift his own hat with as much of grave politeness as if he had just been introduced on the Pall Mall pavement to a social equal. "How came the cub to be a gentleman?" muttered the worldly baronet behind his dark moustache. A strange contrast, as seen by the ruddy light of the glaring torch, those two presented: the hackneyed man of the world, with his darkling eyes and pallid face, handsome, spacious, sneering when it was not to his advantage to keep up a character for good nature—and that noble youth, so full of fire and energy and frankness, who now confronted him. There was not a tinge of awkwardness in Don's bearing, and yet nothing could be more simple or more modest than his air as he turned to acknowledge the greeting of Mrs. Langton and her ward, and the more hearty recognition of the young folks from the Parsonage.

"I have heard a great deal of you, Mr. Don, since I have been in these parts," smilingly remarked the baronet.

"More, I fear, than I merit, Sir Richard, if your information comes from my kind friend Mr. Langton here," answered the young man; and there was something in the ring of his deep rich voice that made the master of Mortmain feel, for the second time, as if he were face to face with his equal. Sir Richard, as usual, was fashionably attired, while Don wore the red serge shirt and coarse clothes of a jet-hunter, yet, somehow, the London dandy forgot that the handsome lad before him was not as carefully dressed as himself. Not much more was said, and, indeed, the heat would of itself have been reason enough for curtailing the visitors' stay in the square chamber of the mine. After a good-natured word or two from the rector and his wife, they went; but long afterwards the torches continued to blaze, and the work went on, relays of fresh toilers replacing those who reeled away exhausted, until at last, deep in the night, there was an end of labour, and the smouldering bivouac fire of wreck-wood burned itself out to the last ember, and all was darkness and sleep.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

AT THORSDALE PARK.

"BUT, Algernon——"

"I will have it so; or else I shall have to obey the commonest rules of prudence: to think exclusively of my own health, and to act accordingly. Of course you can forward my wishes, or thwart them, as you please. I have not lived so long in the world without being keenly alive to the amount—the sickening amount—of heartless selfishness that prevails. I have no right, of course, also, to expect to find an exception in your ladyship's case. But——"

"Algernon, dear Algernon——"

"But I have the right, and shall enforce it, to demand consideration not merely for the wishes, but for the welfare, of an ailing and suffering—perhaps dying—husband. I shall make arrangements for a protracted stay at Davos or at St. Moritz, unless you choose to exert yourself, as duty dictates. My health has brought me to Yorkshire, as, before long, it may probably take me to the Upper Engadine or elsewhere—I hear good reports of the Rocky Mountains, and of wonderful cures effected among log-cabins high up in Colorado—but, if I consent to stay here, I must protest against being moped to death."

This last speech, emphatically enunciated from amidst the downy pillows and wadded wraps of his gouty chair by the Right Honourable the Earl of Thorsdale, did strike his perturbed countess as being supremely unjust and vexatiously provoking. Lady Thorsdale, however, could not afford to be provoked. Her lord was in very truth a lord to her. He was a masterful invalid—*a malade imaginaire*, some said—but at any rate he believed in himself, and in the ailments of which he complained so querulously.

Lord Thorsdale was in many respects a remarkable man. He was among clever men a great noble, and among great nobles a clever man. Once he had sat in the House of Commons, and it was his custom to deplore that he had come to his earldom so early as to cut himself off from the power and popularity that accrue only to statesmen who have won their spurs in the stormy arena of the lower branch of the Legislature. As a peer, he had found no scope for his fretful activity. He had made speeches which the contemptuous newspapers only deigned to report in a compressed form. He had moved resolutions which came to nothing, and resisted compromises which had to be carried into effect. When his party came into power, his party did nothing for him that he considered adequate to his merits. He had been Lord President of the Hanapers, and he had been Chancellor of the Green Wax. But the eye of the nation does not rest continuously on the doings of these exalted but not prominent officials, and Lord Thorsdale had thrown over his administrative functions in disgust. Then he

had quarrelled with his party, and had written pamphlets and magazine articles that were skimmed over because the writer was an earl, but which amused more than they annoyed.

Then Lord Thorsdale tried to be a celebrity as a racing-yacht owner, famous for the challenge cups he won, and an entertainer renowned among the few London dispensers of bachelor hospitality. But his temper was too irritable, and his insight into the minds and motives of others too intuitive and too feminine, to permit him to attain eminence in any of these paths to Fame's temple. His matches yielded only average results, his yacht was seldom too far astern of the winner, and the men who hunted with his hounds were as manageable as most men. Yet the earl quarrelled with his boat-builder and his yacht's crew, discarded the skipper, and left off inviting the friends who accepted his expensive hospitality. Then he married, then he travelled, then he became scientific, eclectic, almost revolutionary, and ended by becoming a vehement valetudinarian.

Lord Thorsdale rode his present hobby very hard. His wife, Constance, had been a daughter of the late Sir Richard Mortmain, and was a sister of the reigning Sir Richard. She had a hard time of it. She was handsome—most of the Mortmains had been handsome—and frivolous, and had still some pretensions to take rank as a professional beauty in London drawing-rooms. Nor was she unfit to hold her own, had she but had an ordinary husband to deal with. But she was quite incompetent to resist the energetic will of her earl, who carried all before him by dint of a fluent discourse, a resolute selfishness, and the magician's wand that ready money supplies. Only last June he had hurried his wife off to the Engadine for two months' residence among the snow-showers, cow-sheds, and general discomforts of that enchanting region, leaving little Lord Thirsk and little Lady Flora at home. The year before he had chosen to waft the entire family in his steam-yacht the *Hecla*, first to Iceland, and later to the glacial coast of Greenland itself; and what the countess had endured from midges, the glare of the Arctic summer sun, solitude, and the terror of the Arctic icebergs and ice-floes, even her lady correspondents only partially knew. Now, at the end of June, this impetuous earl had abruptly rushed down to Thorsdale, declaring that no place was worse than London for his tormenting gout; and, once in Yorkshire, had proclaimed that it was designed to kill him by mental depression and physical isolation, because the big, lonely mansion did not swarm with visitors.

"But if you *will* leave London so early, you can't—indeed you can't—bring London along with you," pleaded the countess, half crying as she spoke.

"I don't know that!" snapped the earl from among his cushions. "There are people to be had always who are sick of the worry and racket of that precious season which to you seems like Mecca to the Moslem. And there are people, and sometimes the pleasantest, who are only too glad not to live at their own expense. But I do not care to argue. In my state of health I must consider myself, shamefully neglected as I am. Either this place must be enlivened—and you used to like that sort of thing—or else the sooner I send for Schültz the courier, and pack up for the Engadine, the better."

"But, dear Algernon, you know Sir Joseph said—" began her ladyship, attempting to turn the flank of her overbearing opponent. But the earl interrupted her—

"Don't, I beg of you, quote old Doublefee and his utterances. I have no doubt that Sir Joseph said—anything that an oily-tongued old humbug, who began by feeling King George's pulse, I believe, and has netted more guineas than would pave Regent Street, found it expedient to say. I think I made a mistake about Yorkshire. Thorsdale used to agree with me, but now I am almost as ill as in Belgrave Square. Perhaps I had better get Sharp to write for Schültz the courier at once."

Now, if the countess did hate and dread one human being more than another, it was Schültz the courier. To summon that Teutonic sprite of travel, the idea of whom was inseparably mixed up with wearisome journeys, crowded hotels, and the cramped accommodation of mountain health-resorts, was almost too terrible. So Lady Thorsdale promised to do her best to gratify her earl, and to surround him in Yorkshire with the society from which he had fled when he abandoned London. Something, no doubt, must be done.

But although it was clear that something must be done, Lady Thorsdale, when she retreated to the feminine stronghold of her own special morning-room—"My Lady's Blue-room" it was called by the starched housekeeper and prize housemaids at Thorsdale—was puzzled. She was, as most women of the world are, a deft and untiring correspondent, a sort of constant letter-writer, and she instinctively seated herself before her *bijou* writing-table, with its load of elegant stationery. Then she began to think. It was high season in mighty, roaring London, and it is, or was, high treason against Her Imperious Majesty Queen Fashion to be absent from the mass of metropolitan worshippers who crowd around the central shrine. But then, these are restless days, and people, even of bluest blood and of fortune stupendous, do such odd things—even running out of town for weeks and fortnights, and making society irregular and uncertain. And then, so very many other people, with or without the blue blood, but unquestionably without the stupendous fortune, found it desperately difficult to make both ends meet at the end of the year. She got out a little book, carefully tabulated, and began to look over the names that it contained. There were neat compartments in each page, wherein, as in the black-book of some foreign prefect of police, were set down briefly the antecedents of the persons mentioned. Some of the countess's friends would have felt uncomfortable or indignant had they been able to peep over her shoulder, as she read the annotations in their particular case.

"Ah, well! I think I can manage it," said Lady Thorsdale to herself; and then she began to write.

Her pen flew fast across the perfumed and coroneted paper. Her ready invention and her practised skill stood her in good stead, and so did her retentive memory, though, to be sure, she refreshed the latter by sundry consultations of the little ledger before her. "'I hear your darling Georgy'—Gertrude—what is the brat's name?—'has grown even handsomer than when I saw her at Cowes.'

"'How proud you must have been at the success of your son, that clever Mr. Edward, in the final examination!' Yes, the insupportable young wretch *is* Edward, though I read it Edmund at the first."

These, and similar soliloquies, as she addressed her "Dear Floras" and "Dearest Mrs. Somebodies," may be thought to indicate that the countess was slightly insincere. So she was, to some extent, but not more hollow in her pretences of affectionate interest than are many other women of the world—her world. She chose her hunting-grounds well, selecting needy people, eccentric people—people who had, as she well knew, sustained some social defeat, and would be glad of a decent excuse for hiding their discomfiture by a decorous retreat; and, lastly, people who had not this year ventured on the expense of a London pilgrimage at all, but were vegetating in the country, or in some half-empty watering-place. And to each and all she

"THEY WERE SHOWN THE JET WHICH HAD BEEN ALREADY WON" (*p.* 130).

was clever enough to offer some attraction. She was expecting, so she said, very brilliant guests, and very diverting guests, and guests whose rank was exalted, all of whose names she mentioned, but with such artless art that she did not stand committed to any assertion that could not easily be explained away. And she generally contrived to insinuate that the distinguished persons who were coming were "dying to know" the probably less distinguished persons whom she was now desirous of sweeping into her net, and of tempting to Thorsdale Park. Altogether, it must be owned that she baited her mouse-trap very well.

Presently, when the pretty perfumed notes lay strewed in heaps upon the ivory table, the countess conceived a bright idea. She had heard, through the tattle of servants—for there was little of fraternal intercourse kept up between herself and the baronet—that Sir Richard Mortmain was at Helston, hard by, and that he seemed disposed to stay there. Now, Lady Thorsdale was not on very intimate terms with her brother. There had been some unpleasantness in their father's lifetime about the marriage portion of the countess expectant. Richard's signature was required for the raising of the necessary sum, and Richard would sign nothing without being handsomely paid for it. And then his dubious repute, and the queer things that were whispered concerning him and his associates, had caused a coldness to exist between the present master of Mortmain and his sister ennobled. Now, however, she bethought her of her brother, of his tact, of his social resources, and of what she had seen him do when he chose to make himself agreeable. So she penned him the sweetest of little sisterly notes, congratulating herself on having him as a neighbour, warmly inviting him to Thorsdale, and entreating him to be charitable enough to do his best to brighten up the old house, and aid to enliven poor dear Algernon in the blues. And she signed herself his "ever affectionate sister, Constance Thorsdale," and sent off the letter by a mounted groom.

Sir Richard Mortmain, when he read his sister's charming little epistle, smiled as Mephistopheles or Talleyrand might have done. "Conny wants something!" he remarked grimly; "so do I. This will help me with the Woodburn Parsonage people better than she dreams of."

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

A LONELY RIDE.

"IT was a pity, too!" said the rector, genuine sympathy in his voice. "A pity, Don, my poor fellow! All your work, all your peril, for nothing! I never arraign the Fates, but it does seem to me as if, in your case, destiny had been a little over-hard with you jet-hunters."

"That, dear Mr. Langton," replied Don cheerfully, "is too classical, too pagan a standpoint, as my foster-father, Captain Jedson, would say, from which to regard our late mishap. I, for one, find no fault with fickle fortune because our grand jet-mine at Dutchman's Bay has collapsed. Brittle, friable sandstone will break up, and props give way, and a gradual landslip demolish what a sudden landslip first suggested. Anyhow, we have come out of it, if not much enriched, at any rate without serious accident to life or limb."

"And that, Mr. Don, is chiefly due to your courage, and your unselfish readiness to face any risk and undertake any labour for your comrades' sake," interrupted Mrs. Langton warmly. "But for you, there would have been fresh-dug graves in Woodburn Churchyard, and widows and orphans weeping for the loss of the bread-winner. I hear that Captain Obadiah Jedson gives the whole praise to you, and old Lieutenant Firebrace, of the Coastguard, says you are the sort of stuff of which Nelson's officers were made; and that, from him, who fought, as you know, at Navarino, and despises modern men and ways, is no light compliment."

"Yes, Mr. Don, we heard of what you did, and trembled for you, I am sure, before you had got clear of that dreadful underground place, with the two poor fellows who were trapped there when the roof gave way," exclaimed Violet Mowbray, with a sort of shy enthusiasm that brought tears to her eyes, and caused the mantling blood to rise to her soft cheek. "And we were all so glad to hear that no harm came of it."

"Harm seldom comes, Miss Mowbray, I believe, from merely doing one's duty," answered Don gravely. He was always serious, and almost bashful in manner, when he spoke to Violet, although his heart throbbed wildly as his ear drank in the welcome words of praise that fell from her lips. "At any rate," he added, "there is an end of jet-hunting for the moment; so, Mr. Langton, I have ventured up here, with my books, to crave a lesson, if you can kindly spare me the time for one, and are at leisure."

"Of leisure, Don, my boy, I have only too much," replied the clergyman genially; "and it is a pleasure to me to resume my old task of tuition with a pupil whom not even hero-worship can spoil. So, if you like, we will adjourn to my study."

It is strange by what invisible links our fortunes are bound to those of one another. At first sight, it might have appeared as if no proceedings on the part of Sir Richard Mortmain, of Mortmain Park, could conceivably influence the future weal or woe of so comparatively humble a person as Obadiah's adopted son, and the rector's favourite pupil. So, at all events, it would have seemed to the baronet himself, as, on his black horse, but unattended by a groom, he rode slowly along, deep in thought, while, amidst the well-stored book-shelves at Woodburn Parsonage, Don and Mr. Langton were busy with the lore of a bygone day. Sir Richard, it has been mentioned, was absorbed in thought, as, with slackened reins and downcast eyes, he rode on, so that when a carriage, coming along at a brisk pace between the high banks that lined the road, suddenly overtook him, he did not hear or heed the sound of wheels, and was only apprised of their approach when his horse violently started and swerved, in a manner that would have unseated many a careless rider. Sir Richard, however, was too prac-

tised a horseman to be easily discomposed, so that he merely gathered up his loosened reins, and, recognising the occupants of the barouche, took off his hat with a smile of amiable insincerity. "So glad!" he said, riding close up to the open carriage, the liveried driver of which had now pulled up his horses at a word from his noble mistress. The equipage, indeed, was that of the Countess of Thorsdale, and beside her ladyship lounged, wrapped in plaids and shawls, the listless form of the earl himself. "I did not hear your wheels, Constance, until you overtook me," explained the baronet; "our Yorkshire roads are solitary hereabouts. Well, Thorsdale, this fine day has tempted you out early, I see."

"The more fool I!" peevishly retorted Sir Richard's noble brother-in-law. "This treacherous climate is worse, absolutely worse, than that of the Riviera itself, with its dust and its marrow-piercing mistral. I feel there is rain coming on—humidity in the atmosphere—and it racks my gout and unstrings my nerves. What my health requires is an equable temperature. I have told Sharpe, my secretary, to write for details as to two places, one in the Carpathians, the other in the Rocky Mountains, of which I have heard good accounts."

The countess made haste to express her wifely hopes that her ailing lord might yet be reconciled to Yorkshire and England, and to paint a rose-coloured picture of the forthcoming gaieties at Thorsdale Park. "You, Richard, have hitherto been a sad truant," she said, playfully shaking a gloved forefinger at her brother. "We have been here a week in our exile, and have seen you but once at Thorsdale. I must insist now that you come home with us, and stay to luncheon."

"I'm sure it would be a charity on your part," chimed in his lordship, more graciously than usual.

Lord Thorsdale's very graciousness was somewhat graceless, as that of a profoundly selfish man is apt to be. He did not care a straw for Sir Richard Mortmain, and despised his character, but he would have been glad, in his self-seeking way, to have the man over to Thorsdale to amuse him; and he hardly cared that in expressing a desire for his brother-in-law's company he was proclaiming his indifference for the society of his wife.

"So you see, my dear Richard, that you have fallen into our hands, and that we will take no denial," said the countess, with her prettiest manner, and with her falsest smile.

"Awfully kind of both of you; but, unfortunately, I have an appointment with a friend," rejoined Sir Richard, almost drily. "Before long, depend upon it, I shall look you up at Thorsdale, and so often, that you will vote me a bore. But to-day my time is not my own." There was a brief leave-taking, and the carriage rolled off.

"How very odd Richard was to-day!" exclaimed the countess, feminine vexation at being baulked of a wish predominating over her habitual desire to make, ostensibly, the best of her brother. "And where could he be going to in this desolate region? He really did seem as if he were ashamed of himself."

"You are always talking nonsense, my dear, and always making mountains out of molehills!" growled the earl, as he shifted uneasily among his downy cushions. Meanwhile, Sir Richard, turning his head to ascertain by ocular evidence that the barouche, with its liveried servants and high-stepping greys, was out of sight, wheeled his own horse, rode back for a short distance, and then struck into a cart-track that branched off from the macadamised road, and led into the wild and lonely moorland. "Let me see," he murmured, pulling out of the breast-pocket of his coat a scratch-map, roughly pencilled, such as hunting men often carry. "Yes, this *must* be the way; and presently some shepherd will be at hand to direct me."

A ride, even on a fine day, into the bleak North Yorkshire moorland is not over-tempting to a London Sybarite, such as was Sir Richard Mortmain. Not even in Scotland are the wastes more bare, the bogs more treacherous, the tall heather ranker, or the bridle-paths more stony. The district into which the baronet had now plunged was one of those stern and savage fells where break-neck ravines alternate with rugged stretches of red-brown table-land, watered here and there by tiny runlets of trickling water, and seamed by emerald-green patches of alluring turf, the shallowest of which is a quagmire, in which a horse would sink to his saddle-flaps. Sir Richard, when a boy, may have crossed such moors in pursuit of grouse or hares, but it is one thing to trudge hopefully forward on the untiring feet of youth, and under the guidance of a veteran gamekeeper, and another to pick out the difficult path for one's self by the aid of a hastily scrawled scratch-map, and such scraps of information as could be elicited from herd-lads and from the white-coated shepherds whose flocks were passed at rare intervals among the fallows, or where a stretch of pasture-land lay like an oasis in the desert. The friend with whom, as the veracious baronet had informed his titled sister, he had an appointment certainly did live in a dreary and inaccessible part of the country, and it was not for a considerable time that Sir Richard could congratulate himself on drawing near to his destination.

"Robinson Crusoe's house ye mean, measter? Yes, yes—red-headed jet-hunter chap—we calls him Robinson!" bawled a lad from behind a loose stone wall, as he leaned upon his spade.

"You call him Robinson, my boy, I suppose, because he lives all alone?" suggested the baronet, reining in his horse.

"Yes; and a main queer customer he is, from foreign parts," replied the boy. "Anyhow, yon he lives, down in hollow there. You're sure to hear the barking of his dogs, once they nose ye!"

For a moment the baronet lingered. The stony hillsides looked singularly barren and grim; the hollow between precipitous banks, towards which the lad had pointed with a grimy finger, anything but a cheerful resort. Nor was what he knew and what he heard respecting the recluse for whom he was inquiring of a remarkably reassuring nature. But the boy, uninquisitive as becomes a rustic, had returned to his digging amongst the potato-beds, and was whistling shrilly as he delved, so that Sir Richard was ashamed to question

him further. He, therefore, rode on. The bridle-track which led down into the darkling hollow was a steep one, while here and there a bank of yellow-flowered broom, or some great stone that had slipped down from the hillside, seemed to bar the path. Above, the hawks wheeled, soaring, and now and again there was a rustling amidst the tall bracken fern, as if a startled hare had brushed by, but of human habitation there was for some time no sign. A wilder or more desolate spot than that secluded hollow could not readily be found, and Sir Richard, as he carefully descended the steep and rugged path, began to doubt whether his latest informant had not wilfully deceived him, when at last the deep, hoarse barking of a dog reached his ears. Almost instantly the warning note was taken up by another canine voice, and yet another, as though Cerberus, with his triple head and savage bay, were aroused to guard the shadowy frontiers of Pluto's sable realm. Guided partly by the fierce barking of the dogs, Sir Richard pressed on, and came in sight of a mean hovel, compard with which the wigwam of a Pawnee or the kraal of a Zulu are types of symmetrical architecture. Low, long, and irregularly built, this hideous structure was roofed with boards, bushes, and turf, and the walls consisted chiefly of unhewn boulders of stone, between which the interstices were coarsely

"'I DID NOT HEAR YOUR WHEELS TILL YOU OVERTOOK ME'" (*p.* 135.)

plastered, here with clay, there with mud; while the glassless windows were extremely small, and the apology for a chimney, of ill-executed brick-work, rose but some eighteen inches above the rough roof, overgrown with moss and house-leek. There had been some attempt at enclosing and laying out a garden, but the idea had been apparently given up, for the fence was broken and the wicket-gate ajar, so that the few disconsolate vegetables which occupied the neglected beds were at the mercy of stray cattle or of the moorland hares.

Chained to the walls of the hut, and sheltered either by a fragment of shattered wood-work or by some mat or morsel of frowsy tarpaulin propped by a rickety pole, were no less than four lean, fierce dogs, all barking furiously in chorus, and striving to get free, as if to tear the intruder on their domain. A wreath or two of blue wood-smoke rising above the low chimney seemed to give token that the proprietor of this delectable villa residence was to be found at home. For awhile Sir Richard hesitated, but then, rallying his courage, he rode nearer to the hut, and, dismounting, passed his horse's bridle over the blackened stump of a sturdy old willow-tree that stood hard by. As he approached the door, the two dogs that were tethered nearest sprang savagely towards him, straining their chains, and half choking themselves in the effort to reach him with their glistening fangs. With the butt end of his riding-whip he knocked at the door.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

IN THE HUT.

NO immediate answer came to the knocking at the crazy door, itself as remarkable a specimen of amateur carpentry, green-painted planks alternating with blue, as could readily be found within the compass of broad Britain. The only immediate effect of the tapping with the butt end of the baronet's gold-mounted whip was to add a stimulus to the savage barking of the four excited dogs, the two nearest of which, dancing on their hind-legs as they tugged at collar and chain, gnashed their sharp teeth in impotent fury. But after a time the heavy footfall of a man was heard from inside the barrier, and a rough, deep voice exclaimed, "Jet-hunter's jark,* my chap?"

Sir Richard, perplexed and impatient, returned no verbal answer, but tapped again with his whip.

"If you haven't got the jark, then, I don't care to listen to your patter, so sheer off, if you value a whole skin, my man—tramp, yokel, or pedlar, whatever you be—for if you bother me more, I'll loose the dogs upon ye. If they leave flesh on your bones, you're luckier than most."

"Why, Crouch!" exclaimed the bewildered baronet.

Apparently the ferocious inmate of the hovel recognised the voice of his visitor, for the grating sound of rusty bolts was heard, and then the rasping of the reluctant hinges, as the ill-made door was partially opened, and the uncouth figure of Rufus Crouch, with his shaggy red beard and scowling face, appeared in the doorway.

"So it's you, is it, Sir R. Mortmain, Baronet?" gruffly demanded the hermit of this singular hermitage, eyeing his guest with a sullen stare.

"And a queer reception, to say the least of it, I have met with," replied Sir Richard, trying to laugh and to look unconcerned. "Do you set your dogs upon everybody who comes your way, I wonder?"

"They'd soon have the life out of a Christian, they would," responded Crouch, licking his lips the while, as if he had himself been one of the savage mastiffs that snarled and bayed around. "Nothing, to make a dog really a tearer, like keeping him always on the chain, with short commons, except when horseflesh is cheap, and then spice him well with that. But you didn't come here, Sir R., to have a chat about my dogs, did you?"

"Why, no," answered the baronet. "What I did want was a few minutes' conversation on business. I had trouble enough to find you. Your present place of residence lies hidden from the world, friend Rufus, like the abodes of those old anchorites who——"

"I don't know anything about anchorites, nor yet anchor-smiths," rudely responded Rufus, whose bulky form still blocked up the doorway, and who did not seem to be entirely sober. "A man lives where a man can get to live. In this rotten old country, it seems even a scrap of the worst soil ever a goat starved on belongs to somebody or other. I've got a landlord, it seems. I chose the spot partly because I thought it was a No-man's land that might be had for the taking, and partly because it reminded me of Eaglehawk Rush, a digging out in Gippsland there. Lord Thorsdale's bailiff wanted me to pay rent, or else clear out—called me a trespasser and a poaching vagabond—and the thing ended in a fight, and he swore he'd have the law of me. But Master Bailiff, it seems, was a bruiser, and vain of his reputation in these parts, and he was that much ashamed of the broken head and black eyes I gave him, that he never made his complaint to the magistrates in Petty Sessions, never set the police on me, nor even earwigged the land steward, but just let me be, after his licking. And now, what brings you to my poor place, Sir R.?"

The fellow, in his boastfulness, had actually talked himself into something like a good temper, and when Sir Richard, who was quick to note and profit by the change in his mood, cheerily made answer, "Only to have a talk, old companion, about the business which brought you to visit me in London, and myself to Yorkshire——"

Rufus in his turn rejoined, "All right and tight—Hold your noise, you brutes! leave off that noise, I say!" And there was something of menace in his voice that made the fierce bandogs without cower and shrink, as their hoarse bark sank into a muttering growl. "Walk in, Sir R.; you are free of the hut."

As he spoke, Rufus withdrew his burly form a little, so as to permit the new-comer to pass in. With some slight hesitation, the baronet stepped across that ill-omened threshold. Then Rufus Crouch, first firing off

* Pass-word.

a volley of oaths at the dogs, which had re-commenced their barking as they observed the stranger's advance, re-closed the door and bolted it. The grating of the rusty bolts sounded anything but agreeable in the baronet's ears. However, he was now within the ogre's castle, and had to make the best of it. He glanced about him, and by the dim light that filtered through the small windows he beheld such a scene of squalid confusion as hitherto he had never dreamed of. A hut need not be an untidy or even comfortless abode. Sailors and soldiers have often to live in huts, and find that orderly habits and a little ingenuity make their narrow dwellings fairly endurable. Robinson Crusoe's habitation on his desolate island has been the envy and admiration of adventurous-minded schoolboys from Defoe's days to our own. But here was no order, here was no neatness. All sorts of objects—kegs, boxes, jars, tools, clothes—were littered about. A tin can of petroleum stood beside a basket of potatoes, and in the curling wood-smoke of the smouldering fire dangled by hook and chain a side of bacon, while from the rough rafters swung onions, salted herrings, and cabbages in unsavoury proximity. There were shelves and there were lockers, but the latter were half open, and the former were lumbered with incongruous articles. Above the rude fireplace hung a gun and an axe. The rugged and broken table bore, amongst other things, a loaf of bread, a knife and fork, a greasy plate, some scraps of pork, a huge stoneware bottle, and a glass, still half full of spirits and water. In a darkling corner of the den was to be distinguished a sort of bed, with straw mattress and patchwork quilt. The fastidious lord of Mortmain could scarcely repress a shudder at what he saw.

"Nice little crib—tidy little box, eh, Sir R.?" asked the ruffianly master of the hovel, jealously eyeing his visitor, as if to note the signs of disgust that his more refined associate found it so hard to repress. "Not quite up to the mark of your swell house in Hyde Park, though, and not good enough for a watcher or a pig-feeder on your Mortmain property. Yet it's what I've come to. No one knows what he may come to, Sir R. Mortmain, Baronet—does he now? Who can tell what might happen to yourself? The cells at Millbank and Portland are trim and kept well white-washed, to be sure, and the beds are of good cocoa-nut fibre, and the gruel, and the soup, and the bread, and the eight ounces of meat free from bone——but you look quite pale, Sir R. Not ill, I hope?"

There was a malignity in the man's manner that was intentionally offensive. Sir Richard, ghastly pale, and conscious of his pallor, answered by a hollow laugh, as he tapped his polished boots with the lash of his riding-whip.

"I do wish, Crouch, that your vivid imagination expended itself upon pleasanter themes," he said; "and, after all, why not? Here I am in Yorkshire, after a fashion by your invitation, and, as I hoped, for our mutual benefit. I have ridden over here to-day to——"

"No groom with you, eh, Sir R.?" asked Crouch sharply.

"Certainly not," replied the baronet, with commendable steadiness. "I should not wish our interview, old friend, to be commented upon by the prating tongues of servants. Let us talk things over, then, and try to arrive at a comfortable conclusion."

"I'm your man, Sir R.," rejoined Crouch, as he pushed an empty barrel, set on end, towards the visitor. "Pray be seated. As for me, this turf-creel, as I know, will bear my weight. We don't go in for luxuries here. But we may as well sit down, I suppose."

The two confederates, so ill-matched in all respects save that of unscrupulousness, sat down accordingly, confronting one another. The dogs without kept up a subdued chorus of growling. Sir Richard Mortmain was the first to speak. "Rufus, old friend," he said softly, "I have not known you so long without perceiving that something has vexed you. I suspect it is the failure of your jet-hunting affair at Dutchman's Bay."

"Would you, Sir R., I'd like to know," demanded Crouch very austerely, "have liked to have seven days' such work as never your white hands did in your life, and then, because the beast of a cliff caved in, to be cheated of your gains, and hear a whipper-snapper of a boy like that young Don, that all the dunces here combine to worship, praised and flattered because he saved a life or two at the end of the job?"

"Some lives, I am sure, are not worth the saving," answered the baronet cordially.

"I suppose you mean mine, Sir R.," resentfully retorted the ruffian opposite. "Because the young beggar—gentleman foundling, or whatever he is—that Mr. Don they go on about—dragged me out of the Soldiers' Slough; and I wish *he* were at the bottom of the quicksand, for a conceited slip as he is."

There was something so hideous about the savagery of the wretch, something so cynical in his coarse ingratitude, that Sir Richard, who was a gentlemanly scoundrel, felt inclined to arise in disgust, and dissolve the unholy partnership into which he had somehow drifted. But then he was in Crouch's power, doubly so just then, for the Australian gold-digger was by far the stronger man of the two, and the bolder. The baronet was unarmed; and Rufus had evidently been drinking, and had his sullen temper inflamed and his shrewd brains disturbed by the liquor he had swallowed. Clearly, as the hyæna could not be shut up or shot, the best plan was to conciliate the hyæna.

"I, for one, think that Mr. Don an over-rated young fellow," said the baronet, with feigned sincerity.

"So do I! So do I!" shouted Crouch vehemently, as he seized the big stoneware bottle and poured some of the fiery Hollands it contained into his half-emptied glass, and drained it at a draught. "Confusion to Don! If I could cut that young cock's proud crest, I'd die happy. And now, Sir R., I'd like to know how you speed in your wooing. Is little Miss Violet willing yet to be my lady?"

"Have I anything to get beyond a pretty face by what you are pleased to designate as my wooing, Rufus?" replied the baronet, with admirable patience. "I can't afford, as you know, to marry a portionless

wife, and I should like to have a peep at that trust-deed before I positively commit myself by a proposal, even were I sure of its acceptance."

"Now, Sir R., *do* you take me for a green hand or a gone gony? I'd be thankful to know," retorted Crouch, with a sort of savage jocularity. "*Do* you really think I keep a sort of Doctors' Commons registry, where wills can be inspected by the public at large for the small fee of one shilling? I know what I have got to sell, and what you have got to buy, and the value of it. Heiresses, especially when they are pretty and young, with seventy thousand pounds, don't often go a-begging, I somehow think. Set your mind at rest, Sir R., as to there being a real trust, a real sum, and heavy back dividends which represent a pretty penny. Ah! you may look about you. The document you are thinking of is not in yonder locker, nor on that shelf, nor yet in the chest in the corner. I didn't keep company with American hunters without learning what a *cache* means, or how to stow away what is best kept from prying eyes. But the question is, Sir R., whether you please the girl's fancy, or believe you do, enough to count on a 'Yes' if you asked for it. You're an old hand, and should have wheedling ways at command. And you are a man of title. Would little Miss Violet take you, if you pressed your suit? Because if she wouldn't, it's labour lost. *I* couldn't marry her, a rough, ill-favoured chap like me," added the digger resentfully; "but you are one of the smooth sort."

"I cannot tell," replied Sir Richard, with apparent frankness. "These young, inexperienced girls know so little about their own hearts, that an outsider may well be at fault. As a friendly acquaintance, if not as a friend, I believe Miss Mowbray does regard me. I have been able to interest her often with conversation or anecdotes about other lands and people unlike those with whom she has been brought in contact. And as my sister, Lady Thorsdale, is going to assemble a lot of fine company—or what does duty for such—at the Park, my plan was to introduce the Langtons and their beautiful ward, and in the stir and excitement of a life new to Violet to——"

"Pop the question, eh, Sir R.?" interrupted Rufus. "Ay, and see, too, that no girlish whim prevents its being answered in the affirmative. Mind also that you don't try the dangerous game of playing fast and loose with *me*. I'm almost sick, I tell you, of this worn-out old country. As for jet-hunting, the Chinese curs that shift the refuse of our gold-heaps make a better living than we do. I dream every night of the cabbage-palms, and the blue gum-trees, and the cradle-rocking, and the claims marked out along the quartz reef. Nothing keeps me here except the seventy thousand pounds, and the heavy sum of dividends unclaimed. You must go in and win, Sir R. Better marry than go to gaol, and that's just the choice you've got before you. They wouldn't hurt me, bless you! I'm Queen's Evidence. But you, Sir R., would be made an example of, and if you didn't die in prison—I've known gentlemen forgers and such-like pine and die so—a nice time you'd have of it when your term of penal servitude was over, and you were up in town again, not daring to go up the steps of your club, and ——Why, Sir R., you look as white as a turnip—you'll faint, I think. Try this."

As Crouch spoke, he rose, snatched a wine-glass from the cumbered shelf near him, filled it to the brim with fiery liquor from the stoneware bottle, and handed it to the baronet, who accepted it with some hesitation, but swallowed its contents. "I think I'll go now," said Sir Richard, rising from his seat. Nor did Rufus, who was probably satisfied with the terror his threats had inspired, care to detain his guest. He also rose from the turf-creel on which he had hitherto been seated, unbolted the clumsily constructed door, and silenced by a volley of curses and a well-aimed stone or two the frenzied barking with which the dogs saluted the stranger. "Make your hay while the sun shines, if you're wise, Sir R.," said the fellow, as he watched the baronet unhitch the bridle of his horse from the willow stump, and mount, and even then there was a ring of menace in his tone.

"I shan't forget your counsel, Rufus," replied the baronet mildly. "Now, good-bye." And he rode off. Rufus Crouch, shading his restless eyes with his broad hand, watched the figure of the retreating horseman till it was lost to sight, and then, with a chuckling laugh, as if of triumph, retired to his den.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

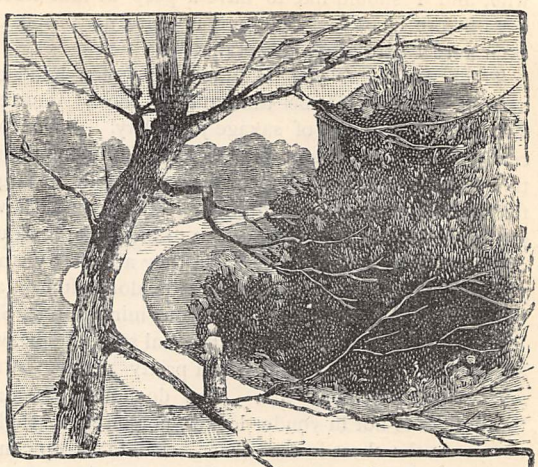
OUR GARDEN IN FEBRUARY.

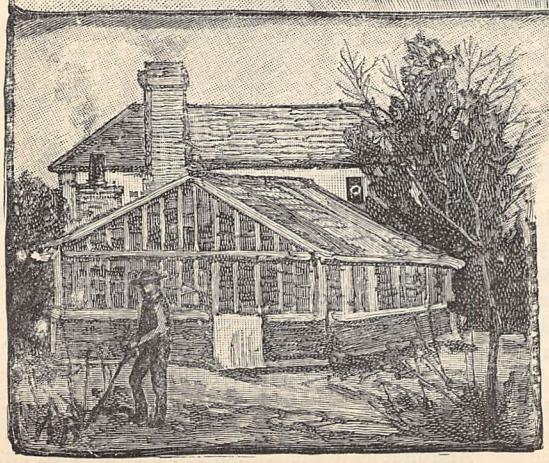
FEBRUARY always brings with it a world of work to do in the garden, for in this, the first of the early spring months, not only do we begin to notice the green spears and spikes of our hardy perennials shooting up, thus once more pointing out to us more clearly what spaces we have left between them for sowing our annuals, or by-and-by for planting our bedding-out flowers, but the month for re-potting a large portion of our stock under glass has also come round—not to speak of the attention that we have now to pay to our flower-beds.

We can, however, attend to but one thing at a time, and the mention of these green spikes reminds us that among them are those of that popular spring flower, the tulip. Perhaps, then, before giving a few general hints for the garden this month, something may be said as to the best method of successfully cultivating the tulip.

And first as to the kind of soil best adapted for this

flower. It is always advisable to have at the end of the garden large heaps of soil in various stages, so as to have some ready for use when wanted for, say, the formation of a new bed. One heap—and the one for the making of our tulip bed which we now require—should certainly be that of decaying turf. The surface of a good loamy pasture will give us material for this ; and a good load of this should be laid up in a heap to rot, and after it has been so rotting for a twelvemonth, is in condition for our purpose just now. One thing, however, it is very important to notice, and it is this : our loam-heap should be free from all vermin, wire-worm, and living creatures of every kind ; so that after it has been some six months laid up, chop it all through, and throw your thus examined soil into another heap. No harm is ever done by repeating this





operation at intervals, so that for an assiduous amateur gardener here is an admirable occupation for what we from custom erroneously call " the flat season " of the year. In the garden there is never a day all the year round in which there cannot always be found plenty to do. And unfortunately grubs and wireworms are particularly partial to turf ; and yet this rotting of the turf in the loam is recommended as the best sort of manure for tulips. Failing this, then, we must mix with our loam some good leaf-mould, one-fourth part being of this and the remaining three made up of the loam soil merely. And for our tulip bed the ordinary

plan is to dig out a space some two feet deep and fill up with your fresh soil of which we have been speaking, and then in the month of November we plant our bulbs, having their tops quite three inches under the surface; and, unless the frost be intensely severe, we need think little about protection for our bulbs, until about the time when their green spears are pushing their way above the ground.

In this month of February then—and of course after a mild winter it may be necessary to do it even earlier still—we begin to stir the surface of the soil all round, bruising and pulverising every lump, and bringing the soil well round the small green stems. And next as to the protection against frost which it may be necessary to give: put over the beds a few bent hoops or irons, and over these throw matting or cloth; this protection, too, keeps off hail or very violent rain, which might damage the brittle foliage. As soon as the plants begin to show a little colour they will want also this protection from the sun; the early morning sun, or the hour before sunset, being all that they care to have. And yet they want plenty of air, so that they seem to be rather troublesome flowers altogether, though they look very effective when all the rows are in fine blooming order. A little pains, however, in watching them, and in so arranging your protection that it may be speedily shifted according to the direction of the sun's rays, and in fact a little common sense, is really all that is necessary.

A good mild shower of rain will positively do them good, a bright sun and a hard frost being the only things injurious to them; but the protection afforded by your hoops and matting should never be given unnecessarily, as air would otherwise be too much excluded from them. The best of the bloom being over, the covering can of course be removed, as the sun can do no manner of harm then. Keep, however, your bed free from weeds, as if they are allowed to flourish in your bed, they will certainly do their best to damage the bulbs. Next, do not take up your bulbs until the stem has died down quite half-way; but if you are in a hurry to promote this, and want your bed for some other purpose, no harm is done by picking off the little seed-vessels when the bloom has faded. Any small off-sets from your bulbs should be planted considerably earlier the following season, as when very small they are apt to dry up entirely. The seed of the tulip—if you wish to try to raise from seed—can be sown as it ripens, or you can keep it till the following spring. If you have the advantage of a garden frame, sow your seed in pots about the time that you ordinarily put in bulbs, and have them under your glass; but with no glass, sow in April, and let your young plants go on growing until, in the wane of the year, their foliage has the melancholy tint of brown, when the little bulbs can be taken up and after awhile planted; but of course you cannot expect your bulbs to flower until a growth of some five or six years has been established.

In the general flower garden, anemones may for late blooming be planted this month, and in some sheltered situations by the middle of the month; and if the weather be at all favourable, you might sow in the open borders a few annuals of the hardiest kind, protecting them, say, with an inverted flower-pot, should the weather afterwards prove suddenly severe again. It is really well to try this experiment, as if you succeed by a little painstaking in bringing your annuals on, you will have a correspondingly early bloom, and by successional sowing you will have some annuals in flower from May till Michaelmas. Anything, too, in the way of box-edging or of the formation of gravel walks, or indeed of any great or radical change in the garden, should be at once pushed on and completed, as after February you will find it difficult to afford time for this.

In the kitchen garden a few onion bulbs may be planted out for seed, and a few of the seeds may also be sown now, to draw when quite young for salads. Peas sown late in the autumn will certainly be cut off now unless very careful protection be given them; the experiment of sowing them, then, unless in very sheltered spots, seems hardly worth trying; but at all events, a sowing of peas may be made this month, though of course there are many who recommend the sowing of peas every three weeks from the middle of November until the end of July. And in the fruit garden, cuttings of gooseberries and currants may be planted out, though with some fruit-trees, such for example as gooseberries, it is often well to plant in the summer time cuttings of the newly ripened wood; these readily then take root, and by the following spring are often fairly well established young plants. All pruning and nailing should go on now as quickly as possible, though it is best to let the peaches remain until the last.

THE RETURN TO SOLITUDE.

UNALTERABLY beautiful and calm,
Thy patient, earnest eyes make fair the night,
Where walk thy lovers, in their tranquil light,
Drinking in strength, against the time to arm!
O solitude! I, who have known thy charm,
But left thy love, now worsted in the fight,
Come to be healed and strengthened in thy might,
To walk and talk with thee till grief grows calm
Oh! speak to me, and teach me as of yore,
Out of the sealèd mysteries of thy lore,
Teach me to smile on ills that men call fate;
And, with the resolution that must win,
Give me that grace that marks thy lovers kin,
The patient majesty of those who wait.

WILFRED B. WOOLLAM, B.A.

TALKS WITH MY PATIENTS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

I.—MY NERVOUS PATIENT.

I LEFT my carriage at the lodge gate, instead of going in and right up to the hall door, as usual. I told my man to drive slowly up to Mrs. Smith's, deliver a message which I gave him, then return, and wait for me.

This done, I entered the grounds, and walked somewhat wearily up the long winding avenue, for I was going to see a case that I had very little pleasure in, and that I had never derived much comfort from attending. Had I been in a mood to enjoy the beauties of nature and art, I had an excellent opportunity, for both were here combined to render all the surroundings of Thibet House as pleasant and delightful as a poet's dream.

Thibet House is in the country, though not very far removed from the City, and I could very easily appropriate a column or two of the Magazine to a cursory description of its gardens, shrubberies, its lawns and rockeries and roseries. This is not my purpose, however. Suffice it to say that inside and out there is everything about the old place calculated to make one happy and contented with the world.

Alas! though, happiness cometh not from without, but from within. I had this truth to learn on that particular day, if I had never learned it before.

Mr. Montgomery was hardly a patient to my liking. [N.B.—It may be as well to mention here that in this series I shall give the real names of neither places nor persons. To do so would be obviously unfair. The reader may rely upon facts, however.] No, Mr. Montgomery was not a patient to my liking. He was not what one might call a satisfactory patient, and I was getting tired of him. I do not think it was through any fault of my own that he was not progressing favourably. I did all I could for him in the way of advice and medicine, but now, at the end of six months, I felt that, though he could well enough afford to pay my bills, I was taking his money for nothing.

I had another cause for being somewhat weary and discontented to-day: I had been up most of the night, and late hours are not conducive to serenity of temper during the day that succeeds them. Mr. Montgomery's private sitting-room was in a corner of the house, with a large French window overlooking the lawn and shrubbery. He was at the window, and saw me coming along and making my way towards the hall door. Perhaps he had been watching for me, for he opened the casement and ran down the steps to welcome me.

"Goodness, doctor!" he exclaimed, as we shook hands; "you are not walking, are you? you are surely never walking!" I assured him I was, but admitted that my brougham was not a very long way off.

"Come in, anyhow," he said. "Come in, come in."

"It is a lovely spring morning," I remarked, lingering on the lawn and gazing around me. Some parts of the lawn were all ablaze with snowdrops and crocuses, and it was quite a treat to see the dewy primroses peeping out from under the sheltering rhododendrons and laurels.

"Yes, it is a fine day; but come in," he said. "It is raw and cold."

"On the contrary," I replied—for I just felt in the mood to contradict him—"it is deliciously mild and balmy, and if you feel cold, it is because your blood is thin, and not sufficiently aërated. If you went out every day and kept yourself out for hours, as I wish you to do, you would not find it cold, I can assure you."

"And that is precisely what I mean to do," he said, "as soon as the weather gets a little more settled, and these terrible spring winds cease to blow. Come in."

We entered. He was about to close the window when I said—

"No, my friend; don't let us banish the ozone. You and I both need it, for I've been up all night with a bothering case."

"Yes," he said; "and you look pale."

"And you: how do you feel?"

"Just a little return of my old foe the ague last evening, but I think I banished that by taking a good night-cap, putting my feet in hot mustard and water, and having an extra covering on the bed. Feel flying pains all over me to-day—rheumatism, I suppose—some slight fulness in the head too, hands hot, and eyeballs tender to the light. I hear that fever is about. I sincerely hope I'm not in for anything of that kind, doctor."

"Put out your tongue. Thanks. Let me feel your arm."

"Am I worse?" he asked. "No fever—eh?"

"Night-cap fever," I replied bluntly. "The flying pains you talk about have no existence except in your own imagination. That's so, I assure you."

"Well, I dare say I shouldn't have taken the night-cap."

"No, I am sure you shouldn't have. Far better had you gone to bed a couple of hours after the slight but solid supper I ordered you, simply taking a bottle of seltzer water, with ten or fifteen grains of the bicarbonate of soda in it. You would have slept then without tossing about."

My patient had not, to outward appearance, the diathesis of a nervous man, but he was really so. He was not strong-looking, being somewhat pale, but he seldom looked anxious, and he was in fairly good condition: height about five feet eight, age nearly forty.

"That is the worst of it," he had more than once told me confidentially; "none of my friends will give me credit for being ill."

He had enjoyed the pleasures of the world to some considerable extent when a younger man, and had travelled a good deal abroad, but had never been really

intemperate, either in eating or drinking. I know that he would have told me of it had he been so, for he kept no secrets from his medical adviser. But idleness was his besetting sin. I do not know that for the six months previous to the day on which we had the serious talk which forms the subject of this paper he had done anything else but read. He reads the newspapers all the forenoon, and books, books, books all the remainder of the day, and often, I believe, late into the night.

"Well, doctor," my patient said to-day, "I've taken all your medicine, and I don't feel one whit the better."

"Yes," I replied; "you've taken all my medicine—you are very good at taking physic—but had you taken my advice as well in other and hygienic matters, I would not have been sorry had you thrown the medicine to the dogs."

"Do you say so?" he exclaimed. "Now, I'll tell you exactly how I feel——"

I certainly do not mean to plague my readers with a detail of my patient's symptoms, real and imaginary. I *had* to listen to them, and did so most patiently, although probably a great deal of what he said went in at one ear and out at the other. I sat silent for some time after he had finished.

He looked at me somewhat anxiously, then got up, and walked about the room for a few minutes, and finally re-seated himself.

"You are unusually quiet, doctor," he said at last, in an earnest tone of voice. "You don't think there is anything *very* serious the matter with me to-day?"

"I think the very worst," I said solemnly, and probably some might say mischievously, but I had only the good intention of thoroughly rousing him; even if it caused him to call in another medical man, I felt I should not be sorry.

"Your heart is affected!"

This was no exaggerated statement, for it is always the case in nervousness or in nervous debility that the heart's tone is lowered. We physicians call it functional disorder, to distinguish it from actual organic disease. It should be remembered that the heart is a muscular organ, and as liable to be below or above par as the other muscles of the body; nor, on the other hand, should it be forgotten that if nervousness becomes chronic in any patient, the heart itself is liable to become permanently affected, and life necessarily much shortened. This only shows us that a strenuous effort towards restoration of health should be at once made by any one suffering from the complaint we are now considering—a complaint which, owing to the struggle for existence going on in our midst, is every day becoming more common. A cure, as may be gleaned from the conversation that follows, is not to be looked for from medicine alone, although tonics and alteratives are of great use, but from strict adherence to the rules of hygiene, *physical* and *mental*.

"You cannot mean it!"

"It is my duty to tell you so, and I *do* mean it."

"Oh, doctor!" he gasped, seizing me by the arm above the wrist, with a grip that spoke volumes for the strength of his voluntary muscles, at all events—"Oh, doctor!—you—do not mean to say I am—going to—to—to die?"

"We must all die."

"Oh! this is awful! this is terrible!" he cried.

He gazed around him in a semi-dazed, bewildered way, as if beseeching the very chairs and sofas, and the pictures on the walls, to step in and save him from the inevitable.

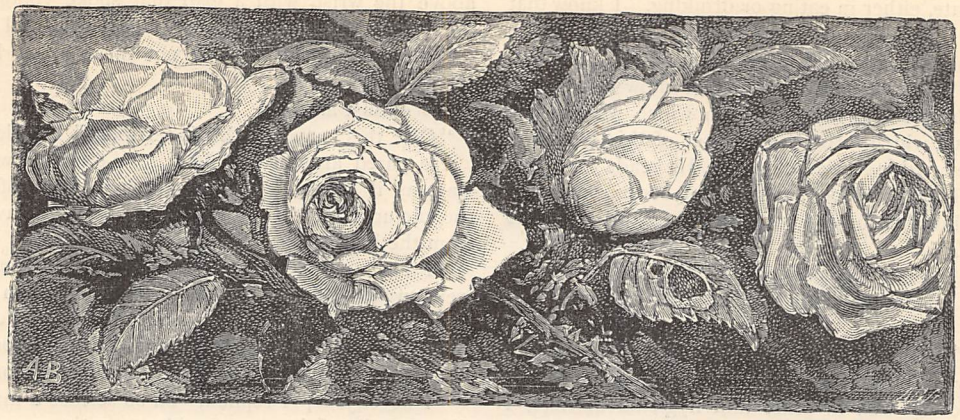
"I have often," he said slowly, at last—and there were sweat-drops on his brow—"I have often said I wished to die and be done with it all, to die and be at peace, but I did not think it would come so soon, and come thus. Say, say you are but joking, doctor."

"I never joke," I replied, "on so serious a matter as disease. But I have not said you were soon to die. That you are in danger—in real danger—I cannot conceal from you. Hope I can, or could, give you, if you would but follow my advice. If you do not do so, I would infinitely prefer your calling in another physician, for I can do no more to save you."

"Do not *you* give me up, doctor. Your advice has always seemed to me so different from that of any one else. You make things so plain to me."

"Do I? Thanks. But what of it if that advice is not taken? Might I not as well talk to the cat there on the hearth-rug? You have every advantage in life; your existence might be a very happy one, if you had—excuse me—any method in your madness, if you were not entirely a slave to your own feelings, whether real or imaginary—and they are more often the latter than the former. There are tens of thousands in these islands suffering from nervousness, with functional disease of the heart, that have not half the chances of getting well that you have, although there is really no case that ever I met with that cannot be either cured or alleviated by attention to diet, avoidance of stimulants, the daily use of bath and friction with rough towels and flesh-brush, unlimited exercise in the open air, whether the weather be wet or dry, cold or hot, and *pleasant society*. Mixing with pleasant society is one of the very best means for the cure of nervousness. It takes one for the time being quite out of one's self, quite away from one's troubles and aches. It must, however, never be *exciting* society, for this sends the blood to the head, and injures the very foundation of nerve-power. What do you tell me? You never take stimulants to excess? I doubt it; for *tea*, if too much indulged in, is a dangerous stimulant, and so is coffee. A cup of milk that has been boiled and allowed to cool would often do far more good than tea. Tea-drinking grows on one, and assuredly, when it does so, it shatters the nerves as irremediably as does wine, or even spirits."

Reader, a week after I had the above talk with my nervous patient, I had the satisfaction of seeing him out of doors working in his garden; a month after this he was in every way a new man; and a still greater treat was in store for me, for in less than six months more I had the extreme satisfaction of being a kindly-welcomed guest at his WEDDING.



To the Last.

Words by T. C. Irwin. *Music by* Hamilton Clarke, Mus.B., Oxon.

Piano.

Moderato. mf

p

Once, the west for each mor - row, Pre - pared a wreath red, As the ro - ses un-dull'd, In the

gardens I cull'd, For my brow and my bed: Ah me! how es - tranged Is youth's summer—how

mf

changed Are the paths that once led To the dance, to the bow'r, When my heart was in flow'r! Now the

cres - - - cen - - - do. f dim. p

white snows of sor - row Have win - ter'd my head; With life's sweet morn - ing

hour All its beau - ty has fled, All its beau - ty has fled, has

pp *mf* *pp*

fled !..... Let those sighs of de -

mf *p* *p*

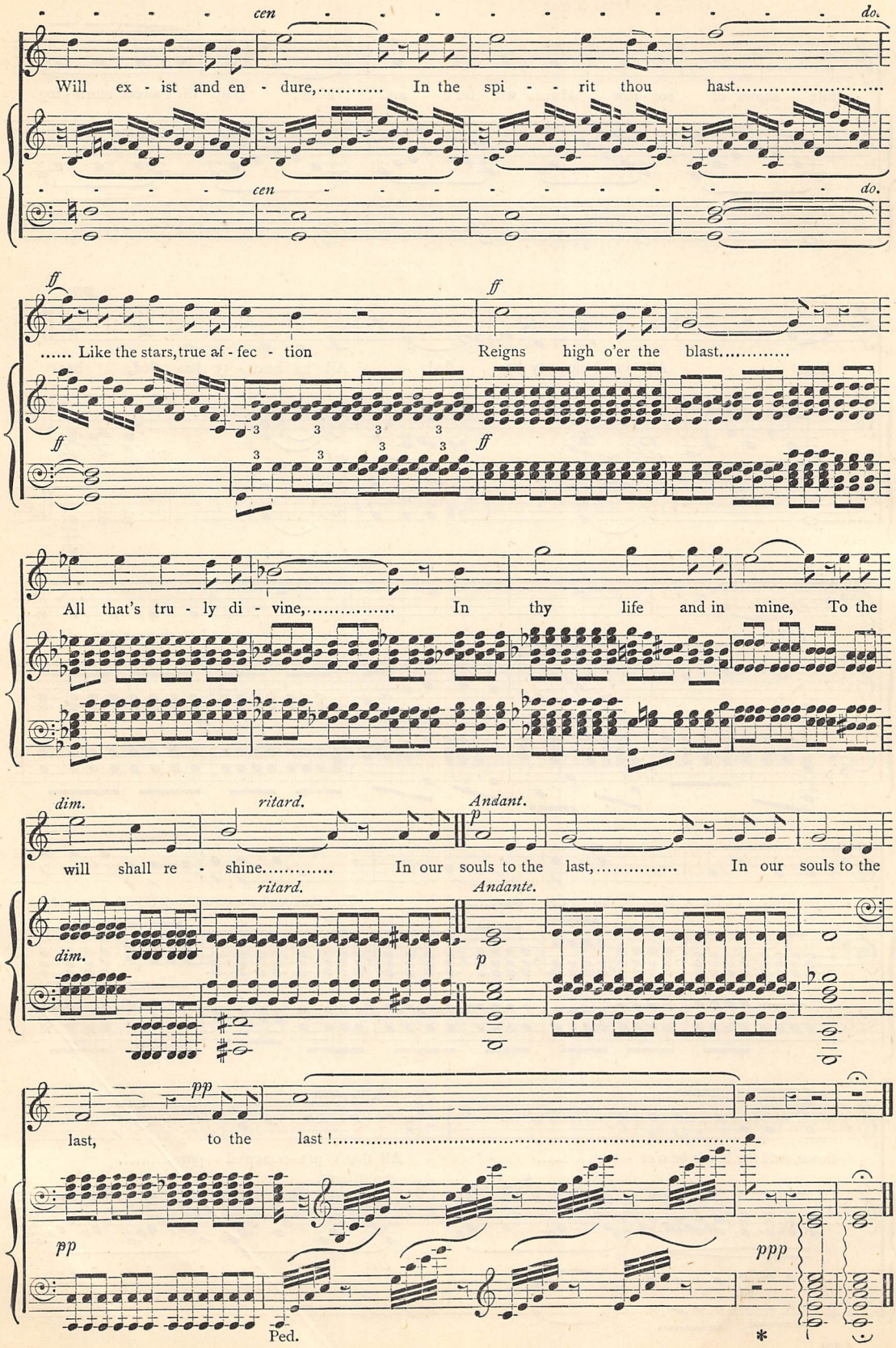
- jec - tion Be - long to the past,..... Tho' the rose-leaves o'erblown On the dim winds have

p *piu allegro. cres*

flown, And the bow'r be o'er - cast,..... All that's pre - cious and pure.....

piu allegro.

p *p* *cres*


cen
do.
Will ex - ist and en - dure,..... In the spi - - rit thou hast.....
cen
do.
ff
ff
..... Like the stars, true af - fec - tion Reigns high o'er the blast.....
ff
ff
All that's tru - ly di - vine,..... In thy life and in mine, To the
dim.
ritard.
Andant.
p
will shall re - shine..... In our souls to the last,..... In our souls to the
ritard.
Andante.
dim.
p
pp
last, to the last !.....
pp
ppp
Ped.
*

"FAINT HEART NE'ER WON FAIR LADY."

BY LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON.

*** To this Story was awarded the Prize of Five Pounds, offered by the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE for the best Story illustrating any well-known Proverb or Popular Saying.

HAT of last year's fashion!"

"But her eyes were like grey stars."

"And her manner dreadfully quick and decided."

"Bright and sparkling, I should call it."

"My dear Richard, you are really absurd! The girl is a hospital nurse, and what woman with any refinement or delicacy would take up such a profession as that? It shows she can't be nice."

"Ladies do such things now-a-days"—less defiantly.

"Now you know you're only saying so because she's pretty. Of course ladies do queer things now-a-days, but that doesn't excuse an unwomanly feeling. Besides, she's only a solicitor's daughter. I shan't ask mamma to call."

"But don't you think common civility——"

"No, I don't. She's only staying at the Rectory, and we're not forced to call on every one's friends. Besides, Captain Hardwicke is expected home, and it would make it awkward. What would one of Lord Belmont's people say if we asked them to meet a girl like Miss Travers?"

"All the same, she's as pretty and ladylike as any one I ever met in these parts."

"Very likely, but she's not in our set. Now, Richard, if you say any more, I shall begin to think you're falling in love with her, if the idea is not too absurd."

But Richard had closed the drawing-room door upon his six sisters' languid voices, and was half-way across the wide lawn with its brilliant parterres of summer flowers. Poor Richard Allerdyce! only son of the richest banker in Chellowdean, people of good family, but with just that uncertainty of social position which made them afraid of overstepping any boundaries, rather gratified at being on intimate terms with Lord Belmont and the Hardwickes, he was of divided mind this summer afternoon. He had been greatly taken by that sweet face and slight figure in the Rectory pew last Sunday; was sensible of a thrill of more than civil interest when he met their owner walking home with the good old rector after service, and was introduced to "Miss Travers," while the eyes "like grey stars" were suddenly raised to his; and he had ever since spent a larger portion of his time than was strictly needful in walking past the Rectory's rose-covered garden gate. But, on the other side, his sisters' words had certainly struck home.

Brought up, as all the Allerdyces were, like hot-house plants, sheltered from every breath of frosty air, it was not strange that Richard at five-and-twenty, though a big, burly enough young Englishman to look at, was but little of a man in mind or heart. Knowledge of the world had been carefully kept from him, as from his sisters, lest they should learn evil; but their very ignorance had cost them the loss of power to choose between evil and good, and had given them weak prejudices and conceited opinionativeness, instead of a mind able to discern and prefer the right.

Richard's handsome face was overcast as he swung out of the lodge gates, and down the road. Miss Travers a hospital nurse! certainly it was a shock. Not only did it seem to him unwomanly for a woman to work at all, but infinitely more so to do menial work. And then the awful thought of what his mother and sisters would say, were they asked to receive a hospital nurse as his future wife! For it had gone as far as that in Richard's susceptible mind, even in these three short days. All at once his thoughts broke off as Miss Travers herself, sweet and bright as ever, in her black dress, came out from the Rectory gate, the great Rectory mastiff pacing behind her.

Now Richard's own collie was at his master's heels, and there was a border feud of long standing between those two faithful followers. There was one angry growl, a heavy rush, a thud, and then a brown body and a black rolled together in the dust in a manner suggestive of a dog's funeral on one side or the other. Richard, who was actually staggered by the suddenness of it all, could not for a moment regain his senses; and when he did, it was to find Miss Travers, both white hands locked in the hair of Rollo's shaggy neck, pulling him from his foe with all her strength, and calling to "Mr. Allerdyce" to "take hold of his dog and pull him off."

She was being whirled round in the cloud of dust by the frantic waltzers before Richard could quite settle where to "take hold," but that task was performed for him by a gentleman in tweed knickerbockers, who started out of the "White Hart," a few yards away, and ran to the rescue. Between Miss Travers and himself the combatants were separated, each carrying away a few fragments of the other's person; and Miss Travers, flushed, panting, covered with dust, but looking lovelier than Richard had ever seen woman look before, sank back against the Rectory wall and tried to laugh. The stranger lifted his hat, looking straight at her with a pair of piercing brown eyes.

"Excuse me, Miss Travers!" he said, in rather an offhand manner, "but that was about as rash a thing as any one could possibly do. The dogs might both have turned on you and bitten you badly."

"Thank you, Captain Hardwicke, I had not the least fear," was her only response, given with a little haughtiness; and the gentleman, with a nod to Richard, turned and strode away as rapidly as he had come.

"Miss Travers! are you hurt?" Richard was able to articulate at last. "You never should have done a thing like that; Hardwicke was right; it was awfully rash! By the way, you know Hardwicke?"

"No, I'm not hurt a bit." The wonderful grey eyes were dancing with fun now. "Don't scold me, please; I know it was a silly thing to do, but I didn't stop to think. Pray don't look so horrified!"

"But if you had been bitten!"

"Well, I wasn't." And her face dimpled with a friendly smile at his shocked look.

"But you know Hardwicke?" he persisted, unable to get over his surprise in that quarter.

"Oh, yes." Her face grew cold instantly. "Captain Hardwicke was in hospital with an accident some months ago—my hospital. I had charge of him there, that's all." And she pulled a rose so sharply from the hedge, that it fell to pieces in her hands.

"Look there!" she laughed, showering the petals on the ground before her; "let us cover over the battlefield with flowers," and she laughed again.

Richard went home more thoughtful than ever. Surely this woman was a novel thing in his experience of men and manners. She acted with the skill and daring of a man; and yet he would rather not think what his sisters' faces would be like had they but seen it! Was it actually lady-like? or should she not rather have fled from the scene of conflict, or even have screamed and fainted? To be sure, she had looked as beautiful as an avenging Amazon; but was it quite correct conduct for a girl? And Captain Hardwicke's manner, so abrupt and dictatorial; he seemed to show her the difference in social position between a nobleman's nephew and a hospital nurse. It must have been an awkward meeting, as his sisters had said. And then a cold shiver came over him, as he thought of Miss Travers introduced as Mrs. Richard Allerdyce at Belmont Castle, and Captain Hardwicke's stony stare of surprise. And yet—and yet—she was so beautiful.

Nearly three weeks had passed since the dog episode, and Richard's courage still wavered in the balance. He had grown to know Miss Travers well in those three weeks, and to know her well was but to love her better. There was never a woman so sweet, so clever, so sympathetic, so beautiful—he was certain of that—no woman he more ardently longed to have for his own; and yet—and yet! That terrible strength of character, that profession, that lack of pedigree! Only last night, in the moonlit Rectory garden, he had almost flung all prudence to the winds, she had been so dangerously, fatally sweet (she was always especially kind to him), but he reeled back from the gulf just in time when she mentioned casually, without a change of voice or countenance, that she had an uncle who was a chemist in Rochester. "A chemist! Shades of my ancestors, protect me!" Richard recoiled again as he thought of it, and fancied Hardwicke's look if he could have heard her. For Captain Hardwicke was still at the "White Hart," and perhaps his presence, and the atmosphere of exalted society about him, had been one of Richard's restraining though unconscious influences. Now, as he slowly worked his way up the steepest hill in the neighbourhood, on his new tricycle, he was pondering the old question in his mind. Could he take the fatal plunge, or was it too costly?

A trim graceful figure on the road before him, as at last he gained the summit, drove all else to the four winds; and in an instant he had overtaken the object of his cogitations, and sprung to the ground beside her.

"Mr. Allerdyce!" she said, turning with her own bright look to shake hands; "how like a ghost you stole upon me! Oh, I see, it was on a tricycle, and what a beauty! Do let me look at it." And Richard, nothing loth, began to display his new toy—a perfect thing in build and finish—the Allerdyces' possessions always were the most perfect of their kind.

He began to explain it to her, forgetting all about the chemist uncle, but she interrupted him.

"Yes, I know all about them, thanks. I see, it is a regular bit of perfection. I should so like to try it; may I?"

Once more Richard was dumb with surprise. A lady on a tricycle was as yet an unheard-of thing in rustic Chellowdean, and it seemed an outrageous idea to him.

"I really don't think you could," he faltered. "My sisters never have done such a thing."

"Your sisters? oh, perhaps not," with a little smile at the idea. "But I am quite used to tricycles. I ride one whenever I can get a chance."

Further blow for Richard; but there was no knowing how to refuse her, and he stood aside. She took her place like one who was thoroughly used to tricycles, and he could not but admit she adorned her position.

"What a delicious hill to run down!" she said with a happy little laugh, as she placed her dainty feet on the treadles. "I really must try it."

"Pray, pray don't attempt it!" was Richard's horrified remonstrance, for the hill stretched down even more abruptly than on the side he had ascended, and near the bottom there was a sudden sharp turn, with the railway line running just below—the nastiest bit of road for miles around. Perhaps even Agatha Travers would have hesitated to hazard it, had it not been for the consternation in Richard's face.

"Mr. Allerdyce, you are faint-hearted," she said gaily, as she started on her downward course—a little more rapidly than she had at first intended, but Richard's new tricycle ran smoothly. His heart was in his mouth, as the country folk say, as she began to glide rapidly off. She turned her head, and flashed back a merry defiance. "My uncle, the chemist at Rochester, used to say"——Then the wicked sparkle faded suddenly, and she called quick and clear, "Can you stop me, please? The break is stiff; I can't make it work; it's running away."

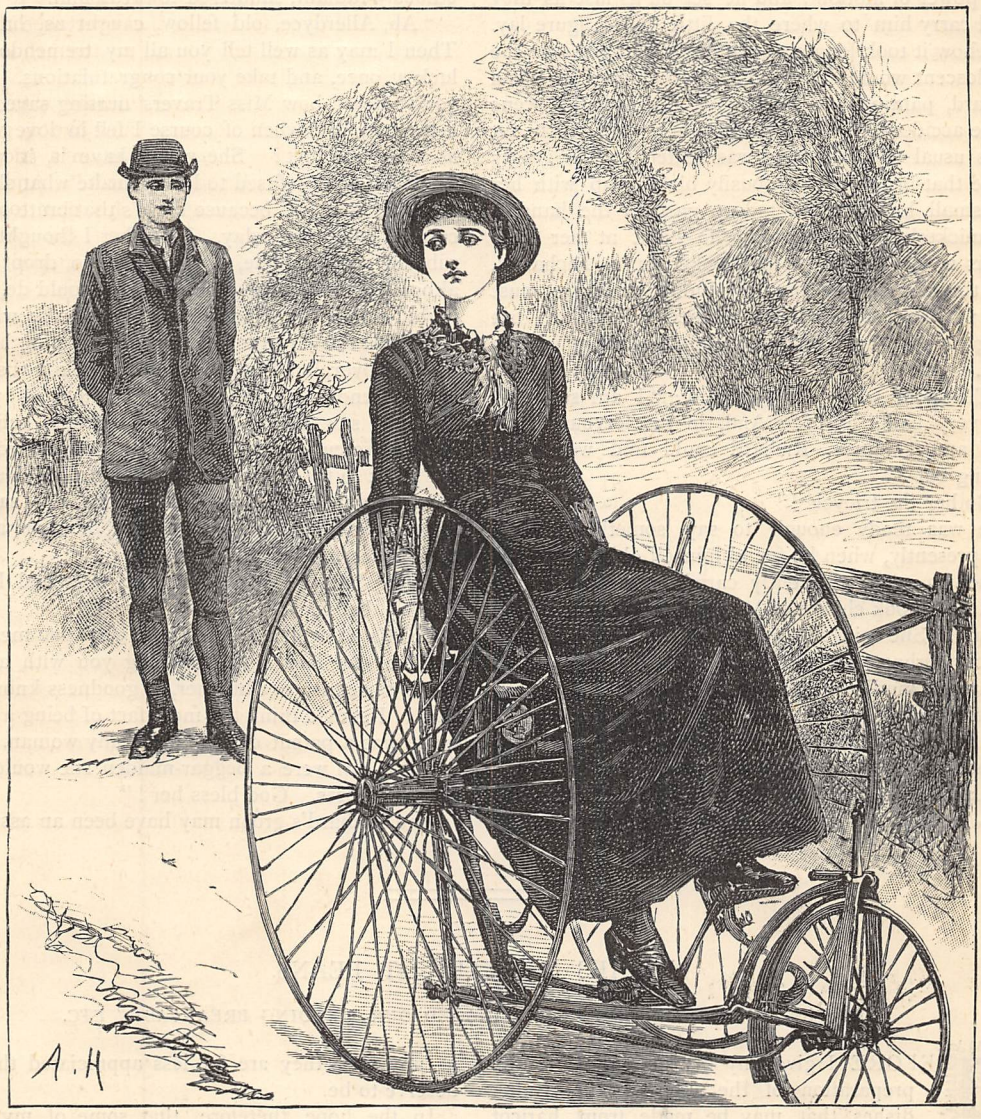
Poor Richard of the faint heart! it seemed to die within him. The next second he had darted forward, but it was just one second too late. The check she had been able to put on the heavy machine with the

treadles ceased to keep it back, and faster and faster it tore down the perilous road.

In all his life to come, Richard will never know any minute so long as that next, while the straight slight figure flying through space seemed to swim before his eyes, and his knees knocked together as he stood.

On, on—faster, faster! she managed somehow to cling to the steering handle, and keep the machine in the middle of the road; but the mad pace grew more desperate. She could never turn that fatal corner by the railway embankment; over it she must go. And it was just then that Richard and she both together saw the puff of snow-white smoke from the hill-side, that told them the evening express was out of the tunnel, and thundering down that very bit of line.

It all flashed over Agatha in one rush: would the fall kill her, or would it be the train? it must be one or the other: the next second or two would settle that; and a swift prayer was on her lips, but what she never quite knew; for even as she breathed it, some one or something in brown tweed knickerbockers hurled itself over the road-side stile before her, a stout stick darted into the flying wheel, and with one quick swerve the tricycle crashed into the ditch, and lay there, a confused mass of spinning spokes and



"'WHAT A DELICIOUS HILL TO RUN DOWN . . . . I REALLY MUST TRY IT'" (*p.* 148).

mutilated tires, while Agatha flew out from its midst like a ball, and alighted on a grassy bank a yard or two away; and the express rushed past with a wild yell on the line just below, and vanished round a sharp curve that matched the road above it.

Then, and then alone, did Richard's legs regain their power of motion; and he set off as fast as they could carry him to where the little black figure lay. Somehow it took longer to run down that hill than the last descent would have led one to think; for when Richard, panting and breathless, reached the scene of the accident, the little black figure, very much out of its usual trim neatness, was seated on the grassy tangle that broke her fall, busily binding up with her own small handkerchief a deep gash in the hand of the knickerbockered person who knelt at her side. It was a very pale face that looked up at Richard's, with the sort of awe that any human creature must wear who has just been face to face with death; but her great grey eyes had a wonderful shining light in them.

"The poor tricycle!" she said; "I am so sorry. Is it very badly hurt?" And, in the fervour of his relief and gladness, Richard could find words for nothing but—

"Bother the tricycle!"

He was ready enough to say something, however, presently, when he found himself obliged to stop and see its remains decently cared for, while Captain Hardwicke took charge of Miss Travers' return to the Rectory. She said she was none the worse for her fall, but perhaps she was a little shaken; but Captain Hardwicke kindly offered her his arm, and she took it. Richard hurried after them before long, his whole heart aglow. That awful minute this afternoon had taught him that life without Agatha Travers would seem a poor and worthless thing, were she a factory-girl. He hurried after them, therefore, and came in sight of the Rectory gate as two hands, one very neatly bandaged, unclasped over it, and a small dark head raised itself swiftly from a brown tweed shoulder, where it seemed to have been resting.

"Good gracious!" was all Richard could utter, as Agatha vanished, and Captain Hardwicke, looking odiously radiant, sauntered towards him.

"Ah, Allerdyce, old fellow, caught us, have you? Then I may as well tell you all my tremendous good luck at once, and take your congratulations. Perhaps you've heard how Miss Travers' nursing saved my life last year, and when of course I fell in love with her, as who wouldn't? She would have it, it was only gratitude, and refused to let me make what she called a misalliance, just because there's that brute of a title coming to me some day. I told her I thought all that rubbish was obsolete, and offered to drop the title altogether if she liked; but nothing would do, and we parted rather out of temper. I heard she was down here, and ran down to see my uncle, hoping he would talk her over, but I began to think it was no use. And, do you know, I was frantically jealous of you, old fellow! I saw she liked you, and I almost believe you could have cut me out, early in the day, if you'd had the pluck to try, she was so set against me. But to-day has made it all right, and she thinks I've saved her life this time, so we're quits. Well, old man, am I not the luckiest man alive?"

"But—but—" stammered the wretched Richard, "surely, her family!"

"She's an orphan. Oh, I see what you mean; she told me she had been shocking you with an uncle who's a chemist, or a butcher, or goodness knows what. Bah! I should think the mere fact of being a hospital nurse was a patent of nobility to any woman. But if my little girl were a beggar-maiden she would still be a real princess. God bless her!"

And Richard's groan may have been an assent.

DISHES OF HARICOT BEANS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW WE MANAGED OUR WEDDING BREAKFAST," ETC.

BEFORE I give any instructions as to the preparation of the numerous nourishing dishes that may be made from haricot beans, I will mention one or two common errors which need correcting. In ordinary directions as to the boiling, it is usually recommended to "boil the beans until tender, *drain* and serve;" vague and misleading, to say the least, for it would be quite as sensible to make good beef tea and throw the liquor away, giving the patient the dried-up, non-nutritious meat. Again, one is frequently advised to add to a pound of beans, after boiling, four or six ounces of butter; and it has often occurred to me that this item alone may have deterred many from making trial of a dish of beans, for it is a fact that they are comparatively little used—at any rate, they are far less appreciated than they deserve to be.

In the hope, therefore, that some of my readers may be induced to give their families a dish at once cheap, tasty, and nourishing (the beans, being so rich in carbonaceous matter, are among the best vegetables for cold weather), I submit a few reliable recipes. I would suggest that the beans be purchased at a trustworthy shop, and, when a good kind has been secured, a stock laid in, and kept excluded from the air. As a rule, the small ones are nicest in colour and flavour, but they vary much in quality and time required for cooking; some will take three or four hours to boil, others may be done in far less time.

They will need soaking for ten or twelve hours, in cold water to which a bit of soda the size of a bean

has been added ; this water should be drained off, together with any beans that float. To boil them, they should be put into a stewpan, and *just* covered with *cold* water, with the addition of a tiny bit of soda, and an ounce of dripping, fat meat, or bacon, to a pound of beans. They must be brought very slowly to the boil—this is a step on the road to success—and *simmered* until tender, and, if required, a little cold water may be added during the cooking, but there should be none to drain off when they are done. Salt should never be put in until they are quite soft ; if added at first, it tends to harden them ; and if touched with an iron spoon they shrivel ; a wooden one is best. This is the plainest and cheapest mode of boiling the vegetable ; stock may be used instead of water, to the great improvement of the beans ; an onion chopped and boiled with them will be liked by some, though I prefer chopped parsley or a pinch of sage.

A dish by no means to be despised is one of beans and fried ham, the fat from the pan to be poured over just before they are dished.

By rubbing boiled beans through a coarse sieve, or colander, and adding, when they have cooled a little, two eggs to half a pound, then filling a greased basin with the mixture, and steaming for an hour, an excellent substitute for peas-pudding is obtained. If any is left, it will be relished if thinly sliced and fried. Cold boiled beans may always be fried—they are delicious ; a sprinkling of herbs and pepper to taste must be added.

A well-known authority on vegetarian diet recommends *Haricot Tea* to convalescents. The beans are to be cooked for about ten hours in a stew-jar in a very slow oven, in the proportion of a pint of beans to three of cold water ; the liquor should be strained off, and served with toasted bread. Equal parts of haricot tea and beef tea will furnish an agreeable and nutritious meal for an invalid.

Two sturdy boys of my acquaintance are fed twice or thrice weekly on *Haricot Porridge* at breakfast. The beans are boiled over-night as in my first recipe, rubbed through a sieve while hot, diluted with milk, and a little sugar added, so a boil up in the morning is all it needs. Sometimes, by way of variety, stock is used instead of milk. Lest any fight shy of the trouble in preparing this substantial meal, I may say that in cold weather sufficient may be cooked for three or four days ; all can be rubbed through together, and the milk added as required.

I tasted recently a very nice purée served with boiled mutton ; it consisted of onion sauce, and haricot beans finely mashed with milk ; all mixed well together.

Haricot Curry is a good winter dish ; the beans should be cooked in stock, nicely flavoured, and seasoned with curry powder or paste to suit the palate, and a fried onion and apple, both finely chopped, stirred in the last quarter of an hour ; a spoonful of gravy will improve this.

Baked Beans are very delicious ; after boiling, they should be put into a greased tin or dish, and the top of the beans covered with bits of butter or dripping, and bread-crumbs. Ten or fifteen minutes in a good oven will brown the surface.

Beans à la Maître d'Hôtel, first boiled in the usual way, require two ounces of butter, a table-spoonful of chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a grating of nutmeg, together with an egg and a quarter of a pint of hot milk to each pound of beans, stirred in a minute or two before serving. This will furnish a separate course at the dinner-table.

Cold beans form an excellent basis for a winter salad, the oil in the dressing supplying the one element which they lack, save in a very small proportion. I prefer the addition of boiled beetroot, potatoes, celery, or Spanish onions, to a salad of beans alone. Vinegar, oil, salt, pepper, and a pinch of sugar, and a little mustard, are the only necessaries for the dressing, though a spoonful of cream greatly improves it.

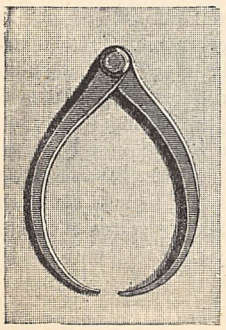
Lastly, there need be no difficulty in supplying the family with good soup at small cost, if a supply of haricot beans be at hand. A brown soup may be made from the liquor in which a piece of beef, or tongue, or an ox-cheek has been cooked, or a white soup from the pot liquor from veal, mutton, poultry, &c.; and when fresh vegetables are put in with the beans, it will be found a great improvement to the flavour of the soup if these are fried brown for brown soups, and stewed, or, as it is sometimes called, "allowed to sweat" in a little butter or dripping, for the white soup. By these means the full flavour of the vegetables will be developed far more than if cold water were poured on them in the ordinary way. The fat from the frying or "sweating" can easily be removed during the cooking ; a spoonful of cold water will "throw it up."

About half a pint of beans to a quart of stock, if no *other* vegetables are added—if there are, fewer beans in proportion—will be the right consistency for a cold weather soup. After it has been rubbed through a coarse sieve and returned to the saucepan, any flavouring, such as sauce or ketchup, with seasoning to taste, can be added ; curry powder gives variety. When a rich soup is required, good stock or "meat extract" can be added, but for ordinary family dinners it will not need it.

A mixture of beans and potatoes will furnish a nice soup for children ; some milk should be stirred in just before serving. Any of the white kinds may receive the addition of milk with advantage, or better still, a little cream ; this converts a homely soup into a delicious purée, if care be taken in rubbing the beans well through the sieve after thoroughly boiling them ; and when cream is not at hand, the yolk of an egg or two will answer the purpose ; but they must be well beaten in, the last thing ; *off* the fire is best, so as to insure the soup not boiling afterwards. Serve squares of toasted or fried bread *with*, not *in*, any soup.

IN THE STUDIO.

MODELLING IN CLAY AS A REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT.



COMPASS FOR MEASURING.

MODELLING in clay is becoming gradually recognised as being one of the best preparations for an artist's work.

Modelling, and drawing from casts, are two of the greatest aids in acquiring an idea of definite form and outline, combined with delicacy of finish. It requires an artist's supple hand and a straight eye to do it well, but to all those who think of taking up Art, either as a profession or as a recreation, modelling in clay will be found to possess great advantages over free-hand drawing and mere studies in shade.

Quickness of perception of form, and accuracy of eye, are chiefly required, rather than great talent.

The clay properly prepared can be obtained from Lechertier, Barbe, and Co., or through any artists' colourman.

The tools are by no means expensive: a scooper and two or three differently shaped scrapers will be all that are required, "supple hands," as our Italian master said, being the chief requisite. It was marvellous

how, with just a turn of the thumb, he would make an ill-shaped model into a shapely one. Some of the best students chiefly used their hands in modelling, and the tools only for the finer work. We give an illustration of the principal tools necessary for modelling on the next page.

My first day's work in the Modelling Class was spent in modelling some ivy leaves—foliage, flowers, and fruit being considered the easiest studies to begin upon.

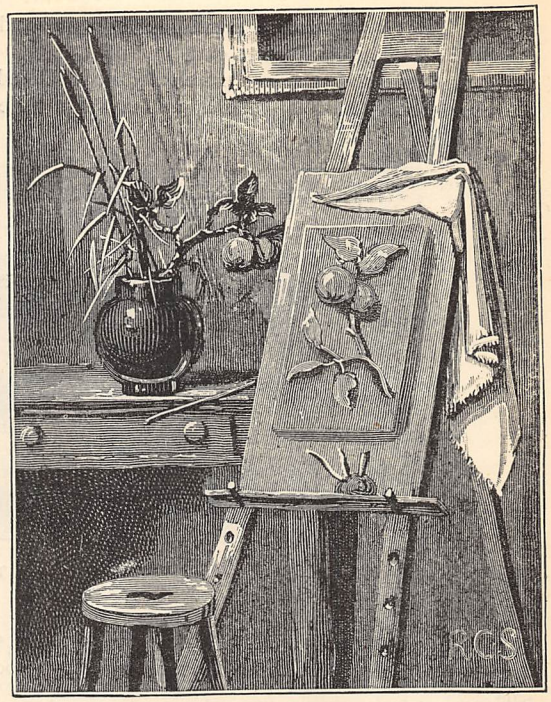
Having fixed upon my subject, I kneaded and moistened the clay, and placed a lump of it, rather larger than the required size, on my drawing-board. I then placed it on the easel, fastening it by means of tacks, and it was ready to begin upon. I roughly measured the model with the compasses, and slightly sketched in the leaves with charcoal.

The surrounding edges had to be worked off, in order to give a sharp outline. I then set to work at the delicate veins of the leaves.

The work, as people say, seemed "to grow under my hand," and it was quite a pleasant change of occupation, after sitting so many hours over my free-hand drawing.

The master praised my first attempt, much to my encouragement; and on the next modelling afternoon I tried a study in "eyes." The students were well supplied with excellent studies of hands, feet, noses, mouths, ears, and eyes, in order that they might perfect themselves in each detail before beginning heads.

I was very glad when I was allowed to begin my first head; it was that of a sleeping infant, and after that larger heads and busts followed. These large studies of heads I also copied in chalk, in order to perfect myself in shading before taking up painting, and to avoid the error of so many amateur artists who begin to paint before they can draw. There were plenty of models of trees, animals, and busts in the studio, so that we had no lack of examples.



EASEL WORK.

It must be borne in mind that the clay is to be kept damp, and on putting away the model for the day it should be moistened, to prevent its cracking, and a damp cloth or flannel spread over it. When quite finished the models are sent to be cast in plaster-of-

COVERING THE MODEL WITH WET CLOTH.

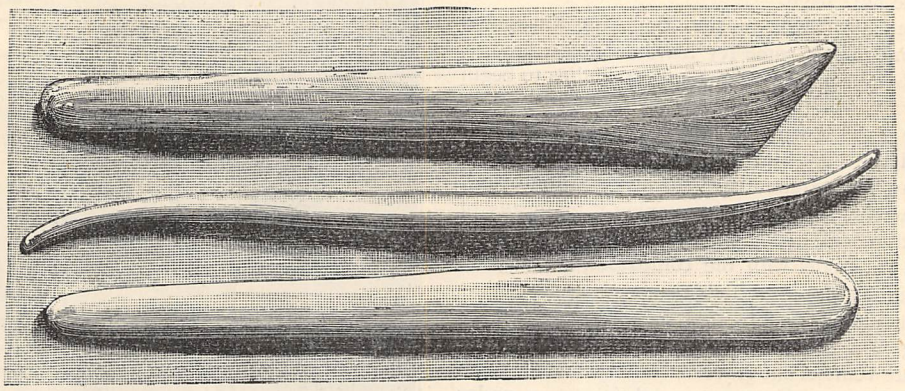
A PORTRAIT IN BAS-RELIEF

Paris. This is rather an expensive process, and therefore many artists learn to cast their own.

When once cast, a good price may be obtained for even small models—half a guinea for a little bird, and of course a great deal more for busts, figures, and animals, which always command a good sale.

Modelling in clay is decidedly a profitable branch of women's work; and as so few excel in modelling, compared with the large number of those who paint on china, crystoleum, &c., it is a field in which there is at present no excessive competition.

The work can easily be done at home, provided there is a room which can be used as a studio; and the outlay is very small, the tools being so few in number. A three-legged stool for modelling figures, or an easel for flowers and fruit, is necessary. In the former case the artist stands, in the latter a high stool can be used. The clay is not expensive, but it should be bought properly prepared, and must be kept damp, in a cool place, and in a box free from air.



THE NECESSARY TOOLS FOR MODELLING.

Terra-cotta only requires to be burnt, it is modelled in the same way as the clay, and well repays the trouble bestowed upon it.

BY-PATHS OF COMMERCE: RAGS, AND THE TRADE IN THEM.

OF all the by-paths of commerce perhaps none presents so many aspects as the rag trade. Ranging from the itinerant collector who scours the towns and villages in search of rags, bones, and bottles, to the mysterious "merchant" who is prepared to execute an order for a hundred tons or so at a few hours' notice, dealers in rags represent every shade of fortune. Scarcely less varied, too, are the commodities themselves. Thus, while some are only fit for the dunghill, and, as a matter of fact, are sold for manure, others still have so much of their primitive value that they are dedicated to the manufacture of shoddy, and are again made up into cloth. Linen rags, too, are of every quality, and serve as raw material for all the varieties of paper from the finest note to the commonest brown.

The rag trade is now one of huge dimensions. Not only our own, but almost every country is ransacked to keep up the supply. From China and Japan, Australia and all the colonies, from the shores of the Mediterranean, and from all the countries of the Continent do huge consignments daily come to the London Rag Market, the chief centre of the trade for the rest of the civilised world.

In view of such considerations as these it is not surprising that rags should be a staple of commerce. Nor is the cause far to seek. In spite of the fact that paper may be made of an infinite variety of materials, it may be taken as practically true that it cannot be made without rags. It seems, indeed, to be doubtful whether in this manufacture rags will ever be wholly superseded; and it is to be expected that, in all countries in which paper is in demand, rags will long be at a premium.

It is, indeed, only to be wondered at that the supply should never fail. In England alone, for instance, not all the rags that can be collected from every source would keep the multitudinous paper-mills occupied for long together, and we are, to a large extent, dependent upon those that are imported. Still, a vast number of people are wholly occupied in the various branches of this industry, for such it must be called. Who is not familiar with the peripatetic collector? He takes various forms, but never loses his unmistakable identity. In the metropolis he usually travels with a pony and cart, and makes rather a parade of his

calling. The crates for bottles, the baskets for bones, the barrel for household waste, and the bags for rags, are all ostentatiously displayed. In the country, again, he often comes in the guise of a pedlar. In more ways than one the character is favourable to the exercise of his avocations. His licence acts as a passport ; and should a zealous police constable become suspicious, it often serves as a guarantee of respectability. To country serving-maids the offer of a few trinkets or ribbons is almost irresistible ; and here, too, it is to be feared that the supply of rags is increased by illicit means. In this connection, indeed, the trade in rags has many a lesson for many people. These domestic scavengers contrive to earn a living out of other people's leavings, and, for all their forlorn appearance, are not so poverty-stricken as they would have us believe. Many people, indeed, would doubtless be surprised if they could see the contents of a rag-bag, and what a quantity of good and serviceable material is consigned to that receptacle.

The next stage through which rags pass is that of sorting, and this is usually done at the larger dealers', who either employ collectors or purchase from them. Sorting is not nearly so important a matter as it formerly was. Linen and cotton must, however, of course be separated from woollen fabrics. The stronger and better sorts of each of them must again be divided, for they fetch better prices, and are applicable to different uses. But the original distinction (according to whiteness) is, to a great extent, a thing of the past. By the application of bleaching to rags it is found that nearly every kind can be used for making the finest paper, and the consequences are that the value of the better and whiter kinds has greatly decreased, and much of the inferior foreign supply is equally serviceable with those collected at home. Instead of realising as much as £25 per ton, indeed, prices have fallen to a pretty uniform rate of from £17 to £19 per ton. The only advantage which the dealers in English rags still enjoy is in the matter of freight. But this is, of course, a by no means unimportant item.

Not the least noteworthy fact in regard to the home supply of rags is that it is chiefly kept up from the poorer districts. The trade, indeed, presents great dangers, and cases of infection having been transmitted by means of rags are by no means uncommon. Nor is this to be wondered at. Until the rags are disinfected—and this frequently, if not universally, does not take place until they reach the paper-mill and are subjected to the action of heat or chemicals—nothing is done to prevent their spreading contagion. It is, of course, to be expected that the collectors who regularly visit the slums, and purchase for a few pence or halfpence the left-off rags of the degraded and the dirty, should, in their own interest, exercise some discretion ; but the matter is one of such moment in its bearing upon the public health, that it ought not to be left to the chapter of accidents. In the case of hospitals and workhouse infirmaries it may be reasonably concluded that every precaution is taken to disinfect clothing or bedding before it is disposed of ; but there is much reason to fear that these precautions are wholly neglected in private houses, and especially, though by no means exclusively, among the poorer classes.

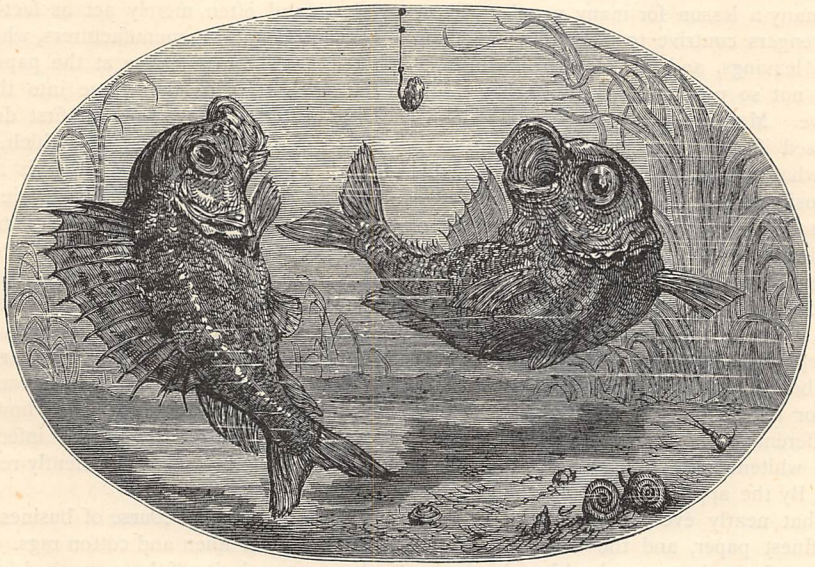
Beyond the rough-and-ready sorting which we have already pointed out, rags seldom undergo any other process than that of compression into bales for the convenience of transport, before they pass into the hands of the merchants and shippers who supply the paper-mills and execute export orders. At this stage they come into the same category with imported rags, which usually arrive in this country in bales. These dealers have little or nothing to do with the rags themselves, and often merely act as factors between the consignors and the manufacturers, whether English or foreign. The rags arrive at the paper-mills, then, in the same state as they came into the hands of the large dealers. There they are first dusted—a process which is very necessary, and which, of course, gets rid of a great deal of dirt. This is accomplished by placing them in large cylindrical sieves and beating them by machinery. They are then sorted and cut into shreds by hand, and it is this class of workers that is exposed to the greatest risk of infection. Smallpox has, indeed, in several cases been officially traced to rags in paper-mills, and several instances of its occurrence are recorded. The various processes of boiling, treating with caustic lime, washing, bleaching, and final conversion into pulp, however, effectually remove any further danger of infection. Still, the danger, while it lasts, is sufficiently real to excite some apprehension.

Such is the usual course of business in this country in the case of linen and cotton rags. The earnings of the great majority of those engaged in it are, of course, very small. Even the collectors can make so little out of the rags they gather that it is very doubtful whether the occupation would be legitimately remunerative, and, as a matter of fact, the chief gainers by the demand for this commodity are the railway companies and carriers.

In the case of woollen rags a larger number of hands are employed in preparing them for their final condition. A great many people are, for instance, occupied in cutting out the seams and button-holes of old cloth clothes, which has to be done before these are available for shoddy. These are called mongoe-cutters, and the prepared woollen rags are known as mongoe. This is then disposed of to the shoddy manufacturer, who prepares it by subjecting it to high temperature, and by carding and tearing it to shreds, for the use of the cloth manufacturer. With the exception of the waste cuttings of mills, and tailors' and dressmakers' shops, the greater part of the supply of woollen rags also comes from the poorest parts of the town, or from abroad. A very common and dirty kind is, indeed, imported from Germany, and sold to the Kent and Sussex hop-growers at about £3 a ton, for the purpose of manure for the hop-gardens. Rags were formerly very largely used for making up flocks for mattresses, but they have been largely superseded by cotton-waste, which is imported in immense quantities from America, and forms almost entirely the

bedding of the poorer classes. It is, however, reassuring to know that the processes through which the wool used for making these mattresses passes effectually disinfect it.

But it will be seen from the foregoing that the rag trade has many ramifications, and is of considerable importance in the world. It has reached its climax of prosperity in New York, in which city, according to some figures recently published, there are more than 800 rag-dealers, and the pickers, who are mostly Italians, gather £150,000 worth yearly in the streets and roads, while the money realised for cotton rags alone in the United States is put at £4,400,000 per annum.



SOME MODERN FABLES.

THE FISH AND HIS WIFE.

A FISH, who had been nibbling at a very enticing bait, had such a strong suspicion of a hidden hook, that he returned hungry to his cave. Addressing his wife, who was busy with her preparations for dinner, he remarked casually, "I saw, my dear, a very delicate morsel just above our roof. I think, if you would fetch it, it would be quite an addition to our little meal."

With that cheerful alacrity so abundantly bestowed by devoted wives on selfish husbands, by one stroke of her fins, and one whisk of her tail, she had the bait in her mouth—but also, alas! the fatal hook in her gills. Thus was her husband bereaved, and her million and a half babes left motherless.

Moral.—Without puzzling our readers with the yet unexplained fact, that the more selfish and exacting the husband, the more devoted and obliging we always see the wife, we will draw a lesson from this fable, viz., that when anything difficult or dangerous is to be done, it is good policy to get some one else to do it.

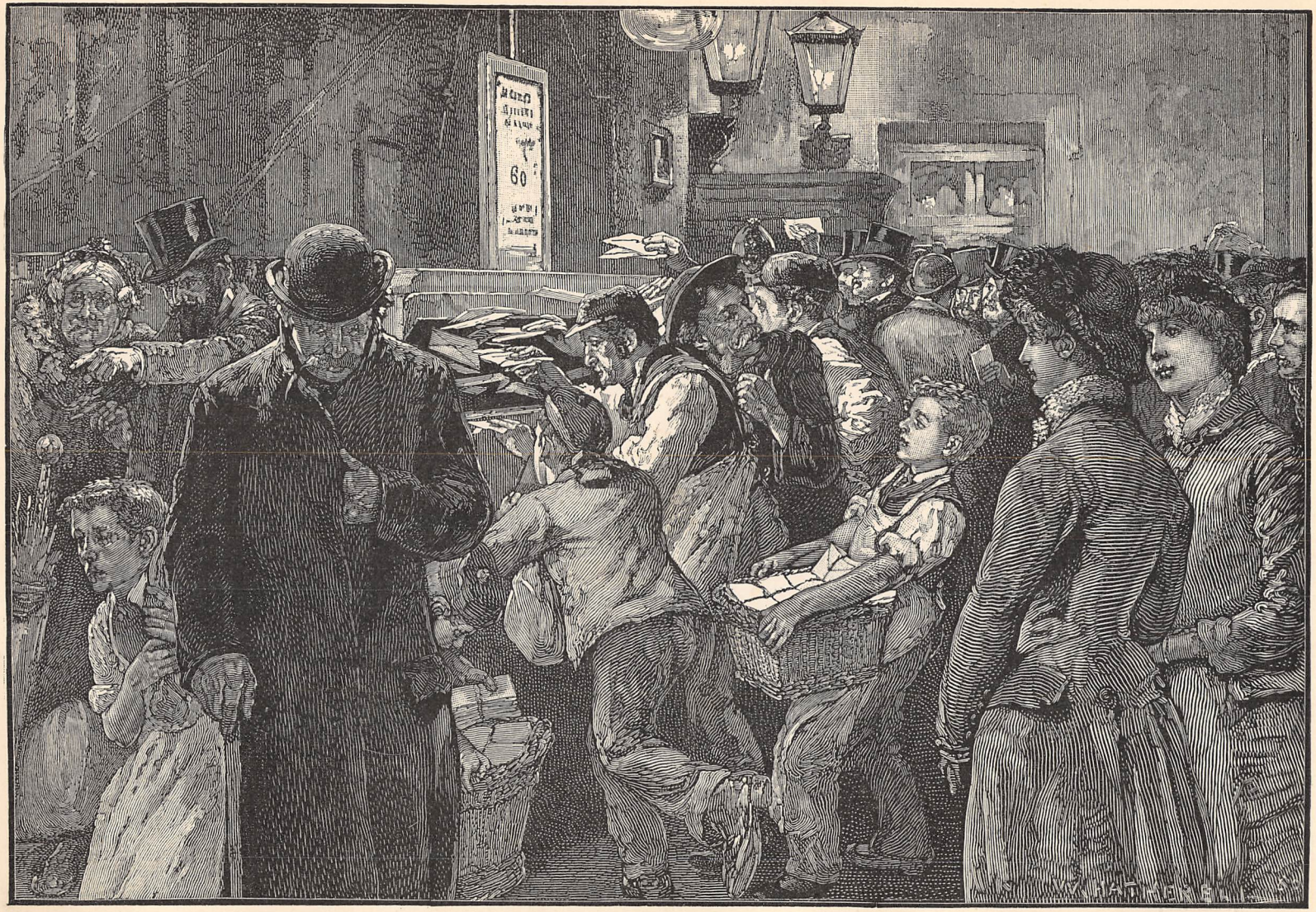
CAT AND DOG.

A cat and dog, who had been brought up together from kittenhood and puppyhood, continued fast friends through life. Their mistress, a widow, would often sit with a pleased smile, watching their innocent gambols. Sometimes she had to interfere, when their play became too boisterous for her neat little kitchen.

On one occasion, this widow went into the village to visit an old friend, a maiden lady in easy circumstances. Dandy, the dog, followed her. She was shown into a bright pretty parlour, where she found the old lady seated at a window with her work-basket at her feet, in which lay a beautiful tortoise-shell cat. She was occupied with her crochet, and before she could disentangle her zephyrs and her thoughts to welcome the widow (for she was puzzling out a new stitch), Dandy had laid his rough paw on Miss Tortoiseshell's satin coat, and uttered the short, sharp bark which his own puss so well knew to be the invitation to a romp.

Such unparalleled impudence of course aroused Miss Tortoiseshell's just indignation. She rose with an injured air and bristling back, and before you could say "Jack Robinson," Dandy was making a hasty retreat, with scratched nose and bleeding ears.

Moral.—Do not carry the familiarity of home life into general society.



"THE STEPS ARE OCCUPIED BY A THRONG OF PERSONS ALL STRUGGLING TOWARDS THE GREAT OPEN BOX WHICH RECEIVES LETTERS FOR DESPATCH."

"*CATCHING THE POST*" (*p.* 157).

CATCHING THE POST.

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

PERHAPS it seldom occurs to many of us when we wake in the night, that millions of happy thoughts, millions of sad reminders, millions of requests, millions of threats, millions of congratulations, millions of questions, millions of answers, are flying from London to various parts of the world—from various parts of the world to London, through rain, hail, snow, wind, tempest, fierce tropical heat, balmy summer airs, cold, pale moonlight, sultry storm-lowering weather; on board mail-packets; in native boats; in bullock waggons; on mule packs; in mail trains on long lines of railway, where the line of carriages rushes past some lonely outlying country station with a scream, a whirr, and a whiz, like a dreadful monster leaving behind a trail of fiery breath. In many out-of-the-way places in England, night has scarcely given way to morning before mail carts or coaches are got ready to carry the bags that have been thrown out on the platform of some remote station for distribution in an agricultural district. All night long the messages of hope, fear, love, truth, hate, reproof, exhortation, good and evil counsel, are winging their way to meet the waking world to-morrow, that they may be translated into action.

Probably it is some vague impression of this sort which gives a subtle fascination to one of the most remarkable sights in London—a sight which may be witnessed every evening for about ten minutes before the long and the short hands of the big clock-face at the Post-office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, form a vertical line exactly bisecting the arc between the VI. and the XII.: a sight at which even the jaded man of business, who (man and boy) has seen it five or six nights a week for twenty or thirty years, pauses for a few moments that he may chuckle over its humours or speculate upon its marvellous significance. For at a few minutes before six o'clock the broad steps before the chief office are occupied by a throng of persons all struggling towards the great open mouth of the box which receives letters for despatch by the inland night mails to places in Great Britain and Ireland. A late-letter-box is afterwards opened till seven o'clock for letters bearing an extra halfpenny stamp, but it may easily be supposed that the saving of the extra postage is worth a struggle to people who send out a large number of letters; and "to catch the night's post" is often an arduous and difficult undertaking, not achieved without some personal inconvenience. It may be owing to some depravity of our nature that these inconveniences, and the general sense of competitive activity pervading the scene on that not too well lighted area, constitute the chief part of the interest to an otherwise unconcerned spectator, who, having safely committed his own letters to the box in good time, and heard them rustle downwards to the cavernous depths below, can calmly contemplate the breathless efforts of others, or speculate with mild excitement upon the chances of some last-comer being just too late. Not that there is a lack of good-fellowship even among the panting eager throng who have contrived to get a front place.

Little Bob Shorter, who has run as hard as he can pelt, without his jacket, from a printing office, carrying a square basketful of letters before him as though they were hot pastry, will get a lift from the grim-faced man, also without a jacket, from the packer's in Gresham Street.

"Now then, young un," he of the grim visage calls out as Bob gives him an awkward push with the corner of the basket, "you ain't half on the job. Let's get your lot in for you"—a friendly interposition which a little checks the ardour of an aggressive youth in a Scotch cap, who has come up at a canter and charged headlong at the box, to the discomfiture of a lad who, having stationed himself with a bushel or so of missives sent out by an advertising firm, stands rather an ugly chance of finding himself rolled over into the black shadow beneath the box. There are flying detachments of boys coming and going here, and many of them bring huge consignments of letters; for there are firms in the City who make it a part of their business to address letters and circulars by the thousand, and to take the responsibility of posting them within a given time. The boys, however, are not the most remarkable of the messengers who come to catch the post. There are foreign correspondents who have had a run for it to get here in time for the box which receives letters for the foreign mails: burly, easy-going Germans; quick Italians; wiry, black-bearded Greeks. Nor are some painfully suggestive elements wanting; for in more than one strongly-marked and striking countenance may be read the story of "better days;" when, instead of the loosely-tied collarless scarf, and the evidently "second-hand" coat, and shabby hat, the wearer was a spruce young clerk, with glossy hat, and neatly-fitting raiment; painful stories of misfortune to be seen in some countenances; in others a worse narrative still, the record of the tavern, the billiard-room, the betting office, the degrading and ruinous influence of the "bar," and its sordid extravagance of drink.

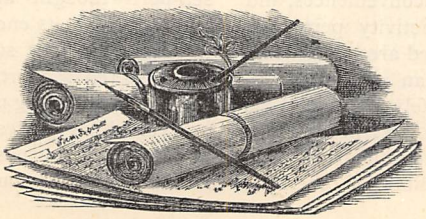
It needs but a glance in other faces to note that the very act of sending off a letter has brought about a train of thought which is almost a reverie even in this crowded place; thought already miles and miles away, in remote hamlet or busy manufacturing town or foreign sea-port—thought allied to anxious hope that the message, with its enclosure, may reach its destination in time to prevent suffering, to avert disgrace, to give cheer, to renew effort. One can scarcely help wondering what the smiling policeman thinks of it all; whether he ever philosophises on human nature in the aspect of "catching the post." His official services are not in much request, but he stands here as the repre-

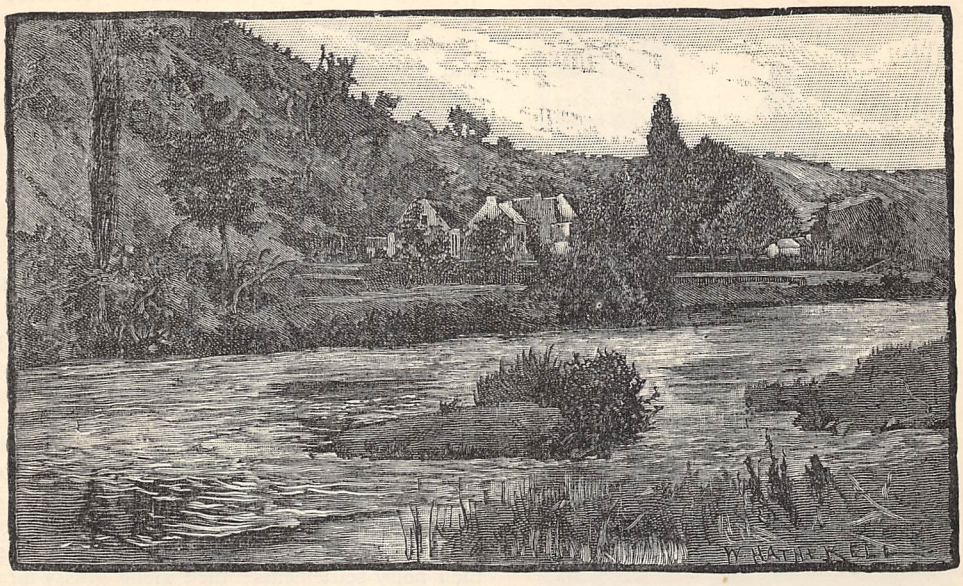
sentative of order, and occasionally interposes to make room for some timid, feeble, or unaccustomed hand to reach the box and gently drop its contribution into the gaping mouth. If the two young ladies who are somewhat wistfully contemplating the tussle just now going on there do not seek his aid, or that of Bob Shorter, they will miss the post, and be at the expense of a halfpenny a-piece for extra stamps. But their attitude is too calm for such a supposition; the feminine mind would but rarely be able to contemplate without more emotion the probability of such a loss. Their letters were posted a quarter of an hour ago: they are now looking on with amused wonder that there should be so many people in a hurry—that there can be so many things to write about of sufficient importance to make the rush for the six o'clock post so much like a "scrimmage" at football. It will be well for them to move aside presently, for the long hand of the dial is more than half-way between eleven and twelve, and already there is a sound of rapid feet—a sound of labouring breath; the latest incursion of post-catchers is already at the foot of the steps. The elderly lady, who has mistaken the General Post Office for the Mansion House, and wants "a bus for Pimlico," had better pause for a minute, unless the gallantry of the nice-spoken foreign gentleman, who can't make her understand that she must "return herself to Sheepside," leads him to pilot her safely across that dangerous and somewhat slippery asphalte at the junction of thoroughfares by St. Paul's.

Soon after the crowd at the letter-box has dispersed—almost as soon as the elderly lady has succeeded in reaching Pimlico, all the letters that have been tossed into the yawning cavity will have been sorted—for in the great building here hundreds of sharp eyes and quick hands are at work. By the time the late-letter-box has received its last contingent the chief branch and district offices in London have yielded theirs, and here at the stone platform at St. Martin's-le-Grand are a file of Post Office vans, drawn up ready to receive the large sealed bags containing the letters sorted for the main lines of railway by which they are to reach their destination. These bags come sliding down a smooth wooden shoot or inclined plane, and are at once taken possession of by the officials who are to convey them to the various stations. There is very little delay now. To Euston Square, a whole line of vans are already on their way, for the Northern and Midland mail trains; and for other stations the rest are now starting. When they arrive the bags will be taken therefrom by Post Office officials on the spot, carried to the postal carriages, the sorting carriages and tenders, or mail-bag vans. The first sorting at the Post Office has given the main or divisional direction to these letters, the special sorting will be carried on from the moment the train leaves the station. In one of the sorting carriages—which is a large travelling-room fitted with green-baize-covered counters, with pigeon-holes, and rows of pegs on which to hang the bags intended for the towns the names of which are inscribed above the pegs—the bags of cross-post letters are received and prepared for their proper delivery. These letters are received, sorted, and sometimes made up and despatched without stoppage of the train.

The letters for some small town and its adjacent villages, say, are placed together, and sealed up in a crinkly, dingy white skin bag, which is strapped within a stout brown cover. The guard, who knows every point of the journey, is aware that he is approaching a station—slides down the shutter of the window-hole, pushes back the door in its side groove, reaches out of the window for an iron hinged bar, which he pulls inside, that he may fasten the bag to the end by a kind of clip or spring. He then swings it out, where it hangs over the rails. He then returns to the window, and releases another contrivance, which is in effect a receiving basket or net. The train is going at what seems like a mile a minute—clatters, rumbles, passes a brilliant flash, and is again careering through fields, and over bridges and viaducts. It has passed a postal station, where, by some simple mechanism, the post bag for that district has been detached from the iron arm, and drops into a net or basket ready to receive it; while the net from the carriage window has passed beneath the bags of letters suspended at the station, and has gathered them to tumble them into the postal carriage, where they are instantly seized upon, opened, and their contents sorted by the clerks, to be consigned to the respective bags which will deliver them at the next station, from which they will be sent to their proper destination. Quick as the operations are, the train is half a mile beyond the postal station before the guard has drawn in the net and the bags are opened. Then the sorters go to work with a will. And so along the main arteries of the great railway lines—even where there is no pause between the pulse-beats—the work goes on of sending back and forward, or on either side, through other arteries or veins, the life-blood of a nation's correspondence.

Twelve hundred and eighty millions of letters represent the last year's circulation, that is to say, four millions a day, and as many as four hundred thousand circulars have been posted at a time by one firm in London. The persons permanently employed in the work of carrying on this gigantic system of communication number 44,600, and 41,000 more are partially employed.



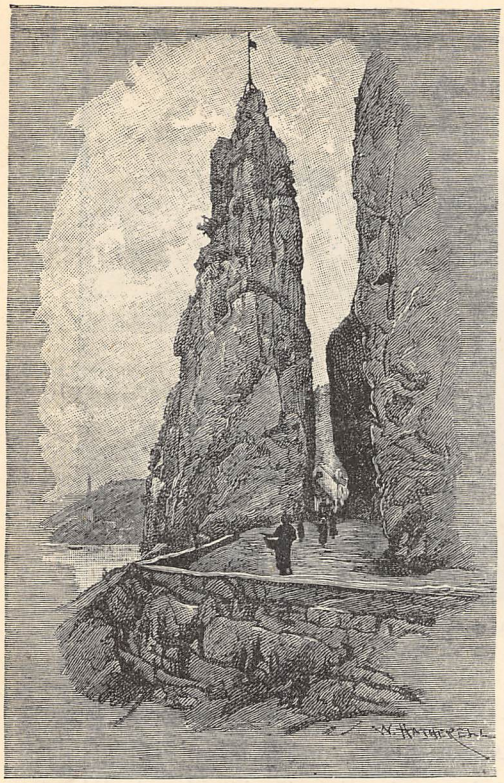


ON THE LESSE NEAR ANSEREMME.

A BELGIAN HOLIDAY.

BY WILLIAM SHARP. IN TWO PAPERS.—SECOND PAPER.

BUT after all, the most interesting part of the Meuse valley lies south of Dinant, more especially for the first three or four miles on the eastern bank. About a mile (Belgian) from the town the picturesque Roche à Bayard is passed, a high, sharp-pointed, inaccessible rock, detached by a few yards from the steep crags behind it; and it is through this narrow aperture that even *diligences* and heavily-laden waggons have to pass. The cliffs above are beautiful at all times, but especially in the soft afternoon glow do their rugged slopes, with reef-like spurs of limestone breaking through the thin soil and scanty grass often to a considerable height, appear to advantage. Here the "suburb" of Rivage ends, and, the Bayard passage traversed, Anseremme is seen extending irregularly along the eastern bank till it ends in a picturesque promontory overhung by high wooded cliffs. It is to Anseremme all visitors, if they be wise, will come after having spent a few days at Dinant; indeed it is best to come direct to the latter, the omnibus journey between the two places being at once short and very inexpensive, and all arrangements as to visiting the places before-mentioned being as easily made at the one place as the other. To the visitor the Hôtel Beau-Séjour may almost be said to comprise all Anseremme, for the village is but a collection of small houses at irregular intervals, and in no way interferes with the semi-privacy of the Beau-Séjour. This hotel belongs to the same proprietor as the Hôtel des Postes at Dinant, but is only open from May or the beginning of June till the end of autumn: it is beautifully situated on the Meuse-side, its verandah looking right down upon the river beneath, to the Bayard Rocks on the right, and on the left to the openings of the Lesse and Meuse valleys above the bridge covering the influx of the former into the latter river. Moreover, the board and accommodation are good, and the rate of *pension* moderate—about 7 f. a day, all included. The great drawback to Dinant for those who care for boating or bathing is the considerable distance to be rowed up before houses are left behind, and beautifully wooded or island banks take their place; but this is obviated by living at the Beau-Séjour, for in the neighbourhood of Anseremme the boating is even more delightful than on the Upper Thames; the bathing is capital, and never dangerous to those who have even moderate swimming powers; while both rivers, but more especially the Lesse, literally swarm with trout and other fish. The fishing is everywhere free, as indeed are all the paths by wood and field and hill. A good boat (*chaloupe*) can be obtained for 30 f. a month, or for about twenty for a fortnight, and can be kept in front of the hotel; and, indeed, this is the only way boating may be depended on, for there are only one or two *chaloupes* in the neighbourhood to be let by the hour, and these are seldom easy to procure,



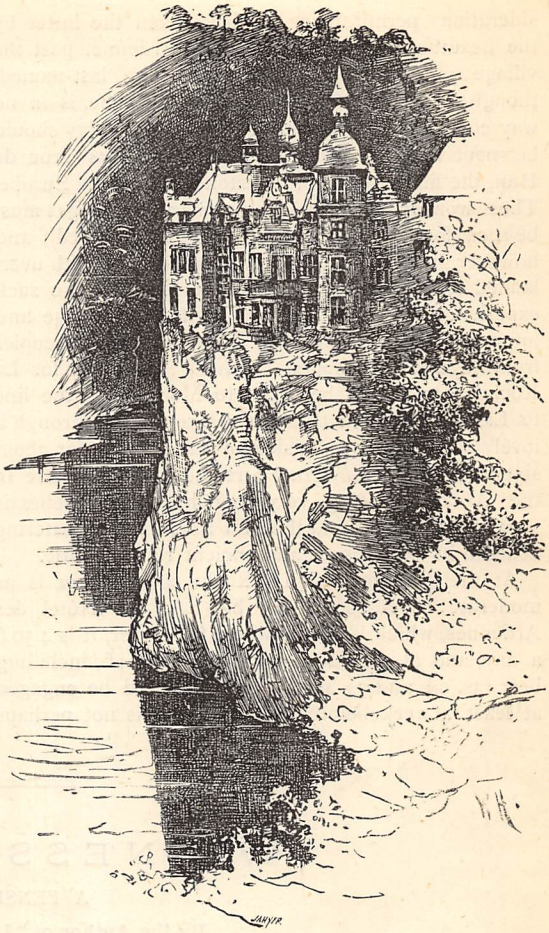
ROCHE A BAYARD.

owing to their owners rarely being at hand. On the whole the Lesse will be found the better river for fishing, especially that portion of it lying between the shallows opposite the ruined foundry (about half a mile up) and the ford which is crossed in going to Walzin; but in nine cases out of ten the natives seem to prefer using bait instead of the fly, finding that the former requires less skill and is equally efficacious owing to the great number of fish with which the river is supplied. Good fishing can be obtained on the Meuse also, especially above the weir and round the promontory on which the quaint little church of Anseremme stands.

An excursion by rowing-boat up the Lesse cannot be extended beyond a mile or so, owing to the shallows of the ford already mentioned; but any one staying at the Beau-Séjour is certain to row up again and again between its lovely wooded banks—wooded so densely that at times it seems as if the *chaloupe* were urging its way on liquid air through a wilderness of quivering green leaves. A shallow, over which the stream races rapidly, will be noticed opposite the old foundry and present mill; and here it would be as well (if there be more than one in the boat) for those not rowing to alight on the jut of land that forms a little bay, while a single rower takes the boat over the few yards of shallows. But a long day's sail may be taken up the Meuse; and one of the most delightful ways of visiting the Château de Freyr, and the curious grotto in the neighbourhood, is to go thus by water. Immediately above the Pont à Lesse there is a triple weir across the Meuse, and by the right side of this a large lock which the keeper will open at any time free of charge, though a small gratuity should be given if frequent entrance is required. Having gone through the lock, the boat meets with no other obstruction of the kind for miles upward, but passes first the queer little church of Anseremme, with its small and ridiculously tilted stumpy spire; then underneath lofty and precipitous rocks, amongst whose worn limestone crags hundreds of crows have their noisy settlements; then along grassy meadows, richly flowered in spring, and gay on their banks with trailing honeysuckle and red and white dog-roses, with snowy blackthorn and sweet-scented may, with elder-blossom and tall meadow-sweet; then past a long green island on the right; then again wooded heights; and at last the old château, with its quaint Dutch garden, is seen on the river-side, the opposite banks consisting of a series of huge rocks and craggy cliffs, in great part wooded, save from their midway slopes. The château itself can only be visited if the family be absent; but this is no great loss, as the chief interest in connection with it lies in the neighbouring grotto, which is reached by a beautiful path of about a mile in length, and which, though neither so

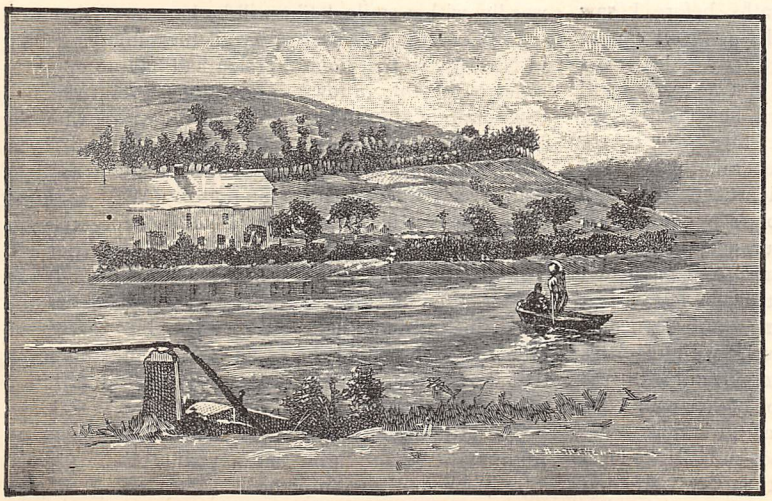
CHATEAU DE LA ROCHE.

impressive nor anything like as extensive as the famous Trou de Han at Rochefort, is decidedly worth a visit. Beyond the Château de Freyr the river winds onward, towards Waulsort and distant Givet on the French border, no part of it, however, being more picturesque than the wooded precipices which here overhang it on the left, and above which, though unseen, the village of Falmignoul lies, amongst the waving corn-fields that stretch for miles across those green uplands which so much resemble the fertile downs of southern England. The road to this village is one of the most beautiful walks or drives that can be taken from Anseremme, which is left by the high-road beginning at the bridge, and which winds upwards for miles along a gradually ascending road on the summit of those rocks which overlook the Meuse; but either can be made still pleasanter by branching off to the left before reaching Falmignoul, by the somewhat steep and rugged side-road that leads to Walzin, returning by way of the Lesse. In this way the most impressive parts of the beautiful valley of the Lesse will be seen, for the carriage-road winds downward through a semicircle of hills clad with the green vanguard of the Forest of Ardenne. When the level is reached, the direction to the right should be taken, in order to visit the Château de Walzin, one of the most picturesquely situated châteaux in Belgium, though this itself forms a pleasant walk or drive from Anseremme along the banks of the ever-beautiful Lesse. Having arrived at the hamlet of Walzin, a man will soon be found to conduct visitors by means of a rough *chaloupe* about a hundred yards or so up the Lesse, to a spot on the opposite bank where the best view of the castle is to be obtained. Situated on a lofty and curiously caverned rock, the mediæval-looking château commands a magnificent prospect of the course of the Lesse to the east and west, and of the wide uplands stretching away behind, towards the Royal domains of Hordenne; while sheer below its windows the river winds along underneath sweeping tree-boughs, seemingly striving to undermine the partially hollowed cliff-rock itself. Leaving Walzin behind, the upper Pont à Lesse is passed; further on the ford is crossed, and the homeward route is taken along a road fringed most of the way with shadowy trees, and overhung in great part by a wilderness of moss-covered rocky heights.



CHATEAU DE WALZIN.

If Dinant may be called the door of the Ardennes, Anseremme may fitly be considered their actual threshold. Yet to have seen Anseremme, even to have explored the valley of the Lesse, is not to have seen the Ardennes; to do this it is necessary to go to La Roche, which may be said to be to the valleys of Belgian Luxembourg what Callander is to the Trossachs. La Roche, however, is somewhat difficult of access from Anseremme; the pleasantest way, if time and other con-



FERRY AT ANSEREMME.

siderations permit, being to drive from the latter by the beautiful Route de Château d'Ardenne, past the village of Cielles to Rochefort. The last-named, though much better known than La Roche, is in no way comparable to it, but at least a whole day should be spent there in order to visit the famous Trou de Han, the finest series of limestone caverns in Europe. These wonderful subterranean caves and passages must be seen, for they cannot efficiently be described ; and however great one's disappointment may be with over-lauded Rochefort itself, it is safe to say that no such experience will result from a visit to the strange and impressive Grottes de Han, a visit that in itself occupies from three to four hours. Leaving Rochefort for La Roche, a train can be taken to Melreux, on the line to Liège ; and from thence a *diligence* runs through a lovely country along the side of the Ourthe for about sixteen miles (the *diligence* fares here as elsewhere in the Ardennes being very moderate), till Cielles is seen on its hill-top, and then La Roche itself clustering beneath its picturesque and ancient ruined castle.

At the two hotels of La Roche the *pension* is as moderate as it could well be. At the Hôtel des Ardennes, which is on the whole the better, it is 4.50 f. a day, and at the Hôtel du Nord only 4 f., including beer (3s. 9d. and 3s. 4d.). Rooms should be engaged at least a week beforehand. Fishing is not perhaps so plentiful as on the Lesse, but of much better quality. The Ourthe is too shallow for bathers, except just above the Rompré Mill (Moulin du Grand Rompré), about half a mile from La Roche—but here a delightful swim in deep water can be obtained.

The Castle of La Roche has had many eventful passages in its history, from the days when it was first roughly constructed by the vanguard of the Saracens, since then occupied by Pepin, and sacked by the Huns, the Vandals, and the Visigoths, to the days when it formed a hunting-seat for the kings of France—still later, when it belonged to Napoleon, until now when its extreme old age is guarded by the Belgian State.

La Roche, in the centre of the hilly Forest of Ardenne, is the very heart of the Ardennes themselves ; and perhaps no place in the north of Continental Europe commands so many great valleys in immediate proximity, possesses so many lovely walks, or is so picturesquely situated in itself. But further cannot now be said of this gem of Belgian Luxembourg, or of the beautiful Ardennes themselves ; yet it may be stated that even La Roche is within an easy twenty-four hours' journey from London by Calais or Ostend, and that any English people undertaking such a journey will consider their holiday one of the pleasantest they have ever spent.

WITNESS MY HAND.

A FENSHIRE STORY.

By the Author of "Lady Gwendolen's Tryst."

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

"This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."
SHAKSPEARE.

IT was more than six months before I saw Helen again. I cannot say that Uncle Rivers did not ask me up to town, but he only gave me one of those "general invitations" which need great faith in one's inviter or great assurance in one's self to accept. I possessed neither, so I stayed at home, and consoled myself with Helen's letters and with the hope of her coming to us at Christmas.

So the summer flushed and waned, and all the level land yellowed with harvest, and then lay bare and brown under chilly skies, till winter spread a fair white mantle over its unloveliness and desolation. And through all the changing days that brought us from May's sunshine to December's frost, but that passed so quietly that change seemed the last thing their eventless course could bring, I kept my cousin's image warm in my heart, and when I missed her most, said inwardly, with a smile, "She will be here at Christmas."

John Erlston had been away all the summer fishing in Norway, so that he and Helen had had no opportunities of meeting in town ; and since his return he had been entirely at home, going about the estate with Sir John, hunting when the weather permittted, and, I was bound to admit, flirting with Louisa Seymour as if he had never gathered forget-me-nots by Westrea Mere to give to Helen Rivers. But I had not forgotten his frequent visits while she was with us—visits that had dwindled to their normal number again now. I had not forgotten the evening walks on the bank by the Mere, the music he had seemed to find so sweet, the talks in which he had shown an interest and animation that were curiously absent from his languid flirtation with Miss Seymour.

The little drama I had constructed for Helen and John might be only in its first act still, but I believed it only needed the impetus of her coming to pass swiftly to its third. I had not forgotten the flower she

had hidden in the incongruous pages of her book of devotions; and though John Erlston's name was never even mentioned in her letters, I was only all the more disposed to think it might be treasured in her heart. I, too, had been in Arcady.

It was only a day or two after Christmas when she came to us, and the frost was still intense. Fenshire was a level waste of snow, bounded by a horizon of sullen grey. The frozen windmills stood out black and gaunt in the still air, the pollard-willows had each its heavy hood of snow, the leafless poplars looked like spectral trees against the gloomy sky. By Westrea Mere the forget-me-nots lay fast asleep under the crisp earth, and the Mere itself was a sheet of frozen water, whereon all the unemployed youth of Westrea cut eights and other ingenious devices, and executed the Dutch Roll and the Outside Edge with the proficiency that only Fen men attain to.

John was one of the most skilful skaters, and the boys wasted a good deal more time on the ice than Ralph at all approved of. I say "the boys" still, though both were now taller than Ralph, and Walter was emancipated from jackets at last, while Herbert carried his eighteen years with the dignity of eight-and-twenty. Both Herbert and Walter were going into the army, if they should ever succeed in passing the formidable examinations for what may now almost be called that "learned profession." Their strong frames and lusty limbs appeared to the uninstructed observer good material for the making of soldiers, but whether the somewhat slow wits that so often accompany physical strength would prove unequal to the test awaiting them, and so deprive the country of our boys' services, remained to be seen. They were certainly more disposed to play than work this Christmas, and spent most of their mornings on the Mere, or in skating on the pool in Erlston Park.

They went together to the station to meet Helen, and brought her home so becloaked and muffled, and numb with cold, that she declared she felt more like a mummy than a girl.

My mother took her up-stairs, and left me to make the tea, while Herbert and Walter warmed themselves before the huge fire, and chattered to Ralph and me.

"Isn't she grown?" cried Bertie.

"Yes; and grown pretty, too," added Walter, with very perceptible admiration in his tone.

"She was always that," said Ralph, "or rather, she was always more than that."

Almost as he spoke Helen came into the room, and then, indeed, I almost started.

Was this beautiful creature, with her regal carriage and society air, my young and unformed cousin? Truly, "pretty" was not the word by which to describe her. I told myself, with no little pride, that such a face as Helen's was worth a dozen pretty ones The broad forehead, the dark straight eyebrows, the deep soft eyes, were such as few women could boast; and I think no one who felt the wonderful force of expression in the flexile mouth, the square firm chin, the delicate nostril, would stop to criticise them very minutely, or even admit that a face so noble fell short of strict canons of beauty.

I took all these changes in at a glance—rather an anxious one, I know—and then I smiled in full content. The changes were only those of development and maturity, not alterations in any radical point. She was my Helen still, with the same earnest, truthful brow, and the same frank, loving eyes.

I do not remember much of that evening, delightful as it was. The happiness of having Helen with us again, "unspoiled, unchanged," as I whispered to myself a hundred times, seemed to overpower everything else. It was enough for me to listen to the sound of her voice, and watch her smiling, animated face, and I let my mother and the boys pour out their questions uninterrupted by any word of mine. My turn would come by-and-by.

But though I waited for it contentedly enough, there was one thing I longed to say, but that a sort of guilty feeling held me back. There is something treacherous in saying anything that is likely to move a friend, and watching its effect; and the more I longed to see how Helen would look at the mention of John Erlston's name, the more impossible I found it to pronounce it. At last Walter said, with an audacious raillery no one else would have ventured on—

"You haven't asked after your friend, John Erlston, Helen. Don't you want to know how he is?"

"Not so much as you seem to want to tell me," said Helen calmly, and with a perfectly impenetrable face. Either there was nothing to conceal now, or the lassie had learnt wonderful self-command since she bent over her forget-me-not six months ago.

The mention of John's name set all the boys' tongues off together, for John was our great excitement just now. Old Mr. Waller, the member for Fentonbury, had died rather suddenly, and John was standing for the ancient borough.

Sir John found out then that politics had not quite lost their flavour, and canvassed with an energy that put all his son's committee-men to the blush, and made a speech that had all his old vigour in it to the Fentonbury Farmers' Club, and trotted in and out of Westrea two or three times a day, apparently for no purpose but to ask Ralph how things were going, and what John's chances were.

Ralph was one of the political agents for Westrea and the district covering the whole area once occupied by Westrea Mere; and now that our first effervescence of welcome had a little exhausted itself, it was natural enough that the predominant local interest should reassert itself, and become the topic of conversation, especially as Ralph brought out a piece of information that roused our ire exceedingly.

"What do you think I heard in Fentonbury this morning? It is to be a contested election, after all."

There was a hubbub of incredulous indignation.

"Yes," said Ralph, "it is quite true. I telegraphed up to town to know if it was an authentic report, and there is no doubt about it. I thought John would walk over the course, the Erlstons are so popular in Fentonbury; but it seems they have sent down a man

"ALMOST AS HE SPOKE HELEN CAME INTO THE ROOM" (*p.* 163).

from London—a Mr. Lawley; a barrister, I believe—and John will have to fight."

"How angry Sir John will be!" I began, and then I stopped. Helen's cheeks were all aflame at last, though why she should blush now rather than at any other mention of John's name passed my comprehension.

She looked excessively annoyed, probably at her own unruly colour, and leaving us to our political discussion, began talking to my mother in an undertone. But I could not rid myself of the idea that she looked anxious and uneasy, as well as annoyed, and lost myself in fruitless conjectures as to what could have caused her disturbance.

The boys waxed animated and eager in discussing the election, and the unexpected opposition John was to encounter, and I thought that Helen listened more to them than to my mother. But when Walter ap-

pealed for her opinion on the relative merits of blue and yellow favours, she only said, rather stiffly, "I don't understand politics," and began taking up the dropped stitches of my mother's knitting with unnecessary energy and haste.

"Don't you?" said Walter. "I thought you seemed to understand all about it. Well, do you like parties, then? You have come just in time for one, if you do. The Seymours are going to have a grand one next week—an amateur concert, that is to be something altogether 'too quite.'"

Helen did not look enchanted.

"Don't amateur concerts generally mean bickerings beforehand, and intense slowness on the day of execution? I sang at one a little while ago, and almost made up my mind never to have anything to do with another."

"Oh, this one won't be slow. Every one is going; and John is to be first fiddle, and charm all the county to induce people to vote blue."

"Does Mr. Erlston play the violin?" asked Helen gravely; and Walter had to explain that he was only using a well-worn metaphor.

"If you insist on accuracy," he continued, "John is our *primo tenore*, and a very good one too.'

"What are you going to do?"

"*Elaine*, a new cantata, that has the merit of not presenting insuperable difficulties. The story is the same as Tennyson's, and the music is *so* pretty. One chorus is accompanied with bells."

"And Walter is going to ring one—that's why he thinks it pretty," said Herbert, who never missed a chance of taking Walter down.

"John Erlston is going to be Sir Lancelot," said Walter, loftily ignoring his brother's ingenious remark. "Guess who is to be Elaine?"

Helen paused just long enough to make me notice her hesitation. Then she said, with a little malice in her smile—

"Miss Seymour, I suppose."

"Louisa? Why, she can't sing a little bit. She hasn't three notes in her voice. That's the worst of music: the voice has to be considered before the looks, or, of course, I should have been Sir Lancelot instead of John."

"Miss Seymour would have made a beautiful Elaine," said Helen. "But you haven't told who is to take it, after all."

"Fanny Trenchard, the plainest girl in Fenshire. One ceases to wonder when one sees her that Sir Lancelot rides away."

"Don't scoff at plain looks," said I. "Fanny is a very sweet girl, and her face will grow to her sweetness some day, while prettier ones may be wrinkled and sour."

"Was she your only good soprano?" asked Helen. "I thought I remembered a Miss Poyntz with a lovely voice; and she was pretty too."

"It is possible to be *too* pretty," said Herbert, with a rather cynical laugh. "Louisa preferred Fanny Trenchard, you see; and it is not difficult to guess why."

It was one of the things I admired in Helen that she never depreciated another woman. She made no answer to Herbert's insinuation, and, going to the piano, began to try over *Elaine*, singing with a precision and facility that showed she had had good training since her last visit. And, indeed, I found that she had had lessons from a master who was *difficile* in the matter of pupils, and only took those whose voices promised to repay cultivation.

Elaine and the election divided empire all the next week in the boys' heads, and Helen caught the infection, and helped me to make up blue favours—Mr. Erlston's colours were blue—and sang a sweet, clear soprano to Ralph and Herbert's bass, and Walter's rather mild and ineffective tenor.

"Between politics at Fentonbury and practices at Morton, we shall not see much of John, I expect," I had said on her first evening, by way of softening a possible disappointment. And Helen, saying nothing, had only smiled. But events answered to her smile.

John declared he found our "scratch practices" more useful than the more formal ones at Morton Park, and instead of going himself into Fentonbury, transacted all possible business through Ralph, whom he worried to the verge of savageness by the frequent interviews he insisted on.

"I wish our energetic candidate would leave his committee to manage his affairs," said Ralph, in a disgusted tone. "It would serve him right if he lost the election."

But John took no notice of these growls. Every day his horse cooled his heels outside our door, while John interviewed the injured Ralph on some feeble pretext of election business. It was always over in a few minutes, and then Mr. Erlston came up-stairs to sing over his part—a ceremony which his proficiency made a transparent sham.

And Helen played his accompaniments, or sat by while he talked, smiling and blushing, just as she used to do six months ago. And I told myself, with a smile at the stagy metaphor, that we were well into the second act now, and the third must be near at hand.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE CONCERT.

"If music be the food of love, play on."—SHAKSPEARE.

MY toilet for the concert became my thirty summers, and did not detain me long. A silk dress is more easily arranged than one consisting of innumerable puffings of tulle, and plainly-braided hair demands less time than a more elaborate *coiffure*. I looked contentedly at my soft dove-coloured folds, and turned to see if Helen was ready.

She was far enough from that. Dresses littered every chair in our usually tidy room, and Helen stood in the midst of them, with her dainty white dressing-gown still on her shoulders, and a very dissatisfied face.

"Tell me what to wear," she cried. "I feel that I

shall look a fright whatever I put on. Dark people are always ugly by candle-light, I think."

No one ever "fished" for a compliment from me and got one; but this was a different case. The distress was real, and I hastened to apply balm to the wound.

"You silly child!" I cried. "What do you mean by ugly? Your definition and mine are very different if you apply such a word to a face like yours. Put on that black lace dress, and find something scarlet for your hair, and don't talk of looking 'ugly' again—*you*, with a face like a muse and a figure like a queen."

"Alice! You are laughing at me."

"I am not. I tell you I shall be as proud of your appearance to-night as I shall be happy in your company. Now make haste, and let me see if my choice is a success."

It was. The black dress, relieved by sprays of vivid scarlet flowers, suited her admirably, and her face was charming in its fresh young beauty. I led her to the pier-glass.

"Is this very 'ugly,' Helen?"

Helen turned away with a happy blush. "It was silly, I dare say," she whispered, "but I could not help it."

Help what? Well, I had been young once myself, and I thought I could guess. Was I ever quite satisfied with the picture my glass gave back when I was going to meet Robert?

So I asked no questions, and only gave my cousin a very quiet kiss. It is not my fashion to lay unhallowed hands on sacred things—and on the altar of love, is not every strange touch profane?

The next instant I smiled at myself for the thought. Love! Was not the word, to say the least, decidedly premature? What foundation had it but a girlish fancy six months ago, and a few blushes last week?

We arrived late, rough roads and a wind right in our faces having reduced our old mare's very moderate pace almost to a walk. As we lingered in the dressing-room, thawing our stiffened fingers over the fire, sounds of music told us that the concert had begun.

"Come, Helen," I cried, "are you not ready?"

Helen started, as though roused from a dream.

"I was only waiting for you," she said, as she rose, and drew her scarlet opera-cloak round her. Then, very wistfully—"Cousin Alice, shall I really do?"

"Yes, Miss Vanity!" said Cousin Alice, looking admiringly at the graceful burnous, with its stately folds. "What an artistic garment that is, Helen, and how exactly it suits you!"

Helen smiled gratefully, and followed me down to the concert-room. My mother was laid up with neuralgia, and I had to chaperone Helen—a nominal duty, that at least gave me the opportunity of observing how little chaperonage the stately young beauty needed.

Louisa was at the piano when we entered. *Elaine* was to form the second part of the concert, the first part being a miscellaneous selection, in which Miss Seymour's pianoforte solos formed prominent items, and one of Chopin's most weird and mournful pieces was holding every one's attention enchained when we came in.

The back drawing-room was fitted up with a temporary platform, the raised tiers of seats, on which the chorus would presently appear, being filled now with ferns and hot-house flowers, while the select few who were to perform in the highly classical first part were accommodated with chairs in the centre. John was not among them; but though I saw that, I was a little startled to find him close behind us.

"You here?" I said, as the familiar voice whispered a greeting over my shoulder. "I did not see you as we came in."

"Which may be accounted for by the fact that I was not here to be seen. Herbert, make room for me, will you? I want to sit by Alice."

Herbert made way, but it was by Helen, not by me, that John sat down, and it was Helen, not me, that he conducted to the room where tea and ices were served between the parts.

I saw through the open doors that he left her under his mother's care, and then he came back for me—this brother of Robert's, who was always so good to me. I chose to affect an annoyance I did not feel.

"So," I cried, "you have remembered my existence at last. Have you no apologies to make? or do you expect me meekly to take the second place without a protest?"

"Perhaps my expectations are too great for words," said John gaily. "We won't talk of them now. And as for apologies, I need not make any, for I have already read forgiveness in your eyes. Are all women's eyes as truthful as yours are, I wonder?"

"How can I tell? Some are, I know."

"For instance——?" said John. He was looking at Helen, and I knew what he meant.

"Yes," I said unhesitatingly, and wondering what he had read there. "If their words fail, John, the fault lies with the reader."

"Verily, I believe it," said John gravely. "I think a man might stake his life on that girl's truth." Then, presently, "How altered she is; and yet, how exactly the same! Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes; for the paradox is true, and when a paradox is true, it is much truer than a bald and literal truth."

"Well! Deal gently with the stupid one, please, and say what you mean in language to be 'understanded of the people,' if you can."

"Nothing more easy. Last spring we found an uncut gem; now we see it cut and polished—the same, and not the same."

John looked pleased. "To pursue the simile," said he, "some day we shall see it set, I suppose?"

"I suppose so. What setting will become it best, do you think? It should be costly, and of London workmanship, should it not? We in the country could not aspire to it."

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed, stopping short.

I understood him well enough, but I felt malicious, and I gave him no answer but a smile.

"What do you mean?" This time the question was repeated too sternly for trifling. "Leave these absurd similes, and let us speak out. Is she engaged? Is that what you meant to imply?"

"No, John. Be easy on that score."

"I suppose you would know?" he said, in a tone that was only half-satisfied.

"Assuredly. And I promise you the earliest information."

"Kind creature!" exclaimed Mr. Erlston, with a very queer smile. Did he think, as I did, that when Helen was engaged it might be his to give the information to me?

"What are you two talking so mysteriously about?" asked Miss Seymour, joining us as she spoke. "John, you know we shall want you directly for *Elaine*."

"All right," said John; "I'm ready now. Our conversation was didactic, not mysterious. Alice's conversation always is didactic and improving—that's why I like it so much. But if you want me——"

"We shall directly; we are only waiting for the Trenchards. I can't imagine what makes them so late."

There was a little stir at the bottom of the room, and we made our way towards the door, hoping that it betokened the expected arrivals.

I had heard enough about the cantata, and the part Miss Trenchard was to take in it, to understand that her presence was absolutely necessary.

But the slight disturbance was not caused by the wished-for arrival: only, it seemed, by Mrs. Seymour seeking her daughter, and making inquiries for her. She met us, as we came down the room, with a very perturbed face.

"The most unfortunate thing, Louisa!" she exclaimed. "I can't imagine what we shall do. I have just had a note from Mrs. Trenchard, and Fanny has got one of her sick-headaches, and cannot leave her bed. Mrs. Trenchard says it would be impossible for her to come, and she does not even like to leave her."

Louisa turned crimson with anger. "It is shameful!" she cried. "It is all an excuse, I know!"

"My dear, you know Fanny cannot move when those headaches come on. It is very unfortunate, but I don't see how we can be angry about it. Of course the cantata must be given up, or postponed to another occasion, and you must content yourselves with the music you have had."

Mrs. Seymour, the most equable of women, passed serenely on her way, but Louisa stamped her pretty foot in passionate vexation.

"It is because I would not let her have the dress she wanted!" she exclaimed. "I don't believe in her headache; and at least she might have let us know sooner. If we had known even this morning, we might perhaps have found some one to take her part. But now—it is *too* provoking!"

Tears stood in Louisa's blue eyes, and a half-sob choked her voice. There seemed no room for consolation, when John suddenly exclaimed—

"I know who will take the part. Miss Rivers has been singing *Elaine* all the week, and is as well up in the soprano solos as Fanny Trenchard herself. Shall I find her, and ask if she will sing?"

"Can she?" said Louisa doubtfully; and there was distaste as well as doubt in her voice. "The cantata will be spoiled, of course, but perhaps it would be better than quite giving it up."

"Excuse me," interrupted John, suddenly cuttingly polite; "if you think Miss Rivers will spoil it, I had better not ask her."

"Don't be disagreeable, John. Anything would be better than giving up *Elaine* after all the trouble we have had. Ask Miss Rivers, if you like; I have no doubt she will do it for you."

Her eyes gave the emphasis her tongue was too well-bred to make, and John looked his haughtiest as he said—

"It is you who will be obliged, not me. If Miss Rivers takes the part at a moment's notice, you ought to consider it a favour, and a very great one."

"Well, we can but ask her," said Louisa. "Alice, will you see if you can persuade your cousin? John will waste so much time in fine speeches, and there is none to lose. He shall come with me to settle the chorus in their places. Now, John."

John gave her his arm, and they went away together. John with a look on his face that was not entire satisfaction, and Louisa, all her vexation vanished, gay and airy and graceful, and beautiful beyond expression.

I went to Helen, and made my errand known, but instead of the ready acquiescence I expected, I met with point-blank refusal. It was in vain that I urged the disappointment the omission of *Elaine* would occasion, and the pleasure she would give by rendering its performance possible. Helen declined so decidedly, that as a last resource I ventured to say—

"And John wishes it so much."

"If he did he would say so," said Helen quickly, in a half-piqued tone that made me smile.

I made no protestations on John's behalf, for I saw him coming towards us, with Louisa by his side.

"Well," he said, looking at me, "how much longer are you going to keep us waiting?"

"I am not the culprit. It is Helen who is obdurate."

"Is she?" said Mr. Erlston. He looked at her with a confident smile. "I will trust her to disprove the charge."

"But I plead guilty," said Helen. "Indeed I cannot sing to-night."

"Why not? You know the music quite well. You are neither capricious nor disobliging—you must have some good reason for refusing."

Helen coloured painfully, and her eyes fell shyly under his, but she gave no reason for her refusal.

"Indeed I could not sing to-night—not in *Elaine*, that is. If anything else would do——"

"Of course it would not," said Louisa sharply, annoyance conquering politeness as she looked from Helen to John. She trilled out a metallic little laugh.

"Is it the music or the words you object to?" she asked. "You will not say? Then it must be something personal, must it not, John? Ah! have not *you* to take the *lover's* part? Perhaps Miss Rivers does not fancy you in that capacity, or"—in a whisper we all heard, and were, I think, intended to hear—"perhaps she is afraid of liking you too well."

She went away, half ashamed of herself, I think, and John turned to Helen. Before he could say a word she had flashed out her answer.

"I will take the part. It is immaterial to me what yours or any one else's is," she said in proud, indignant tones, that had at least as much pain as pride in them.

"I should be sorry if you let what has just been said influence your decision," said John, with grave apology in his eyes and voice. "One of Miss Seymour's suggestions I will not entertain—the other, I dare not. Do not sing against your will for the purpose of disproving either."

"I have told you I will sing," said Helen, rather coldly.

She went away with him, carrying her head well in the air, and I wondered how *Elaine* would fare in the hands of singers so disposed to tragedy or comedy on their own account.

It was a pretty scene that met our eyes when the folding-doors that had shut off the back drawing-room during the interval were thrown back. The chorus was composed of members of the Fentonbury Choral Society, and made an effective background: the sopranos in white, with blue ribbons, and the altos in white and pink. There had been some talk of costumes to suit the period; but besides the practical difficulty of furnishing dresses at this distance from London, every one was a little hazy as to the correct costume of the period. The "Lily-maid of Astolat" was known, on the authority of the Laureate, to have been habited in white; but what was the material? and—crucial question—how was it made?

The dresses of the men were scarcely less perplexing, and if John had—as the boys averred—lent a kindly ear to the suggestion of armour for Sir Lancelot, Ralph had entirely declined to keep him in countenance by appearing in anything but the usual evening costume of the nineteenth century. So the idea fell through—at least, as far as any attempt at general effect was concerned; but a costume had been provided for Elaine, and the soft-falling folds of gold-bordered white cashmere that were, I suspect, more Greek than Arthurian had been easily adapted to Helen's slight and graceful figure.

Her hair was confined by a broad fillet of gold, and coiled in a knot at the back; bands of gold clasped her neck and arms, and there was something in the severe simplicity of this classic attire that harmonised with her dignified carriage and stately grace.

To me, who knew her so well, it was evident that though Miss Rivers was looking a little more dignified and stately than usual, she was nervous and disturbed. She had to sing the first solo—a scarcely veiled confession of love for Lancelot—and I could not help thinking that Louisa had rightly divined the secret of her reluctance to assume the part of Elaine.

John was considerate, and sat in the background, quiet and grave; but Helen's cheek burnt, her voice was not quite steady on the rather trying upper notes, and I saw that her music trembled in her hand. Trio and chorus, sweet as a marriage-song and plaintive as a dirge, led on to the tenor solo in which Sir Lancelot, faithful to a love even less happy than Elaine's, implores her to forget him, and bids her farewell. John's voice had not been trained; but its quality was good, and the tone sweet as only a tenor's can be. Louisa leaned forward eagerly, but Helen sat with downcast eyes, and something of the tender sadness of the music seemed to have passed into her voice when her turn came to sing again. Elaine's plaintive prayer for death—death that might give the happiness that life denied—was sung with a restrained pathos that suited its delicate grace infinitely better than declamation or passion. Old Sir Charles Mason, who sat by me, and was allowed to be hypercritical in matters musical, was enchanted.

"If the real Elaine had sung like that, and Sir Lancelot had heard her, he would never have gone back to Court, you may depend," he whispered to me, while his gold-headed cane beat out his admiration on the floor. "She may want a lover in her song, but I'll be bound she has 'em off the platform by the score!"

"I should hope not," I exclaimed. "Surely one is enough——"

I stopped short, not a little confused. What was I implying? and what right had I to imply anything?

"One enough!" cried the old man, laughing. "Well, my dear, perhaps it is—at a time. But young ladies don't generally think so. And here comes one who certainly doesn't."

As he spoke Louisa crossed in front of the little platform, and turned and flashed a momentary look at John and Helen, that, I think, they were both too engrossed to notice, but that filled me with shrinking, and almost with dread That sudden glance told of a bitterness and jealousy beyond anything I had dreamt of. It was gone in a moment, but it had been; and I shuddered to think of Helen exposed to such vindictive passion as had lit Louisa's eyes for that brief moment of self-betrayal.

"Is your brother the one lover you will allow your pretty cousin?" asked Sir Charles suddenly in my ear. "It strikes me, Miss Hirst, these concerts are dangerous things. And cousins, too—worse and worse! Better smoke a cigar in a powder-magazine than sing love-songs with one's cousin."

I did not choose to point out that the love-songs had not been sung with a cousin, but I could not repress a smile. It was utterly absurd! I lost myself in moralising on the mistakes people make who only look on from a stranger's distance at the dramas of others' lives; but if I must needs have moralised at all, I had better have taken for my text the fact in optics that things may be held so close to the eye as to be invisible.

However, I was far enough from suspecting that then, and sat and smiled to myself with the satisfaction we most of us feel when we think ourselves a little wiser than our friends. The folding-doors were closed again, Louisa went to congratulate the singers, and I hastened to the dressing-room to assist Helen to assume her own dress in place of the picturesque garments of Elaine.

Every one was waiting to go to supper when we came down. Ralph and John both approached Helen together, and Ralph drew back with a quick frown when he found that their errand was the same, but I think every one else considered it Sir Lancelot's manifest duty to take Elaine to the supper-room. I heard Louisa say so two or three times, with a toss of her golden head, and I quite agreed with her for once. She seemed to have quite recovered her good humour, and talked even more than usual, but I could not help thinking her gaiety a little forced, and I thought also I could guess why.

"How excited Louisa seems!" said Ralph. "I can't think what is the matter with her to-night."

"Can't you? then I believe I am cleverer than you."

"Very likely," he said absently, making way for John and Helen as they passed by us to their places.

"Yes, or you might see the solution *there*."

"Where?" asked Ralph, more dreamily than ever.

"*There*, where your eyes are and your wits are not," retorted I.

It was such vivid pleasure to me to watch those two together, that I almost found pleasure in the pain that bore witness to it, and watched Louisa's strained merriment with scarcely Christian pity.

"What do you mean?" asked my brother, with a sudden sharp intonation that startled me. To see Ralph irritable was something so new as almost to be incredible. He turned away without waiting for an answer, and I thought no more about it—I, who looked down from my vantage of close relationship on Sir Charles Mason's crude speculations.

"'IS YOUR BROTHER THE ONE LOVER YOU WILL ALLOW YOUR PRETTY COUSIN?' ASKED SIR CHARLES" (*p.* 168).

John begged a seat in our "sociable" when the evening was over. Sir John and Lady Erlston had gone directly after supper, for since Grace had given up parties they did not stay late. So John was free to attend us if he pleased, and one of us, at least, was well pleased that he should.

It was a pleasant drive, in spite of the cold. The bitter wind was no longer in our faces, and I think we all enjoyed the drive in our several ways. Herbert went to sleep in his corner, the others chatted in front,

and I nestled in the corner opposite to Herbert's, and watched the four young things who were each and all so dear to me, and marvelled at their unflagging spirits and untiring tongues. Only fragments of their conversation recur to me now, and indeed it was only the happy desultory *réchauffé* of the evening's enjoyment, that is often so much more enjoyable than the reality.

But some sentences stand out from all the rest, brought into strong relief by after-events, as on MSS. written in certain inks the touch of a hot iron will bring out in deep indelible black the words over which it has passed. The talk had veered round at last to the election, and I heard John say to Helen—

"Of course you will be in Fentonbury on Tuesday? It is the nomination day, and there will be processions through the town, and all sorts of fun."

"I—I think not."

"Helen says she won't go," put in Walter—a fact that was new to me. But then, as I remembered afterwards, Helen had never mentioned the election to me.

"Not go!" repeated John, in a disappointed tone. "But of course you will go. Ralph will be a great man that day."

"No; only the great man's agent," said Ralph, with something that was almost bitterness. "Don't indulge in mock-modesty, John. You know who the great man will be well enough, and so do we."

"Well, at any rate, we have a right between us to expect Miss Rivers' presence, and I hope she will not defraud us. What objection can you have?" he went on, turning to Helen. "You would not mind the crowd, would you? You would be quite safe at Mrs. Erlston's where my mother is going, and where, of course, you and Alice and Mrs. Hirst will come too. Has not my mother asked you to join her? I know she intended doing so."

"I don't know; but that would not make any difference. It is not the crowd I am afraid of."

"What then?"

She did not answer, and for a moment or two John did not speak. Then he said, in a voice that sounded hurt, "I had counted on your being there. It is a day when one does count on one's friends, I think; but perhaps I had no right——"

"Oh, yes!" cried Helen, "you had every right. Pray do not talk like that." It was a good deal for reticent Helen to say, but one must be outspoken in the early dawn of a winter's morning, eyes being of no avail for reading faces then.

"Then, why won't you come?" cried John, eagerly. "You don't know the disappointment it would be to me not to see you there. I can't understand it at all."

"The truth is," said Helen, hesitating—"the truth is, it might be a little awkward—a little unpleasant. I should be amongst your friends, and if Mr. Lawley were to try to speak to me——"

"What! do you know him?" burst in astonished chorus from us all.

"Yes; he is—a great friend of papa's."

John did not speak. I wondered if the hesitating confession had suggested the same thoughts to him as to me.

"Have you known him long?" I asked.

"Why didn't you tell us before?" cried Walter.

Ralph turned round from his driving-seat, and exclaimed sharply—

"I don't see why Helen should be catechised like this. She had a right to tell or not, as she pleased"

"Nonsense, Ralph!" laughed Helen good-humouredly. "I dare say I was silly not to say that I knew Mr. Lawley; but I don't like him, and I don't like talking about him."

She said it so heartily that I did not wonder that John found his tongue again.

"Then don't let him frighten you away," he said earnestly. "Speak to him if you must; ay, and go with yellow ribbons in your hair rather than not go at all!"

"Ladies always are fond of change," said Walter; and some lively *badinage* followed.

But I sat still in my corner, and pondered on Helen's silence respecting her acquaintance with Mr. Lawley, and the hesitating tones in which she had at last avowed it.

I could not rest till I knew more, and when we reached home, and were alone together, I drew her to me, entreating, with an earnestness I hardly understood myself, that she would tell me all she knew of Mr. Lawley.

"There is very little to tell, and that not pleasant," said Helen, free enough of speech now the ice was broken. "He is an old friend of papa's, and he comes a good deal to the house. Papa and aunt like him; and he plays *écarté* with papa."

"And you, Helen?" I asked anxiously. "What is he to you, my dear?"

"To me!" cried Helen passionately. "Cousin Alice! *You* to say this—you! You surely must know he is nothing—he *can* be nothing—to me."

Well, I certainly hoped it, but it was pleasant to have the hope confirmed. Did Helen realise how much the terms of her denial implied? I just managed to hold my tongue, but I could not resist kissing her in my joy.

"You dear, foolish, curious cousin!" she said, looking at me through dewy lashes; "you might have known me better, I think."

"Perhaps I ought. But you see, Helen, I suppose I think every one looks at you with my eyes; and you know, if I were Mr. Lawley, I should——" A faint smile flickering on Helen's face made me stop suddenly and exclaim—

"What! was I half right, after all? Does he——"

The smile died as suddenly as it had come, and Helen sighed as she answered gravely—

"I can't help being afraid so. And papa likes him so much."

So all was clear now. I did not wonder that Helen had been reluctant to show herself in Fentonbury while Mr. Lawley was there. I did not wonder that she shrank from meeting this suitor of her father's choosing in the presence of—why should I not say it?—in the presence of the one of her own.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in our December issue. The Editor's duty will be to act as "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

✶ *placed before a speaker's name denotes distinction in a former debate.*

ARE WE OVER-EDUCATING OUR CHILDREN?

(*Debate resumed.*)

J. C. STEVENS :—While disclaiming the thought that even the lowest of the lower class can receive injury from "a good sound liberal education," I maintain that what is afforded in our public schools is not an education strictly of that sort, but goes beyond it, having regard to the general class of children who receive it. The standards up to the fourth are not beyond the attainment of a *very regular attendant* of the age of twelve, with ordinary capacity ; but, in the first place, regular attendance is a great hardship, and in many cases an impossibility. Winter or wet weather in the country, with a school two miles off, is an awkward fact. In the second place, a fault in the compulsory system is starting from the point that all children are of equal capacity. It is no doubt difficult to deal with ; but one child of ten will pass the Fourth Standard, and be exempt from attending school ; while another child, perhaps duller or more nervous, is never able to pass it in all three branches, and therefore has to continue at school up to fourteen, though his parents may be in far greater need of his little help at an early age.

MARGARET M. OSLER :—Mr. Speaker, Though I entirely sympathise with some of the remarks made by the Opener of the debate (as, for instance, his condemnation of the system of "cramming"), still I think that at present our children are certainly not *over-educated.* It seems to me rather that we have not even yet advanced far enough in the science of education ; that we are too easily satisfied by making our children pass certain rule-of-thumb, mechanical examinations, instead of making it our aim to develop and draw out all their faculties, to make their minds receptive and alive to all that is best about them, not merely in school, but out of it ; not merely in their lessons, but in their lives. We ought not only to make them learn a *few* things, but rather to make them *capable* of learning *many* things. Our teachers should be trained to consider the passing of standards and examinations not as the *end* of education, but as one of the means thereunto. It is a great mistake to confound over-cramming with over-educating ; and that mistake has, I think, been made by the Opener of the debate, if he will forgive me saying so. For myself, I am not without hope that, before long, teachers will recognise the advantage of *educating* rather than cramming the children, even in the matter of £ s. d. ; for there is no doubt that many of the cases of undue forcing have arisen from the anxiety of teachers to obtain large grants. I believe that quite as large a percentage of passes could be obtained in the long run by a broad, free, generous system as by a cramped, mechanical, conventional system, and that the children would by that means be more perfectly educated. As long as there is so much ignorance, poverty, distress, crime in this our country, we shall find it difficult to believe that our children are *over-educated*, we must rather admit that, in spite of systems, examinations, and inspections, we have still much left to do before we can even say that they are *well* educated.

W. WALLER :—In the course of business I have had occasion to engage a number of boys fresh from elementary schools, who have, of course, passed the Sixth Standard. One of the first tests I apply is to give them an ordinary manuscript letter to read, and although most of them know better than I do what are the natural resources of Timbuctoo, and possess a fair knowledge of free-hand drawing, yet five out of six will fail to read such a letter in an intelligible manner. Is not this proof in itself of the evil of this over-education? The teaching which should educate them for their respective positions in life is neglected, while a lot of useless information is crammed into their over-wrought brains.

DONALD HENRY, M.A. :—Forster, Fawcett, Goldwin Smith —these, Sir, are weighty names to be arrayed against us : names which embrace a wide field of political and educational opinion. Nevertheless I would humbly place before you, Sir, my reason for believing that in this important matter of education they have erred. But first permit me to ask you to glance over the names which appear on the world's scroll of fame. And what do we find? We find this, Sir : that the mightiest men of the past, the men who have done most for, and who therefore have benefited humanity most, have been men who have "risen from the ranks." Would it not, then, be a wiser policy to do all possible to bring out *more* of such men than to do anything which might seem to put an obstacle in their way? Do we not cultivate our gardens to produce the best fruit? Do our farmers not strive by every means to improve their stock, so as at least to have one or two prize animals? Why treat our brother-man worse? But, Sir, over-education I hold to be a contradiction in terms. Sir, there cannot be over-education any more than there can be over-clearness of expression or over-excellence of eyesight. As the clearest expression and the healthiest eyesight are gifts to be prized and used, so also is the highest form of education, and so is that education to be carried to its highest point. For, Sir, what is education? It is emphatically an enlarging. It is the drawing of a man or child out of himself—out of his narrowness and selfishness into the broad tide of universal knowledge. It is the taking away from him of his singularity, which cramps, and at the same time stamping him with his individuality, which is strength. It is the widening of the area of his vision, and enabling him to see himself and all things in their true relationship, and as made for their own proper use. This being so, Sir, not only should the child under the power of education be brought gradually to find his own only position in the world, but it should enable him to see more clearly than he would have done without it the sacredness of that position, and the debt he owes to everything about him. It will be objected to this that while true of adults, it will not hold among children. Sir, I ask to be told why it does not, or should not, hold among children? They are the same mentally and physically with adults, and why should their mental food affect them differently? Sir, I dare say it does not. And the cause of our error here is that, the startling junctures of child-life being few, we do not mark so often the effects of their education as we do in those of maturer years. There cannot be *over-education.*

✶ CATHARINE DICKSON LOGAN :—Mr. Speaker, If this question applied to Board School children alone there would be little debate on the subject. Few who have read the account in the papers of the cramming some scholars have to undergo under the New Code, will feel any doubt that they, at least, are being surfeited with—shall I say education?—hardly that, rather a series of dry facts. But the question is a wider one—regarding England's children generally ; and still I contend that they are grossly over-educated. By this we mean, their heads are filled with knowledge that unfits them for their right place in the

world. Sometimes children of people who have risen in life are sent to a so-called good school that they may be better educated than their parents. There they learn this, that, and the other, which make them feel home life rather a bore, and domestic duties sadly below them. They even dictate to their parents what they themselves will or will not learn, and teach them how to manage the house. Another evil is that the quantity of learning must be compressed into so small a limit of time that the health or eyesight of the pupils is often affected. Our forefathers were surprised to see young people in glasses, but now in any good-sized school several such may be found. This "over-educating" is effected in several ways, and one means rarely recognised is the incapacity of teachers. Many persons take to this mode of gaining a livelihood as being the most ladylike, without an idea of what they are undertaking. They seem to think the pupils can do anything, and in any quantity they choose to give. Then the current amount of cramming for examinations is deplorable. For six or twelve months pupils have to go through a course of preparation for the next Local Examination. During this time they study only the subjects and periods needed for it, so their education at the best part of their school life becomes one-sided. Before the examination comes they generally feel ill for weeks; but that is quite a secondary consideration! The Examination must be passed, and if they are at all muddled in their ideas a "coach" is employed to fix names, dates, &c., in their minds. But beyond this is the low stand many schools take, and are content to take, as far as real education is concerned. Teachers are ready to give scholars any amount of technical learning, while their aim should be to awaken in their minds an earnest search after knowledge. They should remember that in the school-days of our boys and girls is only the beginning of learning, whereas the best knowledge is what one attains later in life. I should be the first to advocate a high standard of education, meaning not so much the imparting of knowledge as the awakening of the pupils' minds. Certainly the system of education pursued in many schools is not beneficial, mentally, morally, or physically.

ALETHEIA:—Does education tend to make the people discontented? No! I grant you that now, while compulsory education is a new thing, and has only reached the younger generation, a certain amount of discontent and of conceit has arisen. The parents, ignorant themselves, look upon their children as prodigies—"Among the blind, the one-eyed is a king"—but this, in a few years, will right itself; it will then be no more a marvel that the poorest man can read, write, and cipher, than that he can walk. Surely, when a man is educated to make the best use of all his faculties, he is much more likely to be a contented, yes, and a thankful man—patriotic and loyal to his country, the country that has looked after his best interests, and educated him even against his will—just as a man sent to sea in a well-appointed ship is more likely to be a contented man than one sent out in a miserable vessel which cannot make way. True education makes a man observant; now, is not an observant man, seeing with clearer vision the mighty works of God, more likely to be a good man, and more likely to thank God for his life, and to strive to make the best of his life?

S. VON S.:—As to the cost of our present system of education, it is easy to say, a few shillings or even a few pounds per head; but to me, a poor and heavily taxed father, it is a serious matter pecuniarily, and rather aggravating to feel that I am somewhat crippled now, to be still further crippled when trying to find employment for my own children. By all means let our children be taught to read and write and cipher well. If there be a Stephenson, a Faraday, or a Siemens among them, be sure he will come to the front—nothing will keep him back. But let us avoid the Latin, the science, which is, except in the case of those who are studying for the post of pupil-teacher, lost almost as soon as acquired, and whilst reducing the expense, increase the health, the physical strength of the future men and women of England. If the money must be spent, I would say, instead of dabbling in languages and sciences, spend it on the homes. The effect on drunkenness will be equally the same; it will be the best of education, a self-respect, and there will arise a prosperity that all the Latin, French, botany, and chemistry ever taught in a Board School could never call forth. As it is, subjects are only half taught, and still less learned, the pupil's head is turned with the idea that he is a learned lad, and he scorns to work with his hands; the result is the almost starved clerk, the thousands out of employ.

J. BOWES:—The Opener of this debate has, by appealing to our tenderest sympathies, thrown a specious veil over his arguments. Who can contemplate without a shudder the harrowing spectacle presented of the annual massacre of thousands of innocents, and the lingering destruction of thousands of others? Statistics are not always facts; and I would ask where these miserable little martyrs are to be found? Go at closing time to any of our large Board schools, and see the children pouring out by hundreds. Where are the pale faces, the enfeebled bodies, the failing eyes? If they are there, I can only say the owners are Spartans, and keep up their spirits in a wonderful fashion. As to the subjects taught, will our people be any the worse if by a knowledge of botany a country walk becomes a "joy for ever"? Will a labourer delve one whit the worse if he knows something of the laws of chemistry? Will the mechanic prosecute his labours less skilfully because he has learnt something of the lever, the wheel, and the pulley? Will our servants be any the worse if they know the constituents and relative value of food and the laws of sanitary science? Will our working people enjoy ribald songs if their ears have been trained to appreciate good music? Shall we blame them if, by the discrimination which comes from a knowledge of art, they hang on their walls beautiful prints or engravings in place of the coloured daubs of their forefathers? I object to the Opener's assertion that the groundwork on which education must rest is "common sense." By all means cultivate that valuable article; but I assert that the groundwork of education must be religion. Make our children good practical Christians, otherwise the education which strengthens the mind and sharpens the intellect is worthless; nay, injurious: it may make clever rogues, but not useful men. I assert that knowledge, as the handmaid of religion, is the only lever that can raise the masses; its acquisition is no monopoly; therefore I declare we are *not* over-educating our children.

The Debate on this question will be resumed in our next issue. The Honorarium of One Guinea is awarded to JOHN COSSEY, Loddon, Norfolk, whose speech will be given at the adjourned Debate.

Other speeches, supporting Opener's argument that we *are* Over-Educating our Children, received from—A. S. Black, E. S. Bannester, A. M. B., An Elementary School Teacher, A. Y., Spero Meliora, E. J. Bull, M. A. Roberts, George A. Pearson, J. H. Langford, J. C., George Rilot, Mrs. Gabriel Davis, 554, J. H. Allen, T. P. Garbutt, D. T., F. E. Andrews, J. Wolton, W. E. Plyer, Isabella Elliott, E. B. Jones, W. F. Holtom, G. Nash, W., C. Moore, A Poor Ratepayer, E. Poole, E. G. Goddard, T. Bunting, J. B., G. Midcilli, W. King, A. B. C., J. Eaton Fearn, Henry R. White.

Other speeches, supporting Opponent's argument that we are *not* Over-Educating our Children, received from H. Ingram, D'A. Rupert Tate, J. Bolton, J. Cromar, A. E. Robinson, A. Polson, A. J. Jakeman, Celia, Grey, A. W. S., J. McCurrach, R. J. Walker, A. H. Beal, J. Hedley. M. N. Champney, J. Brearley, W. Irvin, T. H. Cox, R. F. Colam, W. J. Cheli, F. Dolman, J. H. Judd, T Brown, T. Proud H. Vaughan Walker, A Working Man, Charlotte A. Pritchard, H. K. Roads.

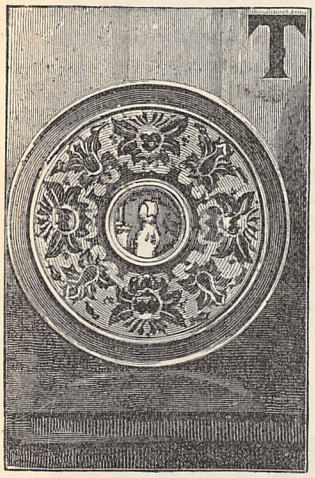
A WINTER LESSON.

WHEN winter lays her spell on glade and glen,
Till every tree is shivering, and the springs
Are robbed of all their melody, and when
Not one poor solitary robin sings,
There is a fountain flowing, even then,
Deep in the rock, hard by the haunts of men.
The frost is always powerless to reach
Its hidden pulses, and it seems to teach
To eyes that see it—that the lives we keep
Are deep, or shallow, and the chilling touch
Of sorrow harms not those whose springs are deep,
For they are patient and can suffer much;
And though the storm be long and fierce and hard,
They fail not—for they have their own reward.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



THE mania for collecting old china has greatly subsided, but the innumerable specimens of it which have been brought out during the last few years from hidden recesses in cupboard and closet, still adorn the walls, and occupy brackets, and fill the cabinet shelves, in many a room of many a house. As we all know to our sorrow, "accidents will happen even in the best-regulated households," and thus plates and dishes, cups and saucers, bowls and vases of valuable china are oftentimes broken.

The employment of mending china is one which I should like to bring before your notice; for I feel sure that it would prove a remunerative one.

The putting together and uniting of pieces sounds a simple occupation, and one within the compass of all intellects; these assertions are true, but it is the qualifications of hands and fingers which have to be considered more than quality of brain. Success in the operation attends those only who have steady hands and firm yet sensitive fingers. When china is properly mended, it is difficult for a keen eye to detect the line of breakage. I know a few people who are blessed with the capability to restore and to re-form in this way; but I know very many who signally fail after earnest endeavours, whose workmanship strikes the eye as clumsily and badly done.

When we send broken china to a shop to be mended, rivets are invariably used for the purpose. In the case of thin and delicate china, cement is quite strong enough to make the pieces adhere, and it is not so disfiguring as rivets; but when thicker pieces of porcelain have to be joined together, rivets are necessary for the purpose. Now it seems to my mind that the whole of this class of work might be undertaken by gentlewomen with great advantage to themselves. It can be done in their own homes: the outlay is a trifling one, for a sixpenny bottle of cement goes a long way, and rivets cost but a small sum. The charge made at shops for mending china is threepence per rivet: a plate or bowl will oftentimes have eight or ten rivets clasped to it; thus a skilful and neat-handed mender could without difficulty obtain good remuneration. A notice of the capability to do this work might be placed in a depôt, or a specimen of skill might be shown to the managers of china shops.

In a former paper I mentioned "lace cleaning" as a profitable employment. I have had my opinion, then expressed, strengthened, for I have lately been assured upon good authority that fair remuneration may be reckoned on by those who can restore beauty to lace.

The scheme which the Postmaster-General has in contemplation of a cheaper rate for telegrams, will in the future open the doors for the services of many more telegraph clerks of both sexes. Already an increased number of pupils have been admitted into the schools in Moorgate Street, where the rudiments of postal telegraphy are taught. Competitive examinations are held twice a year: the next is expected to take place in this month (February) or next. The limits of age for candidates are from fourteen to eighteen years. The subjects for examination are Writing from Dictation, Handwriting, and the first four rules of Arithmetic. A fee of one shilling is required. Successful candidates have to attend the Postal Telegraphy Schools. No charge is made for instruction, and no pay is given during that period, which occupies about three months. When a certificate is received from the school, payment is given of ten shillings per week; after a short probation, if capability is shown, an advance is made to twelve and fourteen shillings. The salary of telegraphists rises to twenty-seven shillings per week.

I have lately been told of a new plan for making socks and stockings; it is to use a crochet-hook instead of knitting-needles. These stockings are made lengthways. The inventor of the idea is Mrs. G. Jones, Wollaston, Wellingborough, who supplies a card of instructions for the sum of sevenpence. On inquiry I am assured that stockings made after this method wear equally as well as those that are knitted, also that they retain their elasticity and shape after being washed—warm rain-water should be used for this purpose. I should imagine that for bicycling use they would be particularly well fitted, because they are not so close in texture as knitted ones, and yet they are thick.

Amongst new suggestions for home workers, I may mention that ornamented bags of satin, closely drawn up with ribbon, containing scented wool, are made to hang by the side of the drawing-room fire-place. A useful idea generally attracts a purchaser. This remark does not apply to the last-mentioned idea, but to a little triviality which is of use on a dressing-table, and yet which one rarely sees provided. A small hair-pin cushion is as helpful as a pin-cushion; any aid in the way of saving time in these days of hurry is helpful. A small piece of ornamental cardboard, the depth of a long hair-pin, is fastened in a circle, and a second piece covers one end; the hollow space is lightly filled with wool; the cover for the top is crocheted openly with thick fleecy or Berlin wool. In and out of this cushion hair-pins can be pushed or snatched in a hasty and speedy manner.

There is an "Art College for Ladies" at Merton Road, South Wimbledon, S.W., of which I will give a few general details. This college was started with the desire to provide a comfortable home for students while studying, and to have them thoroughly trained; the system is that of the Royal Academy. Two members of the Royal Academy — Mr. Pickersgill, its Keeper, and Mr. Horsley — are Honorary Visitors, and from time to time closely inspect the work done by the students. Board and residence as well as art instruction can be obtained; for these three the expense is about £70 a year, or 35s. per week. Students are admitted between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five years; apartments may be taken in college by ladies above this age who desire to practise the arts taught in it. The fees for non-residents are from two to five guineas per term, according to the instruction desired. The class hours are from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Students who are proficients are allowed to do remunerative work under supervision. Ten per cent. of the payments for this work is taken by the college.

Tapestry-painting is a form of art which is rapidly coming into use and fashion, and therefore I wish to tell you something about it. For purposes of decoration, for friezes, and for panellings, it is anticipated that there will be a great demand for this class of tapestry. A particular kind of cotton canvas and of woollen canvas is used for the purpose; the woollen is of course the most expensive, but it gives a much better effect, and the colours can be made fast upon it. Lessons in this art are given at the Studios of Mediæval and Industrial Art, 175, Bond Street, the terms for six lessons in class being two guineas. There will be an exhibition in this gallery during next season. Students have the opportunity of exhibiting and disposing of their work; a commission of 15 per cent. is charged.

Tapestry-painting is also taught at Wimbledon Art College, where three guineas per term is charged for instruction.

Messrs. Howell and James, of Regent Street, hold a class for ladies. For a course of ten lessons of two hours' duration a fee of £5 is charged; and for six lessons of the same duration three guineas is charged.

A. S. P.

UNA AND THE LION.

IN the season when yellow fogs prevail, London is a dreary abode for artists: so, at least, thought Cecil Anstruther as he looked at his unfinished pictures, and feared to touch them, lest his brush should carry into them somewhat of the surrounding gloom. He was feeling very dejected when there came a note from Lady Eleanor Carstairs, the wife of one of his kindest patrons, asking him to escort her to a concert in St. James's Hall. "I can't use my eyes to any advantage, so I will try to receive consolation through my ears," he said, and accordingly went to the concert.

For half an hour, carried away by the music, he forgot, not merely his pictures and his troubles, but everything around him too, and only knew that his ear was being satisfied with almost perfect harmony of sound. Suddenly something made him look up at the left-hand side of the third row in the orchestra, and instantly the artist's eye was attracted by two faces of singular beauty, absolutely alike in feature and expression, although one was that of a young man, the other that of a girl. Each had wavy light brown hair, a broad white forehead, dark eyes, a finely-moulded nose and chin, and a mouth that told of firmness and decision. Both were leaning slightly forward in the self-same attitude, and appeared to be entirely entranced by the music.

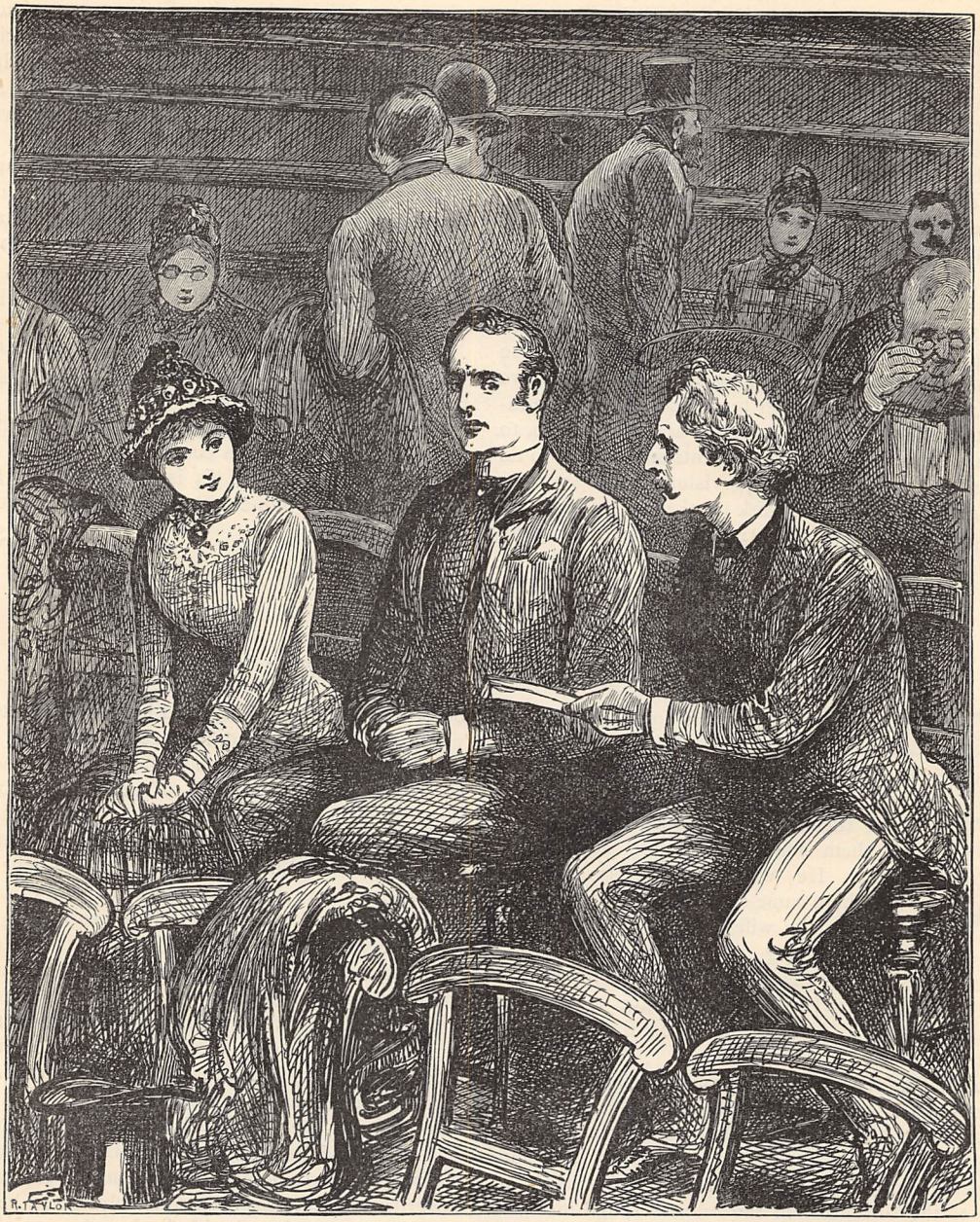
It ceased at length, and Cecil withdrew his eyes for a moment as he joined in the applause. When he looked back again he could scarcely believe that those were the same two faces he had been gazing upon before, so changed were they now, so utterly unlike each other in expression. The fixed look of rapt attention, which had made them almost seem as though carved in stone, had passed from both faces. Over the girl's countenance, as she turned to speak to her brother, played a bright and tender smile, softening and irradiating a beauty which before had seemed somewhat stern and cold. But the stern lines about the young man's mouth had deepened, and there were others now visible upon his brow that told of sorrow, suffering, and care. Evidently the habitual gloom of his expression had only been chased away for a few moments by the charm of the music.

One of Beethoven's symphonies again struck the same chord of feeling in the two souls, and the two faces grew strangely alike again; when it ceased they changed once more.

Who could they be? What was the life-story that had so marked the man's face? Cecil found himself wondering. Hitherto he had been too much self-centred; never had his interest been so deeply stirred before.

Lady Eleanor thought him rather absent as he took her to the carriage and drove back with her; she feared that her plan for distracting his mind from his work had not succeeded, little dreaming that by means of it had been granted to him an inspiration that was to raise and purify his whole future life.

He went home to make vain endeavours to put on canvas the two faces that had so much attracted him; and when Saturday came round he took his seat betimes in the orchestra of St. James's Hall, hoping to catch another glimpse of the lovely maiden and her melancholy brother. Nor was he disappointed; there they were below him, where he could gaze upon them comfortably without attracting their attention. It was



"'FAIRE UNA' LEANT FORWARD."

well for him that he was so placed, for if the brother chanced to notice that any one was staring at his sister, he rewarded the attention with a wrathful look that was almost enough to terrify the offender. Cecil did not fail to notice this, and in his mind named the pair "Una and the Lion."

On the next Saturday he went before the orchestra door was opened, waited until they came, and, determined to brave "the Lion's" wrath, took the seat next to him. He then bought one of the sixpenny books of the music, and, finding that his neighbour did not do so, ventured to ask if he would like to see it before the concert began.

"The Lion" was on the point of gruffly rejecting the civility, when "faire Una" leant forward, and said pleasantly, "Oh, thank you, I should like to see it very much;" and her surly guardian was forced to take the book.

While she was looking at it he cast sidelong glances at the presumptuous mortal who had ventured to address him. The inspection proved satisfactory, for Cecil Anstruther, though poor, came of a good old

family, and in look and bearing was every inch a gentleman. This the other could not help seeing, and repenting of his rudeness, he condescended, as he handed back the book, to make some remarks upon the music.

During the intervals between the pieces Cecil followed up his advantage, and when the concert was over and they left the hall, the three were engaged in so interesting a conversation that, as their homeward road went for some time in the same direction, it was a good while before they separated. By this time Cecil, always frank and open, had told his new acquaintances that he was a painter, and at parting he gave the young man his card, and begged that he would pay him a visit if ever he were in the neighbourhood of his studio; he had also heard that the Christian name of the other was Geoffrey, but his surname he did not discover, nor "Una's" real Christian name, nor the place of their abode. Much astonished was he, therefore, when on Monday afternoon a card, bearing the inscription "Mr. Geoffrey Carew," was brought in to him. He had the presence of mind hastily to cover the portrait of Mr. Geoffrey Carew's sister, on which he had been feasting his eyes, before his friend of Saturday walked in.

Of course Cecil was delighted to see him. They talked at first on general subjects, then Mr. Carew inspected the pictures that surrounded him, and Cecil felt that he had seldom had a critic more keen to appreciate both the merits and the defects of his painting; but all the while he was in an agony lest he should raise the cover of the easel that stood in the middle of the room. Luckily, however, Mr. Carew did not even ask the subject of the picture, supposing that it was some unfinished thing which the artist did not wish to exhibit.

At last, as he was leaving, with an effort which bespoke him unused to asking favours, he said, "Mr. Anstruther, you mentioned yesterday that you had a number of acquaintances in musical circles in London, and one of my reasons for coming here to-day was to ask if you thought it possible that you could help me to get a situation as organist in some church where I should only be wanted on Sundays and week-day evenings; my days, as I told you, are occupied."

Cecil felt a great pity for his visitor as he saw the proud hot blood mount to his forehead, and guessed that it was a new thing for Geoffrey Carew to have to think of working so hard to earn his daily bread. He promised to do his utmost to help him, and with a hearty grasp of the hands the young men separated.

Cecil made many inquiries about the organist's situation, but without hearing of anything that would suit; and at last, two or three Sundays after, he thought that instead of writing to report his ill success, he would go himself to the address which Mr. Carew had given him. He found his way to a dull street in an unfashionable quarter of the town, but somehow the house that bore the number he was looking for seemed much the least dingy in the row.

The servant who opened the door said that Mr. Carew was very ill, but that her mistress was within, and showed Cecil into a poorly-furnished sitting-room. In a few minutes Mrs. Carew entered, greeted her visitor with stately courtesy, and said that her son would like to see him if he did not mind coming upstairs. By the way, she told him that the doctor said it would be a long time before his patient got well again, that he had lost his situation, and was in low spirits.

Cecil was shocked to find him looking years older than he had done before. He was too weak to bear a long visit, though he seemed pleased to see Cecil, who, after chatting pleasantly to him for ten minutes, took his leave, promising to call again soon.

It was not long before he paid a second visit, and finding himself made welcome, he went whenever his time permitted him. Little by little he learnt something of the Carews' story.

Geoffrey's father had inherited a fine old property, which had belonged to his family for many generations, but owing to his youthful extravagances had been obliged to mortgage the land heavily. He had never been fond of business, and finding his involved affairs difficult to manage, had gradually entrusted them to an agent, on whom he relied completely. This agent proved dishonest, and while making his own fortune ruined his employer completely; then he disappeared from the scene, leaving the old man to his fate.

Not until the crash came, and the mortgages were foreclosed, had Geoffrey, who was then at Oxford, the faintest idea that anything was amiss. He hastened home, and three days after old Mr. Carew died suddenly.

When his affairs were settled, his widow and children found that all the land must go except one small farm, that brought in a rent of £200 a year. Geoffrey obtained a clerk's situation, and his salary added £100 a year to their income. They had managed to pass the first year of their poverty without getting into debt. Now, however, Cecil saw that they were growing anxious. Geoffrey could not work, and the doctor would have to be paid.

The invalid gained a little physical strength perhaps, but now that he was laid up, and had nothing to divert his mind from his troubles, grief at the privations which his mother and two sisters had to suffer preyed upon him, and the bitterness of his wrath against the man who had ruined his father grew ever more fierce and deep, until sometimes it almost amounted to madness.

On these days nobody had power to soothe him excepting his sister Lorina (for that was the name of Cecil's "Una"); the touch of her hand, the sound of her voice, calmed him in the midst of his ravings, and cheered him in his worst fits of despondency. She, too, it was who kept up the spirits of her mother and young sister by always making the best of things, however bad they might be.

Cecil grew more deeply in love with her every time he saw her. He often spoke to Lady Eleanor about the Carews, and together they tried to devise some means of helping them; but they well knew it would be a delicate matter to avoid hurting the sensitive pride that shrank from receiving assistance.

At last one day, when Cecil was leaving Geoffrey's room, Lorina asked him to come into the dining-room, and without further preamble said, "I am going to give music lessons. Can you tell me how to get some pupils?"

Delighted with the chance of introducing his own good genius upon the scene, Cecil promised to consult a lady friend, and went off to Lady Eleanor, who called on Mrs. Carew the next day, and broached the subject of the music lessons. She said that she happened to want a lady to teach her own girls music, and would very much like Miss Carew to undertake the charge. As the walk would be rather a long one, it would be pleasanter for her not to come alone, so Lady Eleanor hoped she would bring her sister with her; and she added that if the little girl would join in the children's French lessons it would really be a great thing for them, as they needed more competition to make them work better.

Mrs. Carew coloured and winced even at Lady Eleanor's gentle touch, but she was too true a lady not to appreciate the kindness of the offer made to her; so when Lorina came in the whole plan was agreed to, and three times a week the sisters passed the morning in Grosvenor Square.

When Geoffrey heard of it he raged and stormed, and declared that something dreadful would happen to his beloved Lorina if she went all that way without his protection; and when he found that he could not prevent it, he relapsed into a settled melancholy very grievous to see, from which he was seldom roused.

His sister told Lady Eleanor of this new trouble, and asked if she could suggest anything that would do him good.

"He is devoted to music, is he not?" said Lady Eleanor. "Take him to that church near you where they have such sweet devotional music. I think his cure may come through his favourite art."

The next time that the invalid was taking a turn with his sister on the sunny side of the street she persuaded him to rest in the church porch, just when the afternoon service was beginning. He would not go inside, but sat there for full half an hour listening to the music. It did not seem to rouse him, he said not a word about it, but when they rose to go Lorina thought that his expression was a shade less dejected than before.

Again and again they sat in the church porch on those fair spring afternoons, and as Geoffrey's step grew stronger his eye grew brighter too. At length, on an April Sunday morning, he let his sister lead him inside the church, and they sat down on one of the back benches.

"The words of the anthem are taken from the 4th Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, the 31st and 32nd verses," announced one of the officiating clergymen. "Let all bitterness and wrath and anger be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," sang the choir.

Geoffrey shook and trembled as the musical words went through and through him—through his brain and soul and heart, stirring and awakening him, and convicting him of the sinfulness of the passionate hatred which he had been nursing in his bosom against the man who had wronged him. The voice of God through the sound of the music had spoken to his inmost being, and when it ceased he sank upon his knees, and with a fervent "Good Lord, deliver *me*," echoed the petition for preservation from pride, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. And Lorina knew as she walked home with him that her brother was a different man.

He did not attempt to get another clerkship, but found a situation as organist where his services were required frequently. Here, in the enjoyment of his glorious art, his mind entirely recovered its tone—here, with the wonderful sounds of his organ, he softened and soothed and strengthened the hard, the weary, and the heavy-laden. Not in vain for the world had Geoffrey Carew been through the furnace of trouble.

Cecil Anstruther rejoiced at the change which he saw had come over his friend, and rejoiced too at Lorina's happiness. It was astonishing how much time he had spent at the Carews', considering that he had told them he was busy finishing a picture for the Royal Academy, but he always declared that a visit to them helped him very much in his work.

The picture was accepted, and with great interest they looked for the first newspaper critique.

In the very opening column stood the name, "'Una and the Lion'—Cecil Anstruther," described as "the most beautiful and striking picture in the whole exhibition, and one that would raise to the rank of a first-rate figure-painter the young artist who had earned some fame already as a painter of animals. The lion," continued the critic, "he doubtless met in his recent travels in the East, but the lady Una is a good and true and lovely English maiden."

"Come and be congratulated by me and my family," wrote Geoffrey; and Cecil obeyed the summons.

"You must take us yourself to see your picture," said Lorina.

"Would you like me to do so?" replied he. "Then come with Geoffrey on Tuesday at nine o'clock, before the rooms are crowded, and I will meet you there."

So they went, and at the door met the young artist. He led them on until they came to *his* room, as they called it, and—"There it is!" he said.

Lorina looked, and before her saw a perfect portrait of herself, with her golden-brown hair falling away over her shoulders, standing in white-robed purity, with her hand on the lion's head.

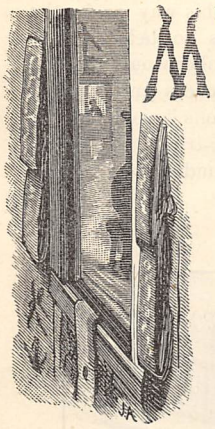
She knew that he had painted her because he loved her, and in her mingled joy and trouble put out her hand to steady herself by her brother's arm, but somehow Cecil was there instead.

He held her hand tightly, and bent down, and "My faire Una," he said, "may I be your Red Crosse Knight for ever?"

The suddenness of it all had made her dumb, and he got no answer then from his lady's lips, but he read it in her eyes notwithstanding, and it made him very happy.

E. M. BAINBRIGGE.

"KNOTS TO UNTIE:"—RAILWAY REGULATIONS.



MUCH has been done of late years by the various railway companies for the convenience of their passengers, and to lessen in some degree the discomforts and annoyances inseparable from travelling. For such improvements we must all feel more or less grateful, for there are few of us now but have some claim to be included among that large and ever-increasing body, the "travelling public." There are still, however, many "knots to untie" in the tangled thread of railway regulations, which serve not only to mar the pleasure of our little excursions, but are the cause of a considerable amount of unnecessary worry and irritation, not to say sometimes of inconvenience and loss. It is in no spirit of carping criticism that we venture to draw attention to some of these. Our remarks are rather intended as suggestions, which perhaps some of the general managers may be willing to lay quietly to heart, with a view of finding out whether a remedy may not be provided.

There is, first, the matter of railway tickets. It is true these can now be obtained in most of our large towns at some central booking office, and much trouble and annoyance are thereby avoided. But in too many cases they are only issued at the railway stations some ten or fifteen minutes before the train for which they are taken is timed to start; and as the passenger is generally unable to have his luggage labelled until he can produce his travelling ticket, he has only a very limited time in which to perform three not unfrequently difficult operations—to get his ticket, to label his luggage, and to secure his seat. Hence much of the excitement and bustle so generally witnessed at the last moment. With regard to the luggage, would it be impossible to devise a plan by which it could, if necessary, be labelled hours beforehand? If the train by which it had to be conveyed were conspicuously indicated upon the label, it appears to us that the parcel might be safely left in an appointed place till the time arrived for its removal, and the owner thus be released from any further responsibility in the matter.

Then the present regulation as to the time of issuing tickets should certainly be modified or abolished. To say the least, a passenger should be able to obtain a ticket at any time during office hours for whatever train might be despatched to his destination during the day. But we should be glad to see some system established of issuing tickets available at whatever time the holder might wish, or, if a limit be necessary, let the regulation ordain, if it will, that the ticket can only be used some time within the year of issue. Such a plan would often prove a great convenience to travellers, without entailing, we venture to think, any extra trouble or loss upon the railway company concerned. It would enable the ordinary passenger to secure his ticket, and yet to postpone his journey should occasion require it, while in the case of invalids, whose condition often changes from day to day, such a privilege would be a still greater boon. It may be objected to this that the company might occasionally lose a "fare" through tickets purchased beforehand getting transferred. To this we reply that they would as often *find* one through the instrumentality of lost tickets, and in any case, with the present means of checking they need never carry more than a single passenger for a single fare. Meanwhile, the public convenience would be greatly served, and the unseemly "crush" so often endured at the booking offices under present arrangements in great part avoided. The purchase and use of railway tickets would indeed be rendered as easy and convenient as that of postage-stamps. Why should the facilities for the conveyance of letters be greater than those for the conveyance of persons?—or rather, why should they not be as great in the latter case as in the former? If in paying for a railway ticket a person purchases the privilege of being conveyed to a certain destination, it is generally on the condition that he "starts upon the journey on the same *day* and by the same *train* for which the ticket is taken." If he fail to fulfil this condition, he loses his money. On the other hand, he may at his convenience purchase at the post-office by means of stamps the right to send letters to any place he may desire, and avail himself of the privilege *whenever he chooses*. Might not the railway companies, without loss to themselves, take a leaf out of the post-office book in this matter?

Much has been done of late years, and undoubtedly with good results all round, to encourage and develop the passenger traffic by means of numerous so-called "pleasure trips" and "excursions." The "trips" are taken and the "excursions" made, but we doubt whether the passengers in all cases derive as much "pleasure" from them as they are led to anticipate. The day is one of excitement and bustle, hurry and confusion; the passengers are ofttimes far too numerous for the accommodation provided for them; the pace is slow, the stoppages frequent, the delays many. The interval left for "enjoyment" between the time of reaching the destination and the hour for returning home is all too long for some, all too short for others, and the day is wound up with a repetition of the morning's journey, but free of its excitement and anticipation, and with the usual concomitants of headache and weariness. "Catch me goin' by that 'scursion again if you can!" is not unfrequently the summing-up of the day's enjoyment. The fact that the excursionists can only go and return by a particular train, although others may be traversing the distance many times during the day with plenty of vacant seats, does not add to the general comfort. If this regulation were withdrawn, the overcrowding of the single train

at present available would be considerably lessened, and the comfort of all increased, without, so far as we see, adding either to the expense incurred by the company or to the labour devolving upon their servants. We will illustrate this by a simple example. When the Agricultural Exhibition was held at Reading the summer before last, two farmers who had gone to it by an excursion train returned home a few hours earlier than they had intended. On giving up their tickets, they were informed that they were not entitled by them to have returned by that train, and yet it was one which was comparatively empty. Had a hundred other excursionists returned at the same time, the train would scarcely have been inconvenienced, and the crowding of the regulation train would have been diminished to that extent with advantage. If, as we have suggested above, the system of making railway tickets available at any time the purchaser might choose were generally adopted, the issue of excursion tickets might well be conducted on a different principle. Instead of the present method a day might be fixed—say once a week, fortnight, or month—on which tickets for excursion purposes might be obtained at the lesser rates, available at any hour the holder might select, and by any of the ordinary trains. The tickets might be issued, as desired, for either the single or double journey. If the latter, the "return" portion of the ticket should entitle the holder to similar advantages, as regards date and train, as the first. Quite as many excursionists would be secured as passengers in this way as by the present plan. We go so far as to believe that, with the increased facilities, the number would even be larger. The comfort of both travellers and officials would be vastly increased, "excursions" would be far more generally popular, "pleasure-trips" by family parties and others more frequently undertaken, advantage would accrue to the company, and benefit to the public at large. If it be objected that, after all, only what are commonly spoken of as "third-class passengers" would be benefited by such arrangements, we answer:—(1) That the passenger traffic returns on all the principal railways show that this class is everywhere becoming an increasingly important one, and that any additional facilities and encouragement that may be given to its members to travel cannot fail to benefit both them and the companies concerned; and (2) that many second and even first-class passengers would more frequently take advantage of, and benefit by, the system of excursion tickets, if granted to them with corresponding advantages and on similar conditions to those we have already indicated.

GLASGOW TO LONDON—AS IT IS.

The regulation which withholds from passengers the

privilege of breaking their journey is another knot which surely needs untying, and the task is one which ought not to present any great difficulties. It would be an immense boon to many a traveller to be able to pause for awhile at the chief towns or other interesting places on his way. It would be especially so in the case of summer tourists (who, in fact, are already allowed this privilege on some lines), but at all times it would afford a means of pleasure, as well as instruction, to many. Multitudes of travellers would of course, have neither the inclination nor the leisure to loiter thus upon their way, but in the numerous instances where it would be otherwise, means for conceding the privilege might, we fancy, be easily devised without unduly complicating the company's arrangements.

Among many other matters which present themselves to our mind, there is one point to which we should be particularly glad to direct the attention of railway companies, and one which hitherto appears to have been entirely overlooked. We allude to the provision of carriages for, respectively, ladies or gentlemen only, and fitted up, if possible, on the plan of the lavatories on board ship. If not added to the more strictly local trains, one of each should at least be attached to all those employed for long journeys, and would conduce much to the comfort and convenience of passengers. Hundreds of medical men would, we are sure, bear strong testimony to the absolute necessity in many cases of these train lavatories, and to the injury which is inflicted upon many sufferers by their absence. Is not this a matter on which some careful attention might usefully be bestowed?

Whether the ventilation of trains cannot be more satisfactorily effected by other means than that of the side windows only is a matter worthy of careful consideration. It is abundantly manifest that with from eight to ten persons occupying, sometimes for hours together, a small compartment of the size usual in railway carriages, the air must become vitiated to a fearful extent unless the windows are constantly left open. To this many passengers strongly object, and not unfrequently with good reason. Others, again, as greatly dislike to be kept confined during the greater part of their journey in so small a space with an insufficiency of fresh air. To this cause, indeed, must be ascribed much of the languor and fatigue consequent on railway travelling, not to mention the feeling of sickness experienced by many. No doubt much may be done by mutual forbearance and endurance on the part of the passengers themselves to reduce the evil to a minimum; but this is not enough. Some other remedy should be provided.

GLASGOW TO LONDON—AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

W. MAURICE ADAMS, F.A.S.

UNIVERSITY LIFE FOR WOMEN.

BY BARBARA FOXLEY, FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE gathering of some hundreds of past and present students last June at Newnham College, Cambridge, attracted no little attention. Its object could not fail to interest all our old friends, for it was the presentation of the portrait of the lady whose wisdom guided the College through the difficulties of its earlier days, and whose kindly help and sympathy will be gratefully remembered by all who came under her care. But the gathering has a claim on the interest of a wider circle than that of the friends and well-wishers of a single institution. It may be said to mark the fact that University Life for Women has ceased to be an experiment, and has taken its place for good or for ill in the educational system of this country.

When the idea of Colleges for ladies was first seriously propounded, the little group of University men who supported the scheme were regarded as harmless lunatics. As the scheme took form and shape, contempt grew into horror. Such an unprecedented innovation could but lead to the most disastrous results. Women would become masculine in their manners and tastes; they would despise the sacred duties of a wife and a mother; they would become imbued with the current scepticism; and last, but not least, their presence in the midst of the undergraduate world would lead to endless complications.

The time has now come when we can look back into the past, as well as forward into the future; we can appeal to experience to refute these prophecies of evil.

1. Has University life made women masculine in taste and manners, and unfitted them for the duties of home?

It was not so very long ago that Fanny Kemble was astonished, and almost shocked, to find her friend and hostess, Mrs. Grote, attired in a great-coat with many capes, like a coachman's. Since then we have unfortunately become only too familiar with young ladies (?) who affect a semi-masculine attire, and a wholly masculine freedom of speech. But the fast young lady is a type almost unknown among the lady-students. In fact, the wife of a well-known University man once said to me, "If I meet a particularly quiet looking girl, I say to myself, 'That is a lady-student.'" Nowhere have I heard it more consistently and reverently asserted that a woman's true sphere is the home. Most of the ladies rather pride themselves on their domestic accomplishments. Among my own contemporaries were some whose nimble fingers could wield the needle as well as the pen, and produce with equal ease a copy of Latin verses or a fashionable bonnet. Others could send up a dinner not to be despised by the most fastidious of College Fellows. I can testify from personal experience to their skill in another essentially "feminine" occupation—viz., sick-nursing. A bad sprain kept me for many weeks a prisoner to my sofa, and entirely dependent on the kindness of those around me. That kindness never failed me. One brought me my meals, another tidied my room, and supplied me with books, &c., for the morning's work; fruit, flowers, and light literature flowed in upon me; and one lady, with whom I had previously the barest speaking acquaintance, came daily for many weeks to bandage the injured limb. I am not sure that those weeks of forced inactivity were not some of the happiest of my College life. Another very feminine characteristic of the lady-student is the care and taste devoted to the adornment of her rooms. Though few have the means or the inclination for lavish expenditure, these temporary dwellings are nearly always bright and attractive with that indefinable "something" which constitutes "home." Surely, in the face of facts like these, it should be impossible to repeat the old accusation that University life unfits women for their true sphere.

2. A more serious charge is that of encouraging scepticism. If woman's mission is to "look up, and lift up," an irreligious woman is surely unfit for her work. Few, even among the most sceptical men, but would sympathise with the beautiful words of the poet—

"Leave there thy *sister* while she prays."

Though the charge is a serious one, it rests, I think, on a very insufficient basis. The vast majority of the students are professing Christians, all the various denominations having their representatives. No doubt there are a few to whom the blessing of faith is denied (let us hope for a time only), but among them too there are earnest seekers after truth. The various College societies for the study of the Bible and other religious books, show that there is no lack of interest in this all-important matter. One such society, in my own time, read through "Trench on the Parables;" another studied selected portions of the Greek Testament. A Christian woman will not find herself alone; she will meet with many among her fellow-students who share her faith. The beautiful daily service at the College chapels, the opportunities of hearing the greatest preachers of the day from the University pulpit, are privileges which are not met with everywhere, and of which not a few of the students avail themselves. A University training is considered almost essential for our clergy: why, then, should it be injurious to their sisters?

3. Leaving this serious subject, we pass to the third of the prophecies of evil uttered by those who opposed the opening of University life to women. It is so frivolous that it hardly requires an answer. It is enough to say that the lady-students are indeed *ladies*, and not silly school-girls.

University and College lectures have in many cases been thrown open to women, and I never heard of any case in which these kindnesses had been repented of. The results of the various degree examinations have proved that the lady-students are neither the least industrious, nor yet the least gifted among the pupils.

I have tried to meet a few of the popular objections to University life for women, and to show that these drawbacks are, to a large extent, imaginary. It has its own difficulties, its own temptations. What condition of life has not? I can only briefly touch upon these now. The clever girl, like the clever youth, is apt to attach too much importance to mere intellectual power; and there is much in a University life to foster this error. I doubt, however, whether it has any worse results than a little temporary "priggishness," which soon wears off. Then, again, there is the often-exaggerated, but very real, danger of over-work. I believe that the proportion of lady-students who do over-work is very small, and, in most cases, the mischief may be traced to excessive study at school or at home, and before University life was begun.

There are many other points which I should like to dwell upon, but they lie beyond the limits of a brief paper. Suffice it to say that hundreds of women, amid the strain of professional work—aye, and amid the serene happiness of home life—look back to the brief years of their University life as years not merely of mental culture and social enjoyment, but of noble aims and high enthusiasms, which will surely not prove unfruitful in their life-work.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

AN APPOINTMENT.

FEBRUARY is too early even to think about changing winter clothes, though when the sun shines they have an ugly habit of looking shabby, for winter damp and dust destroy the freshness of materials more than wear and tear. I shall, therefore, advise that winter mantles be bought early in the year; the best of them will be seen in the improving weather, and when taken into wear again next winter, they will be little the worse.

The winter sales are worth considering, for the reductions in mantles are most important. They are large and bulky things to keep in stock, and the shopkeeper is glad to sell them somewhat over cost price, instead of putting them by in the hope of a future large profit. The shapes are so various—there are the short jackets for young people, and the richer mantles—more than half of which are trimmed with marabout. This shows up well on the rich velvet brocades, laid on Sicilienne and satin. One of the most becoming shapes I have seen was drawn well into the figure at the back, and ornamented with handsome gimps and chenille, and passementerie in front; from the waist it was slightly cut away transversely, which made it far less heavy and more easy to walk in.

People in England often wear close-fitting long-basqued jackets, bordered with fur. One of the newest is a shot velvet, brocaded as well as shot, and bordered with fur.

Fur flounces appear on mantles and on dresses. The rage for fur is nearly as great when the Duchess of Edinburgh came over from Russia as a bride, and we seemed to think that, her country being associated with fur-wearing, we did her honour by appearing in it.

A most useful evening wrap is a red plush cape, reaching to the waist, made with high shoulders, and trimmed with black lace. Many of the richer mantles, however, are sufficiently magnificent to be suitable for either morning or evening wear, as, for example, one of stone plush with a raised brocade upon it of brown flowers, shaded with the stone, alternating with bands of brown velvet, on which are large pine passementeries of the two tones. This is bordered with plush and chenille fringe.

Tailor-made dresses have established as great a reputation in Paris as in London, and English women who prefer—as most of them do—these for winter wear may be quite happy that French women of fashion are doing the same. The severity of style which characterises them has been slightly modified by the silk, satin, and brocaded bibs, and a greater flow to the skirts.

Those who can afford it have plain velvets made by tailors, and most of the best French dresses are composed of dark green or steel-grey velvet, with heavy chenille trimmings. When black velvet is used, the

fronts are often covered with chenille embroidery, and yet embroidered bibs are introduced into the bodices. People who wear beaded fronts to skirts, and who find—as most of the wearers do—that the beads give way, will be glad to learn that the newest things of the kind have chenille embroidery mixed with the beading, rendering them more durable and more effective.

There are a few curious items to chronicle with regard to the cloth and woollen gowns. On many the coloured selvedge is left on, and in draping is allowed to be seen and form a trimming; while others are trimmed with bands of pinked-out cloth, stitched on like flat flounces, or as headings to kiltings. A good deal of gold braid is also employed, and mantles, as well as dresses—especially the rich velvet ones—glitter with gold.

The fur mania does not confine itself to trimming and flounces—skirts of fur have silk draperies over them. The fur selected is generally seal, otter or mole. Many people in the country are assiduously saving their mole-skins for the purpose, and a drapery of steel-grey satin over them has a charming effect.

ON DECK.

White dinner-gowns and dresses for demi-toilette are extensively trimmed with bands of dark fur. A novelty for evening bodices is to cover the satin or silk entirely with piece lace, Valenciennes most commonly. The skirts are often made over satin, of piece lace bordered with wide Valenciennes. Grey—the smoke tone of grey—is used alike for morning and evening; for the latter it generally has a touch of red in the trimming. A grey smoke-coloured satin dinner-gown would be made with a front of shaded grey brocaded velvet, elbow-sleeves of the same, and large red roses on one side of the bodice. Many of the brocades are painted by hand in natural tones, the effect being altogether charming if really well done; but some very bizarre designs, such as monkeys and flies, have been thus treated in Paris, and they had nothing to recommend them but their absurdity.

For good, useful evening wear I strongly recommend the old-fashioned wire-grenadine barège, which is coming in again, especially in white and cream. If you have any well-fitting soiled bodice of these tones, unpick it, tack the barège carefully over it, and re-stitch it. The bodice will look quite new, and last well. The skirts want but little trimming with careful drapery. Select a fashion plate of the style you like, and copy it, and you will find a cheap and durable gown thus secured. The barège requires a silk or satin foundation, but it does not matter if it has lost its freshness, as it does not show through.

The fashion of turning the hair up from the neck makes the wearing of ruffs or high collars a necessity. It is a good plan to make a straight all-round collar of velvet, and edge it with lace plaiting or lisse frilling. The Tudor collars are becoming, also the Medicis. We apply the former name to the ruffs for evening, which are worn with square-cut bodices, turned downwards at the back and sides; but in the Medicis period they also wore a close wide ruff to the high bodices. This is just one of the minutiæ of dress which each woman should adapt to her own requirements, for so much depends on the length and conformation of the throat. You may buy black bead ruffs on wire, of the large Medicis form which require lace inside, and the close all-round shape; also bands of black velvet worked in gold and silver, which form the foundation of the lace. People find that wearing frillings beneath heavy winter cloaks is apt to spoil them, so it facilitates matters considerably to be able to pin them on when required, as you can with these ruffs.

By-the-by, white gloves are worn in the evening with all kinds of dresses, even black. The latest novelty in shoes are black patent leather covered all over with close-set rows of coloured ribbon.

There are some novelties even now in winter bonnets, among them the kid ones, the rims covered with buttons to resemble ivory; large feather plumes intermixed with ribbons are the trimmings.

A characteristic of modern fashions which would seem to be on the increase is the extra fulness now admissible in the skirts on the hips and in front.

A HALF-HOLIDAY.

Semi-circles of loops of ribbon are often placed below the waist in front, and the puffed materials on the hips would seem to resemble the stuffed hips of the Middle Ages.

The Spanish lace dresses are superseded quite by Chantilly just now. Many rich black silks have lace fronts intermixed with jet, and these are quite suitable for morning wear, and with a low bodice for evening. Habit bodices have not been superseded in woollen materials, and the larger the check the more fashionable ; the only innovations I have seen are a series of loops of the material quite close-set along the edge. A new invention by which any fabric is crimped or craped—if we may so call it—into a series of knife-plaits from the waist to the hem of the dress, is a great help in skirt-making. With such a skirt merely a little drapery is needed ; otherwise, the only novelty is in the variety of plaits, one wide and three narrow being a favourite combination.

The stocking-web jackets prove a great boon to those who, notwithstanding all the aids thereto, have not as yet mastered the difficulties of dressmaking. They fit the figure quite closely ; some have deep jacket basques, some are bordered with feather trimming, some have plastron waistcoats and cuffs of close-set rows of gold braid, some are trimmed with gold braid fastened on one side, while others have a round cape attached.

Imitation diamonds are such clever shams that they are almost universally worn even intermixed with family heirlooms, and nothing would seem to be so fashionable as rows of diamonds or diamond stars. The real gems should be carefully looked to from time to time. Old settings wear out, and lead to

the loss of good stones. It is a real economy to send them every now and then to be examined by the jeweller, especially in the case of rings which have much wear.

The shoulder-cape, illustrated at the commencement of this chapter, will be popularly worn during the early spring months. For young ladies it will often be made of the same material as the rest of the costume, and trimmed to correspond. The shoulders will remain high and full, and the pointed backs are likely to be more general than the rounded ones. The model before us is a dark green cloth costume trimmed with bands of natural beaver, the fur describing a point in front instead of encircling the throat. The velvet hat is brown, to match the beaver.

A mantle, or wrap, for out-door wear is always difficult to choose, provided the dress allowance does not admit of variety. If only one wrap is to be selected, black is undoubtedly the best colour for it, because it may be worn with every dress. For young ladies these shoulder-capes are most convenient and appropriate, and for dressy occasions they look well in brocaded velvet, bordered with full chenille fringe; but for general wear either a short jacket made of Ottoman cloth and trimmed with velvet or braid, or a long pelisse, will be found more appropriate. Elderly women should select black Ottoman silk, or camel's-hair cloth, for their every-day mantles or visites, and they should bear in mind that soft pliable materials are more easily made at home than thick cloths, which require tailors to sew and press.

The second figure shows not only a combination of materials in the dress, but two colours in contrast, which is the latest style adopted in Paris. The panels at the side of the skirt and the trimmings in this example are seal-brown velvet, while the dress is old-blue satin, brocaded with brown velvet flowers.

In the group occupied with the cockatoo we have illustrations of plain in-door costumes. The girl who is enticing the bird to its stand wears a dark prune-coloured velveteen costume with a double row of oxydised silver buttons in front. The pipings round the square pocket, and the skirt, are satin of the same shade; the collar and cuffs are Indian embroidery worked on Chuddah cloth of a pale blue colour, and narrow white linen bands encircle the throat and wrists. Gilt coins are sometimes substituted with good effect for silver buttons. The second little girl wears a Princesse frock of sapphire-blue cashmere trimmed with velvet of a slightly darker shade; the make is simple, but there is no prettier style for a youthful figure. The mother is in a pigeon-grey cloth costume, the plaited skirt and over-dress being of the same material. The deep cuffs and small shoulder-cape are velvet, but sometimes the breast-feathers of the blue jay are substituted for the velvet. The clasps are silver.

Note the manner in which the hair is arranged, for this style has now become almost as universal in England as in France, although it is not as well suited to the Anglo-Saxon as to the Gallic head; but fickle Fashion over-rules all such considerations, whether any particular mode be becoming or the contrary. If it elects to comb the back hair to the top of the head, and there fasten it, instead of coiling it in a classic knot at the nape of the neck, the newest style is blindly followed.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

WERE we but generous, kind and forbearing,
Soon would this earth be an Eden of flowers,
Then would the frowns we are constantly wearing
Be lost in the laughter of happier hours;
Then would a holier light
Make life's dark pathway bright,
Shining where anger and discord have met,
Then would all warfare cease,
Angels would whisper "Peace!"
If we would only "forgive and forget."

When a loved friend we have thoughtlessly wounded,
Let us not seek his forgiveness alone;
Owning our error, with courage unbounded,
Oh! let us earnestly strive to atone;
Conquer our pride, and then
Hold out our hand again,
Sure that our friend will respond to us yet;
Then will he haste once more—
Knowing our wrath is o'er—
Eager as we to "forgive and forget."

E'en 'mid the children so artless and loving
Often the voice of dissension may rise;
Angels look earthward with faces reproving
The glances of anger that flash from their eyes!
But ere the night descends,
Lo! all the tumult ends,
Innocent kisses and tears of regret
Mingle with gracious words,
Teaching the warbling birds
Childhood's sweet lesson, "forgive and forget."

Friends that are dearest may cruelly grieve us:
Bitter resentment but adds to our pain;
Let us be merciful—soon they may leave us,
Let them not seek our forgiveness in vain.
Though we have suffered long
Under a cloud of wrong,
They who have wounded may comfort us yet;
Tongues can but idly preach,
Only kind actions teach
Life's noblest lesson, "forgive and forget."

FANNY FORRESTER.

THE GATHERER.

An Electric Table Fan.

The small Griscom electric motor which we have referred to on several occasions is shown in the illustration mounted so as to drive a small table fan. The fan, F, is attached direct to the spindle of the motor, M, the whole being supported on a standard, S, at a convenient height to cause a refreshing motion of the air. The current from a battery of six bichromate cells is conveyed to the motor by two conducting wires, W. The motor weighs only 2½ lbs., and is 4 inches long by 2½ inches in diameter.

An Electrical Watch.

The invention of an electric watch having only two wheels, and actuated by an electric current from a very small battery, is reported from St. Petersburg by Professor Chowlson, who speaks very highly of its performances as a standard time-keeper for observing purposes, but does not as yet reveal its mechanical construction.

New Mode of Insulating Wires.

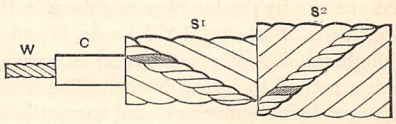
M. Widdeman, a French chemist, has observed that an insulating skin can be produced on metal wires by decomposing plumbates and alkaline ferrates with the electric current. The method is as follows :—Prepare a bath of plumbate of potash by dissolving 10 grammes of litharge in a litre of water, to which 200 grammes of caustic potash has been added, and boil it during half an hour. Let it rest, decant, and the bath is ready for use. The wire to be covered with the insulating skin is connected to the positive pole of the battery, and a small strip of platinum to the negative pole. Both wire and platinum are then plunged in the bath. Metallic lead in a very divided state is precipitated at the negative pole, and peroxide of lead on the wire. This layer of peroxide takes all colours of the spectrum, and the insulation is highest when the wire takes a brownish-black tint. If this insulator is durable, it will prove of great service in electric lighting.

Towing by Endless Chains.

A very ingenious mode of navigating rapid rivers against the stream has just been tried, with great success, on the Rhone, by M. Dupuy de Lome. It consists in having a tug-boat, fitted with fore and aft pulleys, on each side of the deck. Over these an endless chain passes, and dips into the water until its lower part rests on the bottom—thus forming a sort of grip, or anchorage, for the vessel on each side. The chains are quite independent of each other ; and to propel the craft, the pulleys are rotated, thus causing the chains to travel round and round. Both chains are actuated by engines worked by one man. To steer the tug, one or other chain is driven faster ; and it is found that very swift rapids can be mounted in this way. In order to provide for varying depths, the length of chain in the water can be regulated by altering the distance between the fore and aft pulleys at will.

A Green Moon.

"Once in a blue moon" is a proverb which may have originated in some such phenomenon as was witnessed in the South of England on Wednesday evening, December 5th. During one of those remarkably bright red sunsets which we had during the past autumn and early winter, the crescent moon was seen to be of a distinctly green colour, comparable to the green sun witnessed at Ceylon and Madras recently. From different parts of the world come accounts of similar strange atmospheric phenomena. Thus, at the Cape of Good Hope, one sunset was remarkably brilliant, and caused the foliage and flowers to deepen in hue. These effects are so general that some suppose them connected with the recent volcanic outburst at Krakatoa, when enormous masses of fine dust were shot into the air. When we consider that the tidal wave produced by the volcanic eruption in question was felt at Colon on the Isthmus of Panama within two days after its occurrence, and on the coast of France, 12,500 miles away, we need not marvel if the volcanic dust should affect our sunsets. M. de Lesseps, who announced the tidal wave at Colon, points out that it must have travelled round Africa and up the South Atlantic before penetrating the Gulf of Mexico. Another explanation of the astronomical phenomenon is that the earth was at the time passing through a meteoric cloud rather more considerable in extent than that through which its path generally lies in early winter, and which is the cause of the "November meteors."



A New Cable.

A rope which will not kink, or at least tend to kink, is useful in many ways. When the rope takes the form of a submarine telegraph cable, it is still more

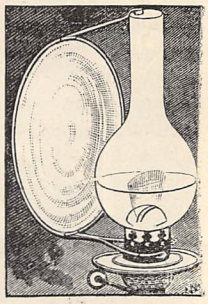
important that it shall not kink, for there are more cables destroyed and injured by kinking than by any other accident. Hitherto, the "lay" of the iron and hemp sheathing of cables has all been made in a spiral running round the cable in one direction, and kinks have frequently resulted from this mode of manufacture, which gives a spring to the cable in the opposite direction to the "lay." When extra strain is put on a cable with kinks in it, these are pulled out, and the cable forcibly wrenched asunder. To obviate this difficulty, Messrs. Trott and Hamilton have designed a way of covering cables which is equally applicable to the manufacture of ropes and hawsers. They take care that the "lay" of alternate layers of sheathing shall cross each other, as shown in the figure, where W is the copper wire, or conductor, C the insulating core of gutta-percha, S^1 the inner layer of hemp sheathing, and S^2 the outer layer. It will be seen that S^1 is a right and S^2 a left-hand lay. Moreover, the hatched portions of the figure show that the *threads* making up each *cord* of the layers are arranged to cross so that a twisting strain on the cable shall tend to compress them closer together. Thus every precaution is taken to prevent those loops forming which are so troublesome in working with cables.

Harvesting Ice.

Some idea of the magnitude of the ice industry in America may be gathered from the fact that it supports a monthly trade paper, and that the total annual

ice-crop of the States is twenty million tons, of which some twelve million tons are consumed. Mining and storing this ice has given rise to a separate branch of engineering, and special implements for the purpose. There are scrapers of various kinds to remove the snow; tracers, or hand-ploughs, to mark out the areas to be cut by grooves. These grooves are afterwards deepened by a tool, called a marker, fitted with knife-edges, which, on being lowered to the ice, cut it deeply. The ice-area is cut and cross-cut with these tools, then trenched or sawn by the ice-plough shown in the figure, until two-thirds of the total thickness is cut through. This plough consists of a succession of curved blade-like teeth attached to a long beam. The teeth are so formed as to clear themselves, and carry the chips out of the groove with little resistance. A channel is cut by the above means between the ice-field and the elevators which raise the blocks into the ice-houses. The blocks are then loosed by ice-chisels, floated to the elevators, and raised by steam-power on endless chains working up an inclined plane. The ice-rooms are built one hundred feet long by forty feet wide, and the ice-cakes are placed so as to leave a three-inch space all round, to prevent undue wasting when broken out for summer use. The cost of all this preparation is only twenty-five cents per ton.

A Movable Lamp Reflector.



The woodcut illustrates a new and handy reflector for hand or table lamps, which can be removed at will. The upper part of the reflector hooks on the glass shade by projecting wires at the top, and clasps it round the base by pincing-wires. No shadow is cast forward by the arrangement, which throws the light from any side.

A Sun-wound Clock.

A clock at Brussels was set going nine months ago, and has not yet run down, owing to the plan adopted for its winding up. An up-draught is obtained in a shaft by exposing it to the sun, and this turns a fan, which winds up the weight of the clock until it reaches the top. It then works a brake, which stops the fan until the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is free to act again.

A New Compass.

M. Mascart, the well-known electrician, has devised a new compass, which finds the magnetic meridian by the well-known experiment of moving a coil of wire across the lines of magnetic force of the earth, and inducing a current in them. When the axis of rotation of the coil is on the magnetic meridian, or north and south magnetic line, the induced currents in the ring, when rotated, will be nil. M. Mascart employs a galvanometer to indicate the induction currents, and the coil is properly mounted on an azimuth circle to give the direction of the meridian. Trials at Parc St. Maur Observatory, Paris, prove that the new compass is as reliable as the existing instruments.

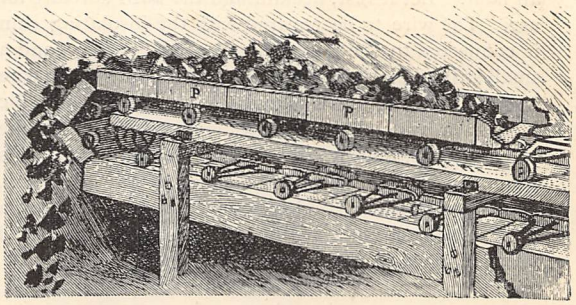


FIG. 1.

Endless Trough-Conveyer.

A novel mode of conveying goods is illustrated in Fig. 1, where, as will be seen, an endless link-belt

or chain, carrying a series of troughs, P P, placed end to end, keeps constantly circulating over pulleys and bringing forward the full troughs to be emptied over, while it returns the empty troughs, C, bottom upwards, to be filled again. The link-chain, which is shown in detail in Fig. 2, runs along on small wheels or castors. The device dispenses with a line of barrow-men, and has been used for conveying hot roasted iron ore from the kilns to the crushers.

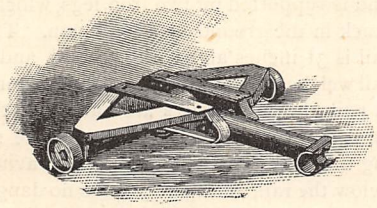


FIG. 2.

Coloured Photographs on Glass.

The delicate coloured photos on glass now in fashion are produced by fixing a paper photograph on a cushion-shaped glass with transparent cement, and when dry, rubbing away two-thirds of the thickness of the photograph with sand-paper. This film is rendered transparent by soaking in melted paraffin wax, and applying transparent colours, which appear soft when seen from the front. The background is then painted on another cushion-shaped piece of glass, and fixed behind. An improvement has just been made by Mrs. Decker, daughter of the late Mr. C. F. Varley, F.R.S., who finds that this second piece of glass can be dispensed with. The photograph is dipped in paraffin a second time, after the transparent colours have been applied, and the heavier colours are painted on the back of this second coat. A third layer of paraffin is then applied, and the background painted on that. Another coat of paraffin protects the whole.

Portable Meat-Safe.

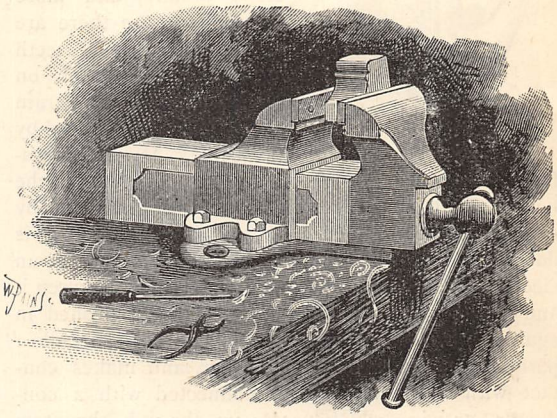
The figure shows a simple invention which may be of considerable household service, especially in hot weather, when meat is apt to be attacked by flies. It consists of three rings of stout cane or wood, covered with gauze. A hook is provided to hold the joint and hang up the safe, which is collapsible except when hanging downwards. The device is so simple that it can be home-made.

Gibbs' Grain-Dryer.

Large grain-dryers, such as we described in the GATHERER for December, 1883, and weighing from three to four tons each, are now being made for Hereford, Paisley, Douglas, and Londonderry. By an oversight in our account, these dryers, which are so useful in our moist climate, were stated to dry from ten to fourteen bushels of wheat per week. This should have been from ten to fourteen thousand bushels and upwards.

New Potato Digger and Picker.

Attention has recently been called to an improved form of machine for digging and picking potatoes, though it is difficult to say how far ordinary manual labour can be superseded with advantage in this respect. Without going into any description of the details of this machine, it will here suffice if we explain very briefly the principle upon which it acts. Two ploughs are arranged in the fore part in order to part the soil on either side, while a single plough passes beneath and raises the potatoes and the earth in which they are lodged. The shaker or picker separates the tubers from the soil and delivers them to the rear of the machine, the mould falling through the picker to the ground. No doubt in this way a field could be cleared in a tolerably short space of time.



A Handy Vice.

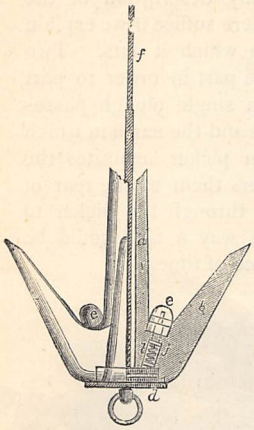
A cheap and serviceable vice for amateurs is shown in the accompanying woodcut. The jaws are of hard steel, polished bright, and $2\frac{7}{8}$ inches long. The body of the vice is painted. It will grip up to $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and its total weight is $9\frac{1}{4}$lbs.

Catechu and Boilers.

Recent experiments at the waterworks in Berlin have practically demonstrated that gum catechu, well known as an astringent drug, is useful in removing the crust from the interior of boilers. Before this remedy was applied, a firm incrustation $1\frac{5}{8}$ inches thick formed on the boilers of the waterworks after a few months of working, and it was necessary to remove this periodically. A quantity of catechu, 11 lbs., laid on the bottom plate of a boiler soon reduced this deposit to a soft mass, which could easily be removed. The boilers in question evaporate 143 cubic feet of water during an average day's work of thirteen hours, and 11 lbs. of catechu added at the end of two months serve to clean the plates of crust. The matter is now under discussion in

the German scientific press, and Herr Hiller shows that the quantity of gum to be used varies with the quality of the water. The catechu should be added some eight or ten days before the cleaning of the boiler, so as to give sufficient time for the loosening action to be completed. It should not be added when the boiler is filled again, because it dissolves in the water and may foul the taps.

A Tell-tale Grapnel.



In grapnelling for sunken bodies, such as submarine cables, lost chains, and so on, it is convenient to know when the object is hooked. Hitherto, this has been roughly told by the strain on the rope as the vessel trawls the grapnel after it on the bottom. But it often happens that in rough stony ground, and more especially where there are corals, the flukes or teeth of the grapnel catch on these, and produce a strain similar to that produced by the cable. Mr. H. Kingsford has, however, designed a grapnel, illustrated in the figure, which announces the capture of the cable by ringing an electric bell on board the ship. This is done by fitting a push-button, *e*, similar to that of an electric house bell, in the pit of the fluke *b*, between it and the stem of the grapnel. On being pushed in against the force of the spiral spring *j*, the needle *l* perforates a sheet of india-rubber, and makes contact with a metal plate, *c*, connected with a conductor, or wire, which passes up through the stem of the grapnel *a*, and the grapnelling rope *f*, to the ship. This contact closes the circuit of an electric bell on board, and causes it to ring. The sheet of india-rubber is employed to keep the sea-water from getting to the plate, the rubber closing up as soon as the needle is withdrawn. A sole-plate, *d*, carries the ring, to which a loose weight of chain is attached to keep the grapnel well down on the bottom.

A Travelling Electric Light.

On the Cumberland Valley Railway, of Pennsylvania, there is a car specially fitted with dynamos and stationary steam-motor, lamps, &c., to supply the electric light to any part of the line it may be wanted at in case of a collision, or for night work on the track. The idea is a good one, and will, we trust, be adopted by British railway companies.

A Single-Rail Railway.

M. Lartigue, a well-known French engineer, has devised a method of transporting goods in wild countries by means of a single rail. It was devised to transport *alfa* (a plant used in paper-making) from the interior of Algeria to the coast towns; but it is applicable to all open countries free of fences. The rail is of iron, and is supported on two iron legs, which can be readily stuck in the ground by a workman. The height of the rail is 31 inches above the ground, and each length of rail weighs 33 lbs., while the supports for it weigh 31 lbs. A pair of iron panniers are hung over the rail, and run on it by two wheels, fixed on a double steel bar, carrying the panniers. The centre of gravity of the load is below the rail, and there is thus no danger of a capsize. A camel can draw 60 panniers loaded with alfa along such a rail. The railway is cheaply built, as no preparation of the ground is necessary; and six men can lay 2½ miles of line per day.

Twenty-four o'Clock.

The plan of numbering the hours consecutively up to twenty-four o'clock, and doing away with the "A.M." —"P.M." system, is gaining ground in America. The Cleveland, Akron, and Columbus Railway now print their time tables on this plan, and watches and clocks are about to be made with twenty-four hours marked "consecutively in a double circle inside the ordinary figures."

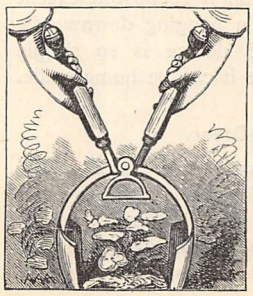
Asbestos Enamel.

M. Erichsen, of Copenhagen, uses powdered asbestos to make an enamel for coating pipes, walls, &c. The powder is mixed with soluble salts, such as silicate of potash, and mineral or other colours, such as combine with silicic acid, to form a product which resists the action of oxygen, heat, cold, or damp. The coating furnishes a refractory glaze which protects the material, be it wood, stone, or metal, from weather action. When applied to wood or masonry, the surface must be washed with soap and water.

Lighting Boilers.

The Patent Steam Boiler Company have recently lighted the interior of their boilers while in use by means of electric lamps. The object was to show and examine the peculiar action of the deflectors placed in these boilers to separate the water and the steam. The application was carried out by Mr. Lane, the company's engineer, and was completely successful in exhibiting the currents, cascades, and whirlpools which are formed in the boiler.

A Transplanting Tool.



A tool for assisting in the transplanting of young plants and flowers, by removing them from the earth without loosening their roots, is shown in the accompanying illustration. It consists of two scoops, attached to handles, and pivoted together like the blades of a pair of scissors.

The scoops are opened out, and pressed into the soil on each side of the plant, which is then raised out of the ground and carried to its new position.

Ventilating Mines by Electricity.

The Carola mine in Saxony is now ventilated by fans driven by electric power. A dynamo driven by a steam-engine is fixed on the pit-head, and another is fitted below to drive the dynamo there, which is coupled to the axle of the fan. The current is led from the stationary to the second dynamo by a copper conductor, and returns to the stationary dynamo by a wire rope already in the mine. With this arrangement a million cubic feet of air can be supplied to the mine at a cost of threepence.

Soapstone for Fire-Bricks.

Soapstone is being introduced in America as a material for fire-bricks. It does not glaze, and is capable of resisting very high temperatures. For domestic use, for lining furnaces, steel holes, &c., it is considered very useful.

A Great Boulder.

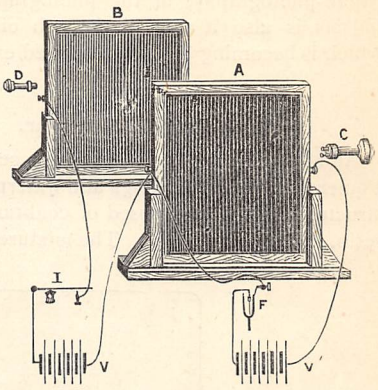
The famous Washington boulder at Conway Corner, New Hampshire, has been accurately measured and found to be 30 feet high, 46 feet long, and 35 feet wide. It is of solid granite, and weighs 3,867 tons by calculation. This is probably the largest isolated piece of granite in the world, and is apparently a vestige of ancient glacier action.

Artificial Lithographic Stone.

M. Möller has discovered a substitute for lithographic stone, which promises to be useful, and has already been employed for delicate work by some lithographers. M. Möller's plan is to prepare a plate of metal coated with a calcareous deposit in the form of a film. This calcareous deposit is practically the same as the natural lithographic stone—that is to say, carbonate of lime, mixed with a little silicious and aluminous earth. The inventor uses hard water containing carbonate of lime in solution, and deposits the carbonate from it on the metal plates. The solution of carbonate for the purpose is also kept in bottles for producing a fresh surface when required.

Railway Signalling by Induction.

Mr. Willoughby Smith, the President of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, has observed that a telephone without any wire connections, but simply held in the air to the ear, can, under certain circumstances, give out musical notes, and probably also speech, though this has not yet been attempted by him. His arrangement is shown in the figure, where A and B are two large flat coils or spirals of wire held in frames, and covered for protection by sheets of paper. The coil A is in circuit with a voltaic battery V, and tuning-fork interrupter of the current F; and the electric current, interrupted at every vibration of the fork, circulates in the coil. If, now, a telephone C, either complete or in skeleton form (that is, having its coil removed, and consisting only of the magnet and iron plate), be held to the ear within a foot or two of the coil A, the note of the tuning-fork will be distinctly heard in it. The hum is very loud, and is, no doubt, due to induction of the coil through the air influencing the magnetism of the instrument. In the same way, the coil B, in circuit with a battery V, and mechanical interrupter I, causes the skeleton telephone D to emit loud sounds. Mr. Smith proposes that this device should be adapted to railway signalling, in foggy weather, as a substitute for the clumsy and disagreeable plan of detonating signals laid on the line, and exploded by the passing train. He would have one of the coils, say B, placed on the line between the rails, and connected with the signalman's cabin by wires, battery, and interrupter. The signalman would let the current pass when he wished to stop a train, and the telephone D, carried by the train in the guard's van, would announce the fact as the train passed. To increase the effect, the telephone might be in circuit with a second coil A, which, in passing over the coil B on the line, would be influenced by induction, and actuate the telephone connected with it.



Electricity and Friction.

An American experimenter has found that the tractive force, or friction, between the wheels of a car and the rails on an electric railway is increased 20 per cent. when the current is put on—that is to say, the electric current passing from the rails, as conductors, to the metal wheels of the cars, on its way to the electric motor, actually increases the grip of the wheels on the rails by this amount.

Photography in Hospitals.

Most of the French hospitals have now a photographic studio attached, for photographing the patients at different times. The rapid dry-plate process is employed, and Professor Charcot, of the Salpêtrière, has devised an electrically operated camera for taking a series of views in rapid succession. Certain patients are photographed on entering the hospital, and at regular times after; such, for example, as hysterical patients. The photographs are multiplied by the new printing processes for the general use of the

medical profession in studying disease, and copies are also kept in albums within the hospital for reference. Micro-photography, or the photographing of minute objects, is also a valuable branch of hospital work, which is becoming better recognised every day.

Asphalte Mortar.

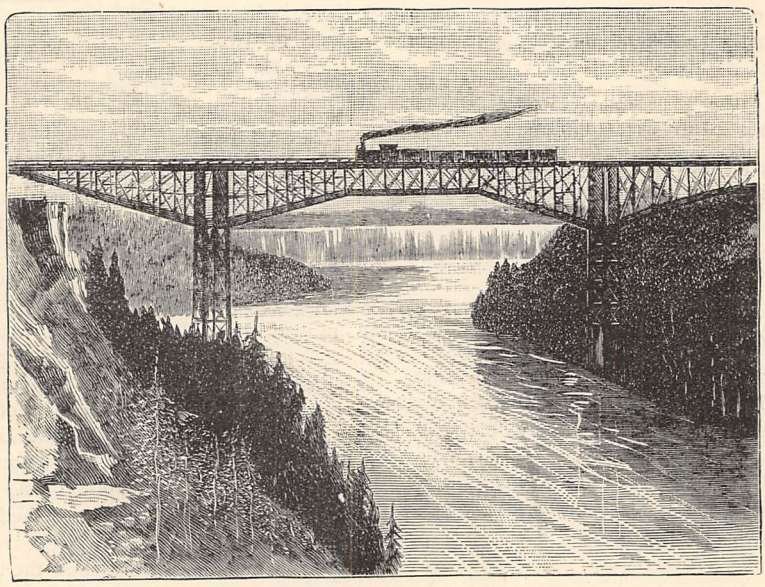
An artificial asphalte, or asphalte cement, is used in Pomerania for wall-copings and waterproof coatings of structures. It is composed of coal-tar, clay, asphalte, resin, litharge, and sand. The mixture is applied cold, like ordinary mortar, but the space for it is first made thoroughly dry. A coating of hot roofing-varnish is laid over the mortar, and rough sand strewn over the whole. The mortar is said to be very durable.

Lighting Cars by Batteries.

A Pullman car on an express from London to Leeds, by the Midland Line, was recently lighted by electric incandescent lamps, fed by a voltaic battery of a new sort, which goes into a small space. The car was lit by ten Swan lamps, fed by a battery only four feet long by eight inches square; and the success of the trial was such that several railway companies have ordered the apparatus for their lines. The battery is that known as the "Holmes-Burke," and its construction is a trade secret as yet; but it is probably an improved form of some well-known battery.

New Bridge across Niagara River.

The accompanying illustration represents the handsome railway bridge recently completed across the Niagara river, and intended to connect the New York Central and Michigan Central systems. It is situated some 300 feet above the old railway suspension bridge; it spans an awful gulf 870 feet wide from shore to shore, and over 200 feet high. Our view of it shows it as seen from the American bank of the river, looking towards the celebrated Falls, which are just visible in the background. The structure consists of two huge steel towers, over 132 feet in height, resting on stone piers 39 feet high. Each tower supports a "cantilever" fully 395 feet long. The principle of a cantilever is that of a beam supported at its centre, with arms branching both ways, one arm being depressed by a counterweight, while the load on the overhanging arm produces an uplifting force in the opposite end, which is resisted by the counterweight. This type of bridge (which is self-supporting during erection) was rendered necessary owing to the impossibility of raising temporary supports in the tremendous rapids below. One end of each of the above-mentioned towers rests upon a structure on the bank, while the other end stretches out over the river. The shore ends of the cantilevers are anchored to piers of substantial masonry, and both arms are connected by an intermediate span of 120 feet. The total length of the bridge proper, upon which a double line of rails has been laid down, is 910 feet $4\frac{5}{8}$ inches between the centres of the anchorage piers, the span between the towers being 470 feet. From the surface of the water to the base of the rails the height is 239 feet.



NEW BRIDGE OVER THE NIAGARA RIVER.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The award of the Prize of Five Pounds for the best Poem on Spring Time will be made in our next number.

Intending Competitors for the Prize offered for the best Musical Setting of the Words published in our June (1883) *Part, are reminded that February* 1*st*, 1884, *is the latest date for receiving contributions.*

WITHIN THE CLASP.

A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE JET-HUNTERS.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "The Tenth Earl," "Lady Flavia," "Paul Knox, Pitman," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

THE GUESTS ARRIVE.

COMPANY at Thorsdale Park flowed in—perhaps, at first, it might be more accurate to say that it trickled in, so few were the earliest arrivals, but afterwards the supply became, numerically speaking, about equal to the demand. After all, the hospitality of an earl and a countess so rich and so well-considered is pretty sure to be accepted by a considerable number of persons. Lady Piminy had come, and had brought her three pretty daughters, giving up her lodgings in Half Moon Street, somewhat to the dismay of those disappointed damsels, who felt as though their prospects in life had been ruthlessly blighted by the curtailment of their trip to glorious London. But Lady Piminy had sons as well as marriageable daughters, and it was on behalf of dear, stalwart, stupid Edward, and of florid Augustus, down in Warwickshire, that she had made haste to comply with the summons of her far-away cousin and potential patron, the Earl of Thorsdale. These two healthy young men were the despair of crammers, and could be coached and hustled through no sort of open examination, but there are yet such things as direct appointments in some branches of Britannia's service, and Lord Thorsdale's solicitations, if he could only be induced to solicit, might effect more than could be done by the persistent begging of poor Sir Nym, on whom Ministers had looked coldly ever since he had lost his seat for Freemanton. There were others besides Lady Piminy who probably had some ends of their own to serve in accepting the invitation to Thorsdale. It was said of Lord David Todhunter that he and Lady David would go anywhere for free quarters, and lived for full nine months of every year at the expense of their various hosts. It was not Lord David's fault, of course, if his meagre income were quickly gobbled up, and if his brother the Duke of Pentland, who, for a duke, was anything but rich, had positively refused to increase it by a single sixpence. Then there were several other cadets and distant relatives of families in the great world, and sundry personages by far better endowed with worldly goods, but who were related to nobody in particular, and who came because in their own neighbourhoods they would derive consequence from having been the guests of an earl. And there were bachelors, whom some motive of caprice, of gratitude, or of self-seeking, had induced to swell the muster-roll at Thorsdale Park.

It is one thing, of course, to collect an array of visitors in a country-house, and another thing to be successful in pleasing and amusing them, so as to keep the whole cageful of birds, so to speak, in song and in feather. Young men, in especial, are difficult to content, and have an awkward knack of being called away on urgent private affairs, if allowed to mope through the dulness of an unoccupied day. And without young men there can be no liveliness, no flirtation, no by-play of match-making—nothing to lend real interest to the country life. Lady Thorsdale had an additional difficulty to contend with in the fact that the real object of her undertaking was to divert her exacting lord from over-much brooding over his own health, and the best method of restoring it. At any moment, as she was well aware, the wind of travel might set in with resistless strength, either towards the Engadine or that yet more dreaded bourne of the Rocky Mountains, and Schültz the courier might be telegraphed for, and the noble valetudinarian be preparing for his dreary pilgrimage to the distant shrine of the eminently uncomfortable Hygeia that only dwells in desert places.

The countess, stimulated by her natural fear of Denver, Davos, St. Moritz, and similar places of exile, did her best; and it is wonderful how much a woman of the world can under these circumstances accomplish. Even in the country, even in Yorkshire, there are all sorts of things to be done when money and position go hand in hand. There were military displays. Lady Thorsdale remembered that her earl was major of the yeomanry, and colonel—honorary colonel—of the coast volunteers. Wherefore the farmers were cajoled into donning their glittering helmets and trim blue uniforms, and assembling in well-mounted squadrons for six days' drill and parade, a subsidy from Thorsdale Park taking the place of the usual Government allowance. Also the volunteers drummed and marched and saluted, and went through a sham fight, and burned powder, and blazed at targets, and played at encamping, and were regaled with feasts and flattery, and smartly criticised by various ex-officers of the regular profession staying at Thorsdale, and who felt the martial instinct revive in them at the sight of warlike gear and glancing arms. The earl was actually induced to mount his horse and exhibit himself in uniform, and for the moment seemed a sound man, though a couple of hours afterwards he was wrapped in flannels in an easy-chair in his own apartments, groaning and descanting on the virulence

of his gout and the intensity of the symptoms. Nobody, not even experienced old Sir Joseph Doublefee, up in London, certainly not Doctor Thompson of Daneborough, or Mr. Smiles, M.R.C.S, who monopolised the local practice of Woodburn and the parts adjacent, could be quite certain as to whether Lord Thorsdale had the gout at all, or whether, like many another vehement invalid, he was simply the self-tormenting victim of a vivid imagination, and a nervous system disordered by constant dwelling on imaginary ills.

Lady Thorsdale did her best. And, indeed, much as foreigners deplore and disdain the dulness of England, no other country can furnish so many recreations of one kind or another. There were flower-shows that were really pretty. There was an archery meeting, and there was a lawn-tennis tournament, that were almost prettier, the fair girls outshining the brilliance of the summer flowers. There was a picnic at the ruined Abbey of Stonecross. Another at the ruined Castle of Thrapford was projected. Then there was the Daneborough regatta, and the yacht-race at Scoresby, and the Steepleton and Tarham athletic sports, to all of which a contingent of carriages went from Thorsdale.

There were garden-parties almost every week. Dinner-parties were frequent; concert singers of renown appeared, like highly-paid human nightingales, to warble in those evenings which might otherwise have appeared tedious; white tents were pitched, and cricket played on Thorsdale Moor by enthusiastic local elevens, while the gamekeepers brought in the most roseate reports as to the broods of young grouse, and the prospects of the superb shooting to be expected in August over the wilder portions of Lord Thorsdale's great estates.

In all these efforts to please her guests, and, through them, to soothe the fickle temper and pacify the irritable nerves of her self-tormented husband, Lady Thorsdale had two allies. The first of these was the earl's secretary, Mr. Sharpe, a clever man, whose best praise was that he knew the length of his noble employer's foot even better than his wife could do, and never gave offence. Mr. Sharpe, who perhaps did not wish, personally, to be exiled to Colorado or the Engadine, and who knew that Lord Thorsdale never grudged the cheques he drew, proved himself a first-rate purveyor of everything, from job-horses to hot-house flowers and Covent Garden pine-apples.

Without Mr. Sharpe's assistance, there were times when even the countess would have been at fault. She wanted more servants, more carriages, more saddle-horses, more everything, and the secretary provided these so smoothly, so unostentatiously, and with so little of friction or of delay, that the establishment at Thorsdale was strengthened almost without any one, except the supernumeraries and their paymaster, being the wiser for it. He corresponded with the stewards of the athletic meetings and with the regatta committees, and got the earl to give a cup to one and a vase to the other; established good relations with the reporters and editors of the county newspapers; impressed wandering singers and roving bands into the service.

But Mr. Sharpe, though an invaluable auxiliary, was one of those useful functionaries whose work is performed in the background, and who, like some great generals, are unfit for service in the field. Astute as he was, he was not what ladies call presentable, being a lame little man, who coughed when addressed by a social superior, and had never been on speaking terms with the letter H. Whereas Sir Richard Mortmain, of whom his now reconciled sister habitually spoke as "dear Richard," was emphatically of the showy order. He was very often indeed at Thorsdale—so often that a room had been allotted to him, and that he slept there or in his own house at Helston as he listed, coming and going as he pleased. But he had thrown himself heart and soul into the task of enlivening the old mansion, and had more than answered the expectations of its noble master and mistress.

Both the earl and the countess were pleased with Sir Richard. Never had the latter known him to be so good-natured, and apparently disinterested, before. He kept the discordant elements of which the company was composed in almost chronic good-humour. It was due to him that there seemed to be some reasonable prospect of the tableaux, for which Mr. Moss of London could only provide the accessories, coming off at last. He set the right people at the right moment, to play duets on the piano, so as to promote conversation or screen the whispering talk of lovers. He found out every one's foible, trotted out old Sir Fotheringay Pipeclay on the hobby of his Indian campaigns, devised a special tableau to show off the Piminy girls, who were handsome, but mute and unimaginative, and divided the honours of the billiard room with Captain Crasher.

Sir Richard, it has been mentioned, was a man of sundry accomplishments. He was a skilled musician and had a fine voice, but he knew his social value too well to permit himself to be classed as a mere amateur performer. Once or twice he allowed himself to be persuaded to sing, just as, for a few moments, he let his supple fingers draw forth melody from the ivory keys of the piano. That he was adroit with the cue, the fencing-foil, the gun, and the pistol, was soon patent to all, while there was a quiet dexterity in his way of handling cards which proved him to have had much experience in the manipulation of the painted pasteboard. Charley Fitzgerald admitted that Mortmain could ride, and Sir Harker listened with respect to his brother-baronet's opinion about horses.

The sporting men who had been asked down to Thorsdale were not in the first flight of sporting men, and they all of them more or less deferred to one who had in his day been a turf celebrity, with race-horses of his own, and winning colours to flash past the judge's chair, and none of them accurately knew the origin or the justice of the evil reputation that now clung to the master of Mortmain. Besides, such rumours surely could not be true, or Sir Richard would not have been countenanced by such exalted relatives as the Earl and Countess of Thors-

dale. Wherefore the white-handed confederate of Rufus Crouch came to be accepted as an oracle by the motley society now collected at Thorsdale Park.

There are men, as there are women, whose guiding star is vanity, and who think no trouble too great, no sacrifice of ease and comfort too much, to achieve notoriety, and to strut the boards of even the tiniest stage. Sir Richard Mortmain was of another stamp of character. He found himself regarded as a lion of the true breed, and his roarings, as it were, hearkened to with admiring belief. But he would not have cared to roar merely to be rewarded by the good opinion, the ephemeral good opinion, of the incongruous set of visitors whom his sister, for a purpose, had gathered together at Thorsdale, and whom he, also for a purpose, condescended to conciliate. He had a more solid goal to reach than empty applause.

Day and night there danced before the eyes of the needy baronet, like a glittering prize that lured him on, the vision of Violet Mowbray's fortune, that seventy thousand pounds—the amount of which was doubtless swollen to still more tempting proportions by the aggregate of dividends unclaimed. So large a sum seemed to the embarrassed master of Mortmain what the fabled El Dorado did to the early Spanish conquerors of the New World as, shoeless and starving, scorched by the sun of Peru and chilled by the bitter blasts from the Andes, they struggled on towards the land of boundless wealth. Real ready money, real hard cash, would, Sir Richard felt assured, prove in his hands an enchanter's wand, by the aid of which he could effect wonders.

But two things perplexed him. In the first place, the behaviour of Rufus Crouch was very puzzling. He had to take the fellow's word for the very existence of this great sum, of which Miss Mowbray was the unsuspecting heiress. And Crouch had hitherto declined to name the price which he expected for his services. Also Sir Richard, though he flattered himself, as such men do, that he knew women well, was not by any means certain that he had pleased Violet sufficiently to warrant his proposing himself as her husband with the quasi-certainty that the proposal would be accepted. These thoughts combined to occasion many an uneasy moment to the wily master of Mortmain.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

PROMOTION.

"GOOD morning, Mr. Bartlett."

"Good morning, Mr. Langton."

Not intellectual or highly original remarks were these, no doubt, and yet the utterers of them were intelligent Englishmen enough, and each was a fair type of the class to which he belonged. What the Rector of Woodburn was we know, but Mr. Bartlett was of a different and more robust genus. He was land-agent to Lord Thorsdale, and a rich peer's model land-agent ought, it seems, to combine two characters: he should be a bit of a lawyer and a bit of an agriculturist. Mr. Bartlett, whose father had filled the post before him, did combine the two characters. He was a solicitor—nominally at least, since his only client was the Right Honourable Algernon, Earl of Thorsdale. And he was an authority on farming, though he only rented a poor sixty acres of land, and was proud when he won a medal for a prize pig at the County Show, or obtained honourable mention of his wife's fancy poultry or his wife's Jersey cows. But if he had not a practical acquaintance with farming, he had at least a practical knowledge of farmers, knew which tenant was exhausting the land, and which doing his duty honestly by the acres he held, and had a shrewd insight into the motives and conduct of those with whom he did business.

Such a man as Lord Thorsdale, or, for that matter, as any great landowner, has need of his Mr. Bartlett, and the net amount of his rent-roll depends very much on the sense and integrity of his land-steward. The earl, who grumbled at most people, knew Mr. Bartlett's value. He was expensive, but he was efficient. He lived near Daneborough, but there was an old steward's house touching the Park, where he had his land-office, and where he had rooms in which, when requisite, he could dine and sleep. Those were his real head-quarters. There he managed the bailiffs, gave interviews to the tenantry, and transacted the multifarious business that appertains to the ownership of land. Just then Mr. Bartlett, as he encountered the rector, was in sore tribulation.

"I have lost my best clerk," he said. "Young Carder, who was one out of fifty, has gone off suddenly to be a partner with his father and his uncle out in Ohio, in some rock-oil business, and I am left with old Screedle, who is good at accounts, but can't ride, and gets blinder every day, and a raw lad, at whom the farmers, and still more their wives, laugh when I send him on a message. You can't manage a big estate without smart underlings to help you; nor can I be everywhere. A general wants his gallopers, and I am helpless without my aides-de-camp, and harvest coming on too. Yesterday I drove forty miles; and I shan't sleep at home even to-morrow night. What I want is a bright, brisk young fellow, who can ride a horse, and drive a gig, and keep his books square, and speak up when he visits the most whimsical and proudest set of tenants that ever demanded a new barn or took offence at the idea of an alteration in their boundaries. And where am I to find him, I wonder, Mr. Langton?"

"I think I know," replied the rector, after a moment's meditation, "precisely the candidate that would suit you. Only, the worst of it is," he added, after a pause, "that I was mistaken in calling him a candidate, and that I am by no means sure that the lad—all that I could wish my own son to be—would desert his present ill-paid occupation, to which custom has probably endeared him, for the no doubt better-remunerated employment of which you speak. I have no hesitation in recommending him, not in the least; but I am far from certain that, if you deemed him suitable for the post you have to fill, he would be willing to accept it."

"Carder's salary was a hundred and fifty pounds a year," rejoined the land-agent promptly, "to be raised, had he remained with us six months more, to a hundred

and eighty. Screedle has two-fifty. And if Screedle's eyes go on getting worse, the second clerk may hope to step into his shoes before we see a brace of Christmases. But then the second clerk ought to be worth his salt."

"I think you will find my young friend and favourite pupil worth his salt," rejoined the rector, smiling. "You have heard his name, probably. It is young Don—Mr. Don, as they call him hereabouts—the jet-hunter, old Captain Obadiah's foster-son."

"Ay, ay!" muttered Mr. Bartlett doubtfully, as he rattled his watch-chain. "Yes, yes—I have heard of him—the gentleman jet-hunter—a brave lad, I am sure, and a good one, Mr. Langton, or you would not speak of him as you do. That young Don! No, I never saw him, but I always fancied him a vain, flighty sort of youngster, lording it over the fisher-folk because they take him for something grander than they are—bold enough, but conceited and wilful."

"You have been much misinformed, Mr. Bartlett," said the rector seriously. "Don—our Don—is the soul of modesty, as your true knight should be, with a kind word for all, and no one thinks so little of the risks he has run or the lives he has saved as does the noble boy himself. That he *is* a gentleman born all believe, but he never presumes on the supposed superiority of his birth, and is to this hour the same frank, true-hearted boy that I have always found him. If you want an assistant up at Thorsdale, and Don suits you, all I could do, Mr. Bartlett, would be to congratulate both employer and employed."

The earl's land-agent stroked his long smooth-shaven chin. He was a shrewd, hard-headed man of business, and he took a hard-headed, and possibly hard-hearted, view of his fellow-creatures and of things in general. As a plain, sensible person, he was sceptical with regard to prodigies and people of genius. He, like others on that coast, had heard of Don and his daring, and his gentle bearing and good brains, and was rather prejudiced against him than otherwise, because he, being so young, had earned so much of popularity and local renown. But he was staggered in his prejudice when he heard the parson speak with such unwonted warmth in praise of his young pupil. Mr. Langton, he knew, but for feeble lungs and a weakly frame, might have filled a bishop's throne with credit, and have ranked as more than an ordinary member of the episcopate in debates in the House of Lords. And Mr. Langton believed in his village hero.

"I should like to have five minutes' talk with the young man," said Mr. Bartlett, after a moment's reflection.

"Nothing easier," cheerily responded the rector, "since it is the time at which Don usually comes to read with me; and there he comes, with old Captain Jedson for once by his side."

And indeed at that instant Don's lithe figure, accompanied by the gaunt, gigantic form of old Obadiah, came in sight. Then followed the usual greetings. The captain of jet-hunters was known to Mr. Bartlett, and indeed to almost every resident in that part of the country, and had won the respect that seldom fails to be gained by those who respect themselves, and walk with steadfast feet along the narrow path of honest rectitude. That the man was a mystic, and had wild, earnest religious beliefs, Mr. Bartlett had heard, and could fully credit. Obadiah's very aspect suggested that he had been born a couple of centuries too late, and should have worn helmet and breast-plate of steel, and doublet of red, and charged at Dunbar, and stormed the breach at Drogheda, and trampled down Royalist fugitives at Worcester and Naseby, always with the same serene conviction that to smite Amalek and Moab was to do a good day's work in that harvest field wherein he was a diligent husbandman. As it so fell out, Captain Jedson's battles had all been peaceful ones against wave and quicksand, and he who had in him the stout heart of a soldier was known also to possess a strange gentleness of temper and a rare unselfishness.

"I am glad to see you at last, Mr. Don—people talk of you so much," said the earl's right-hand man, when the preliminary introduction had taken place.

"I cannot tell, sir, why they should talk of me," replied Don, with his bright smile and steadfast simplicity of manner; and the land-steward eyed the young man, and assured himself that the rector was right, and Don a recruit worth enlistment. He had never before then met with a clever lad who was not pert as well as clever, excepting Carder the regretted, now rattling along towards Ohio and the paternal oil-wells. But Carder, though an excellent and hard-working youth, would have presented but a mean appearance if set beside Don, with his dark manly beauty, and graceful vigorous form.

Mr. Langton was the first to come to the point. "My friend Mr. Bartlett here," he said, "who is land-agent of Lord Thorsdale's estate, was just telling me of a vacancy in the land-office. He has lost a good clerk, and although I should lose a good pupil, I have ventured, Don, my boy, to suggest that the appointment might suit you, and that you might like the vacant post."

"Dear Mr. Langton," said Don, turning his noble young face towards the clergyman, "you are always kind—too kind—to me. But I am afraid I should make an indifferent sort of clerk, even if this gentleman were willing to take me in that capacity. I like books, but all my life has been spent in the free air and in exercise. We jet-hunters would be out of place at a desk."

"Ours isn't exactly desk-work," replied Mr. Bartlett, who began to see his way. "Too many acres within my lord's ring-fence for that! Why, yesterday I drove forty miles, as I was telling Mr. Langton here. There are outlying portions of the property that must be looked up every now and then. I take it for granted, Mr. Don, that you write a legible hand, and are up in the rules of arithmetic. Can you ride?"

"Yes, a little, sir," answered Don modestly.

"Like a Centaur, rather," put in the rector. "Who was it, my young friend, who broke in Farmer Barton's chestnut colt, a vicious brute, that broke two collar-bones of my parishioners, and ignominiously unseated

Joe Gripham, the Daneborough horse-breaker? I pitied poor Mr. Gripham the more because I never, personally, could keep in the saddle of any animal less patient than a Ramsgate or Scarborough donkey.

"MR. LANGTON WAS THE FIRST TO COME TO THE POINT" (*p.* 196).

An arm-chair generally suits the scholar best. But Don is a horseman."

"And if Mr. Don likes to come to us at Thorsdale, with a salary of a hundred and eighty pounds and a room, I shall be glad to take him," said the land-agent cordially. Don flushed crimson, and for a moment there was a sparkle in his dark eyes, but then he shook his head.

"You are very kind, sir, and Mr. Langton is more than kind," he answered; "but I am a jet-hunter, and must live and die with those who cared for me when I was a little child."

"Surely, a salary of a hundred and eighty to begin, and if old Mr. Screedle the head clerk's eyes get worse, and he is pensioned off by his lordship, the prospect of promotion!" expostulated the astonished manager of the Thorsdale property.

"Don, my boy, such a rise in life for you, in whose career I have always taken an interest!" pleaded the clergyman. But Don remained unconvinced, until his two well-wishers found an unexpected ally in grim old Obadiah, who suddenly outstretched the gaunt length of his bony arm. "Don, my foster-son, and my own lad," exclaimed the old captain of jet-hunters, "to my

voice you should hearken, when it speaks, as it has ever done, for your good. But yesterday, thinking of you, my bairn, I tried a fall of the holy pages, as did wise men of old, and where did the Book open?—where, but with the story of how Joseph rose to be a steward unto Pharaoh, far off in wondrous Egypt! A jet-hunter need not always be a jet-hunter. You were always, my boy, too good to stick to the beach. And it is borne in upon me that this offer should be closed with."

It was agreed then that Don was to be temporarily engaged in the land office at Thorsdale Park, in Mr. Carder's place, but that he was still to be understood to form one of the band of jet-hunters under Obadiah Jedson's command.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

VIOLET AND DON.

IT was early, very early, according to conventional notions, on a bright, breezy morning in July, and the gold-green leaves of the old oaks of Thorsdale were glibly drinking in the welcome sunbeams, and the rabbits capered and whisked among the fern of the high, sloping banks, and the dewy grass glittered as if every tremulous blade were heavy with liquid gems, when Violet Mowbray, a book in her hand, left the house, and walked out into the Park. To explain her presence there it is necessary to say that the countess, at her brother's wish, had been particularly gracious to the inmates of the Parsonage at Woodburn, had called on the Langtons, had asked them over to the Park more frequently than it suited the rector to accept her profuse hospitality, and had invited Miss Mowbray to spend a few days at Thorsdale. There was nothing remarkable in that. For an English girl to spend a considerable part of her time in paying visits is as usual as it would be unusual for a French damsel to do so. And then it came out that Violet was a remote cousin, somehow, of Lord Thorsdale, thanks to the ramifications of the noble families with which both were connected, so that the hospitality of Thorsdale Park could be, in her case, more graciously and gracefully given and taken than if Mr. Langton's ward had belonged by birth to the same class as did Mr. and Mrs. Langton themselves.

Miss Mowbray was an early riser, and it was to her a pleasure to be up and abroad in the fresh glory of the midsummer morning, at an hour when there were few to be encountered save some stray woodcutter or keeper on his way to a distant plantation or spinny, and before the guests in the great mansion were astir. Then, to Violet's mind, the grand old place seemed at its best, as the huge oaks rustled their wealth of leaves, and the deer trooped in antlered squadrons along the terraced uplands of the far-stretching demesne, and the pheasants showed their gorgeous plumage on the dark skirts of the fir-wood that was their home, and all things looked as bright and beautiful and peaceful as if there were no sin, no care, no death, no sorrow, in this lower world of ours.

One solitary spot of peculiar prettiness there was towards which Miss Mowbray never failed to wend her way. It was called locally the Black Pool, perhaps from the depth and the pellucid darkness of the water that filled the bottom of the hollow, over which aged hawthorns, that had seen more than one dynasty on our English throne, bent their gnarled branches, and exhibited, according to the season, the milk-white blossoms of hope or the ruby-red berries of maturity. A pretty place, where the fern arched high, and the wild flowers nestling among the projecting roots of the hoary hawthorn-trees seemed brighter and of richer tints than wild flowers elsewhere. There was a deer-path down to the hollow, trodden by the cloven, delicate hoofs of countless generations of the horned, half-wild race that dwelt within the park-pale—no dappled fallow deer, but the tall stags and hinds that Norman William protected by laws so cruel, and the safety of which had cost many a life and many a sentence of outlawry in the hard and selfish days of mediæval legislation.

From the Black Pool, or rather from the rising ground which formed the rim of the natural cup, hollowed out like a volcanic crater, at the bottom of which the still water lay, a fine view could be obtained both of the park and the house. The latter, which was usually styled the Hall, had been rebuilt in Queen Anne's reign, and was a great mass of crimson brick and white stone, with the mullioned windows and the portico and massive balustrades of the period. But the architect who had reared it had spared a portion of the original structure, and two Norman towers and a gateway, and the exquisite ruins of a roofless chapel, overgrown with long grass and bindweed and ivy, remained to remind the gazer that there had existed something before the red brick epoch. There the old towers stood, grey and stern, in their warlike majesty and strength, with their narrow windows, through which the arrows of the besieged had of yore been wont to whistle, and the regular masonry of cut stone and hard mortar, which, when cannon were unknown, mocked the impotent rage of foes without. And there was the delicate tracery of the ruined chapel of a later date, chancel and side shrines, and the oriel window, ivy-draped and mellowed by age.

Very few of the visitors at Thorsdale, with the exception of Violet, cared for the Black Pool, or for the view of the Hall and the Norman ruins to be had from thence, or, indeed, for anything more æsthetic than present amusement or ultimate profit, personal or vicarious. Lady Piminy had been shown the place, and had turned away with a shudder that was almost unaffected, remarking that the deep dark pond looked fit to drown oneself in. But Violet Mowbray had felt the enchantment of the spot, and she was fond of repairing there early on a fine morning, and before the fashionable company under the earl's roof were astir.

It has been mentioned that the deer within Lord Thorsdale's immemorial park were no plump, lazy, fallow deer, but of the true old pre-historic breed that roamed this island before Roman galley or British coracle stemmed the narrow seas that cut us off from Gaul. And the pool was a favourite resort of the tall red deer. Violet knew this well, and had more than

once looked with admiration at the line of graceful creatures as they filed down from the uplands to slake their thirst. But what she did not know was that stags, elegant and picturesque adjuncts to a pleasaunce as they may be, are in summer prone to fits of capricious ill-humour, and resent intrusion on their haunts.

So when a fine solitary stag, with wide-branching antlers, came slowly marching down the deep and narrow path that led to the Black Pool, waving his proud head from side to side, she was so far from anticipating any possible danger that it merely seemed to her as if another element of beauty had been added to the prospect before her. She had seated herself, book in hand, on a mossy seat, formed by the contorted roots of one of the venerable hawthorn-trees that bordered the pool, and watched the stag's approach without the slightest suspicion that the creature regarded her as an enemy, and her presence as an affront.

On came the stag. That there was mischief in his rolling eye, mischief in his tossing head, an experienced park-keeper or verderer could have read at a glance. Violet, however, noted only the grace of each successive attitude, until a low, fierce, bellowing sound betrayed the hostile intentions of the animal, which now began to gore the turf with its many-tined horns, and to snort, and foam, and pause in its slow march to paw the ground impatiently with its sharp-hoofed fore-feet—all signs of hostility which denoted that a charge was to be expected.

Our ancestors had an almost superstitious dread of the deadly results of a wound dealt by a hart's horn, which the rude surgeons of a bygone age declared to be more difficult to heal than the hurt from a wild boar's tusk. It is unlikely that Violet Mowbray had ever heard of traditions such as these, but she began to grow alarmed as the stag, red-eyed, foaming, and tossing into the air grass and leaves at every stroke of its horns, drew nearer, repeating its menacing bellow. The girl had risen from her seat and let fall her book, but she was too frightened to fly, and, besides, how could her speed avail her against that of so agile an enemy? Fascinated, like a bird that flutters close to the glaring eyes of a snake, she stood still. A man's quick tread, a man's cheering voice—yes, that meant rescue. A film seemed to come before Violet's eyes, and she sank fainting on the bank, and only recovered her consciousness to find Don supporting her.

"You are not hurt, Miss Mowbray? No. Then all is well. There is not, I assure you, the least danger now," said Don earnestly, but softly. "Yonder, towards the hills, you can just catch a glimpse of your late enemy." And indeed far off might be seen the now distant form of the defeated stag, sullenly trotting along to rejoin the herd.

Violet never quite knew the circumstances of her rescue. Don, as was his habit, made light of his own prowess. "It was very easy," he said, smiling, "with this stout stick for a conjuring wand in my hand, to exorcise the troublesome apparition. But stags are often ill-tempered, as I am told; and it might be more prudent, Miss Mowbray, to avoid lonely places in the Park, unless you are escorted. As it is, it was fortunate that I happened to be near."

"A kind Providence sent you to my help, I think," said Violet simply. "I was very frightened, and gave myself up for lost. But when I heard your voice, Mr. Don, then I felt that I was safe; and so—I was very foolish!" And she tried to smile, while tears swam in her beautiful eyes. "I thank you so much!" she added, after a pause, and then she put out her little hand to her deliverer. Don took it, and for a moment could hardly resist the wild impulse that prompted him to press it to his lips. He released it, however, and cheerfully replied—

"You owe me no thanks, Miss Mowbray, for the little I was lucky enough to effect. Any one else would have done as much. I happened to be crossing the Park on my way to look after some woodmen who are engaged in felling trees—for I am in the earl's employment for a time, you may perhaps remember."

"Yes, I recollect—I knew that," said Violet, glancing shyly at Don He was differently dressed from his wont, wearing, in fact, what might be called the attire of one occupying a much higher station in life than a mere toiler of the sea-shore. But Don had looked as thoroughly a gentleman in his rough jet-hunter's garb as in his present habiliments. He explained to Violet that the old steward's house, in which a room, or rather rooms, had been assigned to him, was close to the Park, and had a side gate by which its occupants could enter the enclosure at any time on an errand of duty. "I am bound now, at Mr. Bartlett's wish, for the High Beeches, three miles off," he said; "but I shall be happy, Miss Violet, if you are now sufficiently recovered to walk, to see you safely as far, at least, as the ornamental grounds, where no deer are to be met with."

Violet was trembling yet, but she looked at her watch, and saw that, under penalty of being late for breakfast, and thus attracting notice unwelcome to a timid girl among strangers, it behoved her to return to the Hall. Her first steps were weak and unsteady. Don offered her the support of his strong arm, and side by side they traversed the winding path that led past bosky dell and fern-crested bank, under leafy elms and beneath spreading beeches, towards the house. They were not silent, but nothing was said as to the recent adventure. Something was said of Woodburn Parsonage, but more of Thorsdale, its grand trees, its stretching lawns, and of the Norman towers and the ruined chapel.

"I am never tired of looking at them—when I have time, for I must not eat the bread of idleness,' observed Don. "To me they are as so much history turned into stone; and since I have seen them I feel for the first time as if I understood Froissart—and 'Ivanhoe,'" he added, with a laugh. "I hope you don't think it absurd in me to say so, Miss Mowbray?"

Presently they drew so near to the ornamental grounds, full of rare shrubs and flowers of lower growth than the indigenous giants of the Park, that

Don deemed it best to leave Violet to pursue the rest of the short walk by herself, lest her presence in his company should be noticed and commented on. They parted then, Don striking into a path that led towards the distant uplands, while Violet threaded her way amidst the flower-beds and clumps of gay leafed shrubs, and entered the Hall, reaching her chamber just in time to escape observation, to make some alteration in her toilet, and descend the stairs and join the company gathering for breakfast. No one questioned her, and she said nothing as to her recent peril or concerning her rescuer. That would, indeed, have been difficult for one so retiring as herself, seeing that letters were being read, newspapers consulted, and fragmentary gossip selected from their contents retailed aloud for the benefit of all who chose to listen.

"Jack Havant *is* to marry Miss Million. No mis take about it now."

"SHE WAS TOO FRIGHTENED TO FLY" (*p.* 199).

"Don't believe a word of it. He's been dangling after her these three years, and old Million, who is a domestic autocrat, insists that no suitor without a coronet need apply."

"Yes, but that's it. Didn't I tell you old Lord Gosport was dead, that Jack's father, the colonel, steps into the earldom, and Jack himself is Lord Havant now, so he's eligible for the heiress?"

"Here's the last story about the Mandeville House set!" In the midst of this Babel of tongues,

silent little Violet found her mind far away from the chatter and confusion around her. "Strange," she thought, "that each time I meet with this young man—this Mr. Don—my memory dwells upon every word he said, and treasures up every look he gave. I wonder why it is so."

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

IN THE ROSE GARDEN.

"I HOPED, I almost trusted, that I should find you here." There was not much in the words, perhaps, although they were rather more earnest than the ordinary utterances of polite society, but they derived weight from the meaning tone in which they were spoken, and which, when addressed to Violet Mowbray by Sir Richard Mortmain, had the effect of making the listener feel uncomfortable. There was no reason why the baronet, who had just ridden over from Helston, should have been surprised at meeting Miss Mowbray in the Rose Garden, that was one of the boasts of Thorsdale, and where six or seven other guests were strolling among the bright flowers; nor did there appear to be any cogent reason for his having hoped to find her there. But Sir Richard had of late affected to speak to Mrs. Langton's beautiful young charge as though there had been some kind of understanding between him and her. It was not so much what he said as how he said it which at times perplexed, and almost alarmed Violet.

"The roses are looking very pretty to-day," said Miss Mowbray, vexed at the inane nature of her own remark. There were the noble flowers in all their glory and splendour, a blaze of blended colours, bright as living jewels in the sunlight, and Violet was ashamed to think how poor and trite appeared to herself her words of praise.

"Are they?" indolently rejoined Sir Richard; and again there was that odious implied something in his accent, and she knew that he was looking at her, not at the roses, but she did not choose to allow her eyes to meet his.

There are young ladies who bask, so to speak, in the sunshine of a compliment, even if the payer of it be distasteful to themselves, but Violet was of another order. She did not dislike Sir Richard Mortmain, and, more certainly still, she did not regard him with any of that liking which may afterwards be transmuted into a warmer sentiment. When first, at Woodburn Parsonage, she had become acquainted with this accomplished man of the world, she had been pleased by what appeared an agreeable break in the monotony of a somewhat tame and colourless existence. Miss Mowbray had listened with interest to the travelled baronet's descriptions of far off isles and cities and famous mountain ranges, of those Alps and Apennines, that purple Mediterranean, the Holy Land, Greece, Egypt—places that she only knew through the medium of books. And perhaps Sir Richard may have mistaken the attention with which Violet hearkened to his conversation for somewhat of a preference for himself, and presumed upon it, since, without any formal declaration of love, he was always posing in the character of a suitor who does not avow his attachment, because there is already a tacit understanding between himself and the object of his choice.

The baronet, with all his astuteness and all his experience, did not read Violet's nature aright. He saw in her simply a country-bred girl of a modest and retiring disposition, who might be dazzled by the adventitious brilliancy of an admirer like himself, but whose repugnance—if she had any—to becoming Lady Mortmain would be perfectly sure to succumb to a patient and persistent courtship. Such a girl, he argued, would be very much influenced by the opinions of those under whose care she was, and on this account Sir Richard had taken much pains to stand well in the estimation of the Langtons, husband and wife. He had, to use his own phrase, "drawn out" the worthy rector to dilate upon his favourite topics and to air his cherished theories, confident that by playing the part of a sympathetic listener he should best earn the good word and the goodwill of the Reverend Rector. He had entered into Mrs. Langton's pursuits, too, actually taking the trouble to send to London for recent works on botany and floriculture, that he might read up the subjects, and take rank as a kindred spirit with the simple-minded lady. He had humoured the very children, praised and patted the fat white ponies, sipped the tea, and taken a deep interest in the aquarium. The shrewd baronet felt confident that he should find Mr. and Mrs. Langton his well-wishers when once the subject of matrimony should be mooted.

Sir Richard, however, like many another mercenary wooer, was reluctant to commit himself by a downright proposal. How if he should offer himself, how if the girl should accept him, either willingly or yielding to the advice of her judicious friends, and then it should turn out that there was some unexpected hitch, something wrong about that seventy thousand pounds—that golden magnet which had attracted the wily lord of Mortmain to Violet's side? He could not quite trust Crouch. The man was malignant as well as headstrong. It might be that something would yet come betwixt the cup and the lip, and the baronet's splendid hopes be doomed to disappointment. For the few poor annual hundreds to which Violet was undoubtedly entitled he cared, very naturally, nothing. It would be ruin, simple ruin, for a man in Sir Richard's position to marry a penniless girl; and Violet's tiny income was not sufficient to put her outside the category of penniless girls. What was the use of such an income—guarded by settlements, no doubt, so that the petty principal should not be touched—to a needy gentleman of high degree, such as was Sir Richard Mortmain of Mortmain? What a drop—what a ridiculous drop—would it be in the ocean of his debts! And such a marriage would add the last straw to the load under which his patient tradesmen and enduring money-lenders groaned. He would have thrown away his chance. Hitherto he had been reckoned as a marrying man, or rather, a marriageable man, whose rank, pedigree, and qualifi-

cations would provide him with ample resources one day, did he but play his cards properly, and marry a rich wife. But how if he married a poor wife? What would Shylock—Baron Shylock, if you please—say to such an alliance? What would Simon Longtick, of Bond Street, army tailor and discounter of bills to the nobility and gentry, say to it? Beeswing and Loader the wine merchants, Rattler the coachmaker, and many more, would consider their titled customer as a counterfeit coin that had lost its value, and act accordingly.

What Sir Richard wished was to touch Violet's heart, or, if not her heart—for he was somewhat sceptical as to the sentimental uses of that organ—then her fancy, and to have her safe and secured: "booked," as he himself called it, to him. He wished her to be in love with him until such time as, after ascertaining with business-like precision the accuracy of the Australian gold-digger's statements as to her pecuniary expectations, he felt himself justified in declaring himself to be in love with her. As it was, he preferred to hint, and to look, and to insinuate, what he had not the manhood and the honesty to say.

No course which the baronet could well have followed could have been more disagreeable, and at the same time more embarrassing, for Violet Mowbray. She had not had the hardening training which enables the well-seasoned girls of society to vary their moods, like a barometer, according to the pretensions of a suitor, from "stormy" to "set fair," nor had she ever had occasion to frown. So she was obliged to let Sir Richard talk, and to endure his attentions, and to have an uncomfortable suspicion that he regarded herself as a shy, shallow-brained little thing, while it was quite out of her power to induce him to transfer his homage to somebody else. And then, too—so little is a good girl capable of fathoming the nature of a bad man—there were times when Violet doubted as to whether she was not ungrateful in regarding Sir Richard's advances as she did. Whether Sir Richard would much have relished the idea that he was tolerated as a kind, fatherly gentleman, is uncertain; but with all his good looks, and deft horsemanship, and goodly presence, Violet was apt to consider him in some such capacity—just as in Eastern countries the youthful beauty who peers through the latticed window of the zanana to see the procession go by, with prancing steeds and guards and gholaums, cymbals clashing and trumpets sounding, never thinks of the middle-aged Pasha as a possible spouse, until the day when the bargain is struck, and the wedding presents ordered, and everything got ready for the marriage feast.

"As I rode up here to-day," said the baronet, in an altered tone, "I could have found it in my heart to wish that I had been in Yorkshire all my life. We men of the world are often envied because of the bustle and stir and glitter of a life spent in courts and cities; but I think people are wrong. I know that since I have seen Woodburn, and the quiet, contented happiness of those who dwell there, I have wished more than once that I were one of them, and no mere sojourner in the land. I feel as though, in front of the sunny sea and amidst those rustling woods, real peace might be found—if I were but in orders, now, and if Mr. Langton would but have accepted me as a curate at Woodburn."

Violet, for once, could not help laughing. "You cannot be serious, Sir Richard?" she said. Perhaps the idea thus conjured up of the worldly baronet going through the daily grind of parochial duty, the schools, the visiting, the Dorcas Sewing Society, as well as officiating in the village church, was too much for her gravity. Sir Richard bit his lip angrily. He had ventured on his little bit of sentiment, and it had not only fallen flat, but had provoked mirth. The girl was not, then, so complete a simpleton as he had chosen to consider her. But it was not his cue to be offended, so he replied, with well-assumed good-humour—

"Yes, Miss Mowbray, you are quite right, and I was quite wrong. I should make a sorry figure as a curate, and deserve your ridicule. We never know ourselves. I may feel a desire for a quiet life of peaceful usefulness, and be absurd, quite unintentionally, for wishing to become a humble worker in the world's vineyard."

There was somewhat of sadness in the speaker's tone, and Violet, whose sympathies were quick and tender, was about to say a gentle word or two, when sudden help arrived. It arrived in the person of Lord David Todhunter, tall, portly, jovial, his amber-tinted whiskers dashed with grey, and his white waistcoat gleaming in the sun. He was not alone. He came at the head of a party of the younger visitors, amongst whom Charley Fitzgerald and the Piminy girls were conspicuous.

"I say, Mortmain," began the blithe, but impecunious, brother of his solemn Grace of Pentland, "since you are Grand Vizier here, and Lady Thorsdale leaves everything to you, do tell us whether the Saturday picnic is to be at Bolton Crag or Bottomley Briars. Of course we all know the Crag is the most picturesque, and so forth, but then it's awfully bleak up there if the wind springs up from the wolds, and five miles' further driving along a very ill-kept road. Now, Bottomley Briars is snug, with a cosy inn, where we can all take shelter if it rains. But then it's damp along the river there, and the earl is afraid of his gout. A very ticklish thing, that gout."

"I never had the gout. It would be a new sensation. Don't you think so, Miss Piminy?" demanded the hussar.

"You always are too absurd, Mr. Fitzgerald," responded the handsome, dull-witted, eldest daughter of anxious Lady Piminy.

"And I want to hear what Sir Richard decides about the picnic," chimed in her younger sister.

What Sir Richard, who had too much tact to look annoyed, decided as to the relative merits of the rival sites for that *al fresco* festivity, matters little. At any rate, for the moment there was an end of his courtship. Babble, chatter, and banter prevailed, and Violet was enabled to leave the Rose Garden without further vexation from the importunity of her suitor.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

"DECKED WITH FAIR FLOWERS."

"SWEET SEVENTEEN" (p. 222)

SWEET SEVENTEEN.

SHE is but a child—
Seventeen to-day—
Has laughed and smiled
The years away,
Deeming all bright—
So sweet life's cup—
And now to-night
She is "grown-up."

Decked with fair flowers,
Their grace her own,
She reigns for hours
On queenly throne;
And all the night
Is bright and fair,
For, swift as light,
Love flutters there.

Ah, sweet Seventeen!
'Tis ever so:
Love comes unseen,
But will not go!
Yet be Love true—
A faithful guest—
Then well for you,
For life is blest.

G. WEATHERLY.

HOW COKE IS MADE.

BY J. W. STEEL.

COKE-MAKING is one of the industries that are comparatively new, so far as an extensive production is concerned. For two centuries coke has been used in iron-works, but in limited quantities. The railway system first stimulated its use, and the growth of the iron trade in the past few decades has caused an enormous consumption of coke, and brought about a production that has been marked by "leaps and bounds" in its increase. Durham is the great centre of the trade, from which it has radiated into other parts that have been, and are in part still, supplied with coke from that greatest of our coal-yielding counties. The production of coke was at first on a most wasteful plan, and even now very valuable products are still generally wasted, though a most interesting attempt has of late been made to utilise those waste products, as we shall see. But the most ancient method of producing coke—by burning coal in open heaps—has been long departed from, and now it is produced in ovens.

In Durham, the "bee-hive" oven is that which is general. The external form of the oven is like the bee-hive, and in the centre of the dome-shaped roof there is a hole, through which the coal is introduced. In this oven, the sides being closed and sealed, the coal is allowed to burn, the time differing according to the kind of coal, but with the best practice two days are sufficient to "coke" the coal. The oven is then unsealed, and the coke withdrawn, and streams of water are played over it to cool it, and to give it that hardness that in some of the blast furnaces of the north is so essential to enable the coke to sustain the weight of the heavy mass of material that is put within the furnace.

There is no secret in the process; but there is need for the teachings of experience to be followed, so that the coal may have the due proportion of time to be calcined, and that there may be that quality produced which is most fitting for its destined use. The best coal for coking in Durham having shown signs that the heavy use would exhaust it, attempts were made to use other qualities than that from the famous seams of South Durham. These attempts have been successful, and mainly include the disintegration of coal, the use of it in the small state, and in some cases after "washing" away certain impurities. The coke manufacture of South Durham centres between Bishop Auckland and Durham, and between the former town and Crook, and its traces are speedily to be found. Near or far off the coke-ovens form a most striking sight. When they are full, they send out pencils and streaks of light from every aperture, whilst flames from the crest of the dome light up the weird scene; and the spectacle of the opening of the oven, and the withdrawal of the coke in "prismatic concretions," like huge columns of burning basalt, the playing on these huge masses on the benches near the ovens, and the glow that diffuses itself in the air and lights up the valley—these form a picture that in every season is well worth seeing and preserving in the mind's eye.

From Durham the whole of the blast furnaces and foundries of Cleveland and Durham are fed with fuel, whilst there is a large quantity sent also to the Furness and West Cumberland and to the Yorkshire and Lincolnshire smelting districts; but of late the high price of coke has lessened the railway use of this form of fuel.

In its production there have been wasted very large quantities of the products of the combustion. In coal there is a percentage of ammonia, and at many times there have been attempts to extract it during the course of the manufacture of coke, but these attempts have usually been discontinued, either because of the limited quantities of ammonia that could be obtained, or because the ammonia was obtained at the cost of a deterioration in the quality of the coke. But during the past two years two distinct and successful efforts have been made to obtain these valuable bye-products, and to make coke in ovens, or with added apparatus that

would allow of the collection of the ammonia and of the tar oils, or other forms of what have been waste products. These two systems are those of Jameson, which has mainly been tried on the Tyne and in North Durham, and of Simon-Carves, which has been tried in England, near Crook, only. At Pease's West, Crook, are some of the coke ovens of the firm of Pease and Partners, who produce nearly three-quarters of a million tons of coke yearly by the old bee-hive oven, by the bee-hive oven with flues, and by the Simon-Carves system.

In the autumn of 1882 the firm began to make coke by the new system, having had twenty-five ovens erected, each oven being capable of holding 4¼ tons of coal. The cost of the erection of the ovens was over £5,600, but this includes some machinery that would also serve additional ovens. During over 200 days the results of the working were proved. They made out of the coal put into them 77 per cent. of coke—which is a much larger per-centage than that of ordinary ovens—and six gallons of tar, and 27 gallons of ammoniacal liquor per ton of coal, but there was a greater cost of labour in working these ovens. The coke, too, that was made was less columnar in structure, more in large circular blocks, and though it was very "dense" coke, it lacked the silvery brightness that was supposed to be requisite in the best quality. But in the opinion of the experienced manager it was "all that could be desired" for blast furnace or foundry work, and the firm are extending the production of coke by this plan.

The second system—that of Jameson—is on trial at several places. It uses the old form of oven, and it is claimed that it increases the yield of coke, improves the quality, and yields large quantities of oils and ammoniacal liquors.

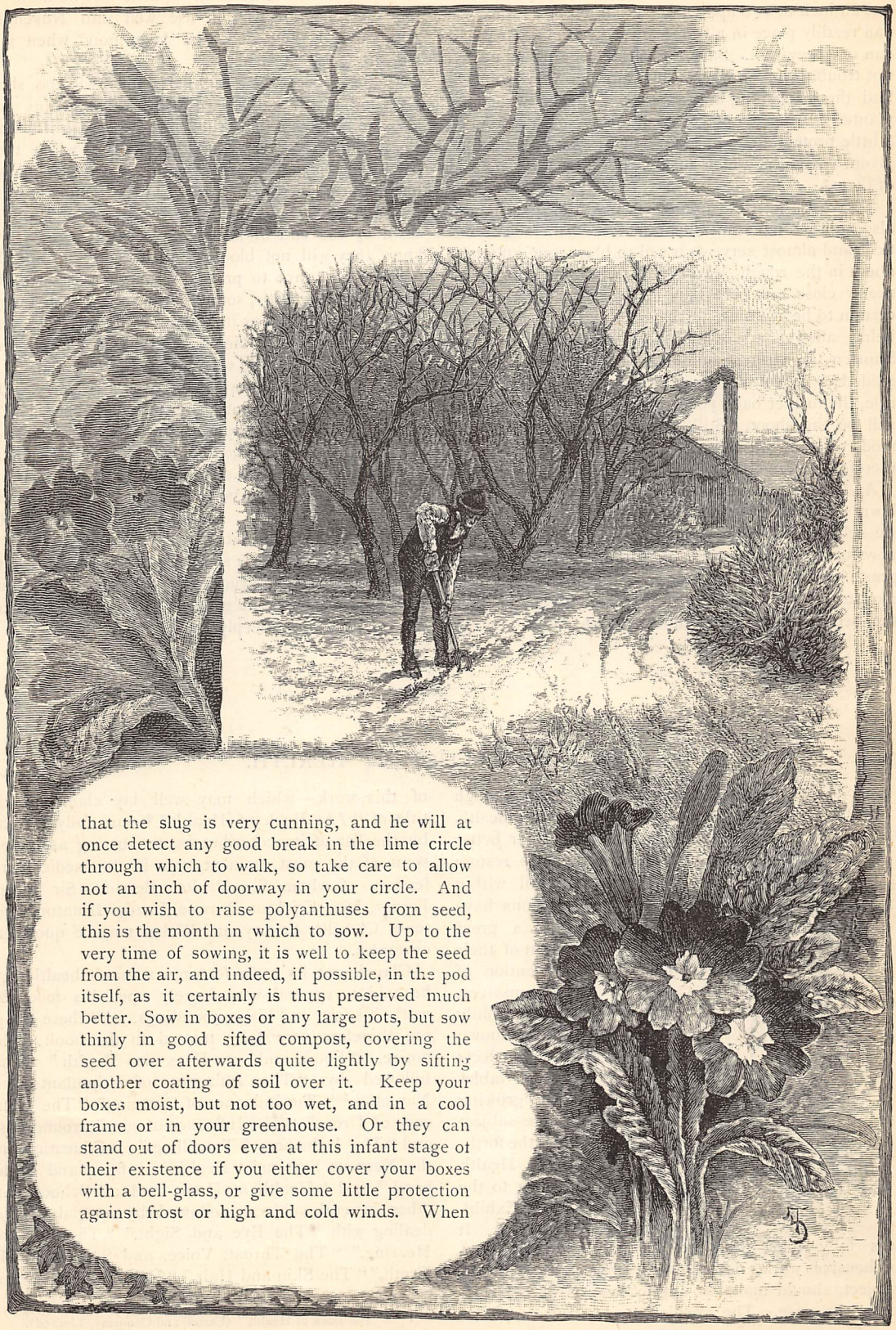
These two systems are now fairly proved successful, and continued success would lead to a revolution in the coke manufacture of the kingdom. When it is stated that in one branch of metallurgy alone—the crude iron manufacture—there is consumed 6,000,000 tons of coke annually, the value is apparent of any process that would save the bye-products that have long been wasted. Dr. Angus Smith has said that the present method of making coke in England "has all the appearance of roughness and savagery which extravagance always produces." The old bee-hive ovens are picturesque, but they send forth clouds of smoke and gases that destroy vegetation, and waste products of which science has of late shown the value. The attempts of which we have spoken would turn to profit these waste products, and one of them would substitute a newer and more enduring form of oven, and a more scientific and ready method of manufacture than the old, and would largely alter one of the conditions under which coke-making has been carried on—that of destroying vegetation. Coke has been often as detrimental to vegetable life as chemicals, and not the least of the benefits of the revolution that seems to have begun in the coke trade would be a stoppage of the killing of tree and plant life near the coke ovens.

OUR GARDEN IN MARCH.

ENTERING as we are once again upon the great spring-sowing month of the year, and upon almost the first month of it, too, in which it may be said we begin to see flowers reappearing around us in the open flower-beds, it is difficult to make at once a happy selection of some one particular flower to which to give prominent attention, so great is the delightful choice now before us.

Before giving, however, a few general hints for the routine management of the garden in this most busy and all-important month, on which so much depends, we will say a few words about a very popular and very modest spring friend, the polyanthus. Now, this being the very month in which they are beginning to bloom, we may well open our remarks by noticing one of the main causes of the occasional poverty of their flowering, and this is the carelessly allowing more than one truss or bunch of flowers to develop itself. Unhappily, the tendency of the plant is to throw out side shoots, which take very much from the strength of the principal one, as well as from each other. Great pains must, then, be taken to plant out what are called single hearts when the roots are parted after blowing, and also all little side shoots must be pinched off always, and on their first appearance, just as we pinch off those small shoots that begin now to persist in making their appearance all along the stocks of our roses. This practice throws the strength into the head of whatever flower we are growing. Yet any one must have noticed polyanthuses in the spring, whether in the open borders or under glass, with a few straggling heads of flowers round the principal one, which they have more than half spoilt by their presence.

In the month of March established plants can be planted out, and, indeed, their general cultivation may be said to be almost entirely the same as that of the auricula. By the end of the month your polyanthuses in the open border—and this, by the way, is by far the best plan for growing them—should have the soil well stirred between them, and a dressing of leaf-mould given to them. All dead leaves should be removed; and as slugs are particularly partial to the polyanthus, a complete circle of fresh lime had better be put all round your plant; but bear in mind



that the slug is very cunning, and he will at once detect any good break in the lime circle through which to walk, so take care to allow not an inch of doorway in your circle. And if you wish to raise polyanthuses from seed, this is the month in which to sow. Up to the very time of sowing, it is well to keep the seed from the air, and indeed, if possible, in the pod itself, as it certainly is thus preserved much better. Sow in boxes or any large pots, but sow thinly in good sifted compost, covering the seed over afterwards quite lightly by sifting another coating of soil over it. Keep your boxes moist, but not too wet, and in a cool frame or in your greenhouse. Or they can stand out of doors even at this infant stage of their existence if you either cover your boxes with a bell-glass, or give some little protection against frost or high and cold winds. When

your young plants have three or four leaves, prick them out an inch or two apart in good large pots, which you can readily place in a frame for protection against hot sun or heavy rain. Save for a little watering, they will not trouble you again until the autumn, when you will find them touching one another. They can then be planted out in the open beds, when at times, of course, a little protection against severity of weather must be given. Nothing much further, perhaps, need be said of them.

The roses must be carefully pruned this month, and also those long and thin branches which look so untidy, and almost serve as a sail to blow your standard about in the rough March gales; cut them off pretty nearly close to where they spring from, for they are certain to be of no use for bloom or growth, and their being allowed to remain only weakens the plant. Shorten the strong shoots as far as you can, being guided by the form you wish them to assume; and as a rule, the further back your roses are cut the stronger will be the shoot. Still, of course, there should be moderation in all things, and the pruning must not therefore be *too* close.

And our standard roses naturally remind us of the lawn on which we generally find them, but of which we seldom find it necessary to say much. Yet just now, or in a mild month of March at all events, the grass begins to grow, and then the sooner the first mowing is given before the first use of the machine the better, and much trouble will be saved. Owing to the continuance of mild weather last autumn, the mowing machine was in use well into November. A good sweeping does the lawn good when it is partially dry.

In the flower-beds, the perennials will be showing their heads well through the soil, and any subdivision of them that you may still wish to make should not be delayed a day longer, while those that were sown last year may now be transplanted for flowering in this. The seed of biennials, such as Canterbury bells or Sweet Williams, &c., may be sown by the end of the present month, though you know they will not bloom until next year. For this purpose you want to prevent too free a growth this year; sow, therefore, somewhat thinly, and not on a fruitful soil; while, as in the case of your perennials just mentioned, your biennials sown last year can now be also transplanted to where they are to bloom.

The kitchen garden work this month is heavy. Our soil having been during the winter that has left us well turned over and exposed to the action of the frost, we have it now, let us hope, in a good pulverised condition for the reception of our main seed and planting crop. Foremost, and perhaps most necessary of all, comes our potato crop. This we finish off entirely this month, but recollect that too early planting, when it is followed by a late and severe spring frost, frequently involves the after-destruction of your entire crop just as it is well above the ground. But potatoes should not be planted too deeply.

THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

EVERY one will be ready enough to admit that to preserve health, to prevent disease, is far better than to cure disease, to restore health; and yet, until within recent years, few persons have been aware to what a great extent the preservation of their health and the prevention of illness depend upon themselves. The laws of health are daily becoming more widely known—with what beneficial effects the annual mortality tables plainly show—and the growing estimation in which the subject is held is evidenced by the forthcoming International Health Exhibition, the successor to the International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington. It was fully time, therefore, that a large and comprehensive work, dealing with every branch of the subject, should make its appearance, as has recently been the case. The excellence and trustworthiness of this work—which may well lay claim to the title of "*The* Book of Health" *—are fully attested by the list of its contributors, numbering as it does some of the most eminent men in the medical profession, of whom Sir Risdon Bennett, Sir Joseph Fayrer, Drs. Crichton Browne, Lauder Brunton, Bristowe, Cheadle, Savory, and Weber may be quoted as examples.

Glancing at its main features, a man's health may be said to depend very largely upon his food, his work, his rest, and his surroundings. All these things are therefore very fully treated in the book under notice, "Food and its Uses in Health" being followed by "The Influence of Stimulants and Narcotics," "The Influence of Exercise," "The Influence of Dress," "The Influence of our Surroundings," and "The Influence of Travelling." "Education and the Nervous System," "Health in Infancy and Childhood," and "Health at Home and at School" are other general subjects, followed by special articles dealing with "The Eye and Sight," "The Ear and Hearing," "The Throat, Voice, and Speech," "The Teeth," "The Skin and Hair," "Health in India," and

* "The Book of Health" (Cassell and Company, Limited).

"Climate and Health Resorts." A veritable *vade-mecum* this!

Sir Risdon Bennett gives some much-needed advice as to the times and frequency of meals. In his opinion the present more usual practice of three meals a day has good reason, as well as custom, in its favour. When work of any kind is being done, whether mental or bodily, the intervals between taking food should not be so long as to entail demands on the system when its store of material for the generation of force is exhausted. An ordinary full meal, in the case of a healthy man, is generally considered to have been completely digested and to have passed out of the stomach in four hours. A period of rest should then be granted to the stomach. Assuming that two hours are allowed for this, the interval between one meal and another would be six hours; and this accords with the experience of most men. During rest and sleep there is less waste going on, and especially during sleep there is a greatly diminished activity of all the functions of the body. The interval, therefore, between the last meal of one day and the first of the next may be longer, as it generally is, than between the several day meals. Assuming that breakfast be taken about eight or nine o'clock, there should be a mid-day meal about one or two. The character of this must depend on the nature of the day's occupation and the conveniency of the individual. With women and children this is generally their hungry time, and the mid-day repast, whether called luncheon or dinner, is the chief meal. So is it with the middle and labouring classes, for the most part. But for merchants, professional men, and others, whose occupations take them from home all the day, this is inconvenient, and moreover, it is not found conducive to health or comfort to take a full meal in the midst of the day's work. There can, however, be no doubt that much evil arises from attempting to go through the day without food, and then with exhausted powers sitting down to a hearty meal. Something of a light, easily digestible, but sustaining character should be taken towards one or two o'clock."

"Meat teas" are a very common institution among the middle classes, but in Sir Risdon Bennett's opinion the practice of taking tea with a principal meal is not to be commended. Tea does not promote digestion of the food in the stomach, and especially is not adapted to accompany meat, but rather bread and farinaceous articles. Meat teas, as a daily habit, are calculated to promote dyspepsia. The best time for tea is an hour or two after food.

While fully recognising the value of alcohol and other stimulants under special circumstances, and while admitting that their moderate use is comparatively harmless to health, Dr. Lauder Brunton speaks very forcibly on the subject of intemperance, and points out the evil effects of stimulants upon the health of persons who cannot be called intemperate, yet who are in the constant habit of taking very small quantities of wine, beer, or spirit at all hours throughout the day. The following table of comparative mortality is instructive:—

An intemperate person's chance of living is:—	*A temperate person's chance of living is:—*
At 20—15·6 years.	At 20—44·2 years.
,, 30—13·8 ,,	,, 30—36·5 ,,
,, 40—11·6 ,,	,, 40—28·8 ,,
,, 50—10·8 ,,	,, 50—21·25 ,,
,, 60— 8·9 ,,	,, 60—14·285 ,,

In these days, when there is so much talk about over-work of the brain, it is not a little encouraging to find an eminent authority stating that for one instance in which the brain is over-worked there must be many hundreds or thousands of cases in which it is not used enough, even for the ordinary conditions of health. And yet, although the brain may suffer from want of exercise, the evils of over-strain—especially in the case of young people—must be fully recognised. Evening preparation of school lessons is not without its dangers: night-work often induces sleeplessness and a long train of attendant evils, and contributes largely to the nervousness and debility which are becoming so common amongst school-children, particularly in towns, while it fails in securing advancement at all equal to what might be got from much less strenuous and protracted study earlier in the day. The most arduous mental work required of a child ought to be imposed on it when mind and body are in their prime vigour, between 9 a.m. and noon, and certainly nothing but the lightest work should devolve upon it after 5 p.m.

Questions of food, drink, and labour naturally lead on to another important health consideration—rest and sleep. It cannot be denied that, as a rule, the largest amount of the best work in life is done by those who can sleep well. Nor to a healthy man is any amount of work—apart from worry and anxiety, perhaps—injurious which is followed by a due amount of *sound* sleep. What is a due amount varies widely in different persons. "This is due in part to the varying degrees of activity of the vital changes. Thus, although these are most active in the young, the young require much sleep, because the rapid rate of repair during that period is met by the rapid rate of waste during the day. Both by day and night the changes are then most active. The aged also require much sleep, because, although there is comparatively little waste during the day, the process of repair is slow also."

Harassed brain-workers should encourage sound sleep as much as possible if they wish to preserve their health and strength. Late meals should be avoided, and mental work should be put aside at least an hour or two before retiring to rest.

To sum up the whole matter: how is health to be preserved? By temperate and discriminating use of food and drink; by due exercise of both mind and body, but with the avoidance of worry, and of haste to get wealthy or to acquire all knowledge; by attention to all natural health laws, such as the need for pure air, clothing adapted to climate and the body of the wearer, &c.; and by paying due regard to the necessity of sleep and rest. From such things result "a sound mind in a sound body," and a healthy and vigorous old age, with all the faculties unimpaired.

The Improvisatore.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. *Music by* CLAUDE DE LISLE.

PIANO. *f* R. H. L. H.

f

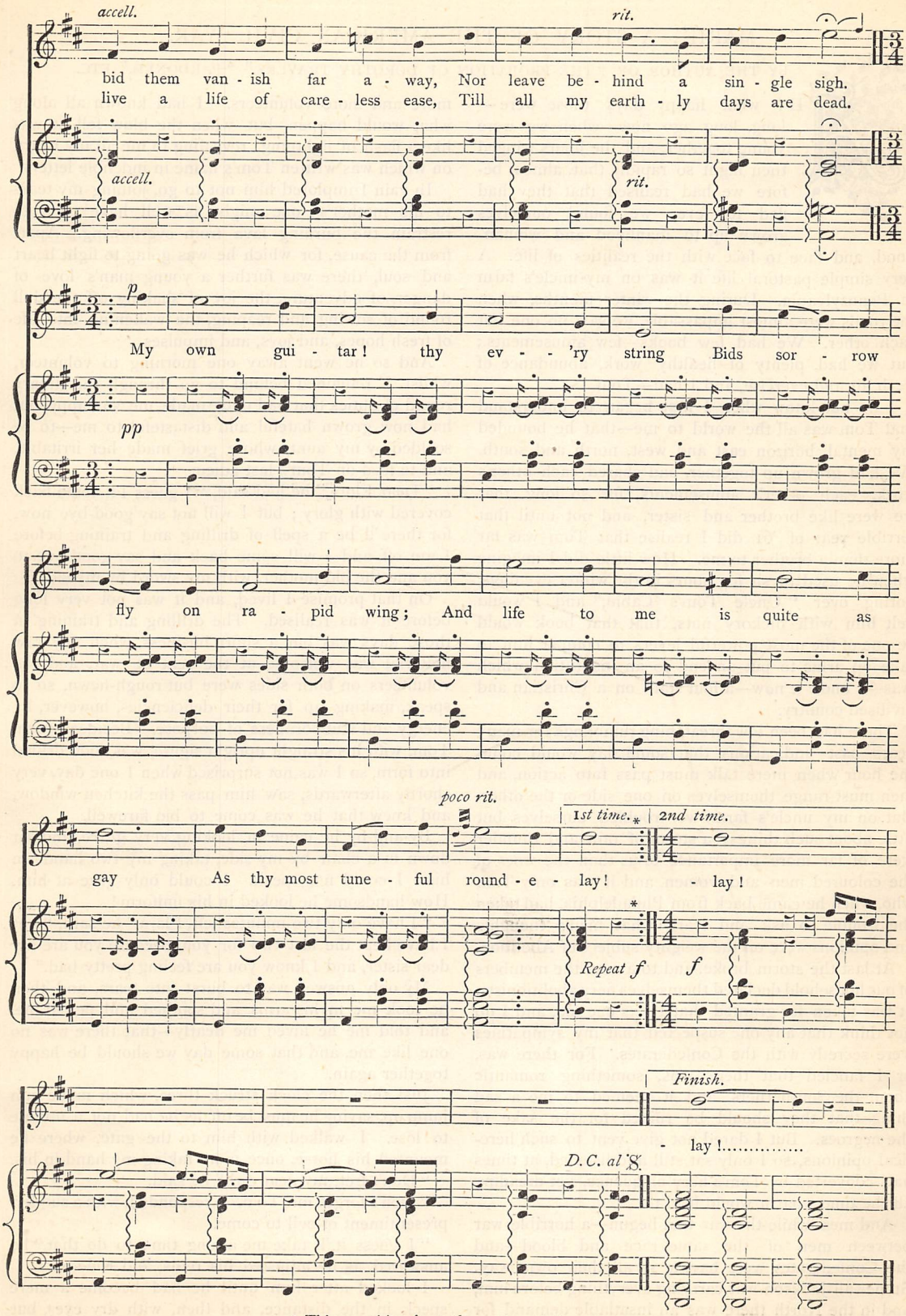
1. I ask no po - et's lau - rel wreath, Or bays to bind up - on my
2. Oh, I can sing of love and war, Of vows that on - ly lived to

f

brow— To let me sing the sky be - neath Is all I bid the world al -
die; Of hearts that pine in grief a - far, Or breasts where joy is ev - er,

- low, Is all I bid the world al - low: For life to me is
ev - er nigh, Where joy is ev - er nigh. My aim is but with

ev - er gay, Its cares and trou - bles quick - ly fly— I
song to please, And gain my dai - ly crust of bread— To



* This repetition is at the option of the singer.

MARIE: A STORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PROBATION OF DOROTHY TRAVERS," "PARDONED," ETC.

AH! what happy days those were—long, long ago now—when we were young together, and the hours winged their flight so rapidly that, almost before we had realised that they had fled for ever, we found ourselves grown up to manhood and womanhood, and face to face with the realities of life. A very simple pastoral life it was on my uncle's farm in Pennsylvania. During the winter months, when the roads were almost impassable, we saw no one but each other. We had few books—few amusements; but we had plenty of healthy work, abundance of fresh air and exercise, and I had—Tom.

I do not know when I first began to understand that Tom was all the world to me—that he bounded my mental horizon east and west, north and south. We had grown up together, had shared each other's work, each other's amusements, for so long, that we were like brother and sister, and not until that terrible year of '61 did I realise that Tom was far more than a brother to me. How little did I imagine when he used to sit for hours in the winter evenings, poring over "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and I would pelt him with hickory nuts, that that book would be one of the most powerful levers to compel him to take up arms to put an end to an institution which was—I know it now—a foul stain on a Christian and civilised country.

There had been low threatening rumblings for many years past—indications that some day would come the hour when mere talk must pass into action, and men must range themselves on one side or the other. But on my uncle's farm we troubled ourselves but little about such things; a storm of rain and thunder were of far more importance to us than the woes of the coloured men and women, and it was only Tom who, when he came back from Philadelphia, had taken the trouble to ask and learn what men's thoughts and opinions were on the weighty subject of Abolition.

At last the storm broke. and to a man the members of our household declared themselves fiery abolitionists. It was taken for granted that I was one too, and I do not think that any one suspected that my sympathies were secretly with the Confederates. For there was, or I fancied that there was, something romantic about the Southerners, and it seemed to me a sad thing that they should be ruined for the sake of the negroes. But I dared not give vent to such heretical opinions, so I only sat still and listened, at times half converted by Tom's fiery eloquence, yet dreading all the time what it would lead to.

And meanwhile the war had begun—a horrible war between men of the same race and blood—and the Confederates were having it all their own way. Stonewall Jackson was carrying everything before him, and in the North there was an insatiable demand for more and more volunteers. I had known all along what would happen, but when the blow fell, it was like a flash of lightning, revealing to me all my heart, on which was written Tom's name in indelible letters.

In vain I implored him not to go, joining my tears to his mother's: one might as well have tried to restrain the burning lava from overflowing. Apart from the cause, for which he was going to fight heart and soul, there was further a young man's love of danger, of adventure, the joy of shaking off the dull round of sowing and reaping, the wakening into life of fresh hopes, and joys, and impulses.

And so he went away one morning to volunteer, whilst I remained behind to go through the dreary round of duties that had once made me so happy, but had now grown hateful and distasteful to me—to be scolded by my aunt, whose grief made her irritable, and to feed on Tom's last adieu.

"Dear Flora," he had said, "I guess I'll come back covered with glory; but I will not say good-bye now, for there'll be a spell of drilling and training before I am off, and I will come back and say good-bye to you and the old mother, with my sword by my side."

On that promise I lived, and it was not very long before it was realised. The drilling and training in those days was but a short business, when any raw material was welcome at the seat of war, and the volunteers on both sides were but rough-hewn, so to speak, making up for their deficiencies, however, by energy and stubbornness of purpose. Besides which, Tom, with his straight upright figure, was soon drilled into form, so I was not surprised when I one day, very shortly afterwards, saw him pass the kitchen window, and knew that he was come to bid farewell.

By-and-by he came in, looking very grave, and sat down in a chair by my side, taking my two hands in his. I could not speak. I could only gaze at him. How handsome he looked in his uniform!

"I have only two minutes left, Flora," he said, "but I have kept the last two for you, because you are my dear sister, and I know you are feeling pretty bad."

My only answer was to burst into tears, and then he took me in his arms, and soothed and petted me, and told me he loved me dearly—that there was no one like me, and that some day we should be happy together again.

Just then the clock struck three, which made him jump up, saying he must be off, as he had not a minute to lose. I walked with him to the gate, where he mounted his horse, once more taking my hand in his.

"Don't fret, my dear girl," he said.

"Don't forget me, Tom," I responded, with a sudden presentiment of evil to come.

"I guess it 'll take me a long time to do that," he answered, as he adjusted his reins, and rode off.

I looked after him until he had become a mere speck in the distance, and then, with dry eyes, but

a great pain at my heart, I turned back into the house to seek my aunt, *his* mother, and comfort her as best I could.

I pass over the next three years, with all their horror of war, their din and commotion, and yet their unbearable quietness. Except my uncle and a half-witted boy, there was not a man left about the place.

They were all gone—they had all followed Tom, and we had to do our best without them. It was but a bad best: the crops and the animals suffered, and every one was depressed and out of heart, I perhaps the least of all, because I had the recollection of Tom's last words to feed upon—words that filled me with delicious satisfaction every time I recalled them, for to me they meant that one day I should be his wife.

We often heard from him: short letters, written in wild haste, but always proclaiming, in spite of appearances to the contrary, that, in the long run, the Federals *must* win, for their cause was the right one.

And then at last came the turn of the tide, victories for the Federals, and Tom's predictions approaching realisation. After that we picked up heart, for we began to see a term to all the misery and bloodshed.

One day, as I was sitting in the kitchen at work, suddenly a shadow fell across the window, and, looking up to see what had caused it, I beheld Tom—my Tom—standing there looking in on me with large, sunken eyes, and by his side two women, one old and the other young. With a cry of joy I flew out to meet him, calling his mother as I went, and in a moment I had him into the kitchen, laughing and crying, hardly knowing what I was saying for happiness, till I realised, with a kind of shudder, the presence of the two strangers, and pulled myself up short.

They were coloured people—that is to say, the elder woman was copper-colour, a complete negress, whilst the younger one was—alas for me!—very pretty. She was comparatively speaking fair, being no darker than a Spanish woman. She had lovely, soft, dark eyes, and a very sweet expression of countenance; but, from the moment I saw her, I disliked her.

I had, however, little attention to bestow on her, for all my care was for Tom. He had come home on sick-leave, barely recovered from a bad wound, and still going on crutches. On his way back he had fallen in with these two fugitive slaves, he said, and brought them to the shelter of his father's house. They wanted as much care as he did, for they were ill and way-worn, and had gone through much suffering.

That night the three travellers slept in comfortable beds, far from the sound of war or the voice of the overseer, whilst I, too excited to rest, sat up in my rocking-chair and thought it all over. Yes, it was no good disguising the fact, I had a shuddering abhorrence of these coloured people, and oh! how glad I should be when they went away. It soon, however, became very plain that the older woman, who was no relation to the younger one, would never leave the farm alive, for as time went on, and Tom daily recovered health and strength, she slowly and surely sank. It was very pretty to see Marie—the younger one's attentions to her. I could not help noticing them myself, and I know Tom did, for Marie was in every way an attractive, winsome creature. There was very little of the negress about her; she was far more French in her looks and ways than anything else, and wonderfully handy and helpful, and after old Dinah died, she settled down into the family as had she lived with us all her life. Every one in the house liked her, except myself, and I hated her, for I knew she had stolen Tom's love from me. He was so changed, grown so grave, so stern and resolute, and although always friendly to me, yet far removed from the Tom I used to pelt with hickory nuts. He seemed to have forgotten all the sweet words that he had said to me when he bade me adieu, for he never alluded to them, and I had grown timid with him, and dared not remind him of them. All his thoughts were for Marie, who was jealously guarded, and not allowed to go beyond the garden, whilst every member of the house was warned that they must never reveal her presence to any stranger. I did not quite know her history—Tom was very reserved on the subject—I had only been told that, although a very favourite slave, she had run away from her master's house for very excellent reasons, and that there was every reason to fear that he would seek to recover her.

When, however, three or four months had passed away, and nothing was seen or heard of him, we gradually began to forget the danger, whilst Marie herself grew quite brave, and would even linger alone in the garden and fields occasionally.

The war was still raging, and Tom, fretting that he was too disabled as yet to take part in it again, sought to drown his longing in helping his father on the farm, whilst he daily grew more attached to Marie.

One day he was out at work in the fields, my aunt was gone to see her sister, and Marie and I were quite alone in the house. I had set the girl to work among the vegetables, whilst I myself, idly leaning over the garden gate, was indulging in meditation, of which the subject was Tom. Whilst standing there, I heard the sound of wheels, but thought nothing of it, until suddenly accosted by a stranger on foot, a man with an evil, coarse countenance, flashily dressed, who inquired of me if I knew anything of a young girl named Marie, who was his sister, and whom he had been seeking for some time past in great trouble, not knowing what had become of her.

Ah! was I mad, or only wicked, as I silently opened the gate, and, leading him round to the other side of the house, pointed out to him Marie, diligently at work among the vegetables?

"There she is," I said, and ran indoors as fast as I could, afraid of the diabolical smile of triumph that flashed across my companion's face—but afraid, above all, of my own conscience.

In vain I locked myself in my own room, thrusting my fingers into my ears, and burying my head in the pillow; I could not stifle the voice within me, or shut out the wild fancies of my imagination.

Thus I remained, it seemed to me, for hours, enduring such agony of remorse as was itself almost sufficient punishment for my sin, till I heard sounds of

many steps, and at last my own name loudly called. Then I dared not stay any longer, but went down-stairs.

And what a scene met my eye! In the arm-chair in the kitchen lay Marie as one dead, her face a ghastly dusky white, whilst from a wound in her side the blood was slowly welling, trickling down her dress and over her limp hands. By her side knelt Tom, lavishing on her every endearing epithet he could think of, whilst my uncle and Peter, the farm boy, were awkwardly trying to bind up the wound. I went up to Tom.

"Bring her up-stairs," I said, in a hollow voice.

He turned to me with a look of disgust on his face, which wrung my very heart-strings.

"I dare not trust her to *you*," he said, "for it was you who betrayed her."

"Oh! Tom—Tom, trust me," I cried. "I would give my life for hers." And so I would, for in one evil moment my life had become a horror to me.

Silently he took her in his arms, carried her up-stairs, and laid her on her bed.

By-and-by came the doctor and my aunt, and then began a fight with death, for Marie's was not a robust constitution, and her wound was a terrible one. It was not until some time afterwards that I heard how it had been caused, and all that had taken place during that awful hour I spent in my bed-room.

"TAKING MY TWO HANDS IN HIS" (*p.* 210)

It was from my aunt that I learnt that the stranger, who was of course Marie's master, had been baffled in his attempts to carry off the girl by force, by the timely arrival of my uncle and Tom on the scene; that then had ensued a grim struggle between the two younger men, in which Tom had come off victor, owing to his father's assistance. The stranger, finding

he was getting considerably the worst of it, and seeing Peter arrive to make a third against him, had then retreated, vaulting over the low wooden paling that separated the garden from the field, from which point of vantage he had turned round, and producing a revolver, had deliberately taken aim at Marie, firing straight at her heart, and disappearing immediately afterwards, unpursued in the confusion that had ensued upon his fiendish act.

What wonder was it that I never left Marie's bedside—watching, nursing, tending her, with a strength only equalled by my wretchedness? For Tom never even looked at me, and I thought my heart would break. There was no need for me to confess my sin to him, for he knew it but too well. Peter, the half-witted boy, whose eyesight was as keen as his intellect was weak, had seen me, from a great distance off, point out Marie to the stranger, and had at once run as fast as his legs could carry him to give the alarm to Tom.

At last came the day when all my devotion to the invalid began to bring forth fruit. Marie was pronounced out of danger, and for the first time for many weeks I was able to look Tom in the face, and to say—

"Tom, speak to me."

"Speak to you?—yes," he answered; "but forgive you—never. You have ruined my life and hers—my little Marie."

"Ah, Tom!" I wailed, "and don't you remember, or don't you care, that you have ruined mine?"

"I? yours? ruined your life? What do you mean? Oh! Flora, Flora!"—with a sudden flash of illumination—"*I only loved you as a sister!*"

But I did not wait to hear more. I ran out of the room to give way up-stairs to all the grief and shame that were well-nigh killing me.

Marie recovered—that is to say, her wound healed, but she was always more or less of an invalid. And meanwhile came the termination of the war, and my adieu to the dear old farm, where I had known so much happiness and such bitter grief. For I could not stay on there. I was not wanted, and Tom was glad that I should go. Would he never forgive me?

"Good-bye, Tom," were my last words to him. "Some day you will marry Marie, and perhaps learn to think more kindly of me; but I shall never come to see you till you write and ask me yourself."

I went to New York, and became a nurse there in one of the large hospitals. I met with kind friends, I liked my work, and after a time I attained to a certain degree of calm. I heard that Tom had married Marie, and settled down at the old farm; and then came a silence of years. The word of forgiveness that I was waiting for — would it never, never come?

At last, when I had almost given up hope, it came to me in the shape of a telegram:—

"Flora, will you come to us We are in trouble.—TOM."

Of course I went, to find his wife and three children all ill with scarlet fever, and he at his wits' end what to do. My uncle and aunt had been dead some time.

I nursed them all back to health, except the baby, who died, and I did not leave them until I had seen Marie once more in her place down-stairs.

I go to them every year now. The children call me Aunt Flora, and Marie says I am a witch, for ever since I nursed her through the scarlet fever she has been a stronger woman. As for Tom, I am, as of old, "his dear sister."

THE PERFECT LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ETIQUETTE OF GOOD SOCIETY.

SECOND PAPER.

IN my introductory remarks on this subject, I pointed out the importance of every young lady making herself conversant with the manners and usages of society on her entrance within that border-land.

Good and perfect manners are acquired by observation, by cultivation, and by practice; the neglect of these observances you will find is seldom pardoned by the world: that censorious autocrat exacts rigid deference to its opinions, and a strict conformity to its rules.

It must be owned, even by those who most dislike the idea of being thus trammelled, that the world and society do a kindly action in being thus punctilious; for good manners are certainly an embellishment to the possessor of them: they greatly enhance personal charms, and they act as an excellent substitute where nature has omitted to bestow the much-prized gift of beauty. Beauty has its special charm apportioned to itself. Refinement, true politeness, gentleness in speech, gracefulness of action, courtesy and consideration, which cluster under the term of "good manners." these also have their peculiar attraction and power of fascination. Beauty, we are told, is "only skin deep," and will fade; refinement, with its attendants, is indelible, and its attractive powers increase as years pass on.

What should the perfect young lady be? and what should she do in her every-day life? Politeness is a large field in which to range; let us gather and adorn ourselves with some of the many flowers which spring up on every side of us.

Politeness requires that we listen to people who talk

to us, even when we are not interested in their conversation. I sometimes see young ladies visibly smother a yawn to show their indifference or distaste, and I hear them merely utter an apathetic "Yes" or "No," and sometimes I hear them interrupt the conversation rudely by abruptly introducing another topic. Politeness requires an attentive ear and more than a tranquil silent acquiescence: it demands that an exertion be made to reply, and that the reply be something beyond mere monosyllables. Politeness requires that we do not stare at the dress of the person with whom we are talking; I notice that some ladies deliberately scan the attire of those to whom they speak, from the crown of the head downwards; this is rudeness, and therefore an imperfection.

Politeness requires that when in company communications should not be whispered, that tittering and giggling should not be indulged in, that remarks should not be made upon any person present, that we should not pass in front of any one without an apology, or talk across any one.

Politeness requires that we take no notice of any eccentricity that may appear in those we meet in company. A recognition of eccentricity or absurdity must not be shown by words, still less by a smile. Oftentimes it is a difficult matter to appear insensible to mistakes which are made or accidents which happen, especially when they are of a laughable nature; but control must be exercised, out of consideration for the feelings of others, if for no other reason. When an old-fashioned hand-shaker keeps prolonged possession of your hand, and from time to time gives it a succession of convulsive shakes; when a lady walks the length of a long room unconscious that the wind has given her a grotesque appearance by blowing the feather in her bonnet rigidly upright; when the servant trips with a dish in her hand, and the round cake upon it rolls off and bowls up the room; when a page slips, and falls on his back, amidst a shower of dinner-rolls scattered around his prostrate form; when a man-servant throws open the door, and announces you to a room-full of ordinary folk as "Lady Baldichinas," and your simple title is "Miss Baldwin;" when your friend's servant blackleads your boots, thus giving them an unusually curious and startling appearance as you send them forth from beneath your dress when walking along the streets: whenever little incidents such as these occur, politeness demands that we neither speak of nor smile at them at the time of occurrence.

Politeness requires that we do not rudely push through a crowd, but that we wait to take our proper turn, whether it be the entrance into hall or public room, railway carriage or omnibus, or in a shop, library, or ticket-office. In public vehicles and public rooms it often happens that there is a scarcity of seats for the number of applicants for them. I have constantly seen ladies demand as a right—silently, but yet unmistakably—that some gentleman should yield up his seat, and the coolness with which they treat the kind action, not even troubling themselves to say "Thank you," also disturbs my mind. Politeness demands that a recognition in the form of thanks should be made of politeness received.

Courtesy requires us to be polite to those who serve us, not to speak domineeringly or rudely to those who we may think are our inferiors in position; courtesy binds us to be courteous to those advanced in years.

Gracefulness is another component part of perfection. There is such a thing as sitting still gracefully; legs and feet are not to be crossed, hands and fingers are not to fidget and rub each other on their owner's face, dress, or ornaments; a lounging, lolling attitude cannot be called graceful. The deportment mistress will have taught the graceful style of walking.

One charm which is very attractive is that of being natural.

> "Led by simplicity divine,
> She pleased, and never tried to shine."

Affectation, of whatever kind, is really a blemish. Some girls affect to be sharp and smart; they make ill-natured and caustic remarks on their friends and acquaintances, which amuse their listeners and raise their laughter. Some affect to be nervous and timid: they utter little shrieks at the sight of a spider, or become helpless when they should be helpful; it is quite possible to be brave without being bold or masculine. Some affect eccentricity of dress or behaviour. Affectation will always certainly attract notice, more particularly that of the opposite sex, who are always ready to be amused at it. But, young ladies, there are two kinds of laughter which can be raised by you. If the laugh goes with you, it is pleasant and harmless; but should it be that men laugh *at* you, then the case assumes a very different and a disagreeable aspect.

Another mark of a perfect lady is her dress. We have nothing to do with its costliness nor with the fashion of it, beyond the word of warning against the adoption of any marked singularity of style which would make the wearer a gazing-stock; true modesty and womanliness will shrink from setting itself on this public pedestal.

Our consideration is neatness and cleanliness in dress; these two perfections are frequently neglected and disregarded by the young lady when she emerges from the school-room: she is then apt to cast impatiently aside needle and thread and orderly habits, as well as her lesson-books, and too often we see slovenliness in attire. White-headed pins project from black dresses, and black-headed pins from light-coloured dresses, where thread should render the services required. Ragged braid disfigures the edges of skirts: a button is missing here and there from the ranks: creased and crumpled cloaks show signs of careless usage: soiled collars and cuffs, and frills which should be in the fire, often encircle neck and wrist. All these are small details, but it is these little details combined which give the general effect of neatness or of slovenliness. Great expenditure of money on dress is not essential to perfection; nicety and neatness of apparel, freshness and purity of lace or muslin, these are requisites.

The perfect young lady will also be as particular about her dress when at home as when in company. One often hears it said, "It does not matter what we wear at home; anything will do." But it does matter. The texture of the dress need not be so expensive or the trimmings so elaborate as that worn in company, but the general aspect should be the same, and the wearer will always be more at ease when she is daily accustomed to be carefully dressed.

So far we have discoursed mainly on what the perfect young lady should be; now we will turn to what she should do.

One of her home duties is to take part in the entertainment of callers, guests, and visitors. The daughters of the house should help their mother on all occasions, and take her place without embarrassment when she is absent. When callers arrive, the young lady should come forward and join in the conversation; she should bestow her attention on those with whom her mother is not occupied. This same rule applies to behaviour to invited guests. The daughter of the house is expected to be pleasant and conversable to each and every one, and ready to accede to any expressed wish on their part. Acquiescence to play or sing, or to display any accomplishment, should be given readily; some young ladies show undue reluctance, and make so many excuses, and require so very much pressure and persuasion.

In speaking of entertainments of all kinds, I must give a word of advice. It sometimes happens that young ladies are eager to go to them, and yet have not a *chaperone* for every occasion. It is well to observe a certain amount of delicacy in asking to join others who may be going. If they are particular friends, well and good; but some young ladies do not hesitate to ask this favour of comparative strangers. We were once surprised by a call from some young ladies whom we knew only by name, who came to ask to join our party to a public entertainment. This placed us in a great dilemma, for they were *very* imperfect young ladies, who always caused themselves to be talked about, and we did not wish to be responsible, or even to be considered as their friends.

A young lady whom I know was anxious this summer to go to a public tennis-ground some miles away, at which there were weekly contests which she found pleasure in watching. Each week she asked a family near her home to take her; she took her seat in their carriage, caring nothing for any inconvenience to which she might put others, and utterly disregarding the fact that they would invite her to join them if they wished for her company.

There are young ladies who borrow money from their friends. Now, the safest, and really the happiest, rule is to refrain from buying anything for which we have not the money in hand; but sometimes an allowance is over-run, and borrowing appears to be a necessity. Young ladies sometimes forget, or do not care, to pay back. No excuse will cover over this dereliction; whatever is borrowed—whether it be money or stamps, whether of great or small value—the strict rule of repayment should be observed. It is easy to slip and slide from one level to another, and I have known cases where young ladies have been utterly regardless about repayment. The same may be said about bills and debts. Much misery is often caused to workwomen by careless, thoughtless young ladies, who delay giving payment for work done for them.

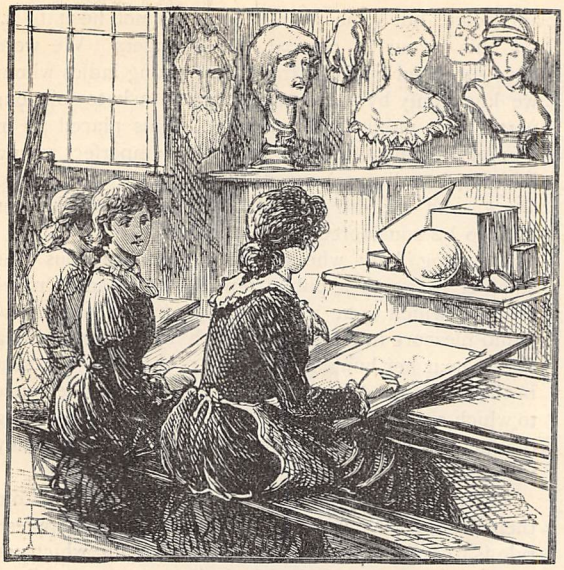
A MORNING AT THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.

BY A FORMER STUDENT.

THE clock strikes ten as we mount the steps of the School of Art; but we are not the first-comers, for when we are admitted into the hall a group of girls is standing round a table, on which lie three open books, in one of which each student must sign her name, together with the hour of her arrival and departure. As we are only spectators we need not stop here, but will follow a girl carrying a T-square down-stairs into a large gloomy room, where in semi-darkness a few early students are hanging their hats and jackets on the pegs assigned to them, each of which has a card beneath it bearing the name and school-number of its owner.

We are glad to leave this subterranean dressing-room, and climb the stairs to the top of the house, where the Elementary room is beginning to fill. One side is taken up by a row of windows, and the desks cross the room at right angles to them, so that the light falls over the left shoulder of each student. A blackboard on a raised dais shows where lectures in geometry, perspective, and kindred subjects are given; but this is not a lecture morning, so the casts that cover the walls of the room are being fastened to the rail above the desks, and boards are being put into position, with an accompanying hum of conversation, by the apron-clad damsels, who are now appearing in great numbers. A word about the aprons.

An apron is a recognised institution in a Ladies' School of Art, but the size and shape give ample scope to the taste of the wearer, and surely a greater variety it is impossible to imagine. Some few of the



THE ELEMENTARY ROOM.

size of a large pocket-handkerchief, with a pointed apology for a bib in front, are to be seen, but the general preference for large aprons shows that the female art-student is not altogether without a feminine regard to the condition of her dress. But look at the colours! There is an Indian-red apron tied with black strings, making its owner look even more ghastly than nature intended; there is a fine selection of Pompadours, in which the more startling contrasts of colour, and eccentricities of pattern, are prominent; and finally, there is every shade of brown holland; sometimes be-frilled and adorned with lace, while in others the æsthetic taste of the wearer is satisfied by a bow of ribbon supposed to be suited to her complexion, and so placed that it is evidently for ornament rather than use.

While we have been looking round, the desks have been rapidly filling. The seats near the windows are occupied by the painters in water-colour from the flat. Next to them come those occupied in shading in chalk from the flat, while the darker ends of the desk are left to the beginners, who are struggling with free-hand copies. The adjoining room is given up to the drawers of models, —an easy group of cubes, bottles, &c., being placed in the middle, the artists arranged in a circle around it.

There is a considerable noise to be heard, and it is not lessened by the entrance of a bustling student who drops her board, catches her sleeve in her neighbour's mug of water and overturns it, then, while apologising loudly for the accident, whisks her other neighbour's india-rubber into a distant corner. She, however, is much easier to endure than the student who enters the room slowly, having opened the door very wide, and made every one think the governess was coming, and then moves to a seat near the window, upsetting the copy of each student on her left hand, and ruffling the hair of every one on her right, finally taking her place with a self-satisfied expression, ignoring the fact that something else besides hair has been ruffled during her stately progress.

Suddenly there is a hush; it is half-past ten, and the governess enters, and goes steadily up and down desks for the greater part of an hour, during which silence and industry prevail.

When she leaves the room there is a slight pause; and then requests for assistance in matching a green, for the loan of a knife, or the passing of the box over which the pencils must be cut (for neatness itself is the ruling power in the School of Art), become audible. Presently a conversation that is not about pencils, or any kindred subject, begins, and as the laughter grows louder, the monitress, a gentle girl seated at an easel in the corner by the window, looks nervously in the direction whence the sound comes, and finally moves towards the three culprits, and tells them, what they knew perfectly well before, that talking is not allowed. One of the three, who knows by experience how patient the monitress is with the dull ones who attend her geometry lectures, is silent, and betakes herself to her drawing; the

IN THE LIFE ROOM.

other two, though lowering their tone for a time, soon become more noisy than ever. The monitress looks despairing, till a neighbour of the rebels says a few words which have a marvellous effect, and they betake themselves to making caricatures of their reprover, an employment that, being carried on silently, gives infinite relief to the monitress, who looks gratefully at her ally.

But we have stayed long enough in the Elementary room—let us descend one flight of stairs to the Elementary Figure room.

A more artistic air prevails here. Easels have taken the place of desks, and casts of antique sculpture are the models. All are busily at work when the door opens gently, and a girl glides in and whispers to another. There is a general fixity of attention on the work in hand, for the errand of the new-comer is well known. She is one of the class—happily not a large one—who live upon other people. She never buys chalk, charcoal, drawing-pins, or any of the little etceteras she needs, and scarcely ever paper. She borrows from one and another, and never returns the loan. Her principal harvest is among new girls who do not know her character. Indeed, should a girl have a conscience that will not allow her to say that she has not the article wanted when she has, or a delicacy of feeling that will not permit her to refuse an asked favour, she will find her expenditure in the necessaries of art, if they may so be called, very nearly doubled.

SIGNING THE BOOK.

It is too late for the governess's morning visit, so the students begin to gather round the fire to warm their chilled fingers, and a general buzz of conversation is to be heard They have been a little too hasty in their conclusion, for the appearance of the governess sends half a dozen girls flying to their easels; one takes up her bag and leaves the room; very few have the strength of mind to go on warming their hands.

"THE CRITICISM SEEMS TO BE FAVOURABLE."

At half-past twelve the students pour down the staircase from all the rooms, the icy air from the open windows driving out the few who are stopping "just to finish this bit," so that we must see the Painting room without the students. Here are studies of fruit, flowers, and game, in oil and water-colour, all showing care, many of them considerable talent. Certainly there is much more to be seen here than upstairs, only the artists are gone, and the room would be empty if a girl had not invited a friend from the Figure room to criticise her work. The criticism seems to be favourable, for both artist and critic look very well satisfied.

Outside the door is a group of girls waiting to speak to the governess, whose sanctum adjoins the Painting room. Here copies are given out, paper is supplied, and much minor business is transacted; but there seems to be some awe at entering the precincts, judging from the remarks we hear: "Get me some paper when you get yours," "You go in first," "Come in with me," &c. &c.

Down-stairs is a very large room—the Life room—so called because a live model sits there for the head students. To get into this room is the great object of ambition to the whole of the elementary divisions; and

a student is much congratulated and envied when the governess gives her leave to draw in the Life room two days a week. Not that she will attempt the model for a long time, but to be permitted to pass freely in and out of those swinging doors without a feeling of alarm lest she should be caught; to be able to give the latest information regarding the black man with the leopard-skin round his shoulders, or the pale young woman with violet eyes, about whose beauty the *élite* rave, though the "common herd," as far as they dare express an opinion, think her rather plain, is in itself delightful.

There is a window in the staircase that overlooks this room, and much amusement used to be got from it by the passers up and down the stairs. But the authorities, finding orders that no one was to look through the window ineffectual, have so arranged a high screen that the model is only visible to persons within.

But we are lingering behind. Let us hasten after the students whose voices tell us they are downstairs. In an apartment adjoining the dressing-room are gathered a large number seated at long tables, eating the lunch they have either brought with them or obtained from the kitchen. Round the fire is a crowd of girls eagerly watching various saucepans and kettles of a Lilliputian type, in which their own particular cookery is going on, while a second row is scarcely less anxious that room may be made for their culinary apparatus.

In the dressing-room, the girls who cannot find space in the lunch room are seated on boxes, while a few are straining their paper by the window.

One thing strikes us, and that is the great prevalence of eye-glasses and spectacles among the students. Either drawing must be bad for the sight, or the rising generation must have indifferent eyes; perhaps both these causes have something to do with it.

At the sound of a gong at one o'clock there is a general bustle, and as the students stream up-stairs to work again till three o'clock, we must take our leave of the School of Art.

TALKS WITH MY PATIENTS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

MY RECKLESS PATIENT.

IT may be said that, though intended to convey many useful lessons, and strike not a few warning notes against the folly of abjuring all allegiance to the ordinary laws of health, the case I have chosen with these ends in view is rather an extreme one. I do not deny it. It has the merit, however, of having been painted from the life, and, I am sorry to add, from the death, and it is one that has made a deep and lasting impression on my own mind, accustomed though I am to view sickness and misery in every form, and death in every phase. Moreover, the patient, long before he really was a patient, was a personal friend of my own, one at whose house I was always a welcome guest when I paid a visit to the Highlands of Scotland, on a shooting or fishing, or merely a reading excursion.

It is almost needless to say that I shall give neither the correct name of my patient nor the name of his residence. Let me call the former McBride, and his home the House o' Dunroon.

You should have seen him as I saw him first, when his feet were brushing the dew from his native heather, and you would have admitted that a better specimen of the genus Scot was seldom to be met with. Tall, brawny, bold, and handsome, his face open and manly, his figure firm and elastic, light in tread and soldierly in carriage, he looked like a man who might—bar accident—live to ninety and over. His age was about forty, although his immense beard was already tinged with grey, doubtless from exposure in the hills to all kinds of weather.

It was an early summer morning, the tops of all the mountains were still buried in cloudland, though by-and-by the mist would lift and we might then have more sun than we wanted, for we were bent upon a fishing expedition to Loch E——.

McBride came of a long line of good men and true, men who had made their mark in the proud history of their country, men who had been always soldiers and never anything else when they had the chance, and who had distinguished themselves on every well-fought battle-field in their day and generation. As for McBride himself, soldiering had not been his profession, for the simple reason that the estate had devolved on him, and he had stayed at home to attend to it. But he was first in the country at all field and athletic sports; there was not a child within a radius of fifty miles that had not heard of McBride of Dunroon; and both old men and young in the district had many wonderful tales to tell you, had you chosen to listen, of the exploits and doings of this scion of chieftains.

We had a seven-mile walk before us on this particular morning, but as interesting conversation lightens the road when people are walking, I had only to draw McBride out a little to make the time pass quickly enough. I got him—though he was no man to boast—to talk about his ancestors, and of their relations with neighbouring clans and other great Highland families, and so the loch hove in sight ere I could have averred we had walked a couple of miles.

Donald, his piper, bore on his back a goodly basket of provisions, while he hugged the pipes beneath his left arm. Donald listened to his chief's stories with as keen an interest as I did, though very likely he had heard them all before; but in his eyes his master was indeed a hero, proving that though a man may never be a hero to his valet, he may stand in that relation to his piper.

We had a glorious day's sport, and succeeded in getting a couple of baskets of excellent trout. All went well, in fact, till nearly evening, when, while hanging on a cliff-edge, fishing-rod in hand, an immense piece of rock gave way, and McBride was precipitated into the lake beneath. The rock sank, McBride did not, or if he did he soon rose to the surface again, and after putting on his Highland bonnet, which had been floated off, he swam away round the rock, the rod between his teeth, and landed in a little bay. He had one look into his basket to see if the fish were all right, then gave himself a shake as a dog might. I got him, however, to undress and wring his clothes, which I am sure he only did out of compliment to my wishes. Then, "Donald, the quaigh!" he cried.

The "quaigh" was a little two-legged silver drinking utensil, which, he told me, he revered because it had belonged to a great-grandfather. Perhaps that was the reason he emptied it so often now, before returning it to the piper.

"Now, doctor, you'll shake your foot a bit. You'll dance. Play up, Donald."

But I positively refused. The idea of a staid respectable English physician "shaking his foot" by the side of a Highland loch, to the sound of the bagpipes! What would his patients think? But McBride had no compunctions. He danced and "flung" until the perspiration positively tumbled off his brow in big drops. Then we started for home.

Mrs. McBride was as fragile and fair a little body as her husband was manly and strong, There were two in the family, a boy and girl, these were all; the boy took after the father in every way, the girl after the mother, and that is saying enough.

During his absence for half an hour that evening, his wife and I naturally enough got talking about McBride.

She evidently was not happy, wholly and solely because she could not get her husband to take any kind of care of himself.

"I'm sure," she said sadly, "that he will kill himself. He is very hardy and strong, but not quite so much so as he used to be. How could he be? Often and often he gets wet through and through, and he never will change his clothes. And many a time when he happens to get belated on some fishing excursion, he sleeps on the heather all night long."

"And he never suffers in any way from these indiscretions?" I inquired.

"Ah! he does, I know," she replied, "though he is far too proud to complain or admit there is anything wrong. He has the greatest respect for you, however; perhaps a word or two of advice might be taken in good part."

I promised I would give him this word or two; and I knew well enough they would be listened to—but be entirely unheeded.

I began my attack next day, by asking my friend and host if he felt any ill effects from his immersion in the loch.

He laughed at the idea.

But, I said, it was not always at the time that the evil effects of an accident like that were felt.

"I am sound, wind and limb," he replied; "if I hadn't had the constitution of a horse I would have been dead long ago."

"Still," I insisted, "a married man with a family ought to be careful of himself, for the sake of those who love him and depend upon him."

"What!" he laughed, "would you have me begin to coddle myself? Let me remind you, doctor, what you yourself have said before now about hot-house plants *versus* heather stems."

I was amused at this turn in the conversation, but endeavoured to explain that there was a deal of difference betwixt ordinary care of health and coddling; that every one in this world was endowed with a certain amount of *vis naturæ*, that this force gets less elastic after the prime of life, that at any time it was just as easily squandered as money was, and that being so squandered it was impossible to effect its renewal.

"You are talking in parables, doctor," he replied; "I don't understand them, and I don't want to. I'm more brawn than brain, perhaps; but look at that leg, feel that arm. No, I'm not old, nor likely to get old in a hurry."

"You are sound, wind and limb," I said quietly, "muscle and heart; but there never was a man that yet lived but had some one of the more delicate organs of life weaker than the others; it is this particular organ that is liable to suffer from any indiscretion; and if it once begins to give way, be it liver, spleen, or kidney, it goes very fast indeed. It is so easy, too," I added, "to acquire healthful long-life-giving habits. People ought to diet themselves regularly; food ought to be nutritious but not over-abundant."

"I often go all day without a bite," put in McBride.

"Worse for you," I said. "Exercise, not excessive, should be taken; the bath should not be neglected—"

"A dip in the river suits me nicely," said my host.

"Or in the lake," I laughed. "Pure water is as essential as pure air."

"I sometimes add a little whiskey," McBride said, "to kill the creepies—*bacteria*, I think you call them."

"Yes, I have observed so. Your great-grandfather's 'quaigh' would make a pretty addition to your mantelpiece cupboard. Pity you don't keep it there."

"Ah!" said McBride, "regularity and temperance are fine things, I know, doctor; but you musn't try to make an old-wife of me. When McBride takes to sticking to the house whenever he has a bad cold, to sleeping on a feather bed, changing his stockings

when damp, and having his pocket-handkerchiefs aired, then it will be high time for him to be buried. Going fishing to-day, doctor? I know where there is the sauciest old bull-trout in all the stream. He has defied me fifty times. Will you come and try a cast?"

Five years after this I was called to see McBride in town. What a change a few years had wrought upon him! The man who used to defy the wildest winter storm that ever blew across the hills of Badenoch, had come to spend the winter in London because the weather there, he had heard, was mild, and still by no means enervating.

He was only the ghost of his former self. Wind and limb were good enough yet, but the liver was wrong, and that still more delicate organ, the kidney, was not wholly intact. To add to this, the nerves of organic life were greatly shattered.

In these nerves, reader, or in their ganglionic centres, reside a life and power which are in a manner beyond our control. These ganglia and their efferent nerves preside over vital internal motions, as the beating of the heart, for instance, that goes on whether we will it or not, whether we are asleep or awake. Youth and strength may be said to reside in them, and when they begin to fail, vital capacity itself is reduced, and in many cases a complete break-up is inevitable.

McBride was a man who would have everything explained to him. He was afraid, he said, of nothing but that which he did not understand.

Had medicine no power, he asked, over those nerves of organic life? Ah! yes, I answered; but he must be quiet and steady. Medicine and diet both had power over them, by improving the quality of the blood supplied, but he must live now by rule if ever he would be anything like his old self.

That he now saw the folly of his former reckless habits I do not doubt. But this same recklessness now took a new form. I could not get him to follow out my plan of treatment for two days running. He had lost steadiness; he delighted in reading about and sending for every new remedy he heard of. Of course, these were tried, against my wishes, but only for a day or two, and then thrown aside or forgotten.

Had he followed my advice simply and steadily he might yet have got well. He put me in mind of a nervous man in a boat among breakers, who wants to stand up and gaze wildly about him, although his only chance of safety lies in keeping still.

In summer McBride was seized with an irresistible longing to return to Dunroon; and by easy stages so he did. I went with him, and was with him to the end. The most painful part of the concluding scene was the eager desire he evinced to live, and this never deserted him to the last breath. Truly his was a good life thrown away for the want of ordinary precaution; and comment on this short but true history is needless.

WAVERLEY ABBEY.

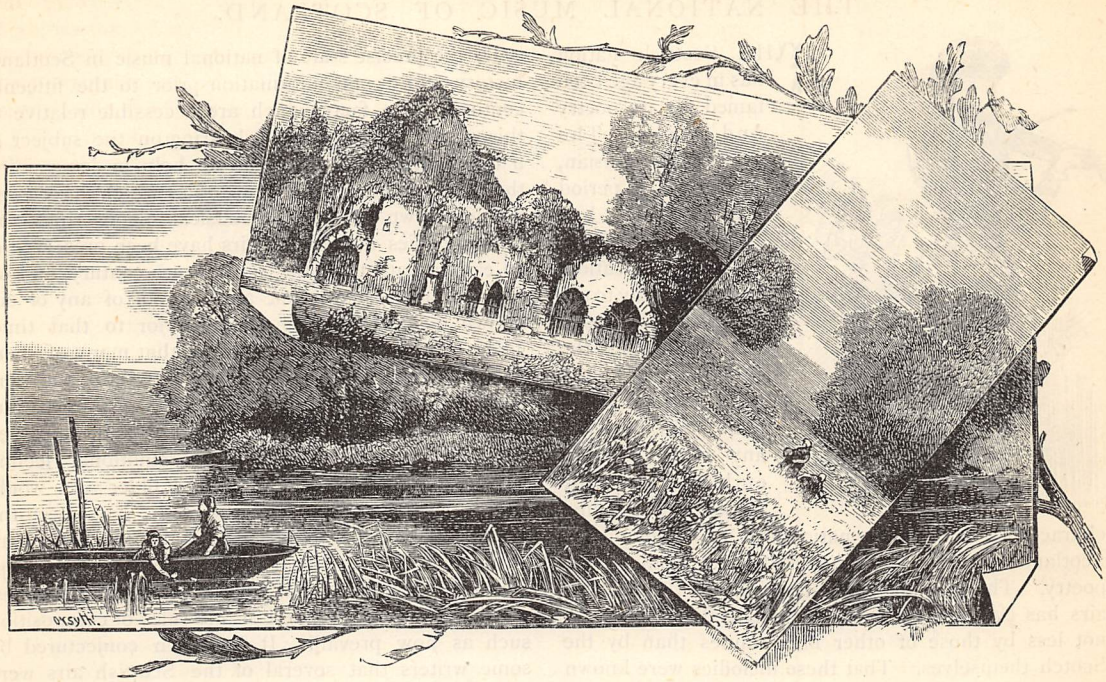
THE topic with which the town of Farnham in Surrey seems most intimately connected is that of hops, for on the successful cultivation of that graceful climber hinges the prosperity of the wide district of which it may be called the centre. Many are familiar with the old castle towering above the irregular buildings of the town proper, and the archæologist is probably aware that traces of the Romans having not only camped but built their villas in this vicinity are frequently unearthed; but our mission is to tempt all who love nature in her fairest aspects to quit the beaten track of the tourist, and inspect with us what remains of one of the most ancient of our ruined abbeys—Waverley.

Approach its site from which direction you will, its surroundings are charming, the lanes leading to it winding along under steep banks of sandstone, riddled with the holes of the sand-martin, or at the foot of slopes crowned with fir-trees. The little stream of the Wey babbles through its meadows, or rushes over the weir beside the mill where the Cistercians once ground the corn that fed the brethren and the poor at their gates. Secluded it must always have been, yet how changed in all else since on a Christmas morning in the twelfth century a Bishop of Winchester laid the foundation, in a bend of the river, of the now vanished monastery!

Whether the site was well chosen must often have proved a vexed question, for the Wey, like other rivers fed from the hills, has a trick of overflowing its banks, and from those records of Waverley which Sir Walter Scott discovered, we believe, while making researches in the State Paper Office, we learn that the very existence of the Abbey was often imperilled by these floods.

But in spite of this disadvantage the inmates had a lovely home—green, and peaceful, and fertile. The hand of the spoiler has had as much to do with the disappearance of the monks' gardens and orchards as time, but nothing can destroy the quiet beauty of the locality.

The gate-house of the convent must have been razed to the ground many long years ago, and on the slope on the north side of an artificial canal or lake is erected the more modern house of the present owners of the estate. By their courtesy admission is freely given to all comers, and a path on the south side of the lake leads to the ruins of the ancient edifice.



The Abbey had been wrecked and despoiled when visited by Aubrey 200 years since, though he described some parts as being in fair condition, and made special mention of "roundels of painted glass" that still remained in some of the windows; but so often were the hewn stones carried away to build walls, &c., in the neighbourhood, that there remains scarcely a vestige of the noble Abbey church, 320 feet long, with its tower and transepts, its many chapels and altars, that possibly vied in grandeur of architecture with Netley or Furness.

Of this or a subsequent church in which no fewer than eight bishops have assisted at an imposing ceremony, nought remains but some buttresses and a portion of the outer walls. A mouldering sun-dial, on whose pedestal are carved a couple of bats with outspread wings, stands on what is supposed to be the site of the high altar; and embedded in the turf one comes suddenly upon a coffin of Purbeck marble that is said to mark the whilom entrance to the choir. Where beneath that emerald sward was the burial-place of the fathers no one seems to know, and of their courts and cloisters, their infirmaries and their chapter-house, a few broken walls and decaying windows are all that meet the eye.

The only portions of the monastic buildings that can be said to be in tolerably good preservation are the common-room or refectory of the monks, which must have been a stately chamber, and the guests' hall, with its groined roof and Purbeck columns. Both are sadly, strangely altered since a monarch (King John) tested the hospitality of an Abbot of Waverley, but they are very interesting relics, and assist one in realising the splendour of an establishment in which, if the old chroniclers may be trusted, the dedication of the church was celebrated by feasting 7,000 persons of both sexes.

The same river flows on and laps the bases of these walls that saw them rise white and stately, but the manors and the mills of the Cistercians, their farms, their woods, and their messuages have passed into other hands. Even their principal fish-pond, after bursting its banks, was drained, and is now under cultivation. What became of their silver and gold, their rich vestments and jewelled ornaments, only the king's commissioners could have told; but, more strange than all, we cannot hear that any one in the vicinity of Waverley can boast of possessing those less perishable articles, such as oaken chests and chairs, tables and settles, that must have abounded in buildings of such magnitude.

The only exception is a huge copper cauldron that is preserved, oddly enough, in the vestry of a village church a few miles distant. This cauldron is currently reported to have been the property of an old crone who took up her abode in the cave where the Ludewelle or spring arose that supplied the monks' lavatory, but it is with more probability conjectured to have been removed at some time or other from the kitchen of the Abbey.

Waverley Abbey has more attractions than our limited space permits us to enumerate, therefore we say, seek them for yourself, gentle reader, and let us have the gratification of knowing that we have suggested, however crudely, a pleasant day's outing in one of the prettiest parts of Surrey.

L. CROW.

THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF SCOTLAND.

THE Scottish nation has in every age been famed for its poetry and music. The poems of Ossian, written at a period when Scotland had hardly assumed the garb of civilisation, bear testimony to the conspicuous part she has played in the cultivation of the muse, and her poets, more than those of any other country, embody in their works the leading characteristics of their nationality. In her music, Scotland fills a no less honoured place than in her poetry. The wild and pathetic beauty of the Scottish airs has everywhere been acknowledged and admired, not less by those of other nationalities than by the Scotch themselves. That these melodies were known and appreciated by not a few of the great composers, may be deduced from the fact that Mendelssohn has drawn upon Scotland for the *scherzo* in his A Minor Symphony, while in Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche* we meet with several airs from the same source.

The term "national music" has been misunderstood by some. Carl Engel defines it as "that music which, appertaining to a nation or tribe, whose individual emotions and passions it expresses, exhibits certain peculiarities more or less characteristic, which distinguish it from the music of any other nation or tribe." The Germans very appropriately call it *Volksmusik*, a term which we might translate into "folk-music" were such a word permissible. National music, then, may be tersely defined as that which the people themselves have made. It has arrived at what it is through the combined influence of the many minds and circumstances that have united to form it. Hence it is that composers who have attempted to write national airs have nearly always failed, for their melodies have only been an imitation of others which had a previous existence, and have not embodied the essential elements of really national music. A notable exception is to be found in "Rule, Britannia," to which Dr. Arne has given a truly national colouring; but even this popular melody cannot be termed national in the same strict sense as the airs peculiar to Scotland. The latter, as we shall see, have to a great extent grown with the people, and many of them probably had no distinct origin beyond the extemporaneous singing of some peasant or artisan. In this respect they manifestly differ from the formal compositions of trained musicians, and must not be judged in the light of the rules which guide the modern composer in his work.

Of the precise state of national music in Scotland, history affords no information prior to the fifteenth century. The facts which are accessible relative to this period have but slight bearing on the subject of national airs, and afford us no help in determining the origin of many of the melodies which have been handed down to us. No musical manuscripts containing copies of Scottish airs have been preserved of an earlier date than the seventeenth century, and we are, therefore, left without actual proof of any of our known melodies having existed prior to that time. There can be no doubt, however, that many of them had their origin long previous to that date, and were handed down "orally" from generation to generation, gradually assuming more perfect forms as time passed on. The artless simplicity and emotional feeling which characterise several of the older airs would lead to the conclusion that they must have been the product of a very remote age, before any musical instrument was introduced beyond that of the shepherd's pipe, with its plain diatonic scale of full tones, and before the application of any rules of composition such as now prevail. It has been conjectured by some writers that several of the Scottish airs were composed by James I. of Scotland, though there is no positive evidence to lead to such a conclusion. It is well known that the unfortunate monarch was not only an excellent performer on many musical instruments, but was also a composer of some merit. It can hardly be doubted that many of his compositions, of one class or other, have come down to us; but, as history has not preserved the facts, it is probable they pass under other names, or have been allied to modern verse. It is at least impossible now to identify any one of the Scottish airs with King James.

It has been frequently asserted that the Scotch owe many of their melodies to Rizzio; but we think a little inquiry will show that this is nothing more than a vulgar conjecture. Rizzio was by birth an Italian, and is said to have received his education in France. He came to Scotland as a lutenist to the court, and remained only three years. For more than a century and a half after his death there is no hint that Rizzio ever composed any music in any style. It is in Thomson's "Orpheus Caledonius," published in 1725 (Rizzio was murdered in 1565), that we first find the name of Rizzio coupled with some of the Scottish airs. In that collection seven melodies were ascribed to him, but the evidence could not have been satisfactory, for we find that in the second edition of the work, issued eight years afterwards, Rizzio's name was completely suppressed. This was not to be wondered at, when we examine these few compositions with which he was credited by Thomson. Without exception, they are all thoroughly Scottish in character, and bear the most striking resemblance to the undoubtedly genuine melodies of the country. Granting that Rizzio was

a first-rate musician—of which there is no historical evidence—it is extremely improbable that his compositions could have been made to partake of the marked peculiarities of Scottish melody. It may have been that Rizzio's name was first mentioned in connection with the Scottish airs by his countrymen in England, but, in the absence of all proof, we can dismiss the subject by quoting the opinion of Dr. Campbell: "That any one single Scottish air was invented or composed by the unfortunate Rizzio, is only noticed here as an absurd fable, which, having no support, merits no refutation." *

In examining the melodies of Scotland we are struck by the almost complete absence of semitones, and the general elimination from the scale of two of its notes. These peculiarities are not to be looked upon as the result of ignorance or barbarity, but are conformable to the principles of composition which prevailed in Scotland in the remote period at which these airs were produced. The common major scale, as now used, was unknown in Scotland until a comparatively recent date. With the perfection of harmony, and the general cultivation of music, came the use of the present scale, and the old flat seventh of the minor gave place to the raised seventh of modern times. There seems to us, however, to be an intimate connection between the earlier Scottish melodies and the musical instrument—if such the bagpipe may be called—so greatly in use at that time among the people. The difficulty of producing the fourth of the scale in proper tune and of fingering the seventh in quick passages was admitted; and it is not improbable that this may have acted as a deterrent against the use of these notes in the construction of the popular airs. It is evident at least that the limited scale of the national instrument had considerable effect in determining the style of music in general use. Such melodic forms as G, F, G, at the end of lines, or even A, G, A, need not have been so persistently employed had the voice been the only consideration. But while to modern ears such progressions sound inartistic, it is partly from their use that the national music of Scotland receives its peculiar colouring. Modern arrangers have in many cases destroyed these rough and weird cadences by altering them to suit the exigencies of harmony, forgetting that they were composed without reference to the rules of part-writing. In this way the beautiful air "John Anderson, my jo," has suffered by the penultimate note having been changed from a natural to a raised seventh, in order, we are told, to form a true leading note! To alter an old melody to suit modern requirements is undoubtedly wrong, and if it is not possible to clothe it with an accompaniment without tampering with the air, it would be better to refrain from adding parts to it. The older melodies, written in what is technically termed the Æolian mode, never introduce the sharp seventh of the key, and if it is inserted the whole character of the composition is changed.

* "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland."

Another peculiarity of Scottish music is the frequent use of what has been termed the "snap." This consists of a short note followed by a longer one, the former receiving the accent. The dance music of Scotland overflows with this characteristic device, but many vocal pieces also contain specimens more or less marked. Examples may be found in the well-known airs, "Comin' thro' the Rye" and "Whistle o'er the lave o't," in both of which a semiquaver on the accented part of the bar is frequently followed by a dotted quaver. Imitators of Scottish music have seldom failed to seize upon this peculiarity, and so unsparingly have some of them used it that their productions at once become wearisome and monotonous. The "snap" is now seldom employed, except in "strathspeys" and other forms of Scottish dance music.

The excessive popularity of Scottish music in England during the reign of Queen Mary led to many unprincipled Londoners concocting Scotch tunes, and despatching them over the Border as melodies of native composition. At several of the places of amusement in London, it was customary for those in charge of the musical affairs to manufacture their own Scotch songs. It may be readily imagined that both the words and music were of a very inferior character, and bore only a faint resemblance to the genuine productions of Scotland. The following, taken from one of these spurious songs, is contemptible, not only as an imitation of the Scottish dialect, but as simple poetry:—

"Woe is me, what *mun I doe?*
Drinking water I may rue;
Since my heart *soe muckle* harm befel,
Wounded by a bonnie lass at Epsom well.
Ise ha bin at Dalkeith fair,
Seen the charming faces there;
But all Scotland now *geud feth defye,*
Sike a lipp to show, and lovely rowling eye."

The italics are ours. Many more songs of a like character may be found in D'Urfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy," and Mr. Chappell has referred to the subject in his "Popular Music of the Olden Time."

The music of Scotland is of a much more extensive nature than might at first be supposed. If we were to reckon up all the vocal pieces—including many traditional ballad airs—pibrochs, strathspeys, reels, marches, hornpipes, jigs, and battle-pieces, the number would probably reach 7,000 or 8,000. Much has been done to preserve many of the finer melodies in book form, but there are numberless airs which have never yet appeared in musical notation, and are only to be heard in the secluded rural districts of the country. It is to be hoped that these will yet be rescued from the oblivion into which otherwise they are certain to fall with the spread of education, and with extended means of intercommunication among the people. A collection embracing all that is worthy of preservation in Scottish music would be of great value, and would meet with acceptance from all lovers of genuine, heart-stirring melody.

JAMES C. HADDEN.

HEART-BELLS.

Through the wood and o'er the fields,
  How my heart is singing,
While the sun is on the lake
  And the bells are ringing!
On I gaily take my way
  To a creaky landing,
There a little boat is tied
  And a lad is standing.

Forth he comes to welcome me,
  Joy is in his greeting;
Ah! the lad, I know, has longed
  For this happy meeting.
In the boat I take my place,
  Tie my kerchief tightly—
Oh! it is a bonnie boat
  Riding on so lightly.

Through the rushes on we go,
  Pulling swift and neatly;
Past the lilies on we go,
  Laddie talking sweetly.
Can I help it if my heart
  Just for joy is singing—
With the lad and on the lake
  While the bells are ringing?

REA.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEMEN.

WE propose in the present paper to glance briefly at one or two of the openings that suggest themselves in connection with the various departments of teaching. This is an occupation which has much increased in popularity of late years, and is no longer anywhere regarded with such general disfavour as it appears to have been a generation or two ago. The army, the navy, and the bar, were each considered to possess for men of spirit and intellect far greater attractions. The ministerial call of course had its adherents. Some of them were led to adopt this calling from natural inclination and choice, notwithstanding that it not unfrequently involved the giving up of every hope of worldly advancement. Sometimes we find that for various reasons teaching was adopted altogether in place of the more strictly clerical duties, but only in a few comparatively isolated instances. The advance of education has—not in our own country alone, but also in many that were considered to be in a state of semi-barbarism a decade or two ago—made vast and rapid strides, and the demand for educators has proportionately increased. In some departments, it is true, the supply would seem already to have exceeded the demand, but not in all. The educational circle is an ever-widening one, and new departures are being constantly made in its curriculum, opening out "fresh fields and pastures new" for those who are, according to the old adage, "prepared with a dish when it begins to rain porridge." We do not so much refer to the work of those institutions which are naturally regarded as set apart for the inculcation of the higher branches of learning, though even here the spirit of true liberalism—using the term in its higher sense—is gradually beginning to make itself felt, and teachers are required for subjects considered altogether superfluous and unnecessary, from an educational point of view, a few years ago. The old-fashioned grammar-school was usually considered, in nautical parlance, sufficiently manned if it possessed a staff of teachers who were adepts in the art of gerund-grinding, and in the concoction of Latin verse. Now, however, something more is required. Not only the exigences of impending examinations, but the ever-advancing culture of the age, and the necessities of a higher civilisation, render this imperative. What should we think of a pupil who in this intensely scientific age knew nothing of science? Or who, when, according to high authority, the taste of our very cottagers is becoming daily more elevated and refined, was unacquainted with art? "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and as an instrument of education, in its higher aspects, we feel almost tempted to say that it is still unsurpassed even where civilisation prevails. It has, at least, a double claim upon the attention of the modern educationist. It is both a science and an art.

We have dwelt somewhat lengthily upon this part of the subject with a view of showing, what we ourselves believe, that the progress of education will continually develop new professional opportunities for those who care to avail themselves of them, and such as will afford not only the prospect of an agreeable and useful career, but also one which will command its due share of remuneration. Indeed, at the present time the truth of this view is already being realised. Teachers of music, of science, of art are in greater demand than they have ever been before. In many cases, too, the appointment offered is not what it formerly almost always was, merely that known as a "visiting" one, but one which provides employment as regular and continuous as that usually given to any other class of teachers. In such cases the emoluments range from, say £100 to £200 per annum and upwards, according to the rank of the school and the number of hours of duty required. The latter seldom amount to more than about five a day, at the furthest, and a considerable amount of leisure is left therefore to the teacher, some of which may not unfrequently be profitably employed, either in the tuition of private pupils or in the oftentimes more preferable instruction of evening classes. Some teachers more than double their ordinary salary by such means. But of course much always depends on the opportunities available and other circumstances.

Whichever of the three branches of education is taken up as a means of gaining a livelihood by imparting to others instruction therein, a thorough preparation is of course indispensable for the teacher. Some few remarks as to how the necessary qualifications may be acquired may not, therefore, be altogether out of place. There are many institutions now existing both in London and the provinces, where courses of instruction are given, and examinations are periodically held for testing results and granting certificates of proficiency. The opportunities afforded by these are in most cases amply sufficient and easily attainable. As a sample of the instruction to be obtained at such institutions, we will give a brief outline of the course generally pursued.

The instruction afforded at the National Art Training School, South Kensington, has for its object "the systematic training of teachers, both male and female, in the practice of Art, as well as in the knowledge of its scientific principles, with a view to qualifying them as teachers of Schools of Art, competent to develop the application of Art to the common uses of life, and to the requirements of trade and manufactures," and comprehends the following subjects:—"Freehand, Architectural, and Mechanical Drawing; Practical Geometry and Perspective; Painting in Oil, Tempera, and Water-colours; Modelling, Moulding, and Casting. The classes for Drawing, Painting, and Modelling include Architectural and other Ornament, Flowers, Objects of Still Life, &c., the Figure from the Antique

and the Life, and the Study of Anatomy as applicable to Art." The fee for attendance in the classes, which study five whole days, and which includes also the evening tuition, is at the rate of £5 for five months, in addition to an entrance fee of ten shillings. An evening class only may be attended by a payment of £2 per term. But no student is admitted until he has passed an examination in Freehand Drawing of the Second Grade. These admission examinations are held at frequent intervals throughout the year. Full particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, S.W.

Science is now often preferred as a subject of study in both elementary and higher grade schools to those formerly in vogue, and is growing in favour day by day.

The work of the Royal College of Science, South Kensington, and the Mason College, Birmingham, afford good examples of what is usually done in the way of giving scientific instruction at such institutions.

There are now several excellent Colleges existing, each having for its main object the musical training of its students, and chiefly with a view of their becoming, in due time, teachers of others. The Royal Academy of Music is already too well known to need detailed reference here. Trinity College, London, has not only its day curriculum, but is specially useful to those desirous of *evening* tuition. Its scheme of instruction "includes every subject connected with the Science and Art of Music, viz., Harmony, Counterpoint, Vocal Music, Organ, Pianoforte, Orchestral Instruments, &c." The College Diplomas of Associate in Music and Licentiate in Music are accessible to all candidates passing the necessary examinations, and are not only useful in themselves as bearing testimony to the holder's musical ability and knowledge, but their acquisition naturally leads on the aspiring student by an easy gradation to higher things. The last-named diploma is now in such high repute, that it is frequently sought for by University graduates in Music and Arts.

We have here spoken of the knowledge gained by the students in these various departments of learning, with a view to its being utilised thereafter for teaching purposes, but of course there are often ways of employing it, as far as remuneration is concerned, in a still more successful manner. Opportunities of this sort will differ in kind and degree under different circumstances. We would only repeat that the field for a profitable exercise of talent is continually widening, and must necessarily continue to extend with the present onward march of education.

WITNESS MY HAND.

A FENSHIRE STORY.

By the Author of "Lady Gwendolen's Tryst."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE ELECTION.

"A man he was to all the country dear."—GOLDSMITH.

LADY ERLSTON called for Helen and me early on Tuesday morning. My mother's neuralgia still kept her a prisoner; and though Helen talked dutifully of not leaving her, when Lady Erlston said, in her kind, peremptory way, "Of course you will go, my dear? It would never do to disappoint John to-day," Helen did not refuse. We had a pleasant drive. The snow had all disappeared a day or two ago, and though the dykes were full to overflowing, and the low-lying fen-lands were almost a bog, a driving wind had dried the roads and higher levels sufficiently to make them passable. It was one of those bright, pleasant days that in the Fens are called "weather-breeders"—days that seem to whisper of spring even in the heart of winter, but that are generally followed by weather of unusual severity.

We did not talk much. Lady Erlston's thoughts were, no doubt, with John, who had driven in with his father an hour before, and Helen and I did not disturb her. Helen herself looked pre-occupied and a little nervous, and as we drove into Fentonbury, she sat back in her corner of the carriage, and could not be induced to look up even when we passed the hustings, and Lady Erlston called out eagerly, "See, my dear, see! There is John!"

There were two parties on the hustings, distinguished by their blue and yellow favours, and I looked curiously amongst the Yellows to discover Mr. Lawley. Helen might sit with shy, downcast eyes as we rolled by, but I felt as if another pair would have been none too much to satisfy my curiosity.

"Which is Mr. Lawley?" I asked eagerly; and Lady Erlston pointed him out.

My first impression was a comical conviction that my aspirations after abnormal ocular power had been quite unnecessary. One pair of eyes was more than sufficient to take cognisance of anything on so small a scale as the Honourable Alan Lawley. He was one of

those painfully small men whose size is so obtrusively unobtrusive that it strikes every stranger's eye, and can never, I think, be quite forgotten, even by their most familiar friends. In Mr. Lawley's case it was all the more striking from its being his one personal defect. A face more regularly handsome I never saw. The features were only too perfect, the colouring too pure, the eyes too dark and bright; a little masculine ruggedness would have been quite a relief.

He parted his dark, wavy hair in the middle, and dressed with scrupulous attention to fashion, and I thought of "a fine puss gentleman, all perfume," and did not wonder that Helen was not anxious to proclaim her acquaintance with him.

As Lady Erlston's carriage slowly made its way through the crowded market-place where the hustings had been erected, Mr. Lawley was haranguing the people. We could not hear much, for his voice was not strong, but he seemed to speak fluently and with graceful gestures, and the mob cheered in a way not agreeable to Lady Erlston.

"I've no patience with them, cheering a little manikin like that!" she cried angrily, glancing up at John's tall figure, towering high above his small antagonist.

"I don't suppose many of these people have votes," said Helen consolingly.

"They ought not to do it, whether they have votes or not. They mean they would vote for him if they could, I suppose, and they ought to be ashamed of themselves—when John is there, too, who has lived all his life among them! But no one appreciates John."

Neither Helen nor I disputed this sweeping proposition. I was silent, because I knew that no words of mine could have shaken Lady Erlston's opinion on that point; and for Helen, it was easy to divine what held my cousin dumb.

"No, no one appreciates John," repeated Lady Erlston, apparently deriving some satisfaction from this reiteration of her grievances; "but that is because no one but his father and I knows how good he is. The best of sons, Helen, my dear, the best son in all the world. And to hear them cheering that little—jackanapes!"

It was such a very strong word for Lady Erlston, and the dear old lady was so evidently excited, that I was glad when we at last reached Mrs. Erlston's, and established ourselves in the drawing-room window.

The house was not in the market-place itself, but in an adjoining street through which the processions would pass, so there was a prospect of quiet for some time, at least. It was almost like a benediction of peace to come into this quiet street, with the shadow of the great cathedral on it, and the roar of the market-place sounding like a distant surge. Every now and then the bells chimed, Mrs. Erlston's pretty children came in with blue favours on, and Lady Erlston allowed herself to be soothed and calmed.

Sir John came in to lunch, and reported that John's speech had gone off very well, and that he was in good spirits, and his committee very hopeful.

"And if you are going to excite yourself, my dear, I shall send you off home before the processions pass."

"My dear," remonstrated the old lady, looking quite alarmed at the harmless little joke, "don't disappoint the boy like that. If I go, Helen and Alice must go too."

"And I see Miss Helen has her favour ready," said Sir John, with a smile; and there was something in the smile, and the meaning look that accompanied it, that made Helen blush crimson, and convinced me that John's secret was an open one to other eyes than mine.

It made me very happy to read Helen's welcome in every word and look of John's father and mother. They could not have been more tender and caressing if she had been already John's betrothed, and when the processions came at last, Lady Erlston drew her to the front, and whispered meaningly—

"You must stand where he can see you, my dear."

So there she stood, with her sweet, shy smile, and the bright colour in her cheek, and the white lids drooping over the happy eyes—as fair a picture as lover need wish to see.

He bared his head and bowed low as he passed, looking up at us with a smile. At *us*, I say, but I believe he only saw, only smiled at *one*.

"God bless him!" murmured the mother, wiping a furtive tear from her eyes. "The best of sons, dear Helen, and will make the best of husbands to the woman who is happy enough to be chosen for his wife."

"There, there, mamma," cried Sir John cheerily, "don't expect every one to think your goose a swan. Miss Rivers very likely thinks Mr. Lawley twice as smart a man. Here's his procession coming round the corner. A dapper little fellow, upon my word!"

I think Helen tried to make her escape, but Lady Erlston's arm was round her, and she stayed, not looking once at the passing carriages, or seeing, as I did, Mr. Lawley's start as he glanced up at our window and recognised her. I was not sorry he should see her in her blue ribbons—his rival's colour—his rival in a deeper sense than this.

We did not stay long after the procession had passed, and the next day being as sour and cold and dull as this had been sunny and mild, we did not go into Fentonbury at all.

Ralph, of course, had to go, and the boys' enthusiasm defied east winds and sleet, and kept them there all day. Ralph did not get home till quite late, being detained by election business, but Herbert and Walter came dashing up-stairs just as the lamps were lit, tumbling over each other in their excitement, and shouting at the top of their voices—

"He's in! He's in! True Blue for ever! Erlston for ever! Hurrah!"

So we knew that the election was over, and John was M.P. for Fentonbury.

He came into Westrea with his father in the morning to see Ralph, and then found his way up-stairs, and received our congratulations, taking them frankly and pleasantly, and without the affectation of indifference that is a young man's special temptation on such occasions. And if John did not disdain to be

pleased, his father was absolutely radiant. Sir John could talk of nothing but the election, and gave John more good advice even in the course of his call on my mother than that unfledged senator was likely to be able to put in practice for some time yet.

"Lady Erlston is as pleased as you are, Sir John, I've no doubt," said my mother; "but it will take John away a good deal, won't it?"

"Ah, well! boys can't be tied to their mothers' apron-strings for ever," said Sir John cheerfully. "And we can go up to town too, sometimes. To think of that boy being M.P.! Now mind, John, no new-fangled notions—never you miss a chance of putting in a word for the farmer."

"All right," said John; "don't alarm yourself, father. But we've had enough of politics, haven't we? And Miss Rivers has friends on the other side, you know."

He could afford to say that while his own colours lay on her breast.

And then Sir John suspended his homilies on the duties of Members of Parliament, to tell us that my lady was going to give a fête in honour of John's return.

"We haven't had a fête for a good while now. But there's a time to mourn and a time to feast, eh, Alice? Grace will feel it, I'm afraid, poor girl; but it seems the right thing, eh?"

And then I told him that I thought it was the right thing, and that I did not think Grace would wish to stand in the way. For myself, I should enjoy it. It has always seemed to me a mistake to seclude oneself from all share in other people's pleasures because the light has passed from our own lives. There is, as Sir John said, "a time to mourn," and after that we have no right to let the shadow of our own grief fall on the lives around us. It has not passed from us because our eyes are dried, and our lips have learnt to smile—it is only laid reverently out of sight in the deep places of the heart, where are the springs of action, and the moulding of character, and the central life of individual being. So I assured Sir John he need not hesitate, either for Grace's sake or mine, and the old man looked delighted.

"You are a good girl, Alice," said he, patting my hand as he went away. "And, my dear, you must get your finery ready. We're not going to let the grass grow under our feet; a week's notice is all my lady will give. Now, John, if you've done saying good-bye——"

John and Helen started apart with a guilty alacrity that made me smile, and Helen withdrew to her own room as soon as the Erlstons had gone. I wondered if she had seen, as I had, the Seymours' carriage coming down the street.

Louisa was alone in it, muffled in elegant furs, but looking a little pinched and cold. She had the delicate sensitive skin that seems to need almost a hot-house atmosphere, and shrivelled up in cold weather like a tropical plant.

"It is quite a treat to find you alone," she said, as she came in, and offered me her icy cheek.

I dislike excessively having a cheek offered me by way of a kiss, and as I did not respond to the artificial courtesy except by a return offer of my own, we ended by rubbing cheeks in frigid gravity. Why would Louisa always profess a little more affection than she felt? Why had she expressed pleasure at finding me alone? I did not think my society had any particular charm for her, and certainly we had no secrets to discuss. Our conversation, as we sat and chatted while Louisa thawed herself over the fire, was of the most exoteric character, and she looked quite relieved when Ralph came in and interrupted it.

She had no particular liking for Ralph, I was sure, and, indeed, went as near disliking him as was possible to a girl who regarded every man with unlimited and universal favour, but he might have been excused for supposing that she liked him very much indeed. But with all my annoyance at her little affectations and transparent insincerities, I felt sorry for her. She looked pale and anxious, and in her gaiety was the note of unreality that had struck me on the night of the concert.

"Where is Helen?" inquired Ralph; and I saw Louisa wince and change colour at her name. She had been at Fentonbury on the nomination day, and could hardly have failed to see Helen in Lady Erlston's train, and it could not have been a pleasant sight to her. If she had been building hopes on that long flirtation with John, that had apparently had as little depth on one side as on the other, she must by this time have learnt their futility. Whatever her feeling was, she carried it off airily enough.

"Yes, where is Miss Rivers?" she echoed. "I am longing to see her. But tell me first, please, will it be premature to offer my congratulations?"

She looked artlessly from me to Ralph, and I left Ralph to answer.

"Congratulations? On what?" he asked sharply, with the sudden irritability I had noticed so often lately.

"Then I *have* been premature. But I heard it so often yesterday, I thought it must be true."

"What must?" said Ralph, and his voice sounded startled and stern.

"It is all over Fentonbury that your cousin is engaged to John. Is it not true?"

"No! Who dares to say—to dream of such a thing?" demanded Ralph, looking from one to the other with a pale, disturbed face. "Alice, is it you?"

"All the neighbourhood is talking of it," said Louisa. "I heard it a dozen times in Fentonbury yesterday, and three people have told me since I came into Westrea this morning. They say——"

"They say!" cried Ralph disdainfully. "I should be sorry to believe the omnipotent 'they.' Don't you know what Fentonbury gossip is by this time, Louisa? And Westrea is as bad. *On dits* are very seldom true, and I can certainly assure you that this one is not."

"If it were, you would be sure to have known," said Louisa, evidently impressed by his decided tone.

"Undoubtedly! Helen would not leave us to hear it from a stranger. You will find it is a mistake."

"THERE SHE STOOD, WITH HER SWEET, SHY SMILE" (*p.* 227.)

I marvelled to hear how confidently he spoke. But when Louisa had gone, he came and leant over the back of my chair—a trick he had when anything annoyed him.

"Is there any truth in it?" he said hoarsely.

"Not yet, I am sure. But, Ralph——"

"Well?" with repressed irritation.

"I think it may be—I think it *will* be true before long. I fancy——"

"Fancy!" repeated Ralph scornfully. "Women's fancies and *on dits* are about on a par. I take no notice of either."

He went hastily out of the room, and I sat and mused rather sadly. For the first time it occurred to me that Ralph might have a personal interest in the matter, and in the midst of my perplexity, the thought of our philosopher in silken chains at last made me smile. Was this the key to his irritable moods lately? Was it possible that Ralph was in love? In love!—my big brother, who was, after all, so much younger

than myself, and was to me almost one of the "boys" still.

I suppose all elder sisters have something of this feeling when it first dawns upon them that "the boys" are, or imagine themselves to be, in love. Elder sisters come to know, too, that it is more often an imagining than a reality—a pale auroral flush on the morning sky, not the sun in his strength, with power beneficent or malign, to illumine, or to destroy. Walter had, on an average, a new divinity every month, and even Herbert had been found impressionable in divers quarters. It was only Ralph who had hitherto escaped, and now he was to be no wiser than the others. I consoled myself with reflecting that it was his first attack, and first love is proverbially fleeting.

"Just a fit of calf-love, Master Ralph," I soliloquised; "and that is what every one has to go through."

Then I fell a-wondering why that uncomplimentary epithet should be applied chiefly, if not entirely, to the first love of boys. Are not their sisters just as foolish? And are not their first fancies as lightly formed and as easily forgotten?

Nay, I think not. A slightly formed, perhaps, or even more so, in a girl's less active life: as foolish, and often more so a hundredfold; but *not* as easily forgotten. The boy has his young dream, and wakes from it, and goes his way into the world and forgets that it ever visited him; but does a woman ever quite forget? Her dream may have passed as utterly, the bright illusion she called Love may have died as truly as her brother's; but she knows where its grave is made, and drops her secret tears upon it, and is tender of its memory to the end of her days.

I was glad to think it was different with men; and even while I sorrowed over the sorrow I foresaw for Ralph, I told myself it would probably neither be very keen nor very lasting—and did him injustice, as my heart knows I had done many a time before, and have done many a time since.

Only one person ever quite understood or appreciated Ralph, and she—well, she brought him more sorrow than all the rest.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

WISDOM IN PROVERBS.

"Patch grief with proverbs."—SHAKSPEARE.

IT had been arranged, at Lady Erlston's earnest entreaty, that Helen and I should remain at the Hall for a week after the fête; but it was not to be.

The night before the fête we were all sitting together in the cosy drawing-room that my mother always contrived to make so essentially a family room—the boys reading, Ralph playing his nightly game of draughts with my mother, and Helen and I busy altering a wreath to be worn at Erlston to-morrow. It was one Lady Erlston had sent to Helen, and which accordingly she felt bound to wear; but it must be confessed it was not becoming to her.

The dear old lady had, I believe, thought only of the sentiment of the matter when she chose that girlish garland of pale blue forget-me-nots, the last things in the world to suit Helen's dark face. Poor Helen turned it round and round in comical vexation.

"I shall look as yellow and as flat as a guinea, shan't I, Alice?"

Before I could answer, a loud knock at the front door startled us into silence. Visitors after dusk were such a rarity, and visitors were surely heralded by a knock like this—so sharp and vigorous that it made us all turn in startled expectation to the door.

The next moment it unclosed, and, to our great astonishment, gave entrance to Uncle Rivers.

"I thought I should take you by surprise," he said, smiling with his usual careless ease at the circle of astonished faces.

Then he went and kissed my mother, nodded to Helen, and shook hands with the rest of us.

I thought he might have kissed his daughter too, but he contented himself with that good-humoured nod, and she did not seem to expect anything else. Others did, I am sure. I knew by Ralph's impatient frown that he shared my indignation.

"But what has brought you so suddenly, Francis?" asked my mother, when we had all settled down a little. "You haven't come for Helen, I hope?"

"Well, yes, I have."

A chorus of regret and expostulation stopped him, but when we had all done, he said again—

"Yes, I have come for Helen. I think she has been away from home long enough—eh, Helen? Isn't it time you were back? Think of all the broken-hearted admirers who inflict their woes upon me in your absence. 'Pon my life, I must give you to one of them soon, if it's only to quiet the rest."

"What nonsense, papa!" was all the answer Helen vouchsafed; but she looked anxious and uneasy, and spoke little all the evening.

I thought I could guess something of the disappointment this summons home was to her. There could be no week at Erlston now. Indeed, Uncle Rivers announced his intention of taking Helen away the next day, and was deaf to all our attempts to persuade him to remain over the fête; and for all his easy, good-humoured manners, no one could be more determined when he pleased.

"What is Helen to the Erlstons, or what are the Erlstons to her?" he demanded, in answer to my mother's eager pleading.

No one found it easy to answer, unless Helen's blushes spoke for her against her will—as I think they did.

My uncle looked sharply from one to the other, and smiled. Then he took up Helen's wreath.

"Is this yours, my dear? Blue! I thought brunettes favoured yellow? And for *you* blue is not only unbecoming, but slightly inappropriate. I was surprised to hear of your wearing it at a time when it was peculiarly liable to be misunderstood, and to hurt an old friend's feelings."

Helen's lip curled, and she looked as if she disdained to reply to this public rebuke; but the hand that took the wreath her father returned to her trembled visibly.

Uncle Rivers looked at her with a sarcastic smile, but he said nothing further, and after supper he and my mother adjourned to the library. Helen returned to her wreath, arranging and re-arranging it with tender caressing touches, and Ralph sat scowling moodily into the fire.

"Behold the natural bent of the female mind!" said Walter; and Helen, rousing up, retorted gaily. She had no mind, I think, to have her sorrow seen. But *I* knew well enough how forced all the laughter and nonsense was, and was glad when my mother and uncle came in, and general good-nights followed.

"Stay a little," said my mother to me; "I want to speak to you."

Uncle Rivers and the boys had already gone, and Helen followed at once.

"What is it?" I asked, when we were alone. I could see she was greatly disturbed.

"What do you think has really brought your uncle down? It has taken me so by surprise!"

"I suppose he thinks Helen is on dangerous ground. Mr. Lawley, I suspect, has been telling tales." Then, as I saw her shake her head, "Isn't it about Helen, then?"

"Why, no; but of course, poor child, she had better go to him. Imagine it, Alice: your uncle has been asking me for money!"

"For money?" I echoed. "Why, mother, I thought he had four times as much as you."

"He ought to have. There must have been dreadful mismanagement, or worse," said my mother, wiping the tears from her eyes. "But he says it is all gone, every penny of it."

"And he in such good spirits!" I ejaculated.

"That is just his way. Nothing ever seems to sadden him. But he assures me that, except the money settled on Helen, and which, of course, neither he nor his creditors can touch, he has not a penny in the world."

"Creditors? Then he is in debt, I suppose?"

"Yes, and heavily. It is *that* that brings him here. It seems that there is £8,000 he must pay off at once, and if I can let him have that, he says it will make everything straight."

"But can you spare it, and at a minute's notice?"

"Not very well, of course. But," said my mother, flushing up under her pretty white hair, "it is a debt of honour, Alice, so you see——"

"I see that he has no business to ask you to pay his gambling debts," I cried indignantly. "And, indeed, mother, I think you should not give him such a sum as that without consulting Ralph."

"I said so, my dear, but your uncle would not hear of it. Of course, Ralph seems a boy to him, I dare say. And of course I could get it without saying anything to Ralph. Mr. Peed, of Fentonbury, could manage that for me; and perhaps, on the whole, it is best to say nothing about it. Ralph might not quite understand."

I, at least, understood that my mother intended to sacrifice herself for her brother, and dreaded Ralph's censure if he knew of her intention.

"I don't know what to do for the best," she said, as women generally do when they have made up their minds to something that they feel is possibly not the best. "It would be very hard to refuse him if it would really put him straight; and it is not as if you were not all provided for. And he promises me faithfully not to gamble again. Think of his owing all that to one man, and a good deal more to another!"

"Who are the men?"

"That is the curious part. One is a Lord Venables, whom I never remember to have heard of; but the other is Mr. Lawley. He is a great friend of your uncle's, it seems, and he has no doubt of being able to make an amicable arrangement with him. The £8,000 is to pay Lord Venables."

"But," I said uneasily, "how can he make an amicable arrangement with Mr. Lawley if his money is all gone, and he uses what he borrows of you to pay Lord Venables?"

My mother shook her head wearily.

"I don't understand it, my dear. I only tell you what he said. Don't say a word to poor Helen. If he makes it all right, perhaps she need never know. Good night, my dear. I must go into Fentonbury in the morning. It would never do to say no to Francis, my own dear brother, who used to look so pretty in his little velvet frocks. Poor Franky!"

So I went up-stairs; and as I passed "poor Franky's" door I heard a gay falsetto voice singing a lively song from a comic opera, and caught a glimpse of a figure in a crimson flowered dressing-gown leisurely filling an immense meerschaum pipe. I was not sorry that the passage to my mother's room lay in an opposite direction. I think the image of "Franky" in his little velvet frocks was a pleasanter one to carry to her pillow than this that I took to mine.

Helen stood over our bed-room fire with a perplexed and agitated face.

"What is it, Alice?" she asked. "What has brought papa down so suddenly? Do you know?"

"Yes," I said; "but not from him. And I cannot tell you, dear. It was some private business with my mother."

"It does not concern *me*, then," she said, with a look of great relief. "I was afraid——"

Of what, she did not say; but I thought I could guess; and I did not think her fears unreasonable. What my mother had told me only increased my own apprehensions. Was it not possible that something had brought matters to a crisis—perhaps the sight of Helen with her blue favour on—and that Uncle Rivers had come to fetch her home to receive Mr. Lawley's suit?

The more I thought of it the more probable it seemed, and for once in my life I found myself plotting against constituted authorities. I said nothing to Helen; but I made up my mind that she should not leave us without a farewell visit to Erlston Hall. Not to go and say good-bye to Lady Erlston, would be a want of courtesy not to be thought of; and when John heard of this hurried departure—well, when he did,

the resultant possibilities were not unpleasant to contemplate.

It was not a difficult matter to arrange, for my mother fell in with it readily, exclaiming with only too much eagerness, "Of course, Alice, you are right. We should never be forgiven if we let Helen go away without saying good-bye *there*."

"Indeed!" said my uncle, with an innocent air, that I think imposed on no one but my mother—"Why *there* more than anywhere else?"

"Oh, these are very special friends, Francis," she began—and stopped so short at a gesture from me, that I felt detected and guilty.

My uncle wheeled round, with the smile I was learning to dislike.

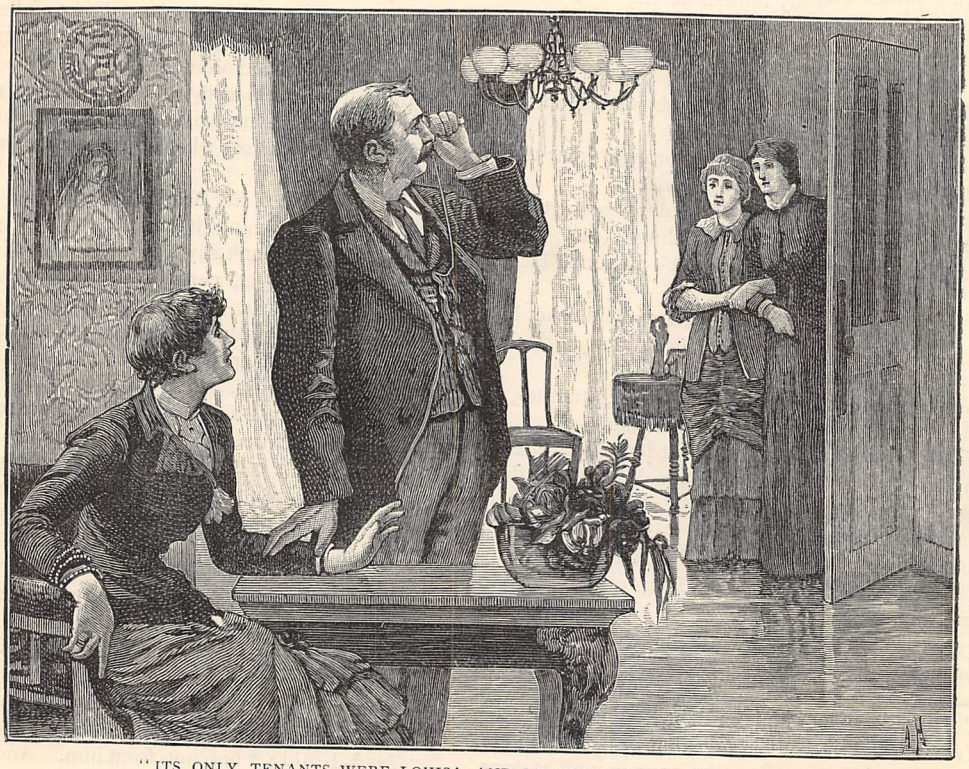
"I should be very sorry to be wanting in courtesy to any friend of yours, or of *Helen's*," he said. "I will go with you and make their acquaintance. We have plenty of time before the train goes." Then, turning to my mother, "You, of course, my dear Hester, will come too?"

But my mother excused herself, saying she had business in Fentonbury, as indeed I knew too well; and my uncle accepted her excuses very readily, guessing or knowing what it was, and not caring, I fancy, to have it delayed even for a day.

Erlston Hall was in all the bustle of preparation that a festive gathering involves in all but the largest houses. We were shown into the morning-room, where Louisa Seymour, who was staying in the house "to help dear Lady Erlston," was busy over elegant decorations, and Lady Erlston and Grace soon came to us.

They heard our errand with undisguised disappointment and sorrow, and Lady Erlston begged hard to keep Helen "for this one night."

"You don't know what she is to us, Mr. Rivers," she cried. "We have come to look upon her as scarcely less our child than your own!"



"ITS ONLY TENANTS WERE LOUISA AND MY UNCLE RIVERS" (*p.* 233).

But though my uncle was extremely courteous, he was also extremely firm, and the dear old lady at last desisted, looking a little hurt, and angered too.

"We shall find Sir John in the drawing-room, and I should like Helen to see the decorations," she said, drawing Helen's arm through hers. "My son, I regret to say, is out. He has gone into Westrea; but I hope—yes, Helen, my dear, I think it most likely, he will be back before you go. Come, we will go and find Sir John, and take this cruel father to him. He will be only less disappointed than John and I."

She led the way with Helen, and my uncle followed with Miss Seymour. I do not know if he understood all Lady Erlston had been saying. He was carrying on some lively *badinage* with Louisa, who, *faute de mieux*, received the attentions of this rather elderly beau very graciously. As Grace and I brought up

the rear I saw my uncle and Louisa whispering quite confidentially, and then I was sure they both looked at Helen, and I wondered what they could have to say about her.

Helen was quite unconscious of whisper or look. Her face was bent shyly at Lady Erlston's side, while that guileless mother bewailed her son's absence and prophesied his return.

"Mamma has taken to match-making so late in life," whispered Grace, smiling, "that she shows her hand to every one."

"For shame!" I cried, not ill-pleased though to have my tongue set free. "Where is the harm, I should like to know?"

"No harm, unless she frightens that sweet cousin of yours. Oh, Alice, we are all so pleased about it!"

"Has John said anything, then?"

"Not directly. At least, not to me. The mother is in his confidence, I think. But what need is there for saying? His face, when he looks at her, is quite enough."

Indeed I thought so, too. But I kept my thoughts to myself, for we were already at the door of the great drawing-room, only used on state occasions, and I saw, to my surprise, that its only tenants were Louisa Seymour and my Uncle Rivers. They did not see us for a moment, being, as I saw with still more surprise, quite engrossed in conversation.

When they became aware of our presence my uncle stopped short and looked, I thought, a little confused; and I was quite sure that Louisa blushed. Could this insatiable flirt be improving the shining hour by the conquest of Uncle Rivers?

"Sir John is supposed to be in one of the conservatories," said Louisa, coming to us, "and as Lady Erlston and Miss Rivers have gone to find him, Mr. Rivers has kindly taken care of me."

"And very well he has been repaid," said my uncle. "If I was as good as Alice there, I should say that an over-ruling Providence had left us here to amuse each other."

If anything had been wanting to complete my bewilderment, it was this incomprehensible speech of my uncle's, and a little repressive frown by which Louisa betrayed her evident comprehension of it. Then Sir John came in, and his wife, with Helen still close at her side; and my uncle soon discovered it was time to go.

So my innocent little plot was a failure, for though I had brought Helen to Erlston, we had not seen John. Sir John's adieu was very kind and regretful; but Lady Erlston held Helen to her heart, and kissed her with tears in her kind old eyes.

"God bless you, dear child—*my own* dear child," cried the old lady, with tender meaning. "It is hard to say good-bye, my dear; but it is only for a little while, I hope—only for a little while," she repeated, in low caressing tones.

Why did Louisa and my uncle look at each other and smile? Had they heard, and was it a smiling matter for either of them?

So we went our way, and my plot had failed. John had not appeared, and even the poor hope of meeting him on our way back fell away as we turned into the empty market-place and reached our own door.

I went with my uncle and Helen to the station after lunch, Ralph driving us all. Poor Ralph! I think he had begun to see the uselessness of any hopes he had cherished. He sat at our comfortable luncheon-table like the legendary spectre at a feast.

Either the downfall of his hopes, or the mere fact of Helen's departure, made him very grave and silent all the way, and at the station he saw something that made him graver and quieter than ever. Only certain trains stopped at Westrea, but this was one of them. There had been no need to drive into Fentonbury, as the Fentonbury train would call at the bare, bleak little Westrea station, guileless of shelter from wind or weather, and offering a full view of its one platform for half a mile of our level approach. Ralph looked, and his face grew dark. Some one was walking up and down the narrow planking—a tall dark figure, outlined against the wide grey sky. For though my little plot had failed, John Erlston was on the platform waiting for us.

He came to us as soon as we drove up, and two at least of our little party of four changed colour at the sight of him. I felt my own cheeks flush with excitement, but excitement alone never lent such a rosy light as flamed on my Cousin Helen's. Uncle Rivers turned sharply to her and exclaimed, in an angry whisper—

"Who is that?"

For answer I introduced Mr. Erlston, expressing at the same time my surprise that he did not recognise so old a friend of the family as was John.

"Come at once, Helen; there is not a minute to spare," he said, as he hurried away to get the tickets.

Ralph flung the reins to the groom, and gave his arm to Helen with a stern resolute face, that under any other circumstances would have made me smile. But at my brother's folly I could only sigh.

Helen might rest her hand upon his arm, but at her other side walked John Erlston, with that unconscious air of possession that happy lovers wear even before their vows are pledged.

There was no time now for speech, for the train was already there. My uncle came back with the tickets, the porter opened the door, and Helen had to take her place in the carriage.

And Ralph—poor, pale, determined Ralph—had had the last hand-clasp, and the last good-bye; but John, I knew, had had the last quivering smile, and the last glance from the soft, tearful eyes. My own were dim as I stood on the platform between these two, divided between sympathy for the one and pity for the other.

"It has been like a dream," said John, looking after the train that was already a faint line in the distance. "It is impossible to believe she is really gone."

"How did you come here? Did you know?" I asked.

"I met Mrs. Hirst in Westrea, and she told me. I had only just time to get here by taking the cut along the dyke-side."

"Come, Alice; are you going to stop here all day?" said Ralph, with a roughness I did not resent, for I knew it covered a sore heart.

"Alice will come home with me," said John. "As we have been defrauded of your cousin, it is all the more needful that she should not disappoint us. I told Mrs. Hirst I should take you back with me, and she promised to send your caps."

I did not wear caps; but it pleased Mr. Erlston to assume that I did, or else he used the word in a figurative sense to signify any feminine apparel.

"Lady Erlston will not expect me," I said, hesitating.

"Was Lady Erlston ever anything but delighted to see you?" said John; and I could not answer that. So I told Ralph to be sure the "caps" were sent in time, and John and I turned into the fields that led to Erlston.

We walked some time in silence along the narrow frozen paths, between meadows of crisp frozen grass that glittered in the sun. But if John did not speak for himself, his face spoke for him; and I looked at that and was well content. At last he said—

"It is very good of you to come. I wanted you particularly."

"So it appears," I could not resist saying. "It isn't everybody you could get to walk a mile with you without vouchsafing them a word or look."

"Now, Dame Trot!" expostulated John. "You know how many things I have to think of."

"I only gave you credit for thinking of *one*," said I, audaciously, and with some secret trepidation. But I had a reason for being bold.

"Well, one then," he admitted, smiling, so that I felt reassured and forgiven. But he said no more, looking away across the misty fields, with happy musing eyes.

I was, however, determined that, before we reached Erlston Hall, more should be said. He should be warned, at least, that he was not Helen's only suitor. He should know that my uncle favoured his rival's suit. This it was the duty of his friend to tell him, and this Helen's cousin might tell him without wronging her delicacy or her pride. John's friend would gladly have said more, have hinted at what she believed this summons home to mean, and counselled him to urge his suit at once. But here Helen's cousin must be dumb, unless John said something to unseal her lips. While I was meditating how to introduce the subject, John suddenly began it himself.

"I suppose Miss Rivers was as surprised as any one at this sudden departure? She said nothing about it yesterday."

"She knew nothing about it yesterday when you saw her. She only knew last night. My uncle came and took us all by surprise."

"You will miss her very much," said John.

"We shall all miss her, John. Shall you be angry if I say, 'You and I more than all'?"

"I know the sagacity that hides in your eyes. It would be a waste of energy to be angry, even if I were inclined to."

"Which you are not, I hope?"

"No—you only do me too much honour," said Mr. Erlston, with a mock bow that might be either jest or earnest.

"Now, John, do be serious. I want to say something—to ask you something, if I may."

"Well?" said John, stopping short and facing me; "out with it!"

But I found this proceeding so very disconcerting that I could only stammer out lamely—

"Oh, John, it isn't curiosity, indeed! But are you—do you—I mean, shall you—?" and then I stopped helplessly, and felt myself colour to my hair.

"Am I? Do I? Shall I?" repeated John, laughing. Then he stooped suddenly and kissed my brow.

"Yes, Alice! I am—I do—and I shall, all in good time. But why so anxious, little woman?"

"I have an old maid's faith in old saws, I suppose."

"Old saws? Will you be good enough not to speak in riddles?"

"In proverbs then. But you object to old saws as much as I do to modern instances."

"For example?"

"For example—merely for example, John—an old proverb says, 'There is no time like the present.'"

"And another, Alice, 'Most haste, least speed.'"

"And another, John, 'Time enough is always little enough.'"

"I seem to have heard one," said Mr. Erlston reflectively, "about doing something in haste and repenting at leisure. Oh, I remember, it was about marrying, so it is quite foreign to our subject, you see."

"Quite!" I agreed. "I'll try and think of something more appropriate. 'It is good to make hay while the sun shines,' and 'There's many a slip between the cup and the lip.'"

John stood and looked at me attentively, but he only said—

"Couldn't you think of another while you are about it?"

"Yes," I said earnestly, "'There's many a true word spoken in jest.'"

"Very well, Dame Trot," said John, "you've relieved your mind, I hope? Suppose we attend to the wants of the body now. We shall be at home in another minute, and I should recommend a little hot coffee."

Of course I held my peace, and meekly went with him up the drive to the house, wondering if I had done good or harm. But as he brought me the coffee, he gave me a very reassuring smile.

"I have thought of two more proverbs, Alice. 'A word spoken in season, how good it is,' and 'A word to the wise is sufficient.'"

I thought it was, and only smiled in return. But I felt as sure as if he had told me, that the post that left Erlston that afternoon would take a letter from John Erlston to Helen Rivers.

I do not think I was the only person who knew or guessed this, for when John was missing, as he was the greater part of the afternoon, it was amusing to see how Lady Erlston fidgeted and fluttered, and

tried little transparent devices to keep us in the drawing-room. What anxious apologies she made—what weak excuses she invented to account for John's absence, which, after all, surely needed no accounting for!

There were only Grace and me to whom to apologise, for Louisa was absent also.

"Adorning herself for conquest already?" I whispered to Grace, rather maliciously; and had to retract the next instant, for Louisa came in, still in her morning dress.

"I hope you have not wanted me, dear Lady Erlston? I had some letters to write, so I went in the library to do them."

"In the library? But—isn't John there?" stammered Lady Erlston.

"Yes, but we didn't interfere with each other," said Louisa, with a curious smile.

Her smiles had puzzled me all day, and never more than now. Some instinct told me that the destination and purpose of John's letter were as little a secret to her as to myself, and yet she could smile!

"It is time we were all dressing," she said, glancing at the clock. "We must not let John's fête be a failure, Lady Erlston, just because Miss Rivers has gone away. I wonder she could go when you so much wished her to stay. I think she could not have been very desirous to be here herself, or she would have insisted on staying."

"We cannot blame her for acting like the dear, good, dutiful child she is," cried Lady Erlston warmly. "I am glad she knew her duty and did it, sorely as I miss her. A good daughter makes a good——"

She broke off just in time, and then continued, a little stiffly, "If John and I do not find fault with her, I do not see that any one else need."

Lady Erlston swept out of the room, and Grace and I agreed it was time to dress, and followed; but Louisa lingered, perhaps a little hurt at the rebuke.

That, at least, was what I thought then. Afterwards—well, afterwards I remembered several little incidents that did not strike me at the time, or only raised a passing wonder in my mind. I remembered that as I reached the top of the great well-staircase, I heard the library-door unclose, and leaning over the balusters I looked down into the hall. It was only dimly lighted as yet, but I had no difficulty in recognising John's tall figure. He paused a moment at the table, no doubt to lay his letter on the silver salver where the letters were always laid ready for the post, and then came slowly up-stairs, absorbed in his own thoughts. I remembered that after John had turned into the corridor where his own room lay, and I still leant over the balusters, musing pleasantly on the letter I had seen him place on the salver, some one moved out into the hall from the drawing-room. It was Louisa, and I knew then that she must have been standing by the half-open drawing-room door.

Had she been watching for John? I wondered. And if so, why did she let him pass on his way up-stairs? It seemed as if I had once more done her injustice. Apparently she had only been waiting to place her own letters on the table, and as I saw her bending over it, a great pity filled my heart. For there lay the letter that must change any doubt as to John's intentions into all but absolute certainty, and she could scarcely fail to see it. But if she saw it she gave no sign.

She came up-stairs a moment later, with a candle in her hand. The light fell full on her face, and showed it plainly. There was neither pain nor despair, nor even depression in the fair countenance. The light that showed it so plainly, showed it gay and radiant and triumphant; and I felt utterly puzzled and at fault.

All the evening she was in the gayest spirits, rallying us all on the depression we could not shake off, and appropriating John's attentions with a cleverness that amused as much as it annoyed me.

The fête was not a failure, and I was obliged to admit that it owed its success in a great measure to Louisa's exertions.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

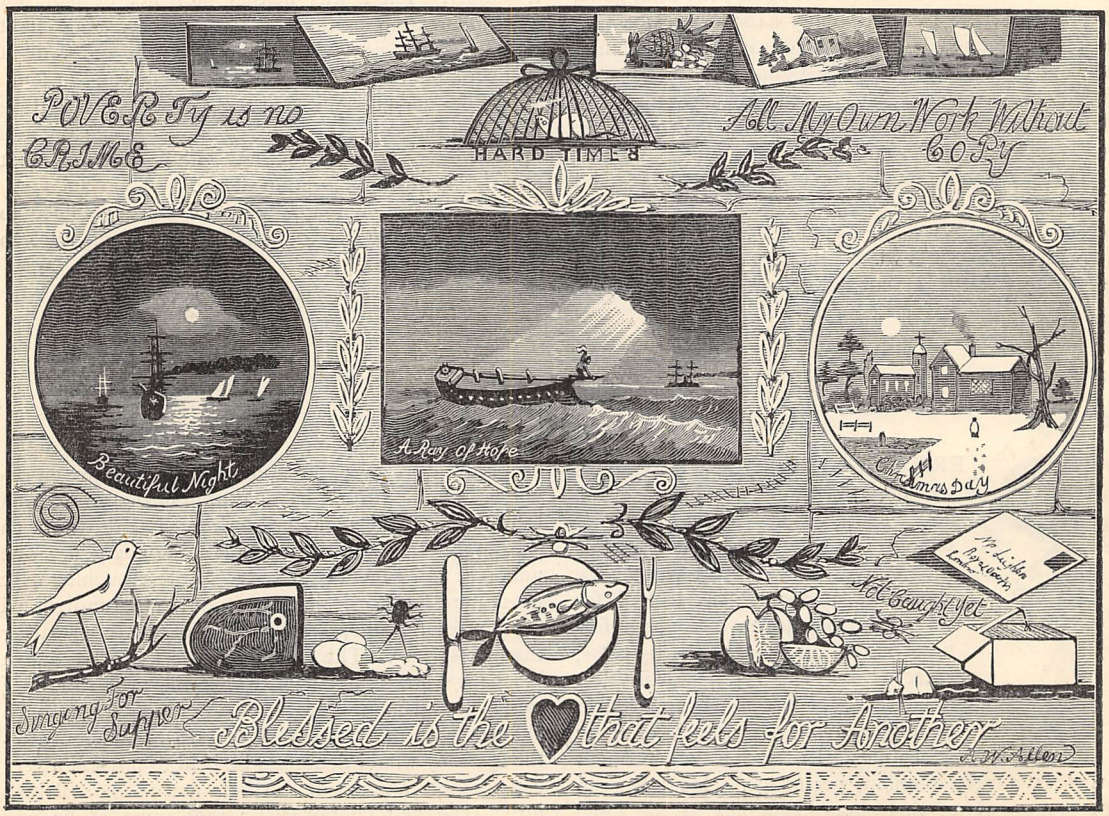
PAVEMENT ARTISTS.

PERHAPS, of all the mongrel callings which spring into existence in cities, and illustrate the high pressure of modern life, none is more incongruous than that of the pavement artist. We should be no more likely to look for art on the flagstones than for a fortune in the gutter; but, as it seems, there is a by no means inconsiderable class who are busily engaged in gaining a living out of each of these avocations. In London the pavement artist is a very familiar personage. He takes up his station at an early hour, generally at the same point, which is, of course, in the most conspicuous part of a crowded thoroughfare, and seems to enjoy an enviable immunity from the operation of the stern edict by which the Metropolitan Police regulate the traffic on the simple but effectual system of the pop-gun. The unkempt and generally "seedy" figure crouching over those hard flagstones, in an attitude at once undignified and uncomfortable, is suggestive of anything rather than prosperity. The long row of works of art drawn in chalk on the pavement, which the next shower of rain will wash away, might not perhaps stand much chance with the Council of the Royal Academy, although they would doubtless be held to possess a very considerable amount of "artistic merit" by a British jury. The first characteristic that must strike any observer of these curious eccentricities of vagabond

genius is their singular sameness. Not only does the same artist repeat his productions, with but scanty variation, day by day, but go where one will, the same "subjects" seem by some mysterious canon to call for treatment in chalk. Thus, whether it be in Marylebone or at Westminster, we can predict beforehand many of the scenes chosen for illustration. Sea-pieces, for example, are indispensable, and these afford plenty of scope for that vivid colouring which is so effective with a pavement background. What could be more striking than a vessel becalmed by night at sea, which is here always "so darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," while a sky of ominous blackness is broken by a very full moon, which casts a long line of glittering light across the rippling waves! Again, "A Ship on Fire at Sea" is a favourite subject, while "The Morning after the Storm" presents great opportunities for effective rendering. But turning to the more homely efforts, we can discern much shrewdness in the class of objects selected. A red herring, for instance, appeals powerfully to the imagination of a hungry artisan, and often produces the desired pence from pockets not too well filled, but owned by persons who have a fellow-feeling for their hungry fellow-creatures. Again, various viands are more or less realistically depicted. A piece of salmon, a rasher of bacon, a cut orange, a bunch of grapes, a pineapple, and fruits innumerable, with, of course, a knife and fork, appeal forcibly to the imagination and the sympathies of those for whom landscape possesses no charm. Indeed, so varied is the selection that the taste must be exacting indeed that does not here find something to please.

But the observant passer-by will notice that these rough pictures are of very unequal merit. Here, for instance, may be seen one that clearly indicates a practised and educated hand. The perspective, if not faultless, will pass muster. The rules of foreground, background, and middle distance are fairly well observed. The colouring, if a little loud, is not without a certain merit. Side by side with it, however, is a mere daub, which many a future artist who is still in the nursery could beat. In fact, it is often very apparent that two handicraftsmen have been at work. There is, indeed, little doubt that this calling is pursued on a much more extensive scale than is generally supposed. The "artist" of the joint-stock company is, of course, easily able to visit several points in the course of a few hours, leaving each in charge of an assistant or apprentice, who generally fills in the background, and does such supplementary pieces as he can.

Such a conclusion, of course, does away with much of the romance which clings to the pavement artist. But if you come to think of it, it is at first sight not a little curious that the class should exist at all. It is incredible that any educated man should ever descend to



FAC-SIMILE REPRODUCTIONS OF PAVEMENT SKETCHES.

THE ARTIST AND HIS GALLERY.

such a depth in the social scale ; and for ourselves, we can safely assert that we have never had any reason to believe that the ostensible pavement artists of London were the victims of fortune. They are for the most part illiterate and uneducated, and are socially only a few degrees removed from the hawker class. Possibly some of them would achieve a position of independence, if not fame, but for the accident of birth, and they are a standing protest against the want which exists of technical education. Granted opportunity, many of them might do very well in some of those callings which require a sort of second-rate artistic ability, if they were not capable of higher things.

There seems, however, to be considerable misapprehension as to the profits of this and similar callings. It is not a little difficult to arrive at the true facts in this particular, but we have reason to believe that from five to ten shillings a day is not a high average at which to put the takings of a street gallery in fine weather. Doubtless the amount fluctuates; but it will generally be noticed that these men choose localities frequented by working men, and this is a wise discretion. The British workman is the most generous of men, and it is seldom that he will not find a spare "copper" or two to bestow upon those who cater for his amusement or appeal to his ready sympathy. Occasionally, too, and perhaps not unfrequently, a small windfall, in the shape of a shilling carelessly thrown upon the pavement by a well-to-do passer-by, swells the day's earnings. Of course, in bad weather the artist has to seek other means of making a living. Thus, as he will himself tell you, he sometimes has a sale for pictures on card ; and here his artisan clients are good customers. Not too critical in their taste, many of them are greatly attracted by the rich and gaudy colouring of one of these chalk drawings, and will gladly give a few shillings for a copy on card to hang up at home. Not the least amusing feature of this branch of the trade is that payment for these productions is based, not on the subject treated, but on the size. The usual charge for "an arrangement" in red, green, and blue, 3 ft. by 1½ ft., for instance, is two shillings and sixpence.

This occupation is arduous and irksome enough to enlist some sympathy for those who follow it. It is, at the same time, to be regretted that a calling of such a mendicant nature should be encouraged. Whether these men are engaged by others, who do not appear, or solicit alms on their own account is no great matter. But so far as they are concerned, it is hard to believe that if they were prepared to join the mighty army of regular toilers they could not earn a livelihood. As it is, they serve no useful or beneficent purpose, and it is to be feared that they receive a large amount of practical sympathy that might be better bestowed.

* SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE NEW WORLD:

THE QUEEN OF THE MEXICAN GULF.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.

GALVESTON, Texas! There at least will be something of the wild Western life of which we have all read so much, and of which no hint is to be found in New York, Philadelphia, or any city I had as yet been in; something that would remind me that Dickens' "Notes" were not an exaggeration.

I had been told by unprejudiced Americans that when those notes were written, they were but very slightly exaggerated, but that the manners described could only now be found in Western cities. This, of course, was not told to me by Western people.

I had gone to Chicago and St. Louis, therefore, in full expectation of finding a specimen of the American, so familiar to our reading, who says, "Wa'al, stranger," who expectorates tobacco-juice in all directions, as he sits, with feet above his head, in railway waiting-rooms and elsewhere, and would flourish a bowie-knife on small provocation. I was very anxious to see a bowie-knife; I had been several years in the country, and had not seen one yet.

But I was doomed to disappointment. At the Chicago station I found just the same sort of crowd as I might have done in New York, or—except that the women were better dressed than in a similar London gathering—such as I might have seen at Paddington or Victoria. Eager men in tweed business suits, well-cared-for women in handsome travelling-dresses and linen dust-cloaks, and the usual sprinkling of the less well-to-do—Irish or German workmen, or shabby gentility out of employ—but no sign of the specimen I sought, and I was discontented that it was so.

Chicago I found as near an imitation of modern Paris as circumstances would allow. There were, of course, Western men in abundance, keen, cheery, business men, of polite, genial manners; but their trousers were not tucked into their boots, and if they chewed tobacco they did it too discreetly for the casual observer to be able to testify.

Here we turned off from the due west course; we were bound for Texas, *viâ* Memphis and Little Rock. Little Rock, Arkansas (pronounced *Arkansaw*), promised great things in the way of desperadoes, and expectation rose again.

Memphis, Tennessee, is a beautiful city, and of a mingled Western and Southern character; here the business seemed more languidly carried on, and here, too, one began to meet dark, Spanish-looking men, whose faces needed only to emerge from a red shirt, and whose extremities, instead of being clad in cool linen trousers and easy cool boots of soft leather, to have been adorned with "butternut" pants thrust into high boots, to realise somewhat the ideal of handsome desperadoes.

The journey from Memphis to Little Rock, Arkansas, is of the most uninteresting kind. Every now and again, that is to say at intervals of some hours, one comes on a village; and the centre of the village, answering perhaps to our market-place, seems generally round the station; the general shop is close to it; the "real estate" agents' and whatever other commercial business the village may have—though often the general store comprises all—are grouped round the depôt.

To this spot, also, in the cotton country, negroes come with a few bales of cotton, which they are probably going to send to some common centre. The most lazy, and evidently the most comfortable, people now-a-days are the negroes; and if servitude and ill-usage leave their impress on a race as we are told, then it is difficult to believe that the wrongs of the negro have ever caused him much pain.

Little Rock I found to be, outwardly at least, as proper and respectable as any other city I had seen, although a lady living in the city assured me that it was a very rough place; but in the few hours we stayed there I saw no signs of its roughness. We reached the city at nine o'clock in the evening, and everything seemed silent and dark in the main street, and the waiters at the hotel were very much surprised that we could need to do anything but go to bed at that late hour. This bespoke a state of good morals I thought, and next morning the prosy quietude of the streets seemed to confirm the idea, and after a few hours for rest we were *en route* for Texas.

But while looking out for the crude specimens of American humanity, in this two thousand and some odd miles we had come, I had observed one thing particularly: we had stopped at mere villages—settlements a "hundred miles from a lemon," it would seem—but I had seen no genuine *rustics* at the stations. I have since learnt that there is no rusticity in America. Fashion-books and plates and the dissemination of newspapers may account for this; but the fact is that every one looks more or less "cityfied." The farmer might be a hatter or a storekeeper, for all that there is in his appearance to indicate his calling, and the women are dressed as nearly like the fashion-plates as their own ingenuity will permit. The village store contains, with its groceries and dry goods (drapery), the latest Paris cut-paper fashions, with "full directions," so that American country girls are

* American copyright secured.

not dependent on a rare visit to a city, or a glimpse of gentry visiting the village, for a knowledge of the changes in dress.

Now, of course, we were to see "Texan rangers," "cowboys," and "ranchers." After all, we had come through very civilised parts hitherto; Texas must be the place to see "characters."

At last we reached Houston, Texas, having come nearly three thousand five hundred miles from New York. The sight of Houston (pronounced *Heuston*), so green, so tropical-looking, and its streets so clean, was refreshment and rest. Here the umbrella-trees shaded the streets, the tea-berry tree, and huge orange-trees, loaded with golden fruit; oleanders, as tall as the houses, made me forget for a moment that I was expecting something very different. The daily life here seemed to be provokingly like a tropical Chicago: the new houses were built on the same plan, with a little more piazza (or galleries, as they are termed in the South) outside. The aspect of the place was redeemed from utter common-place only by the horses. Yes, the horses were decidedly different from any we had seen elsewhere; they were spirited little mustangs. The "horse-cars" were drawn by mules, but for most other purposes the mustangs seemed in general use; and every man appeared to ride; and when one sees a tall man wearing a long linen coat in a Mexican saddle on one of these little animals, the effect is certainly not at all common-place; and when I had seen several gravely ambling along to or from business in this way, I felt at last that I was far away from New York and all imitations of it.

A bayou runs between Houston and Galveston; and on this narrow, winding, sluggish water ply steamers which seem huge in comparison with the bayou. As a matter of fact, they are almost as wide as the water; and during our journey the deck was many times brushed by the trees on either side. In several parts the course of the bayou is so winding that the steamer can only be manœuvred by tacking from bank to bank, a man being on the look-out with a pole which he plants on the bank to prevent "bumping."

At the first sight of Galveston Bay I gave up all hope of "Texan rangers," and other heroes. The masts of shipping in the harbour; the prosaic business aspect of the quays, on which were great bales of hides and cotton, waiting for shipment; busy men going to and fro; the prosperous warehouses around—all this was not suggestive of the kind of things one associates with that "last jumping-off place"—Texas.

Galveston is, like New York, an island city; but, unlike the latter, it has no elevation. At no point, I believe, is it more than twelve feet above the sea; and that part is facetiously called "the hill." It is really very little more than a sand-bar. Its streets are ankle-deep in silvery sand, except the business streets, and those occupied by the wealthy, where, as in most American cities of later growth, wooden pavements are laid down.

In this semi-tropic city the only trees that grow freely are the fragrant oleander, which is almost the only shade-tree, and grows to a great height, and the orange, many houses being almost entirely concealed by these two trees. Probably the salt sand—which is the only natural soil—prevents the healthy growth of others; but it certainly seems to agree with these, for nowhere else have I ever seen orange-trees grow to such great size.

Although Galveston may be termed a beautiful city by reason of its handsome houses and oleander-shaded streets, it has only one natural claim to beauty, and that is its magnificent beach of hard, firm sand, along which one can drive for thirty miles; the tepid waters of the Gulf just breaking on the beach with a gentle lapping sound.

The climate of Galveston is, of course, almost tropical; in winter it has a balmy temperature of about seventy-five degrees, except during a "norther." These come very suddenly, the only premonition, so far as I could find out, being the roaring of the Gulf. The houses in the city are built to be cool, and when a norther comes they are ill-adapted to keep it out; and then, though the thermometer rarely goes down to freezing point, the norther possesses a certain marrow-searching quality of its own, not be equalled by any east wind I ever experienced.

Now, as I have said, in Texas I did expect to find a rough life at last, something that should give colour to some of the stories I had heard and read; but instead I find the same high-pressure civilisation, the same Paris fashions, only more decidedly Parisian, and quite as new as on Broadway—for Galveston is only "across the Gulf" from New Orleans, that very centre of French life in America, whose women claim to be infinitely more French than the Parisians who only live in Paris—the same mansard-roofed houses, plus the galleries and the orange-trees, as in any city near New York; the same carriages, and receptions, and life altogether as in a Northern city, only less of it; but when I saw the carriages driving off in a long stream, when the heat of the day was over, for the regular evening drive by the Gulf, it was difficult to realise that I was between three and four thousand miles from New York, and about the same distance from London.

And yet the household details of life do remind one that they run in a different groove, for one has to be up very early indeed to order one's dinner, the butchers', fish, and poulterers' shops being all closed at eight in the morning, and the principal hours for marketing are from four to five.

The pleasures of life in Galveston are its climate—for its greatest summer heat is tempered by the winds which rise at regular intervals that may counted upon—its fine open sea, and magnificent beach. Its disagreeables are more numerous. The worst, perhaps, is the plague of insects and reptiles, especially the former. Here the common little red ants become a dreaded scourge, swarming everywhere, devouring everything, even choking the life at times out of caged birds by forcing themselves into their beaks by thousands; and a piece of fruit or bread dropped on the ground, a few minutes after assumes the appearance of a small mound of red pepper. Still more disgusting, however,

are the huge cockroaches, which infest the houses by millions, their odour perceptible everywhere.

The high price of living, the smallest coin in use five years ago (and I presume still) being a five-cent piece, makes life, except for the very wealthy, full of small privations, not of course of food, for work is plentiful, and crops coming from four to six times a year makes everything grown on the spot cheap; but clothing, furniture, groceries, are very costly, and servants not only very highly paid, but difficult to get; therefore to the refined, to whom some of the luxuries of life have become necessaries, life in Texas is hard.

Being asked by a Texan what I thought of Texas, I spoke of the impression I had had that here at last I should find something of the rough life I had heard of. He laughed heartily.

"Ah," he said, "you must go a few hundred miles further; on the frontier you would see plenty of it, and even nearer than that; they are a pretty rough lot about Dallas and Marshall, and if you were a man you might see some samples of it here. You see, *you* don't go into the saloons and low places where the real rowdy life exists."

But that was just the point. I had been led to suppose that in the West, and especially the South-West, rowdyism was rampant, that bowie-knives were as common as penknives, derringers openly worn in the streets; and after nine months' residence in Galveston I left it without having ever seen the terrible knife, and indeed I have never yet seen one anywhere, and know a great many American women just as ignorant. At the same time I must confess that two or three times in the main street of Galveston I did see figures, men with faces so desperate and hard, who had evidently come from a distance, that I had some belief in the rowdyism existing "nearer the frontier."

OUT OF PITY.

BY LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON, AUTHOR OF "ONE SPRIG OF EDELWEISS," "FAINT HEART NE'ER WON FAIR LADY," ETC.

SHE was just seventeen: the very youngest little bride that any one remembered ever coming to reign at Arnwood Towers: the sweetest, daintiest little Lady Fielding that the county had ever welcomed.

To herself it was all like a dream, it had come so fast: it seemed as if all her life had lived itself in those six months; the leaving her English school, and going out to her father's plantation in Ceylon, so proud to be his housekeeper and companion; the strange brief life on the up-country coffee estate. Then the young English stranger who passed through Lindoola, in his rather vague wanderings for adventure's sake, and who was received and entertained at Holme Harcourt with the delightful open-handed hospitality of the colonies.

And then the awful night when the sudden terrible stroke of cholera left her fatherless, and life seemed one great black void; and the chaplain's wife had been good to her, and kept her from dying in despair; and Sir Harry Fielding had been still more good; and then—and then—she was resting her poor little orphaned head on a heart that was kind and true as her own father's, and a strong arm was close round her slender waist, and the voice she liked alone to hear of all the voices around her, was telling her she should never know another sorrow he could guard her from. He seemed the only real thing in all that dream-time: the sad past, and the present that was so happy, but just as unlike reality. Was it really herself, simple little Nesta Harcourt, that people were fussing over and petting and welcoming home as if she had been a royal princess?

Perhaps it was as well she could not realise it, or her head might have been turned. Why, had not the whole week Harry and she were spending with his sister, Mrs. Mostyn, to present Nesta to the country-side, been one round of festivities, of which she was the queen? This evening they had all driven to a grand concert in the county town, to hear a famous singer; and Nesta, in her wonderful golden satin gown, rich with embroidery and lace, with her eyes outshining the diamonds on her white neck, and her cheek flushed with its pretty shy pink, had been an attraction only second to the queen of song herself. She felt a little weary with the excitement and the happiness, now that they had reached home and were having supper in the great hall, for the concert had forced them to dine rather earlier than usual.

The house was crowded with guests, and they were all vehemently declaring that the night was hardly begun yet, and they meant to finish it with a few games. The furniture in the blue drawing-room was being hastily moved, and Nesta's heart sank at the thought of further exertion: her head ached and she was worn out. She would slip away quietly to bed, and leave Harry to make her excuses to Eleanor. Where was Harry, by the way? She had not seen him since they sat down to supper, and he and that beautiful Miss Trafford were talking in the door-way. A hasty search through the nearest rooms had no result, and Nesta stopped by an open door to glance in at the half-cleared drawing-room.

Two portly dowagers were deep in conversation, their heads bent together behind their fans: but their voices rose above the music Eleanor was playing, and Nesta could not help hearing what they said.

"Gladys Trafford; yes, indeed!" cried the black velvet gown to the purple brocade. "A very, very old love affair that, my dear. He and she were perfectly

inseparable, and a most suitable match it would have been. The two oldest families in the county; his equal in position and fortune: Lord Stourbridge's estates are next his, you know, and Gladys is heiress to a great part."

What made Nesta's heart give such a leap, and her feet feel spell-bound to the spot where she stood? Arnwood Towers was the only place near the Traffords. It was as if her whole being were strained to hear the rest; she never thought of eaves-dropping, poor child; it was life-and-death work to her.

"And why didn't it come about?" asked the purple brocade.

"Heaven knows! A lovers' tiff, I suppose, or some such rubbish. It's a thousand pities! a Lady Fielding has always been at the head of the county society, and Gladys Trafford is just made for the position, with her beauty and cleverness and talents. She has always been immensely popular."

"And who is the girl he has married? She seems a nice little thing enough."

"Oh, a harmless sort of creature: pink-and-white prettiness, nothing more. She was a planter's daughter in Ceylon, or somewhere; and he was staying with them when the father died. She was left quite friendless and destitute, and he married her out of pity. He was always a quixotic goose, Harry Fielding."

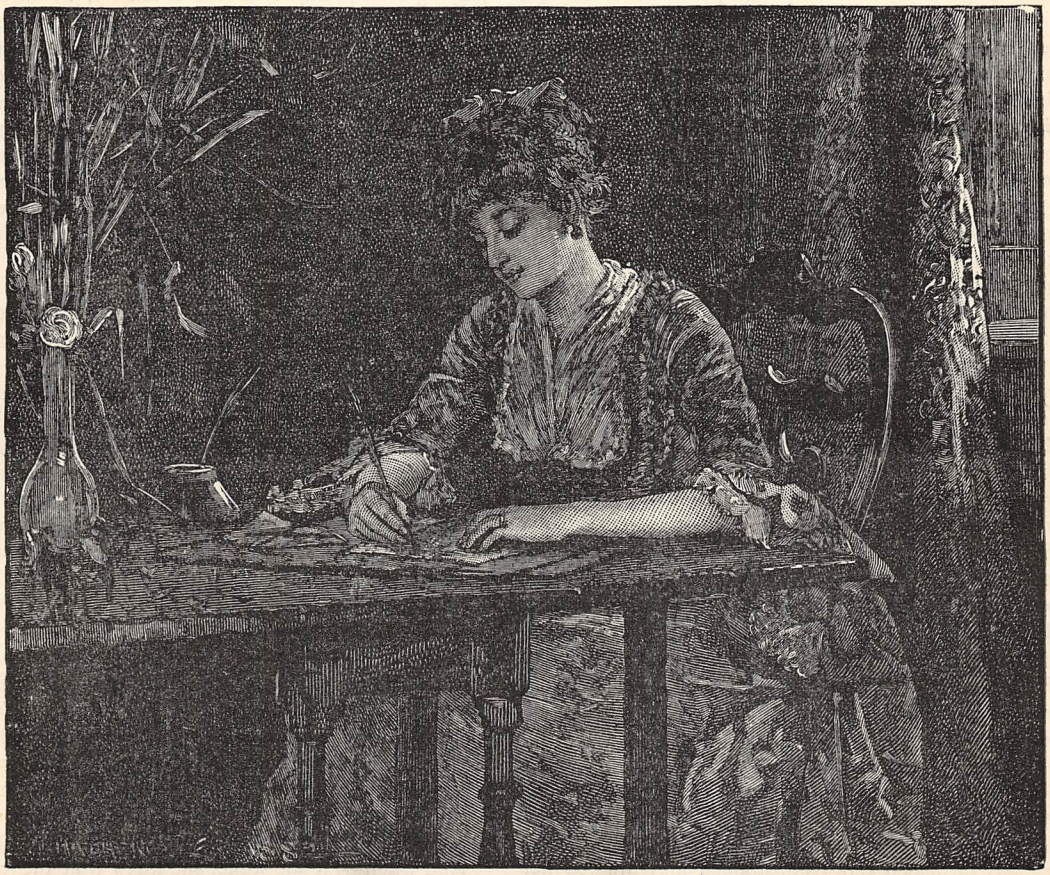
The spell was off now; and Nesta, white as death, was hurrying up the stairs to her room. There was a little sofa in a sheltered nook in the corridor, and there sat Harry—the missing Harry—and the woman he should have married.

Nesta sped past, but as she fled, she saw Harry bend his head to kiss the beautiful hand he was holding, and she heard his low murmur—

"If I had only known, years ago, things might have been so different!"

On, on, till her own door closed behind her, and she gazed wildly round at the pretty ornaments that strewed her bower, as if she had never seen them before. She flung the diamonds from her throat and wrists as if they hurt her; and sank into a chair beside the quaint old ebony table, leaning her head, with its tangle of crisp brown hair, down on her folded arms. She did not shed a tear, but her brain seemed on fire.

Beside her stood the tall vase of rushes that Harry and she had gathered from the lake only yesterday. Wasn't it a hundred years ago?



"SHE BEGAN TO WRITE" (*p.* 242.)

"Never another sorrow he could guard her from?" Well, it was true; he couldn't help this; it wasn't his fault, he had meant to do right, he had married her "out of pity" when he loved another woman. It must be her own fault, not his; yes, because she was pink-and-white, and nothing more; and she was not tall and stately and talented; and she ought to have known pity wasn't love, only it had seemed so like it!

"If he had known years ago, things might have been so different!" Might they not still? What if she were to go away that very night, and never trouble him again? She had not a friend in the world except her old Brighton school-mistress; she would go to her and beg her to take her in, and let her teach the little children. And perhaps she might die soon; and Harry could be happy with the woman he had always loved. Nesta felt as if death wouldn't be long in coming, she felt so ill now.

She got up to fetch a time-table. Yes, the mail train passed through Middlehampton at one o'clock; it was only twelve now, and though she couldn't very well understand the puzzling figures, she thought it must stop at the little station just the other side of the park.

She drew her blotting-book to her, and began to write fast. A big tear or two splashed down on the paper, but she wiped them patiently away; it must be clear, that Harry might read it.

"They say you only married me from pity," she wrote; "I might have guessed it, my darling, but you were so good to me that I never, never did. I can't make you free again; but it is better for us never to see each other any more, and perhaps I may die, and you can go back to the woman they say you have always loved. I saw you just now, when you kissed her hand, and said things might have been so different if you had only known years ago. Yes, they would have been different for us all. God bless you, my poor, good boy! you were not to blame."

She paused and looked up.

"What shall I sign it?" she said; "I am not his wife any more, for only love really makes a marriage."

Her eye fell on her little wedding-ring, its brightness scarcely tarnished yet. She stooped and pressed her lips to it, gently, solemnly.

"Oh, Harry, my Harry!" she whispered, "if it had only been love, not pity!"

She rose, and slipped off the golden satin gown, and put on a dark warm dress instead.

"I must even go away from him in the things he gave me," she said, as she fastened her long fur cloak with its silver clasps. "I haven't a single gown that was mine before I knew him. He has even dressed me out of charity. His pity has been more generous than other people's love."

She opened the French window in her dressing-room and stepped out on the balcony, whence a flight of steps led down to the terrace below. She glanced back at the pretty room, with its Japanese cabinets, and blue-and-white china, and the ebony table where the letter to Harry lay, with the light full upon it, so that he could not miss it. Then she shut the casement sharply behind her, and resolutely turned away.

The moon was bright with a fitful brightness—now almost as light as day, now hidden behind hurrying clouds—and it was bitterly cold. Nesta drew her cloak tighter round her, and tried to walk fast, but she was desperately weary, and could only stumble along. Somehow the way to the little gate had never seemed so incomprehensibly long. Surely she could not have missed her way? The moon and the clouds were playing such pranks that one could not be sure, and her heart had been too full to notice all the turns. It was as black as Erebus now; a darkness that might be felt. Nesta took a few steps forward, then stopped short, by some mysterious instinct, just as the moon shone out clear and bright once more, its golden sparkle reflected as by a thousand broken mirrors in the waters of the lake which slumbered at her feet. A strange sharp pain shot through her heart, as she saw the very rushes Harry and she had been gathering yesterday. Yesterday? A thousand years ago; when she was happy.

A wild thought flashed across her brain: she had wished to die: would it not be better for Harry and for herself, yes, and for that other woman too, if she were lying under those cold smiling waters in a dreamless sleep? It was only a moment, her soul was too white and too brave for more; she recoiled with a start of horror; but, ah! the bank was worn and smooth; her little feet slipped on the edge; she threw out her hands to stop herself, but the frozen grass slid through her fingers; there was one short sharp cry, and a pale sweet face lay still among the rushes in the silent moonlight.

* * * * * * * *

It was dark and warm and deliciously restful when she knew anything again. She heard Harry's low voice before ever she opened her eyes; and felt his clasp of her hand—Harry's hand-clasp, there was no other like it anywhere—and thought it must be heaven, and was glad she had done with earth, since this was so much better. And so she slept again.

And when next she woke, she knew that the clouds she seemed to lie on, clouds soft and billowy, were her own bed, nothing more ethereal; and she was aware it must be earth still, but felt it did not matter since it could be so like heaven, for Harry's voice and Harry's hand were there still; and she slept again, smiling gently.

But the next time she woke the hand and voice were missing, and only Harry's back was visible in the room beyond, as she raised herself on her pillows. And as she rose, she caught sight of herself in the long Psyche glass opposite, and started at the reflection. For all her tangle of brown hair was cut short, and there was no pink-and-white prettiness now, only great dark eyes, and a small white face. And as she fell back on her pillows, half from surprise and half from weakness, for she was very feeble, the bells burst out clear and sweet and mystical, in a perfect carol of exultant joy.

"Christmas bells! is it Christmas?" she said. "Why, it was November when I died!"

And as Harry turned and hurried to her side, she smiled up at him, and asked again—

"Christmas? is it really Christmas, Harry?" but he only bent to catch her in his arms.

She yielded to his kisses; then suddenly she tried to push him from her. "Harry, you must not—you must not!" she said.

He saw the troubled look in her eyes, and knew that memory was coming back.

"Yes, I must," he said, "my little darling, my blessing, my life! The doctor says I may tell you all about it, for the worry will hurt you more than the talking; and, oh! how I have waited for this moment to come! It has been one long nightmare since the minute I heard your scream, and ran up just in time to see you sink."

"Then it was you who found me? Oh, Harry!"

"Yes, you must hear it all. I came to your room five minutes after you must have left it, and there was the time-table open, and your little note, bless it!" (that tear-spotted bit of paper will never leave Harry Fielding's heart while he lives), "and so I just set off for the station as hard as I could go. I had almost reached the park gate when that cry came—off to the right—and I turned just in time."

His voice broke, and he bent his head down to hers.

"Nesta, it was all a lie, a vile infamous lie, whoever told it. Gladys Trafford and I were always dear old boy-and-girl friends, nothing more. I knew my cousin Wilfred loved her, and I always thought she had something to do with his going to Australia, years ago. It was only that night she confessed to me that they had been engaged all these years, and Wilfred was trying to make a fortune for her sake. I told her I would soon put all that right; and then I scolded her for never having told me before, when I could have saved them both all these weary years of waiting. Nesta!" —for her face was hidden, and she was sobbing softly —"you will not doubt me again?"

"Never, never, never! not if you told me so yourself! But, Harry," in a whisper which scarcely reached his ear, "did you really marry me out of pity?"

"Yes, my sweetheart—the very sincerest pity for myself!"

And Nesta never asked any more questions.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

WE must prepare for spring changes when March winds blow. The dress caterers have all their plans laid for the summer campaign, to say nothing of spring; and Nottingham, Lyons, Calais, Leeds, Manchester, Paris, and London have for months been busy, not deciding what is to be worn, but making materials which long ago they ordained we were to wear. Occasionally Dame Fashion plays them false, and there is a demand for some one particular article which has not been reckoned for: narrow ribbon in lieu of wide; some special button or trimming which a pretty woman, or a political event, or some other ruler of fashionable destinies, brings unexpectedly to the fore.

But even to those who are behind the scenes it is not quite easy to lay down with any definite certainty what most of the world will wear. Next month it will be an easier task. Now I shall content myself with bringing to your notice a few broad outlines, and will fill in the picture next month.

A great deal of pains has been bestowed of late years on that useful and inexpensive fabric, velveteen, and many spring dresses are being made of it. It is no economy to buy the cheaper kinds. It is to be had in all colours, delicate, durable, artistic, and useful. It is best made up as a plain skirt, the tunic, or panier, or draped polonaise over, and bordered with marabout bands of its own shade; it will for a long time look a handsome costume, easily mistakable for velvet. There are many rival kinds—Louis, the Lion, and others. Send for patterns of them all, and make your own selection on their merits.

If you have an old discarded seal-skin by you, send it to be dyed—there is a new process by which even very shabby ones can be made to look like new—and then have it made up into a dolman cape. This is cut up on either side, so as to give simulated sleeves, the slits being hidden by the arms. It is slipped on in a minute, and comes well below the waist; and this is exactly the shape into which an old seal-skin can best be adapted. But to make it really look well it should be bordered with a fringe of tails, which, quite *entre nous*, need not be sable, though made to resemble it very closely.

Waistcoats will remain more permanently in fashion

than the blouse bibs, which are apt to get untidy, and are wont, often enough, to give the appearance of a pigeon's breast. Leather waistcoats are a recent novelty; coloured—yes, but still unmistakably leather, which might be part and parcel of your dining-room chairs; still, having less wear and tear, not so apt to wear out. I have seen one or two dark claret silk and woollen dresses with leather waistcoats of the same colour, closely fastened with leather buttons. Surely there are few materials which have not to play their part in dress—glass, paper, fish-scales, fish-skin; an embargo is now laid on all of them.

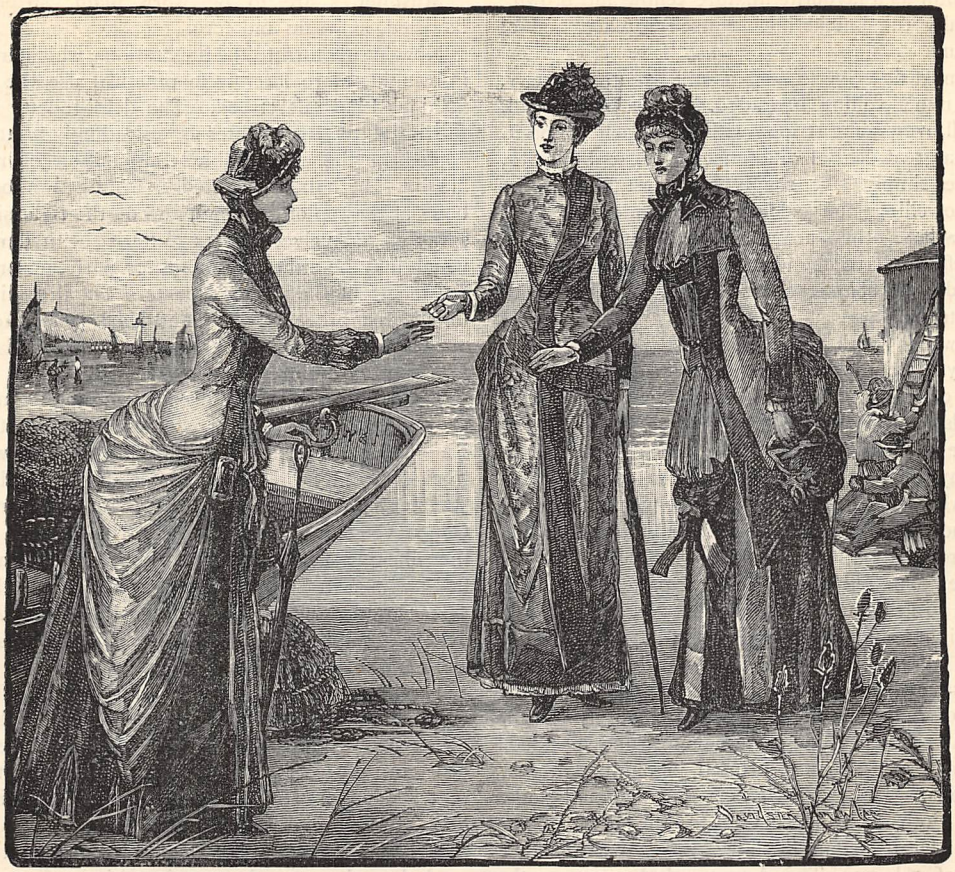
A useful item in dress—the lace mitten made of piece-net puffed above the elbow—has been so much approved of by those not possessed of very plump arms, or troubled with a feeling of chilliness, which is apt to make itself specially felt in the arms, that a novelty is making its way, viz., a similar mitten, a mixture of soft silk and lace, which often proves exceedingly becoming.

Every kind of ingenious contrivance is now brought to bear on dress, and there is one that I am sure will be appreciated by those who ride in the country—the convertible habit-skirt, which, by a simple arrangement of cords, can on the instant be converted into an ordinary skirt of convenient walking length. Really a boon this, for we all know how difficult it is to hold the present style of habit-skirt up gracefully, how it confines one's movements in walking, and how tiring a long walk is under such circumstances. The new skirt is a move in the right direction, dictated by common sense, like the adoption of the low-crowned hat instead of the high one.

The Accordion plaited skirts, which have been sent over to England from Paris, and there newly named and warmly welcomed, will no doubt become cheaper, but at present, though somewhat costly, they save all the expense of trimming. By means of heat and a very well-planned plaiting machine, the material is set into a series of kilt-plaits, which yield to every movement of the wearer, returning always to their place. A panier tunic above and a bodice complete the costume. I have seen them in light colours worn for evening, and in black and more durable colouring for morning, and they always won the warm approval of those who saw them. They have all the soft beauty of crape, and add a special charm to the material.

The feminine mind is beginning to revolt against the long reign of unbecoming ugliness, which an ill-conceived idea of artistic beauty had brought to the front, and with a brighter tone of colouring many becoming additions to dress have found favour—such

IN THE WOODS.



A PLEASANT ENCOUNTER.

as a red fichu of velvet or plush lined with a faint straw tinge, and finished off with a small ruff. To be well dressed now, it is necessary to bestow much attention on the throat—the present style of dress leaves it exposed. Collars are worn much higher, and are finished off with narrow flat plaitings of lace, the collar itself being often of fur, or bordered with fur, or covered with beading or embroidery. Close and wide-spreading ruffs are worn, and those in beads are strung on wire, so that they can be turned up and down at pleasure, and are far more becoming if softened by a lace plaiting inside.

The most fashionable fan for the moment is a dried palm-leaf, covered with natural blooms. But from Nice hails a newer notion, viz., parasols composed entirely of natural flowers, the stalks interwoven in the necessary framework, the inside lined with silk. It is a pretty notion, but would seem to be specially ordained for the spending of money, for under the most favourable circumstances the flowers will only last two days.

Shot silks are gaining favour and are likely to be worn, but plain velvets for best gowns are most decidedly the mode; and, as the shopmen say, "there is a decided feeling" for plain silks—that is, the good durable *poult de soie*.

I will now give you details of the new woollen goods of the year, and the fashions in this class of material. Beiges are being worn in the usual neutral tints, a preference existing for reddish browns, greys, and smoke-colour, and there is a reduction in price this year. The novelty is the shot beige, which presents a happy blending of such tints as browns and reds, blues and browns, in many varieties. Striped beiges make up well, so do the invisible checks, in mixed colourings. These are quite new departures; hitherto plain beiges only have been used.

Tweeds have often before appeared in checks, now they have a *nattê* ground, which is new, and the fancy tweeds are particularly happy in colouring. It is early as yet to say whether shots, checks, or stripes are to be most in favour, but all are sold. The so-called Union check is a solid check in spun silk of two colours; and, with the fancy striped spun silks, has the merit of cheapness. The variety is endless. There is the solid check in mixed colours, and the check stripes; the equal stripes in two colours, such as peacock and brown, the new peacock having a more decided tinge of blue. Knickerbocker stripes are perhaps the newest, the colour of this stripe being in marked contrast to the rest, red on blue, or brownish yellow on grey, and so on. Plain grounds with check

stripes show as a favourite mixture yellow and brown; occasionally the knickerbocker itself is shot, and of two colours.

But I must describe to you a still greater novelty, viz., the nun's veiling brocaded. Some have a silk broché all over, some stripes with the broché upon it. There is a great deal of difference in these brocades. Some are simply silk rough and upstanding, like Baden towelling, the colours interblended as in a Turkey carpet; others are more like a rough darn.

Shot effects have found their way even to these stuffs, and, with coarser cords for weaving, they recall old tapestries.

The tweeds with snow-flaked stripes make up admirably. So do the new home-spuns with white brochés of large design, and in quaint patterns. Serges also show the broché and brocades in white, very large and difficult to describe, but perhaps not so unlike anything we have seen before as the nun's veiling with a darned brocade in vivid contrast to the ground, and like nothing so much as large boulder stones thrown upon it.

The new Pastille cloth shows a pattern like the continual circles of a snail's shell, all over the ground and in bright colouring. There are a large number of Hygienic cloths brought out this year, but I am not able to say why they are so called, unless it be on account of their lightness. They are loosely woven, like nun's veiling, and are plain-coloured and speckled. Nun's cloths are also now printed in chintz patterns, like cottons. Drap superb is a fine diagonal cloth. Chevron cloth owes its name to the herringbone weaving. Drap melangé shows many well-blended mixtures of colours. The Armure cloths are mostly black. Crêpe Japonais is sure to have a great success as the season advances. It is a sort of crêpe cloth, light and dressy-looking, soft, and falling into easy folds. It is to be had in a number of light colourings, plain and striped. The new cashmeres have been brought out with a rough surface.

Though somewhat premature—for your English climate will not, I fear, permit you to adopt them yet—I will give you just an inkling of what the season's cottons are to be.

Satines will be worn plain with spots, and double interlaced half-circles, as well as stripes and checks. The best class of cotton goods are very elaborate, the patterns large and artistic. The newest have large detached flowers on light grounds, and distinct spots on spotted grounds, and on striped grounds.

Plain "toile," as they call it even in England, is printed with the same sort of patterns of many colours as the old-fashioned chintz.

Bulgarian crêpes, plain and striped (some with flowered stripes), would seem to have come direct from the East, and will make up into charming summer dresses.

Zephyrs are innumerable in their varieties—fine and broad checks, broken checks, plaids, knickerbocker stripes; the most notable having an eccentric but decidedly French mixture of colour in the large stripes—grey, pink, blue, yellow, and black; and in some of these there is a plain ground, in some a check.

Muslinettes are to be worn plain, striped, and flowered, in cream and écru.

Now let us turn to the illustrations, which are an aid in bringing more forcibly to practical use the current fashions I have described. The demi-toilette forming the initial to this chapter is exceedingly pretty when copied in the fashionable combination of red and black. The hair, be it noted, is arranged in loops and bows at the top of the head, and on the right side is a spray of red velvet flowers glittering with dew-drops, which may be either diamonds or paste, according to the length of the wearer's purse. The dress in question is red brocaded satin and black lace; the gloves are black Suèdes, and the Medicis ruche of black lace is supported by invisible wires.

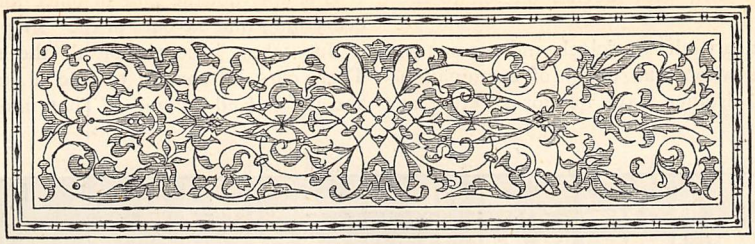
The pretty group of children all wearing the most approved styles of out-door costume next claim attention. Fine woollens are the favourite materials for walking-frocks, whether cashmere, camel's-hair, Chuddah, or summer serge; tucks, parallel rows of braid, and plain Genoa velvet are the accepted trimmings. Among the illustrations, there is a turquoise-blue cashmere frock with a full bib of dark green velvet, a band of velvet braided with silver encircling the skirt. Another pretty example has a Princesse coat of moss-green cloth trimmed with Titian red velvet.

The young lady at the left side of the illustration wears a collar of the new frilling—wider at the back of the neck than at the throat—which has been specially introduced to meet the requirements of the present fashion of wearing the hair turned up from the nape of the neck. The frillings are sold by all milliners and drapers, in continuous lengths, and by the yard, but they can be cut into sizes of a crescent shape, which stand well up the back of the neck.

Those mothers who object to woollen materials, order frequently shot plushes and soft Ottoman silks for their children's costumes, but when such expense is incurred velvet will be found preferable to these more perishable fabrics. Three colours are in vogue for these rich costumes—moss-green, Titian red, and golden brown; and the écru Irish guipure, with all the effect of embroidery, whether used as flat bands or flounces, forms an admirable trimming. The large square collar and deep cuffs should be of the same effective guipure.

Long redingotes, stitched simply on the edges tailor fashion, are much worn by school-girls. An example of this useful garment is worn by the last figure in our group of children.

The demi-saison costumes, portrayed in the third engraving, likewise require description. The figure with a large buckle at the side is dressed in grey, the shade known as "elephant's breath." The material is Chuddah trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, and the bonnet matches. The second figure wears pale grey satin broché, with velvet of a dull shade of orange—a fashionable combination, pleasing to the eye when the correct shades are selected. The third figure is in copper-brown velvet and cashmere, with bib plastron of satin. The brown bonnet has shaded yellow feathers curling over its brim.



AT A COLLEGE BREAKFAST-PARTY.

OXFORD life is like Freemasonry. Let the outsider make what inquiries he will, he learns next to nothing about it till he is initiated. Everything that happens to a young man on entering the University comes as a surprise, and one of the earliest is his first breakfast-party.

He has been "up" only a few days, and still feels a little restless and uneasy in his new independence, when, returning from an unprofitable lecture, to which he has been listening with all his ears as if it were an oracle, he finds upon his table a note from a senior acquaintance, which runs as follows :—

"St. Boniface Coll.
"*20th Oct.*

"Dear Jones,
"Will you breakfast with me on Thursday at nine?—Yours truly,
"T. Brown."

Jones replies that he will be delighted, little knowing what a task awaits him.

It has been observed that there is this much at least to be said for a University career ; for three years of his life a man is certain of getting enough to eat. Before ten o'clock on Thursday, Jones has felt the full force of this statement.

He rises betimes, dresses with unusual care, and attends a somewhat chilly service in his College chapel. There is yet half an hour to spare, which he spends in familiarising himself with the intricate geography of the ancient city—for he has more than once suffered the humiliation of being directed to a College within a few yards of him. Luckily, St. Boniface is unmistakable ; and, guided by the little golden flags which glitter on the grey pinnacles of that noble tower, he wends his way down Holywell and Longwall Streets—the cleanest and quaintest in the world—and arrives punctually at his destination.

"Mr. Brown's rooms? Yes-sir! Garden quad number three two pair on the right."

Jones is still too much of a boy to ask for more explicit instruction ; his drowning intellect clutches at the word "garden," and he makes for the first shrubs he sees. This lands him in the Warden's private grounds, from which he is delivered by the merciful interposition of the College messenger who happens to be going round with the letter-bag. He is conducted ignominiously through the cloisters, too conscious of his freshness to notice the sympathetically blushing creepers, the trim ivy, or the hideous gurgoyles peeping down at the tortoises as they browse on the velvet turf below.

At last he is safely piloted to his friend's door, knocks, and enters a lofty wainscoted room. His host greets him curtly, and introduces him by name and College to three other "men," who are lounging in the window-seat, throwing down biscuits to the deer in the park. After a little encouragement Jones comments on the magnificence of the elm-trees and the ample proportions of the room.

"Well," says Brown, "it ought to be a good size, for it does double duty. Half an hour ago it was a bed-room. Look here." And throwing open a door in the wainscot, he discloses an iron bedstead, bath, washstand, and toilet apparatus.

While Jones is marvelling at the minute space into which so many household goods may be stowed, three other guests arrive, and behind them appears the scout with an armful of hot plates which he deposits in the fender; a boy follows with tea, coffee, cocoa, and a tower of dry toast.

Now, a wedding breakfast makes no pretence to be anything less than a lunch ; but the hour alone proclaims a College breakfast to be really such, independently of the almost incredible fact that lunch and dinner are partaken of in the same day. Viewed in this light, the quantity of food brought to table on such occasions is simply appalling.

The feast commences with two enormous dishes of whiting and soles. After the edge of appetite has been blunted on these trifles the serious business of the day begins. A couple of "spread eagles," *i.e.*, fowls squashed flat and embellished with mushrooms, face a mound of sausages enclosed in a rampart of mashed potatoes, and are supported on either hand by a regiment of boiled eggs and a solid square of beefsteak. These are backed up by a reserve of omelettes sweet and savoury, anchovy toast—more graphically than elegantly known as "dirty toast"—and "squish"—a synonym for marmalade. Fish, flesh, and fowl, with all their appurtenances, having been discussed, in a few

minutes the room is filled with incense offered to the nymph Nicotina.

By this time it is nearly eleven o'clock, and one or two of the party, before whom the bogey of examination looms at no great distance, have left for a lecture at

"HIS HOST INTRODUCES HIM BY NAME AND COLLEGE TO THREE OTHER 'MEN'" (*p.* 247.)

some distant College. The rest sit smoking for awhile and then separate to walk off the effects of such a breakfast and prepare for lunch at one.

But has there been no conversation to justify this tremendous consumption of victuals?—Conversation there has been, but of the most limited description; all about "torpids," "tubbing," "scratch fours," and kindred topics possessing no interest whatever for the general public.

Are the men, then, narrow-minded?—By no means. It is simply not the time or place for intellectual talk; everything that savours of the "shop" is tabooed.

But what becomes of all the superfluous food? There must be enough to feed a family.—Very true; and it *does* feed a family. That intact beefsteak, that scatheless regiment of eggs, those mountains of unbroken bread, all find their way to the same capacious basket which transports into the bosom of the scout's family so many fragments of Brown's property, from the remnants of his daily lunch to the seven-shilling packet of wax-candles discreetly ordered the last week of term.

So perishes the glory of this and all such festivals, under a system calculated to promote the immediate comfort of all concerned except poor paterfamilias.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in our December issue. The Editor's duty will be to act as "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

✶ *placed before a speaker's name denotes distinction in a former debate.*

ARE WE OVER-EDUCATING OUR CHILDREN?

(*Debate concluded.*)

HENRY R. WHITE :—Is it too much, Sir, to expect that those who are continually urging the necessity of higher education should try to prove their case by facts? Yet, while they are constantly demanding more statistics from those who maintain that education is being carried to excess to-day, they produce none of their own, they do not attempt to answer those already given, and merely seek by a rhetorical flourish to evade them. But it cannot be denied, Sir, that brain-disorders *are* on the increase among the juveniles; nor can it be denied that there is a dearth of artisans, labourers, and domestic servants, while there is an immense army of clerks and morning governesses, whose earnings, when at work, scarcely enable them to live, and who would think themselves supremely fortunate if they could but secure the wages of those whom they regard as altogether beneath them. And is not the British householder severely taxed to provide for the children of the poor an education which encourages them to look forward to positions which the vast majority can never occupy, and which is therefore making them discontented citizens and vicious members of society? The truth seems to be, Sir, that this question of education is but another illustration of the time-honoured proverb, "Extremes meet." We suddenly awoke to the fact that the education of the poorer classes was shamefully neglected, forthwith we rushed to the opposite extreme, and now are educating them to an absurdly high degree. But that there is a happy mean, there cannot be a doubt; and if I may venture to suggest it, I would say, Give every child a thorough elementary *English* education. Teach them the three R's, grammar, geography, and English history; the girls, sewing, cooking, and domestic duties; and the boys, mechanical drawing and mensuration. Away with foreign languages and the "ologies" from our elementary schools; they are harmful to an infinite degree. Nor let our opponents say that we are keeping our poorer brethren down. We are doing nothing of the sort, Sir; for "in this busy world of ours men naturally find their own level," and the sharper boys and girls will always come to the front. And then is the time for our benevolent friends to help these prodigies, by founding scholarships to aid them in their further studies. But as to the great majority of children, the course of study I have indicated is amply sufficient; and if followed, the supply of poor clerks and governesses would be at once restricted, the better-paid and not less honourable classes of artisans and domestic servants would be properly supplied, and instead of brain-afflicted children, and complaining tax-payers, we should have a vigorous and hearty race to follow us, while householders would gladly pay their mite to aid the good cause of educating those who, through no fault of their own, have been thrown into less favourable circumstances than themselves.

A WORKING MAN :—I have listened with much pleasure to the able speech of our learned friend who opened the debate. It no doubt fairly represents the feeling of a large number of his constituents. But as I cannot accept all his statements, much less his conclusions, I wish to say a few words on his wonderful sentence: "Does it not raise the children above their station, make them discontented with their surroundings, cause them to despise honest labour and manual industries, while it does not provide them a field for using the heterogeneous knowledge with which they have been crammed?" Certainly if a child has been "dragged up" in narrowed surroundings, education, as it always does, stirs the hopes and prompts inquiry; and when these are allowed to be acted upon by knowledge, they can often be traced to the source of many an honourable citizen's career—not through discontent of honest trades, but because they have patiently, painfully, and justly fulfilled their honest trade. Intelligence first, work intelligently done second, the recompense third. Therefore there is an honest *discontent* as well as a dishonest; and my experience, Mr. Speaker, is that we gain more by the former than we lose by the latter. And, let me add, I pity the locality in which the hon. gentleman resides if such is not his also. The "heterogeneous knowledge," whatever that may mean, is said to be useless. Perhaps it is, so far as £ s. d. are concerned, in some cases; but it may be the means of imparting a wide field of healthy recreation.

✶ CHARLOTTE A. PRITCHARD :—Mr. Speaker—Sir, This is a question upon which it is very difficult to give a decisive answer, so many and so conflicting are the various shades of opinion brought to bear upon the subject. However, setting aside the much-disputed point of "over-cramming," and taking into consideration the immense advantages to be reaped from a fair knowledge of things past, present, and I had almost said future, I think I must join issue with Mr. Opponent, and try to show that we are *not* over-educating our children. To begin with, what would be the first effects of keeping our children in the rear-guard of this great educational race which is being run so animatedly by all around us? of forbidding them to compete honourably, fearlessly, and undauntedly with their fellows? What, I say, would be the first effects of such a course? Only this, they would soon feel themselves inferior in intellect to their companions, they would become diffident, shy, and awkward; unable to converse freely and unconstrainedly with their compeers; and after a time they would become so painfully sensitive of their general backwardness that they would shun all intellectual society, and give themselves up to those idle and profitless amusements which have proved the ruin of so many of the sons of men. Again, it has always been said that the best fortune we can leave our children is a good education. Riches may fail them, friends desert them, but their knowledge no man can take from them; with it they can go forth into the world and place themselves as determined conquerors in the great struggle of life; and in that struggle, which men are they who generally come to the fore, the educated or the non-educated ones? And, last of all, think of the good education has done amongst our poorer classes; think of the homes it has refined, the drunkenness it has cured, the souls it has saved from a life of misery, wretchedness, and wrong-doing! Contrast the sober, hard-working, painstaking labourer of to-day with the slovenly, intemperate, lazy artisan of yesterday! Education acts as a great refiner, it makes noble that which was ignoble, it teaches us, imperceptibly perhaps at first, but none the less surely that—

"'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief,
And sin is here.
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear.
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours."

W. KING :—In discussing any subject, it is usual to attach great weight to professional opinion—doctors' on medicine, merchants' on commerce, and so forth. I therefore thought it a noteworthy comment on Opponent's speech when, after reading it, I took up my paper and chanced on the following :—"The majority of elementary teachers in this country have passed the following resolution by an unanimous vote, 'That the work required by the new code is considerably more than can be done by an ordinary child in an ordinary school during the regular school hours.'" This is, to my mind, most significant. There may be some (of whom Opponent may be one) who will think self-interest dictated this, but I would fain think better of those whose business it is to train our children. At all events, this opinion would have been entitled to respect had it emanated from a minority of the profession, but an almost unanimous vote is doubly so. More important still, perhaps, is the fact that "700 reports have been sent back from the Education Department to Inspectors for re-consideration." This means that the schools were not, in the opinion of the Inspectors, up to the required standard, and such a wholesale failure is conclusive proof that the standard is too high.

H. VAUGHAN WALKER :—In replying to the allegations which the honourable member asserts against the education system of this country, I will at the outset place before you two facts, which at once prove that the assertions of the honourable member, in the main, are wrong. In 1882, Leicester earned the highest Government grant in this country, viz., 18s. 0½d. per head ; and on reference to the Registrar's returns, we find that juvenile mortality has decreased in Leicester since the Education Act came in force. At Goole also the schools are in a high state of efficiency, five out of six schools having received the "excellent merit grant." Her Majesty's Inspector, in his report, referring to the large boys' school, says : "Here, as in all schools under the Board, no signs of over-pressure can be detected ; indeed, happiness and healthy rivalry reign supreme." And speaking of a large infant school, he goes on to say : "The children are bright and intelligent, and though far advanced, are evidently not overworked."

* J. EATON FEARN :—The true end of all education is to equip a person to fight successfully in life's great battle, and a soldier's accoutrements should be distributed out of the great armoury of learning according to his individual necessities. It is requisite in any country that there should be "all sorts and conditions of men." We cannot *all* be editors, doctors, or parsons, any more than we can *all* be joiners, bakers, or drapers. It is evident, therefore, that a person's education must differ in measure as well as in sort. A smattering of science, a taste for matters literary, or an accurate knowledge of English history, will not make a man a better joiner or baker. If we employ a man to trim our garden, we expect him to know how to plant and to dig, and not to quote "Hamlet," or put himself in striking dramatic attitudes with his spade. But the present system of education drags a lad by sheer force, irrespective of abilities, inclination, or future position, up to a certain given standard, and that by no means an easy one. Is it unnatural, therefore, that an indolent lad, of by no means brilliant talent, having received sufficient education to fit him for the duties of an inferior clerk, should despise an honest trade, by which he could earn a comfortable living by the sweat of his brow? And does not the present system entail a great burden on the pockets of their poor parents, who have to keep them at school, to learn a lot of useless things? Are not the long hours and tedious lessons the cause of numerous bodily ailments to the children themselves, whose minds reap benefit at the expense of their ill-fed, ill-clothed bodies? And does not this "little knowledge" create within the minds of the children themselves a spirit of rude criticism ; a contempt for honest manual labour, and those who work with their hands ; feelings of dissatisfaction with their present position ; and a false estimate of what they really do know? Surely, Sir. every honest, truth-seeking reader of your widely-read Magazine will arrive at the logical conclusion that we *are* "over-educating" the children of our poorer brethren.

* JOHN COSSEY :—Mr. Speaker,—The present time is most opportune to bring up for consideration and discussion the question now before us, and I feel sure a large majority will be with me in opposition to the Opener's assertion "that we are over-educating our children." His arguments are clearly based on statements made of exceptional cases, and not from personal observation. Admitting that the standards get higher each year, it must be remembered the only compulsory part of them is made up of the three R's. The Education Department very properly hold out inducements, in the shape of extra grants, to those schools taking up extra subjects successfully ; it is for members of School Boards and managers to decide whether or not they will teach extra subjects ; and as they are an elective body, virtually it rests with the parents themselves. The inducement to get children to school between three and five, held out by the School Board referred to by the Opener, is clearly a step towards preventing the necessity of what the Opener calls "diligent cramming :" the children become early initiated in regular habits ; and in many cases their temporary absence from homes of vice and misery is of itself sufficient to encourage others to take up this or any other system having the same aim. The scare of over-education would very soon be a real anxiety if the code encouraged the pushing forward of the most intelligent children—often the weakest, constitutionally. If the standards are so extremely difficult, surely one each year is sufficient for any child. The teacher's time is much better employed in making the average and dull children efficient. No doubt there are exceptional cases of prolonged hours and over-pressure ; they are entirely in opposition to the intention of our national system of elementary education embodied in our Education Acts and Code, and are certainly not necessary where the school work is kept up throughout the whole year. Home lessons should be encouraged in the upper standards, not new or difficult lessons, but such as would assist in fixing in the children's minds more clearly the purport of lessons already studied. The Opener's statement that blindness and brain disease among children is on the increase requires statistics in proof thereof. Then a question arises : May not this increase be attributed to other causes—*i.e.*, drink, &c.? Is the sixth a fair standard to quote in measuring the quality of work demanded? There are few districts in which the bye-laws make that a compulsory standard. Probably for a few years education may have a tendency to create a large supply of clerks, inferior teachers, &c.; it will not be long before the knowledge acquired will enable people to see that the healthy occupation and homes of our agricultural labourers and domestic servants are preferable to the lighter and less healthy employments. Of course the education should be varied to suit the circumstances of the district ; and that which is likely to be of most use to the children in after-life should have precedence. The teaching of girls to sew, iron, bake, &c., should be done at home, as they may be taught without loss of time. I do not think my opinion of the result of our present educational system is too sanguine. I anticipate, amongst other benefits, increased thriftiness and a considerable falling off of pauperism that will more than balance the "cost" of education ; a decrease of intemperance, and a better knowledge and more care in sanitary matters, which mean less of fevers and misery. In conclusion, Sir, I will earnestly ask the members of our Family Parliament present in this debate, not only to join with me in expression of approval of our present educational system, but to use their individual influence and ability in getting the labouring class to voluntarily avail themselves of it.

[END OF THE DEBATE ON OVER-EDUCATION.]

In the next Number of the Magazine a Debate on the question, "Ought the State to Provide Healthy Homes for the Poor?" will be opened.

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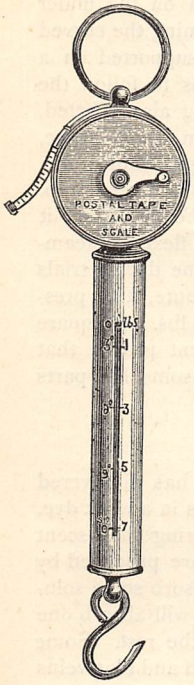
* To this speech has been awarded the Honorarium of One Guinea.

THE GATHERER.



A Parcels Post Balance.

A useful little apparatus has been devised for the use of persons sending parcels by post. It is simply a spring balance, graduated to weigh parcels up to the postal limit, 7 lbs., and showing the corresponding cost of postage. A tape measure is also attached to the scale, to enable the sender to measure his parcel. On the dial of the measuring tape full instructions are embossed for the sending of these parcels, and the whole machine will go into the pocket.

Helm Signal Lights.

Mr. Evelyn Liardet has devised a plan for enabling a ship's mast-head light to indicate the position of the helm. These lights are electrical, and consist of a red, a green, and a white electric light. When the helm is amidships only the white line is seen; when the helm is to port the red light is also visible beside the white; and when the helm is starboard the green light is visible beside the white, and the red light is out. This change of lights is effected by cutting off the electric current by means of contacts on the helm. In thick weather bells and gongs could be substituted for these lamps, the electric current working them in a similar way.

Manitoban Coal.

Extensive coal-fields have been discovered in Manitoba, the new north-west territory of Canada. They extend for several hundred miles along the Rocky Mountains on the eastern side, and as the prairie country is bare of wood, will be a valuable aid to civilisation in these parts. A specimen of the coal, cut from a seam five feet thick, on the Belly river, now exhibited at the Canadian Government offices, shows it to be a hard, dry, bituminous fuel, like Welsh anthracite, and producing little cinder or smoke. It is suitable for steam and domestic purposes, and bears transport and exposure well. This kind is as yet the best discovered in that region; but combustible lignites are also found in the mountains there.

A Novel Bridge.

A temporary bridge of a novel kind has been erected across the river Spey, at its widest part, near Garmouth, to accommodate the workmen engaged on a new railway on the Moray coast. The span is 500 feet, and the bridge consists of four steel cables, on which runs an iron carriage weighing 140 lbs. The carriage is lined and floored with strong diamond lattice wire offering little resistance to the wind. The four upper wheels have each a crank attached, by means of which the passengers, seated back to back, can propel the carriage up the short incline at the termination of each journey. For 460 feet the journey is accomplished by gravitation owing to the thickness of the rope; and the average length of the journey across is under a minute. The bridge has been designed for the Great North of Scotland Railway by Mr. Harper, C.E.

A Steam-Magnet.

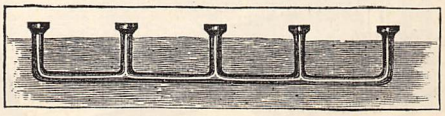
A German chemist has recently constructed an electro-magnet of a soft iron core surrounded by a helix of copper piping, through which steam was forced at a high pressure. This experiment is not quite novel, it having been made before by M. Tommasi, a French electrician; but it was eminently successful

A Sunlight Battery.

Herr Sauer, a German electrician, has devised a voltaic battery which only operates under the influence of sunlight, the power being furnished by the chemical rays of the light. It consists of a glass vessel containing a solution of fifteen parts of table salt, and seven parts of sulphate of copper, in 106 parts of water. In this is placed a porous cell containing mercury. One electrode is made of platinum and the other of sulphide of silver, and both are connected with a galvanometer. When in use the platinum electrode is immersed in the mercury, and the other in the salt solution. The battery is then placed in the sunlight, and the galvanometer needle is seen to be deflected, the direction of the current proving the sulphide of silver to be the negative pole. If the sun is clouded so as to lower the intensity of the light, the needle indicates the fact by a change in the strength of the current. We have here an interesting case of the conversion of luminous rays into electricity.

Soil-Heating.

The plan of forcing vegetation by heating the soil itself directly by means of hot-pipes, not indirectly by means of heated air, is likely to become general.



French vine-dressers are trying it with success after the system shown in the woodcut, which represents the pipes running under-ground, and at intervals rising

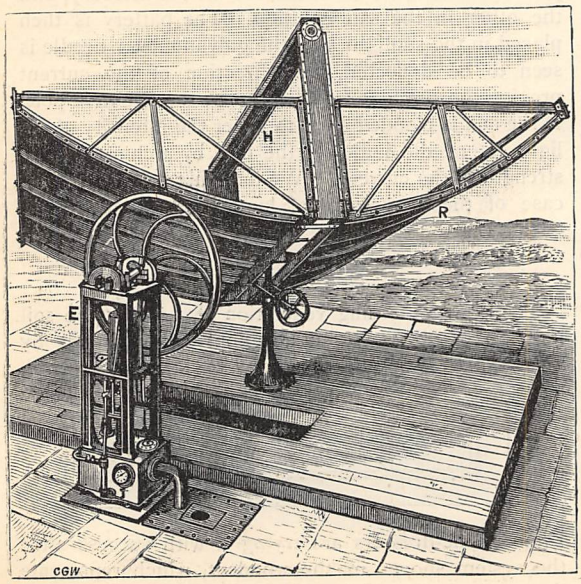
to the surface to heat the air. Steam or heated air can be used to warm the pipes in the ordinary way, but we also learn that Signor Cirio has utilised the hot-springs of Aqui by circulating their waters in earthenware pipes laid under the soil. The water is brought from the baths of the town after it has been used, and the gardens supplied are close to the bath establishment. Here are 10,000 asparagus, 4,000 chicory, and 4,000 lettuce plants being forced in this manner. We may add that the Japanese are about to utilise the hot-springs of Tokio in a similar way; and it is also proposed to utilise the hot gases of volcanic districts for this purpose.

Universal Buoys.

The Corporation of Trinity House are bringing into use a new system of buoyage which, it is hoped, will be adopted universally. Formerly, colour was the distinguishing mark of buoys, but the introduction of metal buoys has led to a more enduring distinction, namely, that of form. In future flat-headed or can buoys are to mark the left or port side of a channel, and conical buoys the right or starboard side. This accords with many existing systems abroad, and is an important step towards a uniform system everywhere. While upon the subject, we may mention that the Trinity House are also about to make a series of practical tests of the best means of light-house illumination. The experiments will be carried out at the South Foreland Light-house, and the relative advantages of oil, gas, and electricity will be tried.

The Sun-Motor.

Our illustration gives a general view of the machine constructed by Captain J. Ericsson, at New York, for utilising the sun's heat in producing mechanical power. It consists of a curved reflector R, lined with polished plates which reflect the sun's heat on a cylindrical heater H, mounted over the reflector. This heater contains air or steam, which is heated, and transfers the energy of the sunshine to work the engine E, shown beside the reflector. The reflecting surface consists of window-glass panes silvered on the under sides, and fastened to wooden staves lining the curved iron framework. The reflector is supported on a central pivot, round which it revolves to follow the sun, a change in its inclination being also effected, by means of a horizontal axle not seen in the figure, to suit the path of the sun. The engine shown is a steam-engine, which in turn works a force-pump. The steam is brought to it from the heater, where it is generated by the sun's rays, in a flexible steam-pipe. The average speed of the engine during trials last summer was 120 turns per minute, the pressure on the working piston being 35 lbs. per square inch. The success of the experiment proves that the sun-motor may be very useful in some hot parts of the globe.



ERICSSON'S SUN-MOTOR.

Dyeing Cut Flowers.

Mr. Nesbit, a well-known botanist, has discovered that by soaking the stems of cut flowers in a weak dye, their colour can be altered without altering their scent or freshness. Most beautiful effects are produced by prepared baths. Flowers refuse to absorb some solutions, and if placed in mixed solutions, will absorb one or more of the ingredients, and leave the rest. Some lilies, treated with purple dyes, show red and blue veins quite distinctly. The tints have been separated by the process of absorption.

Reducing Metals by Gases.

An interesting series of experiments has been made by Dr. G. Gore, F.R.S., in order to test the effect of various gases and liquids in reducing metals from their solutions. The method consists in slowly passing a stream of dry pure gas, or mixture of gases, through various solutions, or maintaining the liquids in contact with an atmosphere of the gas. Thus a mixture of dry and pure carbonic oxide and carbonic anhydride passed through a solution of bichloride of palladium reduced the metal rapidly to a black powder. Again, an atmosphere of coal-gas was kept in contact with dilute tetrachloride of gold, and beautiful films of the metal, bright and very thin, were found on the surface of the liquid. Platinum was also separated from platinic chloride solution by American rock-oil, benzole, and such liquids kept in contact with the solution. Dr. Gore is of opinion that this method might be useful in physical experiments, and suggests that it may have played a part in reducing metals from their ores in the bowels of the earth.

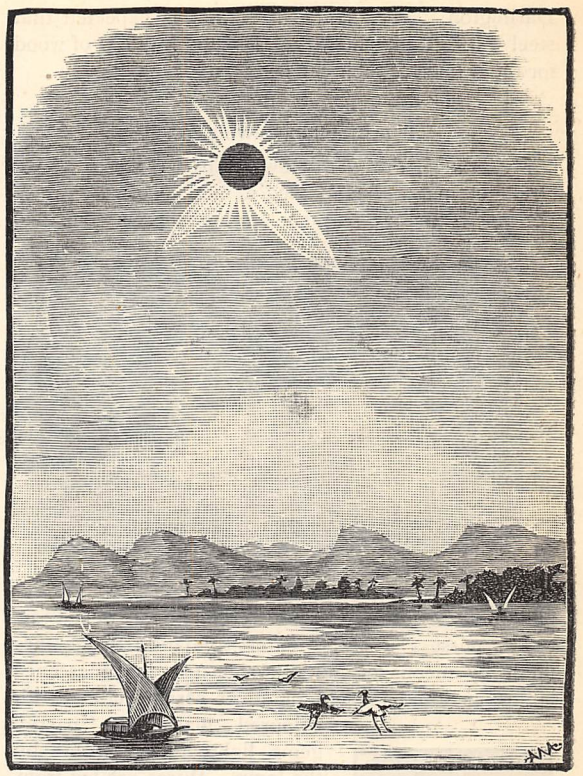
Speed of Tidal Waves.

The last great outburst of the Krakatoa volcano took place at twelve minutes to noon on August 27

last, and a tidal wave was formed in the Straits of Sunda. At 1.30 p.m. the same day a wave was felt at Point de Galle, some 850 miles distant; and at Mauritius, about 3,400 miles distant, a wave was felt at 2.15 p.m. Calculating from these observations, M. de la Croix finds the speed of the molecular wave through the sea to be about 1,250 miles per hour, or 600 yards per second—that is, nearly twice as fast as sound in air.

The Solar Corona.

Our engraving represents that wonderful object the solar corona, as seen by M. Trouvelot during the eclipse of last May. According to M. Janssen, the celebrated astronomer, the spectrum shows that the corona is due in part at least to reflected sunlight; and M. Tacchini also found in the spectrum of the great coronal plume, seen on the right, the peculiar bands found in the spectra of comets.



THE SOLAR CORONA.

A Paper Insulator.

Paper-pulp impregnated with liquid silica has been introduced in America as an insulator for covering electric light wires. We may also mention that paper-pulp is now made by macerating straw or wood in dilute milk of lime, and after twelve hours, digesting it with sulphurous acid under a pressure of four or five atmospheres. In two hours the material is loosened, and after being washed in water and again treated under pressure with three per cent. of chloride of calcium, and a half per cent. of aluminum sulphate, dissolved in a little water, the stuff obtained resembles cotton, and serves for the manufacture of fine cotton.

Frozen Nitrogen.

Liquid oxygen, when the pressure is removed, enters into an ebullient state, and its temperature is then very low—according to recent experiments by M. Wroblewski, 186° below zero Centigrade—that is, below the freezing point of water. At this temperature compressed nitrogen solidifies and falls in snow and crystals on the bottom of the vessel holding it.

Composite Pavement.

A piece of new pavement of the composite kind, invented by Mr. H. F. Williams, of San Francisco, is now being tried in Cannon Street, London, opposite the Mansion House station of the Metropolitan District Railway. The pavement is laid on a concrete foundation faced with cement, which is set hard and dry before the superstructure is built. This consists of wooden blocks about 8 inches long by 4 inches deep by 1½ inches wide, which are set on the foundation like bricks on edge, and with the end of the grain—that is, the 1½-inch side—uppermost. Previous to being set thus each brick is dipped in a boiling mixture of Val de Travers asphalte and Trinidad bitumen. The bricks are then laid so as to break joint, and the interstices are filled in with boiling pitch. Lastly, over the bricks is spread a covering of asphalte half an inch thick, and mixed with coarse sand and grit. The grit prevents the asphalte from being greasy in wet weather.

A Curious Optical Phenomenon.

The recent observations of Professor Tyndall are interesting in the extreme. On opening the door of his cottage in the Alps on the evening of the 27th September last, he observed his shadow, thrown by a small lamp on the wall behind, projected on the fog outside, and round his head a luminous circle or halo, without colour, which proved to be an artificial rainbow. This he succeeded in reproducing by means of a copper boiler, from which steam was let out into the cold air to form a fog, and the light of the lamp behind the head to replace the sun. With an electric light the circular bow was very distinct and showed signs of colour, its outer circumference being red and its inner blue. Moreover, the corresponding secondary bow was seen beyond it, with its colours reversed. To those who may wish to make the experiment in an inexpensive way, Dr. Tyndall recommends a spray of spirits of turpentine and petroleum.

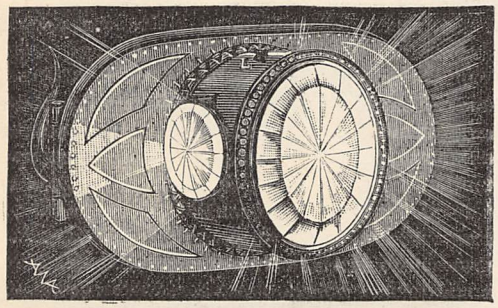
Steel-framed Carriages.

A steel-framed railway-carriage has been built by the North-Eastern Railway Company at their works,

Darlington. After sufficient trial it is expected that steel will be adopted by the company in place of wood for the frames of their carriages and waggons.

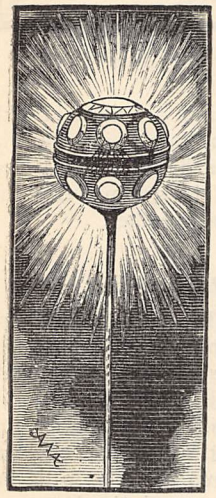
Electric Jewels.

M. Trouvé, the well-known Parisian electrical instrument maker, has devised a number of very pretty personal ornaments, such as breast-pins, diadems,



AN ELECTRICAL BROOCH.

and brooches, which, while resembling jewelled articles, possess a still greater brilliance. They are made by means of miniature electric incandescence lamps, enclosed in gold or silver cases, studded with coloured glass or "paste" gems, lighted from within by the lamp. Wires are led from the lamp to a small pocket bichromate battery of from two to five cells coupled in series, and enclosed in an ebonite case of three compartments, and having double sides. The case for three cells is only seven centimètres long by ten high, and six thick. The light lasts for thirty-five minutes. Our illustrations represent a scarf-pin and brooch. In the latter, the butt of the small lamp is shown at L. While upon this subject, we may mention that fireflies have been imitated at a place of entertainment in Vienna, by means of fine swinging wires, each bearing a tiny incandescent lamp at its end, and representing the flashes of a firefly dancing among the foliage by sudden eclipses of the light, produced by interrupting the current in the wires. The best battery for such purposes, or for button-hole and bouquet lights carried on the person, is undoubtedly formed by the tiny chloride of silver cells made by Messrs. Elliott and Co. They give a brilliant light for several hours, not merely for a few minutes as small accumulators do.



AN ELECTRICAL SCARF-PIN.

The Great Paris Telescope.

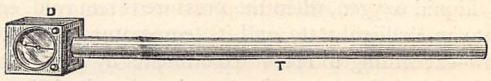
The Observatory of Paris has just been fitted up with a very fine equatorial, designed by Mr. Lœwy, and presented by M. Bischoffsheim. Its chief peculiarity is that the tube is bent in the middle to an angle of 90°, the whole thus forming two sides of a square. The light is imaged round the corner by a mirror at the bend, and sent up to the eye-piece. The eye end of the tube rises upward, and the observer sits on a chair above, and looks down into the reflected sky as if he were examining a microscopic specimen. This arrangement permits of great ease of working, and the usual cumbrous dome over the instrument can be dispensed with.

A White Rainbow.

The very rare phenomenon of a white rainbow, or *cercle d'Ulloa*, was seen at Courtenay (Loiret), France, on the morning of the 28th November, 1883, by M. Cornu, the well-known astronomer. The sun rose in the midst of level bands of cloud, and was very pale in hue. A thick hoar-frost covered the ground, and a light fog formed a thin veil through which the sky was visible, free of clouds at the zenith, but clouded at the south-east. Opposite the sun a great white arc, or rainbow without colour, was pictured on the fog, and recalled to M. Cornu the smoke crowns made with phosphuretted hydrogen gas. The apparent height from the summit of the arc to the horizon was 23° 26′; the apparent amplitude, or span, 80°; and the apparent height of the sun at the time (9.41 a.m. Paris time) was 17° 34′.

A New Voltmeter.

A voltmeter is a device for measuring the electromotive force or "pressure" of an electric current. That illustrated is a novelty in its way, and is the device of Lieut. Carden, R.E. It consists of a very fine platinum-silver wire ·0025 inch in diameter, enclosed in the long brass tube T. The current whose

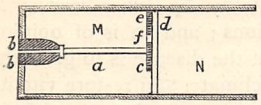


electro-motive force is to be measured, is sent through the wire, which is heated by its passage, and the dilatation produced is indicated by the needle on the dial D, and a diagram provided with each instrument. A safety-fuse is attached to prevent the wire from fusing by too strong a current. Brass is chosen for the case, because it has the same coefficient of expansion as platinum-silver for a given rise of temperature; hence, so long as the wire and case are at the same temperature, the needle of the instrument keeps at zero. Such an apparatus, though very simple, will measure to 120 volts, which is above the ordinary "pressure" used in incandescent electric lighting.

An Electric Firelock.

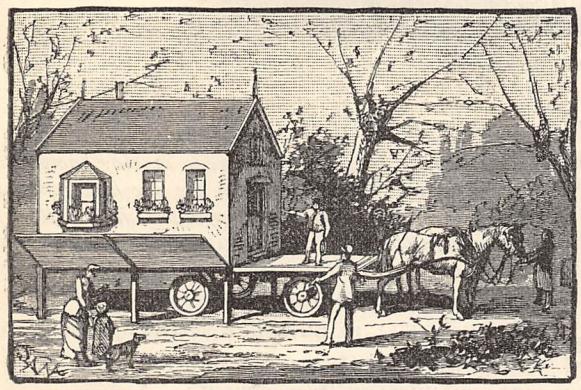
Pieper's electric gun is an ordinary gun, in which the powder is exploded by a platinum wire, heated with an electric current supplied by a small accumulator carried at the belt, and capable of firing 10,000

rounds. One pole of the accumulator is in connection with a metallic glove, which the sportsman wears on the left hand, and the other with a metallic shoulder-strap. When the gun is brought to the shoulder to take aim, the circuit is almost complete. The figure shows a section of the cartridge; M is the powder chamber, the axis of which is occupied by the copper rod *a*, which bears on the bottom plate, but from which it is insulated by a small ebonite piece *b*. The rod *a*, presses on the brass button *c*, of the disc *d*. Close to this is a platinum wire *f*, $\frac{1}{10}$ mm. in diameter, connected on one side to the button *c*, and on the other to the strip *e*, attached to the cartridge shell. The firing pin, when pressed against the end of the rod *a*, closes the circuit, the platinum wire is heated, and the charge exploded. The advantage of an electric firelock on a gun is that no mechanical shock of the lock need disturb the aim. Whether it may be safer than a trigger, will depend on the way the electricity is applied. Pieper's gun was exhibited at the Vienna Electrical Exhibition, where, as a curiosity in its way, it attracted considerable notice; and it may lead to further improvements in the same direction.

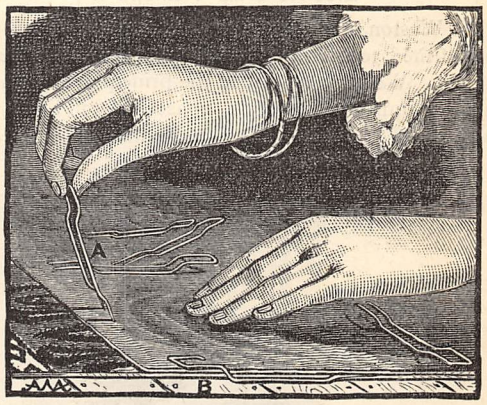


Movable Houses.

A French architect, M. Poitrineau, has devised a number of useful constructions which are in reality movable houses. They are made in pieces which are easily fitted up anywhere; and, moreover, the entire building can be shifted about by aid of a low waggon drawn by horses. The waggon is backed under the



raised floor of the building, and fixed there; the legs of the building are shortened by unscrewing the lower part, and the whole edifice then rests on the waggon and can be removed. For tourists, artists, sportsmen, and others roughing it for a season in country parts, these portable houses may prove of service. They are fitted up inside with all the necessaries of civilised life. The boards round the foot hang down when the house is properly placed. A German officer has also invented a portable field tent of felting, which is designed to obviate the bad effects of a camping-out without shelter. The felt is impregnated with incombustible matter, to render it safe against fire. Besides being water-tight, these houses are cool in hot weather, and warm in cold. They are packed into transport boxes provided with ventilating holes, and have been recently introduced into the Danish army.



A Carpet Fastener.

The woodcut represents a simple American device for fastening carpet-covers. The fastener is a staple with sharp ends and the sides bent as shown at A. When the fastener is to be used it is held nearly upright, and the points are pushed through the carpet-cover and carpet to the floor. The upper part is then lowered backward, the points being at the same time slid along, until the fastener is in the position shown at B, with its points not rising above the cover again.

Power from Natural Gas.

The glass manufacturers of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, U.S., have recently utilised the natural gas of that region for driving their machinery, and the introduction of the system is likely to extend to other manufacturers. Indeed, the Edgar Thomson Bessemer Steel Works, at the town of Braddock, Pennsylvania, have also resolved to employ the gas-power from a well at Murraysville. The gas is brought in pipes from the well, and utilised by gas-motors to drive the machinery and light the workshops.

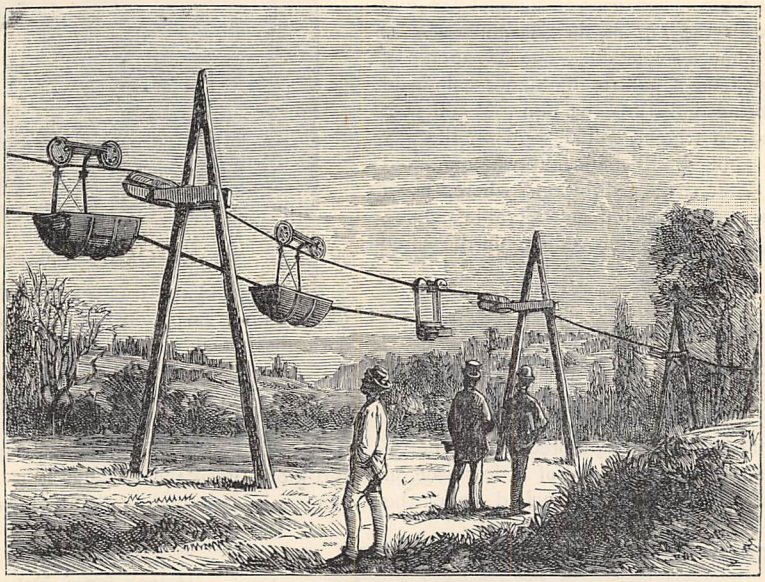
Curious Needles.

At the International Exhibition of Needlework to be held at Sydenham in July, two famous needles will be shown. One is that presented to the German Emperor when visiting the Kreuznach needle factory. On seeing some very fine needles, 1,000 of which only weighed an ounce, His Majesty expressed his surprise that needles so fine could be threaded, whereupon the foreman of the boring department requested a hair from the Emperor's beard, and returned it to

him bored and threaded. The other needle was manufactured at Redditch and presented to Queen Victoria. It is a sort of miniature Trajan's Column, engraved with scenes from Her Majesty's life, so fine that a magnifying glass is required to see them. The needle can also be opened, and is found to contain a number of even finer needles, on which other scenes are engraved.

Electric Wire Transport.

At Weston, near Hitchin, has been erected a trial line of the "telpherage" system, invented by Professor Jenkin. We have described the principle of this novel mode of transporting goods or passengers in a previous number of the GATHERER, and now illustrate the original line. We have chosen that in which only one steel wire is used to support the locomotive and the "skip" or carriage; but Professor Jenkin has another arrangement with two wires. The steel wire conveys the electric current to the locomotive, and also supports the latter and the carriages or trucks. Only one of these is shown; but the band connecting the locomotive with it, runs on and connects a series of "skips" in one train. The locomotive is one of Ayrton and Perry's electromotors, specially adapted to run on the steel wire. Telpherage is likely to play an important part in future locomotion, and hence the first trial of it has all the interest of a progenitor



ELECTRIC WIRE TRANSPORT.

A New Potato.

At a recent meeting of the Linnean Society, Mr. J. G. Baker drew attention to a new kind of potato which is indigenous to the moister parts of Chili, and is more suited to a moist climate like ours than the common potato, which comes from the dry parts of that country. Two plants of this new potato under cultivation yielded 600 tubers in one year, the tuber-bearing stems reaching seven feet long. The botanical name of the new potato is *Solanum maglia;* but other varieties, such as the *S. Commersoni*, now being tried in France, and the *S. Jamesii*, under test in America, are also suited to moist climates. Mr. Baker also remarks that the ordinary potato becomes a prey to disease on losing its vitality by tuber-bearing at the expense of other functions; and he is of opinion that the best way to prevent the disease is to grow the potato best adapted to the climate, and restore vitality to the plant as soon as it ceases to flower and fruit, by cutting off the tuber-stems and saving the roots which nourish it.

1883 POEM COMPETITION.

The Editor has much pleasure in making known the award of the Judges to whom the one hundred and ninety-five poems received in response to his invitation were submitted. The subject given was "Spring time or any subject directly bearing thereon," and the Prize of FIVE POUNDS *is awarded to*

MINNA LOVELL, 10, Ellerdale Road, Hampstead, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION *is awarded to the following competitors, in order of merit:—*

(1) Marie G. Daly, Birkenhead.
(2) William Boyle, Box, Wilts.
(3) Lillias Campbell Davidson, Shirley, Hants.
(4) Emma Mary Hordle, Wareham.
(5) A. Parker, Brighton.

The Editor hopes to publish the Prize Poem in an early Number of the Magazine.

Particulars of another series of Prize Competitions will be announced in due course.

WITHIN THE CLASP.

A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE JET-HUNTERS.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "The Tenth Earl," "Lady Flavia," "Paul Knox, Pitman," &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

RUFUS CROUCH, clad in a coarse white slop suit, like a dock labourer or navvy, and puffing forth smoke from the short and blackened pipe that was his almost inseparable companion, came striding up the long and narrow valley that led from the sea-coast to that hollow in which his unenviable dwelling stood. He walked more swiftly, and more strongly too, than could have been conjectured of a man of his build. And indeed it is a mistake to suppose that a cross-built, ungainly figure, like that of Rufus, is necessarily unfit for speed, whether at a walk or a run. Your flashing Mercury, your clean-limbed, perfectly proportioned athlete, of course, leads the van, but there is many a shambling fellow, such as the gold-digger was, who could press hard on his heels in a long race. Rufus Crouch was very strong; you could tell that, in spite of his crab-like gait, by the rapidity with which he mounted every steep little bit of the hilly road, and by the fact that he never paused to take breath. He, like Sir Richard Mortmain, was not in his first youth, but he bore his years and the hardships he had gone through even better than the well-preserved baronet endured the flight of time.

Very sullen and very dark was the knitted brow of the ex-gold-digger and actual jet-hunter. Rufus Crouch as a child had been the terror of his little playfellows—a surly, disputatious boy, who wanted always to win at games, to snatch toys, to have the lion's share at treats and bun feasts. In adolescence and in manhood he had been much the same, more cautious but not less grasping than of old, always fierce, selfish, greedy, beneath the Southern Cross of Australia as beneath the Pole Star of England—always "a bad chum" among the rude adventurers of the gold-fields, as he had been thought reckless and ill-conditioned among his fellow-parishioners at home.

He had not improved in temper during the months he had spent in Yorkshire as a member of the jet-hunters' band. He was shrewd and bold and strong, and he had won for himself a sort of position among them, but nobody liked him, nor did he care to be liked. It suited his savage humour to live alone in the hut he had raised on land that was none of his, and without a neighbour save the hill-fox and the hawk.

Rufus reached his solitary dwelling. The wind, as usual, set in from the seaward, and the dogs, scenting the approach of a human being, set up their hoarse clamour, that grew louder as the distance lessened. But presently the fierce barking changed into a whimpering cry, as the chained hounds recognised their master. That amiable person, however, made it his first duty to walk round to the kennels of his snarling four-footed sentinels, and kick them all sharply with his nailed boots for their breach of discipline.

"I'll teach you, you brutes!" he growled out, as a bear endowed with human speech might have done, and then he laughed within his shaggy red beard to see how the ferocious mastiffs cowered and crouched beneath the threatening eye and lifted hand. Then the ex-gold-digger pulled out a key from his baggy pocket, and unlocked the clumsy door of the hovel in which he dwelt. He went in, shutting the door behind him. It was a hot July evening. In that hollow amidst the uplands the sea-breeze was not able to cool, through the narrow glassless apertures that were called windows, the low-roofed hut.

"A nice, comfortable sort of crib, this!" grumbled Rufus, looking about him sourly; "a nice sort of lodging, rather! A regular tent and a rainless sky, such as I've been used to, would do better for an overlander like myself. I've got coin enough, even if Sir R. wouldn't cash up—as he must if I tackle him properly—to take me back to Eaglehawk Rush, or the Buckland, or Omawha, or even the new reefs, Queensland or Tasmania way. But then how a man must work, with beef and flour and tea and pickles at such a price—just like a horse for his hay and oats. And then, my friend here"—he clutched his big stoneware spirit-bottle as he spoke, and, groping for a dingy glass, filled himself a bumper, and tossed it off—"does double the mischief there that it does in this foggy old country climate. I feel that, and I can't do without the comfort of it. I should be a madman to go back poorer than I came, when I left the hospital at Melbourne, and they gave me back my clothes and the rest of my swag, and the surgeon complimented me on my constitution, and bade me go back to England, work hard, put on the muzzle where drink was concerned, and live to the age of a hundred. Here I am; and what's the good of it?" querulously demanded Mr. Crouch, looking to right and left at his squalid furniture and the grimy gloom of the interior of his dwelling, and then, as if disappointed of an answer, consoled himself by tossing off in rapid succession two more glasses of the fiery liquor which the stoneware bottle contained. He felt amidst the miscellaneous litter that strewed his rough table until he found the match-box, and then, striking a light, he kindled the great petroleum lamp that stood conspi-

cuously in the centre of the board. The bright gleam flashed upon the pannikins and cooking utensils of tin, lit up the darksome corners of the hut, and irradiated the ruddy beard and broad uncomely face of the grisly master of this unpromising abode.

"Robinson Crusoe they call me, the fools!" he growled mockingly; "Squire Crouch, I reckon, will be the word the day they see me in a carriage of my own, and with smarter clothes than a farmer's Sunday best." This soliloquy seemed to suggest to the fierce recluse a new train of thought. He dragged over towards the end of the table the great glaring lamp, and next took from a locker near him a wooden box of small size, which he unlocked with the help of a tiny key attached to his silver watch-chain. Seating himself on the empty barrel that did duty for a chair, he produced from his pockets several pieces of coarse brown paper, carefully folded, each of which contained a sample of sand, some glistening white, others of a darker hue. Then taking from the box a small bottle labelled "Quicksilver," he poured a few of the shining globules into the hollow of his hand, tilted them into one of the papers that held the sand, tossed the whole into a small bottle half full of water, and shook the bottle vigorously for some minutes. Then he emptied it into a shallow pan, and through a lens keenly inspected its contents. Apparently the result was in part satisfactory, for, with a fresh growl, he took out of the box an end of wax-candle, which he lighted, a shallow spoon, which looked as if it were of tin, but was of that infusible metal called platinum, a blow-pipe of brass, with an ivory mouth-piece and a platinum nozzle, fit to bear the fierce flame that wears away commoner metals so rapidly. With the point of a penknife, also taken from the box, he laid the little grey lumps of amalgamated sand and quicksilver in the hollow of the spoon, and then, lifting the blow-pipe to his mouth, sent a stream of continuous flame against each little grey lump of moist sandy matter. For some minutes the process went on, and the ex-gold-digger, who must have possessed a technical knowledge that few of his fellows can lay claim to, paused, laid aside his blow-pipe, and through his magnifying-glass took a survey of the results. "Specks, mere specks," he said resentfully, as he contemplated the tiny golden spangle, faintly glimmering amidst the dull grains of unaltered sand. "Not a living to be made out of a creelful of it. No, no; it won't do here."

Rufus Crouch was neat-handed, however, in putting away the blow-pipe and shallow platinum spoon, and the other objects which he had taken from the box, and in re-locking and stowing away the box itself. Then he stood scowling, with his brawny arms folded across his broad chest.

"England is the place for gold," muttered the ruffian, after a few minutes of meditation; "but then, you must have a full pocket to pull upon. Here, after all, will prove to lie a bigger nugget than ever Bendigo gold-fields or Hunger Rush produced when they were at their best."

As he spoke he walked up to a corner of the hut where sundry tools were stacked, selected a crowbar, small, sharp-pointed, and made of as good steel as ever Sheffield sent forth, and, armed with this instrument, and carrying the great petroleum lamp, he approached the now fireless hearth, on which there lay, cold and dead, the ashes of his fire of peat and wood.

As he did so the watchful dogs without set up their hoarse and frantic baying. Their ferocious master, striding to the glassless casement nearest to him, silenced them by a volley of curses and threats, and then, as the cowed animals slunk back to their lairs, resumed the occupation which their clamour had interrupted.

Using the strong steel crowbar with considerable skill, Rufus Crouch managed to lift the heavy hearth-stone and to sway it to one side, giving to view beneath a cavity artfully contrived to serve as a place of deposit for articles too precious to be left in some cupboard or other unprotected receptacle in a house so often tenantless. The hole only held two objects: the one a common jar of baked clay, with a lid, such as in Holland is used for the storage of tobacco, the other a large tin box, fastened by a padlock. Rufus lifted the lid of the Dutch tobacco-jar, and threw a casual glance at the money—gold, silver, and copper coins mixed together—that lay below. Then he replaced the cover, and unlocking the padlock with a key which, like that other which he first employed, was attached to his silver watch-chain, he drew forth a number of papers and parchments, most of which were documents inscribed in that legal copper-plate which so impresses the uninitiated with the majesty of Law. From these, after some search, he separated a particular deed, and seating himself on some rude substitute for a chair, and planting the large lamp at a corner of the unplaned table, began, for perhaps the hundredth time, with greedy eyes to study its contents.

"Not a doubt about it," he muttered—"all that sum of seventy thousand pounds, Consolidated Three per Cents., with all unclaimed back dividends therefrom accruing, belongs as certainly to Violet, only daughter——"

Here the lonely student's interested commentary on the legal document in his clutch was interrupted by a whining cry from the dogs without, a tap at the door, the lifting of the latch, and it was Obadiah Jedson's towering figure that now darkened the doorway.

"Here, Rufus, man!" said the deep, resonant voice of the captain of the jet-hunters; "you must be deaf or busy. I knocked before, and I gave the word before I came in. However, all's well; only time is short."

"What's up, captain?" confusedly demanded the occupant of the hut, as he huddled together the law papers that lay before him on the untidy table, and looked askance at the new-comer. "I was asleep, I think, and didn't hear you, and the bar wasn't on the door; and those accursed brutes outside," he added, with unjust anger against his four-footed guards, "didn't bark, and be hanged to them for a set of mangy curs, not worth their meat!"

All this time the ex-gold-digger was very busily

collecting his law papers, and thrusting them, with all possible efforts to screen them from observation, into the tin box whence they came, and which still remained in the cavity beneath the raised hearthstone. "I was reading—a thing I don't often do," said Crouch, with a constrained laugh: "poring over a lot of old letters, and they sent me to sleep as I sat. What's stirring, Captain Jedson?"

"We ought to be?" answered old Obadiah frowningly, as his strongly-marked features and long grey locks came within the radius of the lamp-light. "In digging the foundations for the new pier at Daneborough, jet traces have been found—very good ones, since nine pounds weight were picked up by mere children in a couple of hours. I have seen the stuff and the place, and how the bearings lie, and I have been round to summon the lads and women to muster at Daneborough Old Pier at five to-morrow morn. In your turn, Rufus mate, I have come to you. I look to you as my lieutenant, in Don's place. And that is why I am here."

"Don's turned gentleman, ain't he?" sneeringly asked the confederate of Sir Richard Mortmain—"A pleasanter trade for him than jet-seeking, I guess, and a safer."

"Don dragged you, body and bones, out of what would else have been your grave in the Soldiers' Slough, comrade Rufus," retorted old Obadiah, with such dignified sternness of rebuke that the ruffian quailed before the severe regard of the gaunt captain of jet-hunters; "and as for taking a new trade, it is held by all of us along this coast that my foster-son is a gentleman born. But I did not come here to talk of our Don, who will be back with us one day, but of the work of the morrow, mate. I have others to call, who live far away. Can I count on you, Crouch, to make one?"

"You see, captain, that Dutchman's Bay job did sicken a chap," grumbled Crouch irresolutely, and always with his eyes wandering to the gaping space beneath the raised hearthstone.

"No man in a free country is forced to follow a calling against his will," rejoined Obadiah, in his deep rich voice. "Not a stroke have you done, Rufus, since that time; but then, it has been slack tide, I won't deny, with most of us since then; but this is a new harvest to reap, and I, as captain, must know on whom to rely. Are you a jet-hunter still, and one of our company?"

"Ay, ay, captain," was the sulky response.

"Then to-morrow at five o'clock I shall look to see you, comrade, at Daneborough Old Pier, where all are to meet. And now I must not tarry, for I have far to walk yet. You'll be there?"

"Yes," sullenly replied Rufus; "yes, I'll be there—never fear me; I'll be there." And so they parted.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

THROUGH THE MIST.

"DON'T give that horse to my daughter, I beg you, Mr. Burt." Such had been the words of anxious Lady Piminy.

"Certainly not, my lady," had been the respectful answer of the eminently respectable stud-groom; but when it came to sorting the steeds for the riding party from Thorsdale Park, Mr. Burt was puzzled. There were plenty of sound horses, only fit for a male rider. There were three or four lame horses, which, if only right all round, could have carried a lady. As it was, the supply of side-saddle nags was not quite equal to the demand.

"The white—Lily, I mean—for Miss Piminy. Young Mrs. Scoresby can have the chestnut from London—it fidgets; but she has been often out with the hounds, I'm told, so it won't matter. Lady Paget, the black mare; Miss Martin, the roan cob; Miss Leader, the cream-coloured pony; and for Miss Mowbray, the mettled grey."

"I don't know about putting Miss Mowbray on the mettled grey, Mr. Burt," demurred the thoughtful head groom, who may have expected, in the fulness of time, himself to blossom into the stud-groom variety of the species.

"It must be so," returned his chief, chewing a straw; "Lady Piminy won't have him for her young lady. Miss Martin couldn't sit him, nor yet Miss Leader, while Lady Paget and Mrs. Scoresby choose their mounts for themselves. Yes, we must give the mettle grey to Miss Mowbray from the Parsonage. He's not really vicious."

"Of course not, Mr. Burt, not right-down vicious, only a little awkward and difficult to ride," demurely assented his prudent subordinate.

There are some speeches, as there are some political documents, in which it is permissible—if such a phrase may be employed—to read between the lines. And when an earl's trusted stud-groom makes the qualified assertion that such-and-such an animal is not so flagrantly vicious as to make it absolutely unsafe to place a fair rider on his back, and an earl's trustworthy head groom expresses a guarded deference for the opinion of his superior officer, the steed in question is pretty sure to be what ordinary mortals, uninterested in taking a rose-coloured view of the situation, would unhesitatingly designate as vicious.

A word here as to the superior class of stable-servants in great households. They are not, considering the temptations that lie in their path, sinners beyond the average. They very often have the credit of their employer's establishment much at heart; "do justice," to quote their own words, to the valuable equine property committed to their charge, and are too zealous to deserve the reproach of being mere time-servers. But then—alas! that there should be a "but"—some of them are prone, like Hotspur's noble correspondent, to love their own barn better than their master's house—or, in other words, to prefer a little present profit to the ultimate advantage of their employer. It has, in hunting shires, passed into a proverb that the rich men, Plutus and Midas, and the Marquis of Carabas and Sir Bullion, own the lame horses.

How odd it is! and how curious a reversal it seems of the usual conditions of life, where the magic wand

of gold smooths away difficulties just as the pick and spade level hillocks and fill up hollows, that a wealthy man like, we will say, Sir Bullion, who has discreetly bought his seat in Parliament with the money his father and grandsire made, should be worse mounted at a pinch than are gentlemen who do not pay a tithe of his enormous income-tax; or, for that matter, Farmer Bullfinch, who honestly takes his share of the sport, and is seldom absent at a finish! Yet Sir Bullion's stables, and, for the matter of that, those of Midas Blunt, Esq., from Crutched Friars, E.C., who sells the worst port wine and gives the best dinners in London, and of the most noble the Marquis of Carabas himself, are crowded with cripples. "Not fit to go!" is the apologetic phrase so constantly poured into the ears of rich horse-owners that they ought to wonder why Jack Fortescue, once of the Blues, and plain, shrewd Mr. Tidmarsh, get so much amusement at so insignificant a cost. Yet the fact remains.

"Can't ride Bolus, my lord!" "Indeed, Sir Bullion, Tomnoddy's feet are too tender yet to stand a bucketing with the hounds." "If I were your grace, I wouldn't, really, have out Royal Regent this week. That back sinew," &c.

The truth is that the chief grooms in such establishments have too many fingers in the pie, too selfish an interest in the purchase of horses, to make their handling of them a matter of such moment as it might otherwise be. Sir Bullion and the marquis buy and sell very much according to the advice of Mr. Strapper, the stud-groom. And that circumstance is remarkably well known to many of those ingenious dealers who can do almost anything with a fairly-bred and tolerable-looking quadruped of the genus Equus. Long rest, great care, and vigilant grooming can accomplish marvels in palming off four-footed invalids as sound horses, and a lavish tip to Mr. Strapper does the rest. The astute stud-groom, once he has pocketed the crumpled bank-notes that, accompanied by a knowing wink, are thrust into his ready hand, takes an indulgent view of the whole transaction, and gives abundant proof of his possession of that tolerant charity that thinks no evil. "Many a nag we think ruined," thus soliloquises Mr. Strapper, "turns out really good after a bit of care."

And the care, amounting to excessive caution, is seldom lacking when we compare the amount of service done with the formidable muster-roll of horses that are there to do it.

But Mr. Burt, stud-groom at Thorsdale Park, had a conscience of his own, a little dulled it may be, but not entirely callous, and that inward monitor pricked him somewhat as he went about the place in the course of his habitual routine. How well he remembered the purchase of the mettle grey! He could recollect the very words with which Mr. Mottram, the horse-dealer—Mottram, senior partner in the house of Mottram and Macspavin—had overruled his scruples.

"A little hot perhaps, Mr. Burt, as you say—but then, for a young horse, rising six, and with his work before him, that's not much of a fault. In the stable, a lamb, and will be as quiet as a lamb on the road, too, after a few months. What he wants is something to do."

And Mr. Mottram had put into the stud-groom's hand something that chinked, and something too that rustled, as the promises of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street are apt to rustle, and Mr. Burt had been able to reconcile it to his conscience to recommend the grey horse as "good and safe," not to the earl his noble master, but to Mr. Sharpe, the earl's secretary, who, for his part, knew no more of horses than he did of elephants, but was willing to accept the assurance of an approved expert.

And now Miss Mowbray, from Woodburn Parsonage, was to be the rider of the mettle grey, and the girl was not more used to riding, or perhaps more brave, than the majority of her sex. And Mr. Burt, the stud-groom, hoped that no harm would come of it, and wished, perhaps, that he were himself a little less anxious to conciliate talkative lady guests such as Mrs. Scoresby, and even that he had never fingered Mr. Mottram's money; but there was no help for it. Lady Piminy had spoken, and Miss Mowbray was to ride the mettle grey.

The riding party set out from the great house gaily enough. The day was fine, though a little ominous haze hung about the horizon to windward, like those sable cloud-banks that in tropical latitudes portend the coming hurricane. Up the road leading towards the high moors, the trampling squadron went, the merry notes of blithe talk and the silvery sound of girlish laughter floating on the summer wind. There were the six young ladies, two married and four unmarried, and with them a masculine escort of sufficient strength, without including the grooms, who brought up the rear. There was Lord David Todhunter, who rode another man's horse, as he relished another man's dinners and claret, most heartily, and who really seemed to earn his eleemosynary quarters by the genial fashion in which he enjoyed their comforts. There were Sir Richard Mortmain, and the other baronet, Sir Harker; and young Charley Fitzgerald; and Mr. Tracker, the African explorer, who had been tattooed and qualified by a nose-ring in the course of his travels in savage lands; and Mr. Smart, M.P. for some metropolitan borough—a sort of Parliamentary Free Lance, always bent on earning renown by making himself disagreeable to both factions, and of whom it was said that at the impending General Election he would be kept out of the House, if the united strength of Government and Opposition could avail to exclude him.

The start was a satisfactory one. Not a horse, when brought round to the grand entrance to be mounted—always a trying ordeal to a steed of spirit, and wherefore our prosaic ancestors had stone mounting-blocks set at their doors to testify to their superior wisdom—but behaved well. Not an animal showed a sign of temper, save only the hot little chestnut, one of the new mounts from London, that was to have the honour of carrying young Mrs. Scoresby. Mrs. Scoresby was pretty, or at least prettyish—in the third flight, so far as good looks went, of fashionable London married ladies. But she was cleverish as well as prettyish,

and men were glad to talk with her, because she amused them, and so spared them the trouble of racking their brains for something to say, while as to her riding there was no mistake. She had earned a reputation with the buckhounds last year, and meant to make sleepy Colonel Scoresby take her to Melton or Market Harborough to win fresh laurels in the season to come. Lady Paget, too, was a first-rate horsewoman. The Miss Piminy who rode, like her sister who sang and her sister who danced, was merely an animated wax-doll on a quiet horse. Miss Martin and Miss Leader thought themselves heroines on their respective mounts, the cob and the pony. Violet Mowbray, who had had little practice, sat the mettled grey gracefully enough.

One riding party, as a rule, is very like another. The horses are more or less fretful or quiescent, and so are the riders. Some young beauty bites her red lip, and tugs at her curb rein until her sensitive horse is in a lather of froth and heat, because the right man has not ridden up to accompany her. The right man himself is frowning, or looking ineffably bored, because he has been intercepted by some tiresome talkative girls, or more likely some elderly damsels, who demand at his hands the small services that no one can refuse —"If you *would*, Captain Blank, just let out a link of the curb chain;" or "Might I ask you just to tell the groom that my niece's saddle is slipping round to the right? Thank you; so kind!"

"IT WAS OBADIAH JEDSON'S TOWERING FIGURE THAT NOW DARKENED THE DOORWAY" (*p.* 258).

But at last people generally contrive, as on foot, to select their company for themselves. So it was with the party from Thorsdale. Of course Sir Richard Mortmain was often beside Violet, but not exclusively so, for Mrs. Scoresby was exacting, and at times noisily satirical, and he did not as yet choose to exhibit himself in the character of a declared lover.

Presently, without warning, except to the practised eyes of some gamekeeper or shepherd, had such been there, a mist swooped down from the lofty moors, rolling, in its sombre majesty, like a tumbling sea over the purple heather, the gold-blossomed gorse, and the paler yellow of the broom-banks, hiding the bare rocks, the peat mosses, the scattered farm-houses, the fields, every sign and landmark, as if a sudden deluge had blotted them from the map of the county. In Yorkshire, as in Scotland, such mists do fall, with an abruptness that is almost theatrical. Battles have been lost under such conditions, which might have been won had light lasted.

"What are we to do now?" demanded Mrs. Scoresby loudly.

"Oh, rattle along! it's all right. We shall manage it capitally, in spite of the fog; shan't we, Miss Mowbray?" cheerily responded Charley Fitzgerald. "We are on the York road, aren't we, Topham?"

"Right as a trivet!" replied Sir Harker. "Better keep together, though, for these moorland mists are no joke." So they rode on, but as they rounded the next angle of the road, it just so happened that a gipsy tent was pitched there, a cart standing, a horse tethered, a swarm of swarthy urchins buzzing about, and, worst of all, a bright crackling fire burning. Violet Mowbray's mettlesome grey could not bear the sight, but snorting, and mad with fear, it swerved, reared, and, taking the bit between its teeth, dashed off along the road, and vanished in the mist. The thing happened so quickly that every one was taken by surprise.

"Bolted with her! I do hope she can keep her seat till he's had enough of it, the brute!" exclaimed kind little Charley Fitzgerald of the Hussars, while Lord David Todhunter, who was far in the rear, bawled out inquiries as to what had occurred. Sir Richard, whose wits were quicker, had been also in the rear. He spurred forward now.

"What's this?" he cried. "She will be killed. Fitzgerald, it's your fault."

"How could I prevent the beast from bolting?" pleaded the cavalry subaltern. "Let us gallop on before worse comes of it." And on they rode, helter-skelter, into the blinding mist, clattering along the hard road, until at last Sir Harker, who knew the country better than the rest, bawled out—

"Stop, stop! Mortmain—Lady Paget! we've passed the cross-roads, and I'm sure we're going wrong. I thought I heard a horse faintly to the left. Do pull up, and listen!"

They all reined up. When silence was re-established, the hoof-strokes of a horse, going at a furious gallop, could be distinctly heard to the left.

"That's it. I thought so. The brute has wheeled into the Thrapmore Road, and is heading back towards his own stable. If the poor girl only keeps her seat—but we ought to ride——"

And off they went, even Miss Martin and Miss Leader ceasing to groan at the unwonted exertion, on account of Violet's peril. Sir Harker, who knew the country, led the way. But neck and neck with him rode Sir Richard Mortmain, better mounted, and ready to dash forward, and by rescuing Miss Mowbray from danger to establish a claim to her gratitude that might forward his mercenary courtship. "What a chance!" he muttered between his white teeth as he flew swiftly on. "What a stroke of luck!—I say, Topham, are you sure we're on the right road?"

"Don't you hear the rattle of the hoofs?" gruffly retorted Sir Harker, who was a good-natured young fellow in the main. "All I hope is, she won't meet a cart or a carriage, and that the beast will stick to the road."

On they sped. It is no light matter, the pursuit of a runaway horse, when the life of one whom we have loved or liked is at stake. Violet Mowbray had won the goodwill of almost everybody at Thorsdale, and even hard little Mrs. Scoresby, who was fighting her own upward battle so sedulously that she had seldom time to care for the pains and cares of others, was for once sympathetic. The sound of the terrified horse's hoofs came to their ears like the roll of distant thunder. They hurried on in a long straggling file, Sir Richard and the Yorkshire baronet leading, Mrs. Scoresby and Charley Fitzgerald and Lady Paget next, Lord David bringing up the rear, with the slow-riding damsels under his fatherly care. But the pace was a fast one. Every quadruped there was doing its best. Far off, the thunder of the hoofs could be heard, as the runaway horse dashed on, unseen, through the dense, floating mist.

"Thorsdale's near, anyhow!" exclaimed Sir Harker, as he recognised some familiar objects. Sir Richard spurred on. Presently these two, followed by the rest, but at a long interval, reached the Park, reached the great court-yard, with the block of stabling beyond it. The great yard was brightly lighted now with lanterns and candles hastily brought out. The central point of attraction was a grey horse, specked and wreathed with foam, in a lather of heat, snorting wildly, with distended nostrils, his bridle floating loose, his saddle empty. It was the mettled grey. But where was his rider? None of the grooms, helpers, indoor servants who had come hurrying out could answer that question.

Where was Violet Mowbray?

The grey horse had dashed in, foaming, red-eyed, wild with terror, but riderless. Where was the fair girl that he had borne when he started? That was a question easier to ask than to answer. There were gentlemen, guests who had not been of the riding party, mixed with the servants, and presently the rest of the riding party came in. Where was Violet? Sir Richard Mortmain frowned his blackest frown and bit his lip savagely. He had thought of a romantic incident, the easy rescue of an unsuspecting heiress—he knew that his good black was speedier than Sir

Harker's brown nag—and here had he been uselessly employed in hunting down a runaway horse without a rider. Meanwhile there was eager and excited talk. The earl must be spoken to. The alarm bell should be rung, rewards offered, the villagers aroused, and with torches and lanterns a search party sent off, through the mist and across the moors, to find Violet Mowbray, dead or alive.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

DON IS COMPELLED TO SPEAK.

THE mist on the high moors, like all such mists, hovered above the ground like a grey winding-sheet, leaving a foot or two of clear air, and rendering it quite possible for a pedestrian, by stooping or kneeling at intervals, to see his way for a few yards, and to ascertain that he had not wandered from the beaten track. Few however are those, not moorland-born and bred, who are fit to cross with safety any considerable waste, such as the Yorkshire Wolds, or the more formidable deserts of savage Dartmoor, when once the fog-drift has set in. Don, who had been an apt pupil of the keepers and herdsmen, from whom he had learned a portion of their open-air lore, must have been one of those exceptional persons, since he held to the beaten path across the moor on his way back from some solitary farm, whither he had been despatched on an errand in the course of duty, and reached the cross-roads without blunder or mishap.

What was that lying on the grass by the roadside, quite still? A woman's form, surely; and, as surely, lying there in the awful quiet of death! Yes, it was a lady in a riding-habit, her bright silken hair loosened, and streaming over her shoulder as she thus lay. That she was young and fair to look upon, Don could see; but it was not until he came a step or two nearer, and could recognise the pale upturned face, that the full horror of the discovery rushed upon him. His own heart ceased to beat. He started back aghast. Violet—Violet Mowbray—cold, dead, for ever gone, in the early bloom of her youthful promise, from the world and from him. The riding-habit, the loosened hair, the marks of hoofs indented in the turf, explained the nature of the accident but too well. With a great sob he rushed forward, and kneeling on the grass, lifted the lifeless form in his strong arms.

"My darling! my darling!" he cried out wildly; "my Violet, my hope, my all!"

There was no response. The fair, helpless young head lay passive on Don's shoulder. He clasped the insensible form to his heart and kissed the pale cheek.

"Oh, my love, my love!" exclaimed the young man passionately; "are you gone from me, my dearest? I have worshipped you for years, always hoping—against hope—one day to be worthy of you, and now death has robbed me of the thing I loved the best on earth—my Violet, my angel!"

And again he kissed her, while his tears fell fast upon her pallid face. What was that? Surely a sigh. Violet's lips were parted, her eyes opened feebly, and she moved, as if trying to rise. Half incredulous, in mingled joy and confusion, Don drew back. "Can it be?" he asked.

"Yes—I—I remember now how it happened," said Violet, in a weak voice.

"Forgive me—pray, forgive me," pleaded Don, flushing crimson, and tingling in every pulse with shame and anger against himself, "since I thought I had—lost you. Forget my folly, and forgive!"

"There is nothing to forgive, dear friend—nothing!" said Violet, in her sweet low voice, and she put out her little hand to him. Don clasped it in his own and held it fast.

"I ought not to have spoken," said Don contritely, as he aided Miss Mowbray to rise; "but can it be, dear Violet, that you are unhurt? You have been riding—not, of course, alone? Where are your friends? How could they leave you here? and by what strange coincidence could it be my fortune, out of all the world, to find you here in this solitary spot, and in such a mist as this, which hides the very fence that borders the opposite side of the road? But you are safe. Oh! tell me again, Miss Violet, that you are unharmed. And lean on me, for you are weak and trembling, as I see."

Poor Violet had little to tell. There had been a large riding party from the Park—most things at Thorsdale were done on a great scale—and she had ridden a grey horse, that had taken fright, had run away into the blinding mist, had crossed, so she thought, a stretch of moorland, as the hoofs made no noise for awhile, had struck into the hard road, swerved so as to fling her from her saddle with stunning force, and that was all she knew. She had been thrown, and had been senseless, and had lain on the turf beside the road in a swoon, until—until Don found her. As for the horse, it had vanished. And that was all. She said no more, but there was a reticence in her manner, a shy looking earthwards of those beautiful great eyes of hers, and an avoidance of Don's gaze, which forced upon the young man the conviction that the girl had a perfect memory of how he had clasped her in his arms and kissed her, believing her, as he did, to be dead. And then some chivalrous instinct in his heart awakened, and he felt that he must tell his tale and plead his cause under all disadvantages of worldly position. Because he had gone so far, he was, as it were, bound to go farther. He owed it to himself, he owed it to the girl he loved, to tell her how and why he dared to love her. It did not become him, he felt, to take refuge behind the ægis of a maiden's natural timidity and unwillingness to interrogate him. He had said so much that he must say more.

"I ought not to have spoken," said Don, half penitently, but half proudly too; "I know that I ought not. For the sake of much kindness from kind Mr. Langton and his wife, it would have been treacherous in me, as well as presumptuous, to breathe a word of love to the young lady who dwelt beneath his roof. I have put a padlock on my lips hitherto, and have schooled my very eyes not to betray me. But this has been too much for my resolve and my reserve. My secret, kept for months and years, has been wrung

"LORD DAVID TODHUNTER CAME HURRYING UP" (*p.* 265.)

from me at last. The excitement of that miserable moment scattered all my prudence, all my wise determinations, to the winds. It is true, Violet—I may call you by that dear name?—that I thought you dead, and that with the loss of you all the joy and brightness of my own young life were gone—gone for ever. So the passionate cry broke from my heart, and so I dared to kiss your cheek, and to clasp you to my breast, and to tell you how I loved—but I was all unaware that your ears, dearest, could drink in my wild words. I must, as I am an honest man, repeat them now. Yes, I, the poor jet-hunter, the nameless, kinless foundling of the sea-beach, have dared to love the highly-connected Miss Mowbray, and at last to tell her so. Now, if you choose to banish me for my presumption, I can but bow my head, and go."

She seemed stronger by this time, and had let go her hold on his arm, and he stood a little way off, looking intently in her face with his dark, eager eyes—surely as noble and true a lover as ever wooed an earthly damsel in this world of ours. Violet Mowbray glanced at him timidly.

"You have not—have not offended me, Mr. Don—indeed!" she said.

He sprang forward, hope, wonder, love flashing forth from his bright eyes, and again he took her hand.

"Violet—Miss Mowbray," said Don quickly, "can it be that I have heard aright? Can it be that you do not chide me for the presumption, the——"

"There was no presumption," almost whispered Violet. "You saved my life, but before that day the recollection of you, the image of you, as the truest

gentleman, the best and bravest I had ever known, had grown to be—I may own it now—very dear to me."

And then Don took her in his arms and kissed her, and for a few delicious moments the two young things felt as supremely happy as if they had suddenly been spirited away into some enchanted island of their own, where disparities of rank, harsh guardians, and conventional prejudices could find no entrance, and where Love reigned supreme.

"I used to think, Don, when I read of deeds of chivalry," murmured Violet, "that had I lived in those old days you should have been my knight, faithful ever and true. And so you would have been, if then, as now, you had chosen poor little me."

"I would have died for you then, my darling, as I would die for you now," answered Don simply; and few chevaliers that ever put on helmet and mail could have been more loyal to a pledge than Obadiah Jedson's foster-son to his. But it became necessary soon to think of sublunary matters. Miss Mowbray, happily, was unhurt; but by this time, no doubt, the tidings of her accident, or at any rate of her runaway steed and his fair rider having been lost to sight in the dense mist, must have reached Thorsdale, and given ground for no unreasonable alarms. There would, so Don conjectured, be a search instituted for the missing member of the riding party, but in the meantime it was imperative to make the best of their way to the Park, and allay the natural apprehensions of Violet's hosts and their friends. They set forth, therefore, Don insisting that Miss Mowbray—his Violet, as he was never weary of calling her—should lean on his arm as she walked beside him. The distance was not very great, so the young man assured her, and it would be better to reach Thorsdale before the neighbourhood should be aroused to scour lane and road in quest of the lost guest.

As Don and Violet walked together towards Thorsdale, they talked and thought—with the delightful egotism, if so it may be called, of newly-plighted lovers—of themselves, or rather, of each other. Of actual plans or projects for the future, little or nothing was said. Was not the future all rose-colour, since each of those two was loving and beloved? It was enough for Don that Violet should have cared for him, jet-hunter though he had been. It was enough for Violet that Don was all her own. It would have spoiled that fairy-tale, their new-found happiness, to be too precise as to what would be the next step. Mr. and Mrs. Langton were forgotten, and we may be sure that not a thought was wasted upon Miss Mowbray's guardian, honest, rigid Ephraim Marsh, of Dagger Court, E.C. The present was in itself all-sufficient.

Presently, as Thorsdale itself was approached, the mist seemed to grow thinner, and the tall trees and high deer-palings of the Park loomed more and more distinctly through the shifting sea of vapour. And at last the courtyard of the mansion was reached, that lighted yard where horses were being saddled and carriages got ready by the glare of links and lanterns, and where already a number of outdoor servants and hangers-on had assembled, and were waiting for orders.

Mr. Tracker, the African traveller, was there conspicuous, somewhat boastfully declaring that he could "trace a spoor," whether of brute or being, with any man, black or white, from Capetown to Zanzibar, and insisting that the exploring party should be placed under his orders. And there was Sir Richard Mortmain, frowning and silent, standing beside his black horse, the bridle of which a helper held, and in his wily brain bewailing the probable overthrow of his cherished schemes. Several of the gentlemen there, however, were most unselfishly anxious to scour the country, at any cost of fatigue to themselves, so as to bring aid to the presumed victim of the recent accident. That the grey horse had, after unseating his rider, doubled back by another road, thus throwing out his pursuers, and headed for Thorsdale Park and his own stable, was pretty clearly divined by this time, but there was nothing to indicate the route which in his headlong career he had traversed.

Violet's arrival under Don's charge occasioned a great relief to many minds, and put an end to the wild conjectures which were current as to her fate.

A strange sight it was as the crowd, the lights, and the clamour all converged towards where the young girl stood, pale and lovely, with dishevelled hair, leaning on the arm of the young man, handsome and graceful enough to have been a prince of romance, but whom many knew to be the new clerk in Lord Thorsdale's land-office, and some few among the underlings knew to be Don the jet-hunter. A fair young couple they looked as for a moment they stood there side by side. Sir Richard Mortmain's brow darkened as he saw by whom it was that Violet was escorted. He stepped forward, but before he had time to speak the joyful news had spread from lip to lip, and kindly, rubicund Lord David Todhunter came hurrying up, with almost the air of a guardian.

"My dear young lady, welcome back!" he exclaimed. "Bless my soul! what a marvellous escape! and what a fright you have given us! So this gentleman found you? I am sure we are much obliged to him. And you are not hurt? That's nice. Please to take my arm and come this way, for the countess is very anxious and distressed; and no wonder." So Violet was hurried into the house, with short space for leave-taking; and Don, having given as brief an account as he could of the circumstances of his meeting with Miss Mowbray, withdrew himself as early as possible from the noise and comments of the crowd.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

THE LETTER.

"SIR RICHARD'S room to be redded up," said the chief housemaid, who came from the East Riding and spoke not exactly broad Yorkshire, but rather the narrow vernacular of that famous county. The room which was assigned at Thorsdale Park to Sir Richard Mortmain was just then vacant. The countess would, with sisterly regard, especially when visitors had to be amused and kept in good-humour, have preferred that her elder brother should be always beneath her roof,

but often the baronet chose to dine and sleep at his own house, Helston, sometimes even to absent himself for a couple of days at a time from the gaieties of Thorsdale. Now he was expected back, and, of course, the chamber which had been allotted to him, and which overlooked a corner of the Rose Garden, had to be got ready for his reception. Who has not seen the feminine bustle and stir when a visitor, loved or respected, was on the point of arrival?—the incessant bustling, flutter, rustling, and stir, as fresh preparations are made, the furniture pushed hither and thither, the curtains draped more gracefully, the pretty knick-knacks, the fresh flowers, re-adjusted, and the finishing touches put, for the twentieth time perhaps, to the adornment of the chamber.

The Countess of Thorsdale was too great a lady to occupy herself personally with such matters as the inspection of an expected visitor's room, but then, she put great faith in the taste of her clever foreign maid, Mademoiselle Glitka. When the English servants had done their work, Mademoiselle—as they all called her with unwilling respect—was summoned, and she alone remained in the room after the other servants had departed, putting the draperies into more elegant folds, making a new disposition of the flowers that filled the vases, and looking around her, lynx-eyed, for the signs of neglect.

She was herself worthy of notice, this Mademoiselle Glitka. Young she was, though probably she looked three or four years older than an English girl of her age would have done. Handsome she was, though of a swarthy pallor of complexion, and with a thin face and well-cut mobile features. She had raven-black hair, very thick and long, and wound tightly round her small, well-poised head. Her figure was slight and active. But her eyes were her great attraction—eyes that spoke, eyes that flashed, dark, expressive, and at times terrible. Thanks to those eyes, and to her glib tongue, and to her vehement manner, which swept others before it as a whirlwind does the straws and dead leaves, the Hungarian lady's-maid, Mademoiselle Glitka, was more feared in the Thorsdale establishment than was the countess herself. She stood, as was known, high in Lady Thorsdale's favour, and had been clever enough to make herself all but indispensable, not only to the countess, but to the invalid earl. Lord Thorsdale still often dreamed of the Engadine, but he would as soon have thought of going there without Schultz the courier as without his wife's invaluable maid. Glitka always understood at a word. Glitka saw the situation when others required lengthy explanations. Glitka would have made a better courier than even polyglot and wayworn Schultz himself, had but her age and sex permitted her to assume such a post. The Thorsdale servants deferred to the delegated authority which "Mademoiselle"—they always called her Mademoiselle, and never by her name—exercised over them. Her very promptitude of speech took away the slower breath of her insular listeners. Nobody liked her. But the head coachman, who was a wag, sometimes said, with bated breath, that Mademoiselle was "all there."

Just then Mademoiselle Glitka was in Sir Richard Mortmain's room—not the worst by any means of the many bed-rooms at Thorsdale Park—and was alone. She had ascertained, by the simple process of peeping through the keyhole, that the subordinate domestics were not prying. Perhaps Miss Glitka, on the outer side of doors, had peeped more than once through keyholes, and knew something of the things to be learned by such espionage. At any rate, having satisfied herself that she was not herself the subject of scrutiny, she made haste to institute a special search everywhere. Sir Richard Mortmain, as was not unnatural with a gentleman who, for the moment, has virtually two homes, had left some clothes behind him. Mademoiselle's pliant fingers explored every pocket as deftly as those of a member of the Paris detective police could possibly have done. But she found nothing: only a photograph of Mrs. Scoresby—a pink, scented, three-cornered note from Lady Paget, asking "Dear Sir Richard" whether Tomahawk was really sure to win the St. Leger before she put her money on at the long odds. Then, at last, in a drawer she found a letter of another sort. Here it is:—

"DEAR SIR R. MORTMAIN, BARONET,—I am getting so sick of this worn out old country that unless you soon force on the trump card I have put into your hand I shall have to play mine, and blow the whole concern sky-high. Mind, there's no mistake about what I have to sell. The seventy thousand pounds go as surely to Miss V——, and, if she marries without settlements, to her husband, as her name is Violet Mowbray. You, Sir R., are not the man I take you for if you cannot get a 'Yes' out of a country-bred young thing like that. I need hardly say, don't spoil your own game and mine by hinting to our innocent what a fortune goes with her at the altar. You are quite fit to hold your tongue when there's money to be lost by speaking. But remember that I am weary of waiting, and shall have, if you shilly-shally, to clap the other screw on; and remember, too, that there must be a fair share of the swag, as we say in Australia—where I wish I was again—for your old pal, "RUFUS CROUCH."

Glitka's eyes glowed, darkened, glittered, as she perused this epistle. She spoke English, perhaps, better than she read it, but she had good brains and a vivid imagination, and could fill up the gaps with some approximation to the truth. First she folded the letter and thrust it into her pocket. Then, resisting the momentary impulse, she snatched it out again, and taking up the writing materials that lay on a side table near, she made a rapid, but accurate, copy of the contents of the epistle. The letter itself she put back with scrupulous care in the drawer in which she had found it. "I have him now!" she hissed out between her shut teeth; "I have him, hard and fast! He is in Glitka's hands now!"

And to judge by the tightening of her lithe, dark fingers, it might have been dangerous to be delivered over to the handling of tiger-footed, bright-eyed Glitka. "He is expected at noon," she said presently, and slipped away. About noon Sir Richard Mortmain drove up to Thorsdale Park, and went at once to his room. Scarcely had he reached it before there came a light tap at the door, and Mademoiselle Glitka gliding in, and shutting the door, stood before him.

"I have to speak to you, Milord Sir Richard," said the girl, looking Sir Richard Mortmain very steadily in the face.

"Indeed, have you? From my sister, perhaps?" asked the baronet irresolutely, but with some annoyance.

"No, but from myself," answered Glitka, opening her eyes as a she-panther might have opened hers ere she showed her white fangs and sprang on her prey. "You are a lord, it seems. I am Miladi's very humble servant, to obey her bell, to study her caprice. And you are a *seigneur*. Yet, traitor, craven, dissembler, is not this ring"—and she showed him on her finger a golden hoop set with small blue stones—"the betrothal-ring you put on my finger at Arad? and are you not my promised husband, if there be faith in old customs or the troth-plight of man?"

"Upon my word, Glitka," answered the baronet, in deprecatory tones, "I hoped you had forgotten or learned to take a more reasonable view of anything that was said in far-off Hungary between you and me. How could I be expected to understand your ancient customs, and to be bound by what seems binding to you? We liked each other, I dare say, but I was a mere traveller, a mere bird of passage, and——"

"And you thought that you could win the heart of the Hungarian girl, and cast it aside like a faded flower?" she flashed out; "and you knew so little of a Magyar as to believe the thing was safe. Safe!" she repeated, with a sibilant sound like the hiss of a snake. "No; we of the true race do not brook deceit. I would sooner die than let you wed another than Glitka Eberganyi."

"Glitka, be reasonable!" expostulated Sir Richard. "I admired you, of course, and do still, and there was an exchange of rings and the like, but indeed, my good girl, there was never a serious possibility of a marriage between you and me. Such a thing would have been a simple death-blow to a gentleman in my position. I was then a captain, now I am a baronet with an estate, but scarcely any rents: that much you know. I cannot afford to marry. Certainly, Glitka, even when first I saw you, the belle of the village, at your good old grandfather's great farmhouse near Arad, I must have felt that I could not wreck my prospects, seriously, by marrying you."

"Yet I am as noble as yourself!" fiercely retorted Glitka. "We are all noble—except a few Slavs, like the glazier and the smith—in our village: first as free Magyars, then as being ennobled by the Empress hundreds of years ago. The Empress-Queen gave the rank of Baron to every free peasant who killed a Turkish invader. My ancestors have killed many Turks. Your own eyes have seen the scimitars and matchlocks of old foes—infidels, turbaned dogs—hanging on the oaken walls of my grandfather's house. And I can remember seeing my grandsire show you, the English stranger, with honest pride, the grand parchment with the gold and colour, and the great seal, of the paper from Imperial Vienna that made *his* grandsire a Baron. My father, too, had the rank of Baron. I, too, am Baroness Glitka, servant as I am, and Mademoiselle as they call me. We peasant nobles, Polish or Magyar, know our value, and will not be dogs to lick a master's feet!"

"Glitka," answered the baronet, in sheer despair, "you, with your impassioned nature and your reliance on old usages, scarcely can do justice to a used-up, out-at-elbows gentleman like myself. I am in debt, poor, and worried. There are times when to put a pistol to my head and blow my brains out appears the only natural result of my position. I only wish you would keep quiet, and leave me to battle with my creditors as best I may."

A woman is seldom cruel to a man who bows his head, and owns himself in the struggle of life defeated and hopeless. Glitka's eyes lost some of their menace, and her voice was softer as she said—

"Yes, for you too, it seems, life is not a bed of roses. Poor Milord! Poor Richard!"

But in a moment after the tigress-soul in her flamed forth.

"Hear you, Sir Richard," said her ladyship's confidential maid, with bitter emphasis: "a woman who has loved seldom hurts the man who has left her, unless he makes the pain more than she can bear. So shall it be now. I came over to England, and became a servant, more that I might meet you than for any other cause. The old home is broken up. My uncle's farm—it was his when the grandfather died—has passed into the hands of the Hebrew money-lender who had lent the money on mortgage, and Glitka and her brothers earn their bread as they may. But, little as you deem my words to be true, I have a hold on you, proud Sir Richard, that you can no more shake off than a strayed lamb can get free from the wolf of the woods or the snake of the fens. Marry Miss Violet Mowbray, even for her thousands, and see what comes of it!"

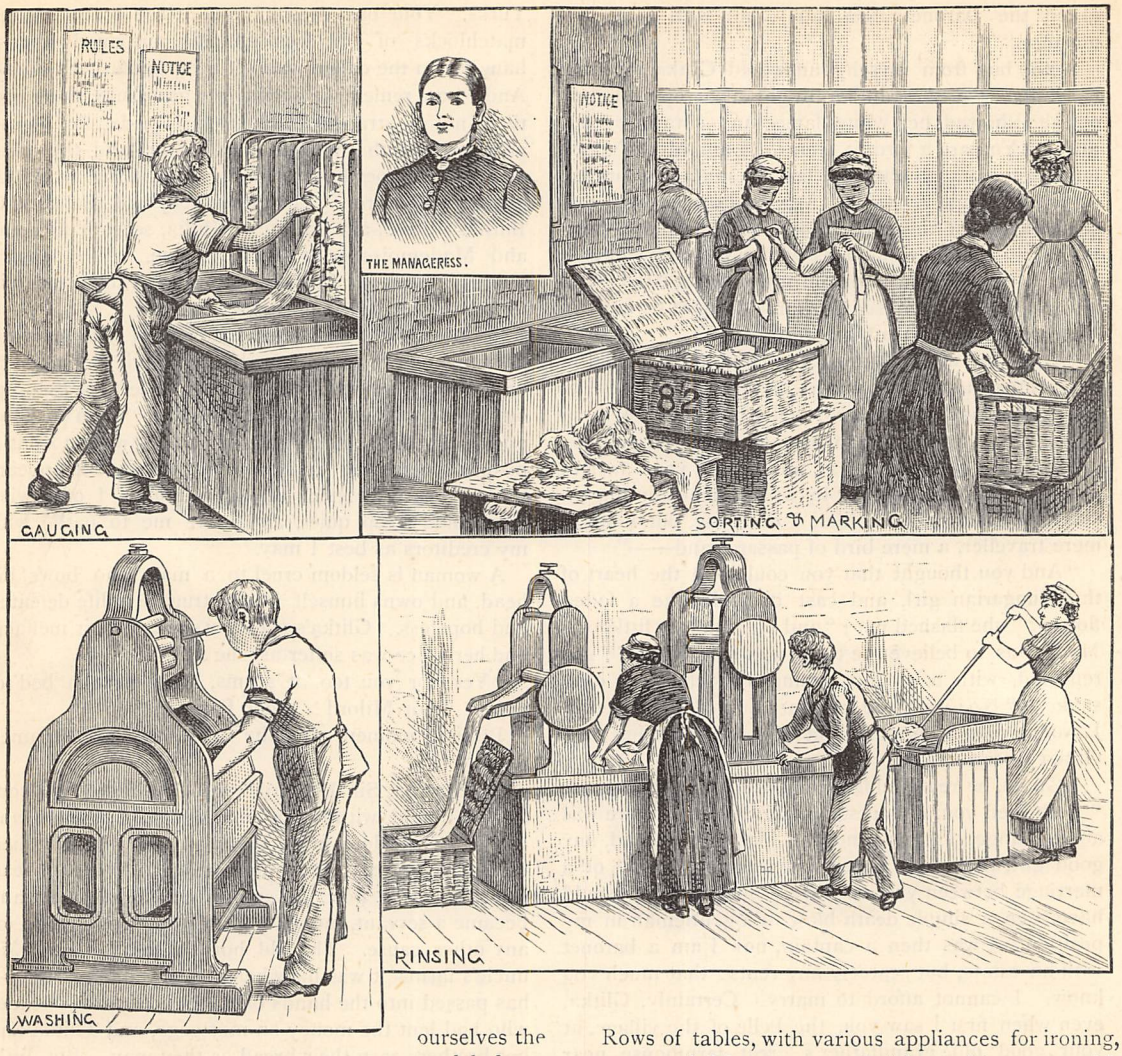
She curtsied, and left him.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

A DAY AT A MODEL LAUNDRY.

"IN what way do you consider yours a model laundry?"

The answer came promptly. "In every way. Not only in perfection of work and sanitary details, but also in the methods employed, the arrangements for our workers, the specially planned building, and the perfect order, punctuality, and despatch observed in every department. We aim at perfection all through; and if we have not yet attained a standard so high, I think we may claim that in the year we have been at work we have so far advanced as to leave us foremost amongst similar institutions worked upon sanitary and scientific principles. On these grounds we call



ourselves the model laundry: so far as I know, the only one in this part of London."

Thus spoke the manageress, a pleasant-mannered, kind-looking woman, who, at a first glance, struck one as too amiable and benevolent-looking for the post that she occupied, yet not, as we afterwards noted, without a shrewd alertness, which seemed to note everything that was going on around her without worry or excitement.

"I had a long training in business-like habits before I came here," she explained, in answer to some remark we made. "It was an easy matter to apply my training to a new sphere of work." What a moral these few words carried with them! Would that all girls who have to work could have the benefit of a thorough training in business-like habits.

We were standing at the door of the manageress's little office, close to the entrance of the building, from which we could see a large room lighted with skylights, having clean-looking lime-washed walls, and a bare but beautifully clean floor.

Rows of tables, with various appliances for ironing, were occupied by women and girls, working away with a pleasant little buzz of conversation, and forming, from our point of view, a charming picture in their large white aprons and pretty muslin caps. Our natural impulse would have led us straight into this large hall and launched us in an animated conversation with half a dozen of those bright-faced ironers; but this unwise impetuosity was promptly checked by the sensible suggestion of our business-like guide that we should begin at the beginning, and go straight through the various departments.

"Our workers arrive at the laundry at eight o'clock in the morning," she informed us. "They have their breakfast at home as a rule. There is a separate room for them to take their meals in, fitted with a stove. They can bring anything they choose in the way of provisions, which the woman in charge will cook for them, and have ready by the dinner-hour, which is from twelve till one. We require our people to be punctual, and to insure this, we have a rule that any one not here by eight in the morning will not be admitted to her work for an hour. We find this an

excellent arrangement, for, except in cases of real necessity, no one is willing to lose an hour's wages for the sake of a few minutes.

"As soon as the workers arrive, the forewoman gives each a cap and apron, the property of, and provided by, the laundry. These are not allowed to be taken out of the building on any pretext whatever, but are delivered up to the forewoman, who stands at the door to receive them as the women and girls pass out. We like them to look nice and clean at their work; it has such an enlivening, cheering effect upon the minds of the workers themselves. If you were to see some of them without their caps and aprons, you would be astonished."

This was no exaggeration. Some little time after, we watched them file out to dinner. Each one doffed her cap, handing it, with the large white apron, to the forewoman. What a metamorphosis! Before they had looked so bright and fresh, and even pretty; now we saw many rough, dishevelled, most unpicturesque-looking women.

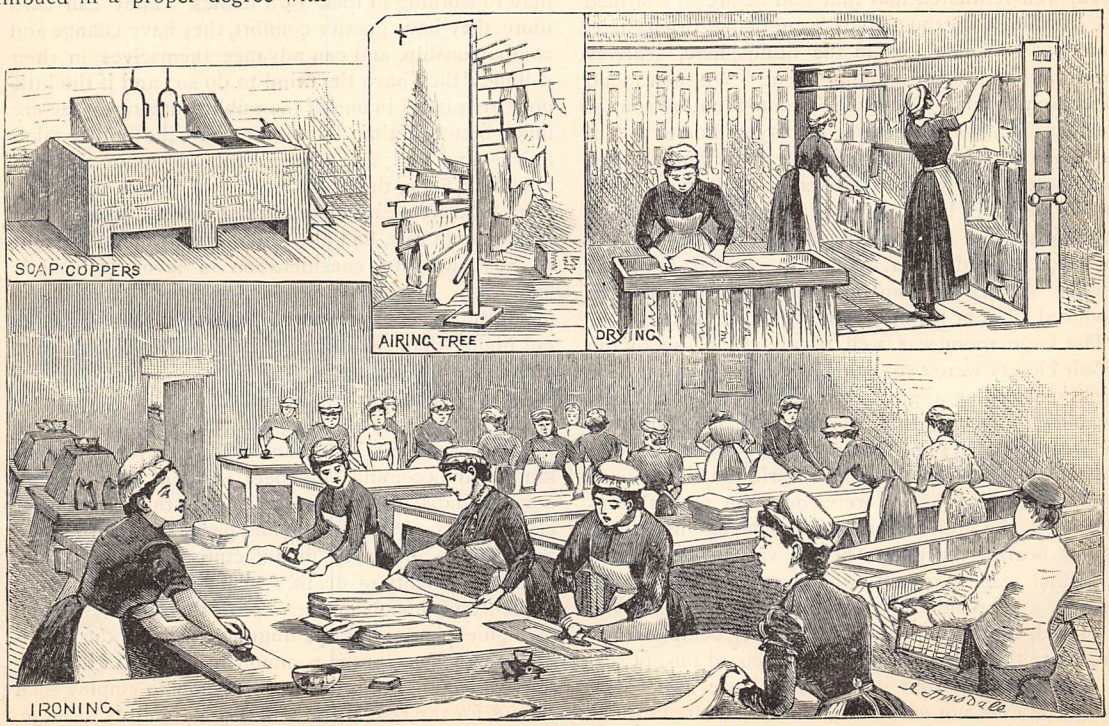
"Many of these are fresh hands, for we have been getting busier every week," the manageress explained. "Our older hands are much more presentable; I think the pretty nattiness of the mob-cap and apron teaches them unconsciously the value of order and neatness in dress. I have seen a girl glance at her torn untidy dress quite apologetically as she took her apron off. The contrast was painful even to herself."

"Then you aim at improving the general condition of your work-people?" I inquired.

"We aim at instilling into them notions of neatness and self-respect," the manageress replied. "It is better for our work that they should be imbued in a proper degree with such a spirit. Every inducement is offered to make them take a pride and interest in the perfection of their work. Our best ironers we pay by the piece, and as no imperfect work is sent out, their own advantage demands that there should be no mistakes."

We had by this time arrived at the sorting-room, where three or four women were busily at work. Each basket as it came in was counted out by one person before another who held the list in her hand and checked it off. Two others were engaged in rapidly stitching in the particular mark on such garments as had not already come into their hands. Any inaccuracy in a list was immediately noted, and in the case of an article being missing, a memorandum was handed in to the clerk, who signified the same by post to the lady from whose house the linen came, on a form provided for the purpose. If too many articles had been sent, the list was corrected accordingly. We were surprised to see how inaccurate some of the lists were.

Our next visit was to the wash-house, a room of small dimensions compared with the ironing-room. The employment of machinery has so minimised the amount of time and labour required, that it is perfectly marvellous to see the quantity of work that can be got through in a small space. Two boys of about sixteen years of age were employed in arranging articles of linen in some locker-like divisions, which, when full, were placed in a machine. The necessary water being added, by means of a tap connected with a tank, where the proper proportions of water, soap, and soda were simmering away in readiness, the machine was made to revolve by means of an engine,



working away in a little engine-room connected with the wash-house. At a given moment the boy disconnected his machine by means of a handle, took out the divisioned box containing the clothes, emptied his machine by turning on a tap over a grating, then put the clothes back, and repeated the whole process.

"This is our head washer," the matron said, with a kindly smile, laying her hand on the head of the elder lad, a rosy-faced, good-looking boy, in a canvas jacket and overalls. "These two do all our washing: that is to say, they supply, fill, and empty the machines, for which they get twelve or fourteen shillings a week and uniform."

From the lads we turned away to take in more accurately the fittings of the room. There were several tank-like arrangements round the walls, into which we peered. One contained hot water, soap, and soda; in another we found a heap of fine white linen simmering away by means of steam. The absence of any immediate application of fire enabled the boiling to be done in a wooden tank instead of a metal one—a great improvement, as it seemed to us, both in general cleanliness, saving of labour, and preserving the whiteness of the linen. The locker-like divisions full of clothes are taken from the washing machine, put on a little truck, and wheeled over to the boiling tank, into which they are put one by one. Should there be any traces of dirt lingering in them, they are handed over to a woman, who gives such places an extra soap and rub. The next tank contained rinsing-water, another one blue-water, and in a corner was one lined with metal, for distilling superabundant steam into the soft water in which all the fine flannel articles are washed.

We passed now from the wash-house into the large, clean, well-ventilated hall that had before so charmed us. Although all the clothes were being dried here, there was no steaminess in the atmosphere, scarcely the sign of a garment hanging about. We soon found the reason of this. Our guide pointed out a row of doors, which, when opened, displayed horses full of linen, being rapidly dried off by means of hot air, and looking delightfully white. There is a drying-ground for fine weather; but judging by the appearance of the linen we saw, we are not sure that its beauty of colour does not depend more upon the washing than the drying. At any rate, no open-air drying could have produced a better result, even in the country.

The large room was well occupied. Close by the hot-air closets were two mangles, displaying in their bright cleanliness a great contrast to the oil-clogged, groaning, lumbering affair so often to be seen filling up the greater part of some poor woman's parlour. Several women were busily folding and sprinkling articles to be mangled. Further on were row upon row of ironing-tables, the wall close by them being lined with lockers bearing the names of the various customers, into which each garment, when perfectly dressed, inspected, and mended if any damage has been done, is placed, until the whole number is complete according to the list. We observed a board for notices, on which were posted up remarks such as—"Mrs. Nicholson does not wish starch in the children's pinafores," "Mrs. Brown does not wish her dresses quite so stiff," &c. &c.

At a little distance from us the calender was in full operation, all table-linen, pillow-cases, and so on, being passed through it, to the very great improvement of their general appearance. The polished effect on shirt-fronts which some people so greatly admire we found was produced with infinite labour, by passing a small oval-surfaced iron swiftly backwards and forwards until the high polish is attained. It is a rule of the establishment that everything shall be sent away properly aired.

Our next visit was to the disinfecting-room, which, we were glad to observe, was quite away from the rest of the building, and where every necessary appointment for cleaning infected articles is provided.

We were surprised to find that the best ironers earn as much as 35s. a week, the usual average for an ordinary worker being from 15s. to £1. A very accurate system of accounts is kept, by which we were enabled to observe that on one or two occasions small sums of money had been lent in advance.

"In cases of sickness or great distress I have occasionally done so," the manageress informed us; "but only where a good character has been already earned. We are glad to show any kindness where we can safely do so, and we expect some consideration in return. Every one is bound by our rules to give a reasonable amount of overtime when there is any great pressure. Sometimes we get a parcel of work required completed in twelve hours. We should not be a model laundry if we were not equal to such an emergency, and our workers know that their best interests lie in co-operating with us. They infinitely prefer working here to working in their own homes. They can earn more, they have greater comfort, they have change and companionship, and can advance themselves in their calling, if they have the mind to do so; and if the little ones are placed in one of the public nurseries, they are much better off than in a home where the mother takes in washing, and the room is full of steam and wet clothes. Then, the assurance to the public that their linen is really cleansed instead of being brought into contact with dirt, bad air, and perhaps disease, ought to be a weighty consideration in favour of public laundries. When, too, people find they can have perfect sanitary arrangements guaranteed for a charge not higher than that of any good laundress, they must appreciate the benefit."

As we picked our way back to the station, we could not help recalling an incident in modern literature, where it is recounted how, to prevent mankind from becoming the mere slave of some mighty uncontrollable force, greater even than steam or electricity, a certain people had passed laws forbidding any man to invent or manufacture any kind of machine on penalty of death, which led us by a natural sequence of thought to the remark that, in these days of high education for the humblest classes, the application of science to the common necessities of life may prove a solution to the enigma of how to employ such classes for the best welfare of the community at large.

IN AN AUSTRALIAN FOREST.

THE lover of nature whose mind is stored with memories gained by long surrender to her subtle influences amongst the lonely hills, quiet vales, and autumn woods of the Old World, would, if suddenly transported to the depths of an Australian forest, almost imagine himself to have fallen on another planet. All his old experiences would fail him in such novel surroundings, and what beauties he sees on either hand are so different that at first sight he can scarcely make up his mind whether they are beauties or deformities. Not only the natural phenomena, but many of those things that are universal and abiding—the birds that are still birds, the trees that are yet trees—have turned into something new and strange.

From the tall masts of forests of gum-trees—red gums, blue gums, white gums, and every variety of the eucalypti—hang long strips of bark idly swaying, and soughing, and rustling in every passing breeze like the cordage of some great Australian liner! All these, not being of the deciduous order, shed their bark and not their leaves. A strange aromatic perfume comes stealing in puffs and breaths from numberless shrubs beneath them: sweet-thyme, peppermint, and the native musk. Tree-ferns of majestic growth rear their dark swarthy stems all around, while here and there we mark the milk-white trunks of one variety of Eucalypti—the white gum—showing up splendidly amidst them like the tall form of an Anglo-Indian officer amid his diminutive native troops. The golden wattle, exhaling indescribable fragrance; the drooping acacia, or "myall," with its odour of violets; the Shea-oak, through which the wind at night makes mournful music; the sassafras, and the native myrtle, all add to the strangeness of the scene; and wild flowers of semi-tropical growth abound in scattered nooks and clefts.

Gaunt, spectral forms of scorched trees left by frequent bush-fires stand all around, but near them spring numberless young gums—perhaps the most beautiful variety of all—with bright green transparent leaves, through which the Southern sun penetrates as through a film of wax, as they dance and gyrate in the sparkling light with all the youthful giddiness of tree-life. Near us, on an acacia-tree, which displays the beautiful cool grey-green colour of the silver wattle, a troupe of parrots, in a royal splendour of gay variegated hues, vivid as those of an Eastern rajah, disport themselves with much satisfaction, as though perfectly aware of the enhanced effect given to their beautiful plumage by a background of low tones of subdued harmony. Here and there a gigantic monarch of the woods lies stretched in death across some deep gully or yawning chasm; and where the tree falls, there doth it lie!

At the precipitous foot of a cloven ravine, a narrow, thread-like rivulet falls from slope to slope towards the stream-fed glen at "Fernshawe." At the summit of the pass of the Black Spur on the "Dividing Range"—a chain of mountains stretching across the centre of Victoria from west to east, and bearing some resemblance to the Apennines in character—near views are obtained of the loftier peaks of the range, Mount Juliet and others, densely wooded from base to summit; and the descent to "Nar-bi-thong"—one of the numerous native names yet retained—is not unlike some of the Vals of the Italian side of the Alps. "Nar-bi-thong" consists only of an hotel and store but is a favourite place of sojourn for those who love to be alone with nature among the hills.

There are bush-tracks around where you may plunge into shadowy forest depths, and enjoy, on a limited scale, all the imagined delights of bush-travel without its perils and privations. Under a roof of leafy boughs the broken light of "shadows dark and sunlight sheen" is refreshing to weary eyes, and this charm is further enhanced by the dreamy, surging sound of the summer wind sweeping through the trees, that everywhere accompanies you. Gigantic gums of immense growth, and numerous varieties, of all ages—grave senators and youthful cadets of the great family of the Eucalyptidæ—encompass you, but the "blazed" trees mark out clearly the track.

Soon you realise that you are in the midst of another *fauna* as well as *flora!* A pair of shining eyes, looking furtively out of an old tree-stump, belong to a frightened opossum. A native bear climbs hastily up a tall tree, and is soon lost to sight among the luxuriant foliage, while at its foot the dogs leap and bark in a frenzy of impotent rage. All at once a loud gurgling cachinnation of unbounded derision flushes your cheek, and you turn hastily to see a bevy of "laughing jackasses" fly away to a remoter tree, whence a fresh burst of echoing laughter makes it evident there will be no apology for this rudeness to strangers. "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" rings out again in the distance, even as we reflect on the disappointing fact that if he who laughs last wins, then is the victory undoubtedly theirs. But by-and-by we come across a laughing jackass which had choked himself in partially swallowing a small snake just a little too large for his throat, which he can neither disgorge nor accommodate, and this was seen at a glance to be no laughing matter. The beautiful note of the silver-voiced bell-bird next compels attention. It is said to be unutterably welcome to the thirsty wayfarer overtaken by "summer's furnaced noon" in Australia, as indicating where water may probably be found. The "coach-whip" bird is another curiosity, and has a loud, full note, ending

sharply like the crack of a whip. The "musical magpie," with its clear note and pied plumage, though differing greatly from the home variety, is a popular member of forest or plain; but the "lyre-bird," or mountain pheasant, with its curious long tail precisely like an ancient lyre—the Apollo of the woods—can match the notes and cries of all the others put together. There are not, however, many song-birds in this summer-land of silence.

The Australian bee-eater is a very beautiful bird, and the honey-suckers have a singular fleshy appendage below each ear, the "wattle-bird" being a good example of these. Our old friend cock-robin has here decked himself out in gorgeous raiment, and to the most brilliant scarlet has added yellow, blue, and rose-colour. Jenny wren has been weak enough to follow his pernicious example, and flutters around in all the pomp and vanity of a court suit of turquoise-blue and velvet-black. The rock-wallabies, or rock-kangaroos, belong to these mountains, but the kangaroo proper better affects the plains, and the wombat—the largest of the marsupials next to the kangaroo—after its kind, is addicted to keeping late hours, and we make no nocturnal acquaintances.

The pig-footed bandicoot is another curious variety seen here, also the flying squirrel. By the streams on the Marysville side of the Spur, we see that strangest and most anomalous of all the Australian mammals, the duck-billed Platypus, or "water-mole." This strange creature presents a link between the quadruped, the bird, and the reptile. About a foot and a half in length, it is covered all over with a beautiful rich fur like seal-skin, has strong claws and web-feet, and a pair of broad flat mandibles like the bill of a duck. The "beaver-rat" is another singular animal. Lizards of large size are very numerous, and we one day nearly trod on the head of a "guana," a very large variety of that tribe. Snakes are, of course, in so warm a climate very numerous, but the study of their fearful beauty is attended with too much peril to be very anxiously sought. As the day declines, the golden sunset sets all the woods aflame, and darkness, without any intervening twilight, soon succeeds, while flights of cockatoos fly past with ghostly shrieks, and at night the dismal howl of the "dingo," or wild dog, is yet heard on the Black Spur, though it is gradually retreating to more solitary districts.

One of the most gifted Australian authors has said that the dominant note of Australian scenery is "Weird Melancholy." Its vast solitude is desolation. Its gloomy mountain forests—funereal, secret, stern—seem to stifle in their black gorges a story of sullen despair, and the very animal-life is either grotesque or ghostly. Australia has rightly been named the "Land of the Dawning," for here alone is to be found in the same measure the grotesque and the weird—the strange scribblings of Nature learning how to write. Certainly the roads wind round these hills to no steep surmounted by old romantic feudal castle or ruin as in other lands. There is none of that interchange between dead memories and present life, that constitutes the great charm of travel. "Man is dear to man," but here the spirit of the Past is silent. The prevailing tone of the few poets Australia has yet produced is one of sadness. The best of Kendall's production describes the story of one who, speared by blacks beside his camp fire in the solitude of Australian wastes, is left alone—

"With Night and Silence in the sobbing rains.

* * * * *

But while the English Autumn filled her lap
With faded gold, and while the reapers cooled
Their flame-red faces in the clover grass,
They looked for him at home; and when the frost
Had made a silence in the morning lanes,
And cooped the farmers by December fires,
They looked for him at home. From sun to sun
They waited. Season after season went,
And Memory wept upon the lonely moors,
And Hope grew voiceless, and the watchers passed
Like shadows, one by one, away."

And Gordon's verse is pervaded by the same quality, despite an assumption of recklessness which ill conceals a deeper vein. Just as when the jester shakes his bells,

"'Tis but to hide the tears he sheds."

When the scented breath of spring stirs the wattle-

boughs with vague whisperings, he buries his face in the deep grass, and

> "Oh! the dreary wistful longing,
> The faces that are thronging."

Such is the key-note of these first sweet singers of Australia!

But lonely solitudes often possess a solemn beauty of a very impressive order. If the dominant note be weird melancholy, another may be placed beside it—wearisome monotony! the first-named probably having its root in this, to which it is at least half-sister. The most striking feature in Australian scenery is the prevalence of trees and shrubs that make no perceptible difference in the landscape in summer or winter, their colour being always dark and monotonous. Unchanging as enduring, autumn lays no fiery finger on the leaves; winter passes by on the other side with averted gaze; the winds of departing spring scatter no showers of white blossoms like drifted snow; and crowned summer is merely a cruel despot who wields a fiery sceptre. There is little outward change of aspect throughout the Australian year. The pathos of fading autumn with its October woods and glowing tints, the stern reign of winter with its mantle of snow, the mighty ravishment of spring, stirring the heart into strange ecstasies, the joy and gladness of summer-time, are in other lands all well-defined and strongly-marked changes; all of them seasons forming backgrounds of infinite beauty and suggestiveness to the shifting incidents of this our life. This restful change is the natural counterpoise to monotony. The poet of the "Seasons" could never here in Australia have concluded his task with that triumphant burst of enthusiasm commenced in the well-remembered line—

> "These as they change, Almighty Father, these."

The ever-varying phenomena of a greyer clime, full of the frequent rain-cloud and the yellow leaf, the tender influence of poetic twilight and dewy eve—both unknown here—cannot be foregone without artistic loss, and a climate devoid of them tends to harden the perceptions and impair the sensibility to many of the more delicate qualities of the Northern temperament. The greatest charm of one of the most popular novelists of our day is in the skilful interweaving of these atmospheric surroundings with his most tender episodes. It is quite possible to be cloyed with sunshine. The metallic glare of a too bright sun may become intolerable to eyes that first opened on less bright but more expressive skies, and have grown familiar with the changeful moods of climes that possess a far wider range of delicate gradations and subtler *nuances* of colour. It is not easy to find mental sustenance or inspiration in a clime where all is *fortissimo* or *pianissimo*, without delicate shading or half-tone—a limited gamut with many chords left out, and those mostly that have the power to move as with a touch of fire, or to chasten and subdue. The absence also of great streams or broad majestic rivers is the loss of an indispensable element in the agencies we have just passed in review. River scenery is the one thing above others most associated with all the history, art, poetry, and legendary lore of every land. It is indelibly bound up with the most powerful associations, and flings a spell over this our day, even when the wild minstrelsy, born of midnight raid and border foray, exists only in the fading colours of a far-off time, inspiring such verse as that of Scott's—

> "Sweet Teviot! by thy silver tide
> The glaring bale-fires blaze no more," &c.

And though the historic aspects and associations of such scenes must perforce be foregone in any new country, yet the circumstance of a vast continent unpossessed of these natural features remains to be deplored by every one to whom these things are dear. These limitations must be accepted. They are not of man's creating. But the fact that they exist will always remain a difficulty in the development of a native school of art or letters. No man is independent of scenery or climate.

STEPHEN THOMPSON.

"SISTER EYES."

A COMPLETE STORY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "SO BLUE: THE STORY OF A GIRTON GIRL," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THERE are many girls and women nowadays who will sympathise with Katharine Ackroyd as she sat one afternoon apparently engrossed in an instructive book, but in reality chafing against the monotonous littleness of her existence, and seeking some worthier solution of the enigma offered by her presence in the world.

Round the table in the centre of the cosily-furnished boudoir, into which the schoolroom of former days had been transformed, were gathered her three sisters, busy over their various so-called pursuits. She could not blame them for their industry, their content, their pleasure in justifying the oft-paid compliment to the effect that the Miss Ackroyds were never idle; and yet she knew in her heart that it was all a farce—neither she nor her sisters were doing any real work in the world, and their platform of culture and petty artistic endeavour was in none but a superficial sense above the level of actual idleness.

Katharine was seven-and-twenty now, and had for many years led the tranquil, easy life of the eldest daughter in a well-to-do house. Nothing was required

of her more than that she should play her part pleasantly at home and in society; should perform certain household duties, and take an interest in those about her; should go out calling pretty often, and be ready to entertain guests; should sing when she was asked, keep up her drawing, and always look ladylike. Mr. Ackroyd had never allowed any daughter of his to teach or study for a profession, and absolutely prohibited work among the poor, with whom he had no sympathy. Probably it occurred to him no more than it usually does to wealthy fathers, that his girls may be mentally famished for the want of some employment affording deeper satisfaction than the most complete fulfilment of the simple duties just enumerated. And yet I know that Katharine was only one of thousands of girls who would be glad of the excuse of necessity to work, and who suffer in every way from the wide gulf that separates them from their struggling fellows. In her case it had been a certain nobility of feeling that had kept her from even wishing to undertake remunerative work—a perception of the fact that anything she might gain would be lost to some poorer woman, and that *noblesse oblige* might mean for her the cross of inactivity.

True, there was marriage as an alternative; but Katharine's love-story was a thing of the past, and she had never cared for any man since a certain Godfrey Hale had ceased to visit at her father's house. As a woman, hedged in by conventionalities, she had been powerless to dispel the cloud of misunderstanding and distrust under which he had quitted her, and now for five years they had not met. Even at this distance of time she could not look back to those days of silent helpless misery without a pang of renewed suffering.

But there was one channel of useful activity in which her energies might find full scope without depriving needier sisters of their difficult earnings. A longing, of old standing, to lead the life of a hospital nurse had been asserting its sway of late, and this afternoon Katharine was slowly screwing up her courage to the point of trying to overcome her father's objection to her leaving home. The pay, especially at first, would be very small, and afterwards she would be in the midst of opportunities for spending money well. The work would be hard and trying, but she felt sure of herself, and knew that if only her father's consent were gained, she would gladly put her shoulder to the wheel. This very evening she would appeal to him on the subject. Mr. Ackroyd was so peremptory, so quick to break out with hasty words of prohibition, so slow to admit his mistakes, that his daughters disliked above all things being obliged to question his decisions. Katharine knew a struggle lay before her, but she was possessed by a warmth of purpose that she felt would enable her to pierce through the crust of despotism to the fatherly love and wish for her happiness below. The excitement of the thought had its physical effect on her. Her heart beat quickly; she turned hot and cold by turns, and at the slightest sound in the hall tingled with little thrills of nervousness. At last she heard the lock of the front door yield to her father's latch-key. With almost feverish haste she laid her book down and went to the door.

"I wish to speak to father alone, so don't interrupt us," she said to the other girls, who looked up in wonder at the odd vibration in her voice. Katharine's ordinary manner, very calm, very gentle, very reserved, deceived even the members of her own family, and any evidence of emotion on her part always created astonishment. On this occasion the surprise was increased by her failing to answer the summons of the dressing-bell, and when at last, in that punctilious household, both she and Mr. Ackroyd sat down to dinner in morning dress, everybody knew that the matter must be one of serious importance. Mr. Ackroyd maintained a grave silence throughout the meal. Katharine was slightly flushed, and a certain nervous contraction of the forehead, only noticeable in her when she was strongly moved, betrayed the state of agitation she was in.

At last, when dessert was put on the table and the servants left the room, Mr. Ackroyd broke silence.

"Katharine," he said with a faint smile, "shall I satisfy their curiosity?"

The girl looked at him beseechingly. "If you will, father, but don't—*don't* decide against me."

He laid his hand on hers across the corner of the table and held it while he continued.

"Wife, Katharine wishes to leave home—she cannot be contented with us. Hush! Say nothing till I have finished" (for Mrs. Ackroyd had started in alarm). "She has given me a very simple, honest account of her present life, and it does not seem to offer much scope for the use and development of her best faculties. I, therefore, consent to her turning hospital nurse."

It was a very brief abrupt speech, but Katharine knew what it must have cost her father, and a cry of joyful gratitude burst from her.

Up to the moment of their coming in to dinner he had refused to give her any definite answer, and she could not tell from his manner what his intentions might be. Now he had yielded, and there was no impediment between her and the achievement of a position in which she might be of real use. She hardly noticed the wonder and suppressed admiration of her sisters, nor could even Mrs. Ackroyd's tender distress quench her delight in the freedom accorded her. From this moment she was not merely a young lady; she was a woman with work to do and a purpose in life.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

I DO not propose to enter into any detailed account of Katharine's life during her first three years at St. Nathaniel's Hospital. Suffice it to say that the hard work brought with it health and happiness, and that among the many ladies busy there as probationers and sisters, there was no more general favourite with patients, doctors, and nurses. Her earnestness, energy, and ability strengthened her position day by day, and at the end of her three years' training a ward was at once assigned to her. As head nurse of the eye ward,

with the new title of "Sister Eyes," and a number of patients under her own immediate charge, she was more completely content than she had ever believed possible. Her cosy little room adjoining the ward was an additional source of pleasure, for here from time to time she could indulge in long talks about home with her mother and sisters. In no way had she slipped out of the family circle, for a deep affectionate nature like hers does not drift easily away from its early moorings. Rather she drew her sisters after her: all of them visited at the hospital, knew her patients, and interested themselves in every detail of her work.

Then, unexpectedly, into the midst of Katharine's new-found tranquillity, entered that fertile element of disquiet—love.

It was at the sisters' dining-table one day that the first warning of danger came.

"So I hear," remarked Sister Casualty, "that the new oculist has been appointed at last."

It may perhaps be as well to explain that at St. Nathaniel's no sisterhood exists; but the head nurse in each ward is called Sister, and further distinguished by the name of the ward.

"Yes," replied Katharine; "a Mr. Hall. Does any one know anything of him?"

"You have mistaken the name," said Sister President, "it is not Hall, but Hale—Godfrey Hale. He was house-surgeon here when I first came, and always specially devoted to your branch."

One or two of the older sisters joined in and spoke in warm praise of Mr. Hale's character and ability, while Katharine sat by in a maze of alarm and dismay.

Godfrey Hale! How would they meet? As strangers? As mere acquaintances? Or with the memory of something more than acquaintanceship tinging their manner to one another? There had never been any explanation between them; would the shadowy barrier of an imaginary wrong still make friendliness impossible? Must she still endure the hardly-concealed disdain with which he had last parted from her?

Yet even that would have been more tolerable than what actually occurred. Her patients were hardly put straight next morning before the house-surgeon came in and informed her that Mr. Hale wished to make a preliminary inspection of the ward. A minute or two later the oculist entered, was introduced to "Sister Eyes," and, without the faintest movement of surprise or recognition, proceeded to put to her a few necessary questions about the patients. If Katharine had remembered that to any one coming in from the light the eye ward seemed at first to be in almost complete darkness, she need not have felt so deeply hurt at being unrecognised; but as it was, she found it very difficult to force down her womanly disappointment and answer quietly and clearly in her purely professional capacity. For her part, she would have known him anywhere. It was the same slight, wiry figure, the same keen, sensitive face, only the expression was changed; it was that of a man whose interest lay wholly in intellectual things.

"This is your most serious case, Sister," he said presently, laying his hand gently on the head of a poor fellow who had been accidentally shot in the eye. "I should like to alter the treatment a little."

He gave her a series of careful directions, and then quitted the ward, little dreaming what a sore heart he left behind him.

Next day he came again, quite unexpected by Katharine, as it was unusual for the visiting physicians to see the patients two days running.

"I have felt anxious about this case," he said, going straight to the bedside of the man mentioned above. "Did he sleep at all?"

"No," said Sister Eyes; "he was delirious with pain the greater part of the night."

"Ah! I was afraid of that."

He made a second careful examination of the sufferer, and again changed the prescription.

"I hope that will relieve the poor fellow," he said compassionately. "And you will remember about the bandaging, Sister."

"Certainly." Katharine was more self-possessed now, and she raised her grave eyes steadily to his.

A puzzled expression of doubt and hesitation crossed the oculist's face; he looked at her with the nervous uncertainty of a man who is afraid of making a mistake. Sister Eyes smiled ever so faintly, and he at once put out his hand impulsively.

"It *is* you, Katharine!" And then in a moment his manner changed and stiffened: "I beg your pardon, Miss Ackroyd; I forgot the distance of time and circumstance that separates us."

She withdrew her hand with a quiver of silent chagrin. Would he never give her the chance of vindicating herself? Must they meet week after week on the same terms of forced coolness and alienation?

Something of the same sort passed through Hale's mind. Katharine's face, not perhaps so pretty as of old, but more thoughtful, sweet, and womanly than ever, brought up a flood of tender memories and urged him to put out of mind the injury he supposed her to have done him.

"Let us be friends," he said gently, at the end of an embarrassed pause. "This is no place for the remembrance of old wrongs."

"You know, then, now how deeply I was wronged," said Katharine slowly.

"You!" he exclaimed. "I do not understand you."

"Perhaps not," returned Katharine, with a shade of bitterness in her low voice; "but that is not my fault."

They were standing together at the door of the ward, and out of ear-shot of the patients, yet Hale could not feel at his ease.

"I must speak to you again," he said hastily; "but not here—not now. Cannot I see you alone somewhere?"

She shook her head.

Hale turned as if to go, then came back. "I cannot wait," he said impatiently; "tell me how it all was."

It did not need many words. They had been separated by the treachery of a mutual friend, a man

whom Hale had wholly trusted. The oculist saw it all now, and realised what Katharine must have suffered. He went away full of troubled thoughts. At the time he had thought it his duty to wrench himself away from her, and by dint of long years of determined persevering devotion to his profession he had schooled himself to forget her—or, at least, to believe that he had forgotten her. Now his hardly-won peace of mind was disturbed as hers had been. Disquiet and unrest took possession of them both. Both knew that their old feelings had come to life again, strengthened, not weakened, by the lapse of time; both wondered what this unlooked-for meeting would lead to.

At last one day Hale looked in at an unusual hour to see the patient he was specially interested in, and they found themselves practically alone in the darkened ward and among the sightless patients.

"Doctor," murmured the man whom Hale had done so much for, "you are so good to us poor folks with bad eyes, you ought to have a home of your own for us, with Sister for head nurse."

The oculist flushed up nervously. On a man of his shy, diffident temperament, the perception that this was an opportunity not to be lost had the effect of making speech difficult. There was a moment's awkward silence, and then he drew Sister Eyes aside.

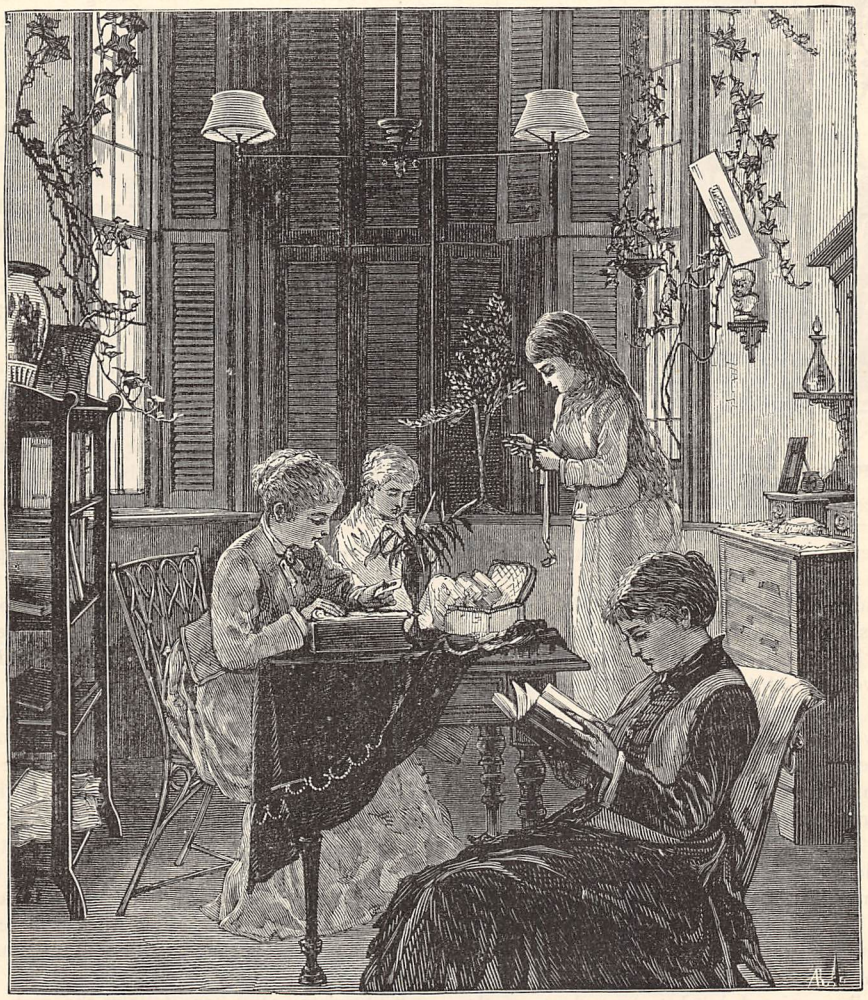
"What do you say, Katharine? Will you accept the post?"

"Does it exist?" she asked wonderingly.

"It shall exist, if you will give me courage to embark on the enterprise. I mean—I mean, Katharine, would you, as my wife, help me in the management of some such home if I could work its institution?"

Would she accept the double happiness of being his wife, and carrying on the labour she had given her whole mind to for so long! Her answer need not be recorded.

H. L.



"ROUND THE TABLE . . . WERE GATHERED HER THREE SISTERS" (*p.* 274).

HEALTHFUL RECREATIONS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

SOME five or six years ago "bees" were all the rage, especially in quiet country parishes and outlying villages. By the word "bees" I do not mean the busy toiling insects that Dr. Watts, in one of his hymns, has set up for us as the emblems of industry and perseverance. A "bee" is the name given by the Americans — with that happy disregard for the niceties of the English language for which they are becoming renowned -- to a meeting of persons for the purpose of healthful recreation with some good object in view.

We are indebted to the great Republic for many excellent ideas, and thousands of poor old men and women have had, I am sure, ample reason to bless that man or woman—oh ! it must have been a woman —from whose fertile brain the notion of a sewing bee was first evolved.

I was at one once, I remember ; a relation of mine was there also ; it was she who had said I might come. I got my chair away into a remote corner, with a very large cup of tea, and the newspaper. The remote corner in which I had my chair placed was not far from the door—what a clever general I should have made !

As tea circulated freely so tongues became loosed, but what of that ? I had often heard the words "tea" and "scandal" associated, but here was plenty of the former without a breath of the latter, nor of any uncharitableness whatever. As for me, myself—the man with the paper—I am convinced that after half an hour I was entirely forgotten, so that my presence had no influence whatever on the bee. Meanwhile, shuttles were clicking, wheels were birr—r—ing, and needles were deftly plied, and the whole meeting was as merry as marriage bells.

Presently, I remember, a discussion arose as to whether the neck of a flannel "singlet," that was being manufactured for old John Morrison, should be "herring-boned" or "feather-stitched," and the garment was held up for inspection. I seized the opportunity and "egressed." I'm not prepared to pass an opinion on the relative merits of herring-boning and feather-stitching, but I caught one glimpse of the elevated flannel garment just before I went out, and the question uppermost in my mind as I made my way homewards was, "What manner of man is old John Morrison ?" for I am willing to be sent to Siberia if that singlet wasn't big enough to hold any five ordinary working men.

But, joking apart, I look upon meetings of this kind as fulfilling, in a great measure, all the conditions necessary to healthful evening recreation. They exhilarate the minds of those who take part in them, and they exercise without fatiguing the body. They ought, therefore, to be patronised far more than they are, and I have only one suggestion to make as to their improvement. It refers to the proper ventilation and the regulation of the temperature of the room in which this work or sewing is to be done. The air in it cannot be too pure ; nor should it be too warm ; a temperature of sixty degrees or even less is ample for all purposes of comfort, and best suited to the requirements of health.

At some sewing bees the services of some one who can read well are enlisted, by way of lightening the labours of the evening. This is also a very good plan.

Another kind of bee that has lately gone out of fashion, but which was very entertaining and most useful in more ways than one, was the "spelling bee." What fun it used to be, for example, to see and hear even our clergyman in a spelling class, and the parish teacher competing against his own pupils ! Did I not once witness little Archie Hill, of the fifth standard, make his own school-master "stand down" amid roars of laughter and rattling cheers ? The pedagogue, in a brief but fatal moment of confusion, had clapped two *l's* into the word "saloon."

An equally wholesome and equally interesting recreation for long spring evenings would be a grammatical bee. Argument would run high and time fly very quickly in discussing the relative claims to correctness of even such little sentences as "It is *I*" and "It is *me*."

"The nominative case follows the verb to be," you would say. "Granted," some one would reply, "but the word 'me' is entitled to be considered a nominative in certain s ntences." If this be right—and the derivation of the word does not gainsay the theory—then the reply "It's me" to such a question as "Who is there ?" would be quite as grammatical as, and sound less affected than, the answer "It is I." However, this is entirely a matter for the Family Parliament and not for the Family Doctor to discuss.

An "accentuation bee" would be another means of obtaining healthful evening recreation. Are the ears of the individual who loves his language not constantly pained by hearing English quantities misjudged, accentuations wrongly placed ?

Still another would be a "pronunciation bee." I can fancy the friendly fights that would be waged over

even such a little word as "trait," which so many people think ought to be pronounced as if it were French.

Well, now, it seems to me that the true meaning of the word "recreation" is very well given in most of our dictionaries, viz., "relief or refreshment after toil or labour, amusement, diversion."

In order to be truly healthful, in every sense of the word, recreation must be of a kind to entirely relieve both body and mind from their *status quo* during work or toil. All thoughts must be for a time diverted into an entirely new and pleasantly interesting channel, so as to rest most completely that other portion of the brain, which presides over the thoughtful performance of the duties of the day. The kind of recreation that is chosen must therefore depend, in a great measure, upon the sort of labour that has been performed. What is rest to one man would be labour to another.

Recreation ought to be in every way the converse to labour; if it be not so, it is not rest. From this it may be seen that the individual himself must choose that form of recreation which is best suited for his health.

But the busiest men among us, even those to whom work is really pleasure, should remember that recreation or relaxation is in reality a necessary of health and life itself. To use a plain and homely simile: well-timed, well-chosen recreation is to our bodies and minds, or to these hearts of ours which are beating, beating night and day, what oil is to the bearings of an engine, it saves wear and tear, and makes the long rough road of life seem shorter and smoother to us.

Brain-workers probably need daily recreation more than any other class of individuals. It is a pity that it is the custom with so many of them to sacrifice the precious hours of the night to work that might be done far better and more brilliantly in the morning, or in the forenoon. I do not speak unadvisedly, but from long experience, when I say that the hours between the evening meal—whether it be dinner or supper—and bed-time should be devoted entirely to rest from labour, combined with, if possible, recreation. The sleep thereafter would be far more useful and refreshing, and in seven hours after retiring to rest, the brain would be ready to commence work again with healthier blood in it, and with clearer and therefore more critical perceptions.

The purer and more wholesome the air in which, be they what they may, our recreations are enjoyed the better. Pure air can usually be secured at home in winter and spring evenings. We *can* manage to have our own rooms well ventilated. From home it is different.

The brain-worker, or the man who has been worried no matter how, will often find mental recreation in the concert-room or the lecture-hall. It cannot often be called healthful recreation however, for the systems of ventilation in nearly all places of public resort are sadly in need of reform. And so from places of amusement, after breathing the vilest of atmospheres and the most obnoxious of gases, we return home, exhilarated in mind probably, but too often jaded and weary in body. Restless nights are the consequence, and, on the whole, we feel next day that it might have been better had we not indulged in such doubtful recreation.

Fashionable parties and balls cannot be said to combine the elements of healthful recreation. In about a hundred years, more or less, this will doubtless be changed. Fashionable people will then prefer to give five "at homes" for one we give now, but comfort will be studied.

Without doubt the best and most healthful recreation is that which combines exercise in the open air with amusement. It is this combination that makes out-door games so refreshingly recreative. While there are certainly not too many of these that men can indulge in, it is to be regretted there are so few in which women can engage. Lawn tennis is one grand and delightful exception, and as far as very young girls are concerned, I think cricket might well be another.

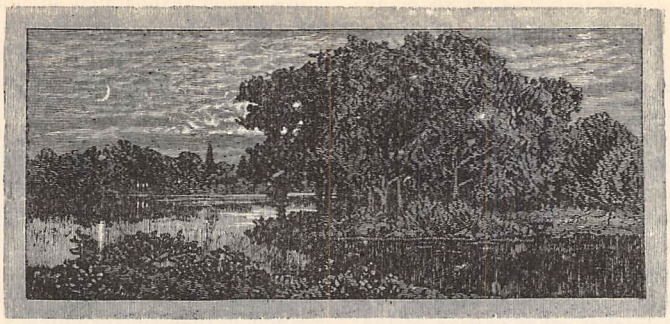
Women can skate in winter, and row in summer; both exercises are healthful, but both have a *sine quâ non*—water in one form or another.

One of the most healthful and exhilarating recreations I know is archery. For dear health's sake there ought to be an archery club in every parish. But alas! they are few and far between, and so girls must walk while their brothers are at play. Nevertheless walking exercise is very far indeed from being despicable, but before it can be admitted into the category of healthful recreations, it must be of a sort to give pleasure to the person who engages in it. Walking should be always done in pleasant company; *the road should never seem long*, that is the real criterion by which we are to judge of the benefit likely to accrue from it.

Walking should never be done fast enough to make the heart beat rapidly or the breath come short, or the skin to be bathed in perspiration. If walking is to be done for health's sake, it must be really and truly a recreation, therefore I say, if you have a pleasant companion who is willing to undertake walking exercise with you, arrange for, not three or four walks, but thirty or forty, at the same time every day, rain or shine; and, if possible, combine with your strolling some such pleasant study as botany, geology, or some other branch of natural science.

The best form of exercise by far and away is tricycling. I have said so months ago, and happily it is suited for both sexes. I have only space to give one fresh hint in connection with it. Do not have a heavy cycle. For the ordinary English roads in summer, a tricycle should not and need not weigh over eighty pounds.

In concluding this short paper, let me say that I consider healthful recreation for body and mind a *sine quâ non* with every one who wishes to have pure wholesome blood, warmth and comfort in living, and the *mens sana* which can dwell nowhere else save *in corpore sano*.



The Gloaming Time.

Words by MATTHIAS BARR. *Music by* FREDERICK G. COLE, L.Mus.T.C.L.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Andante. ♩=88.

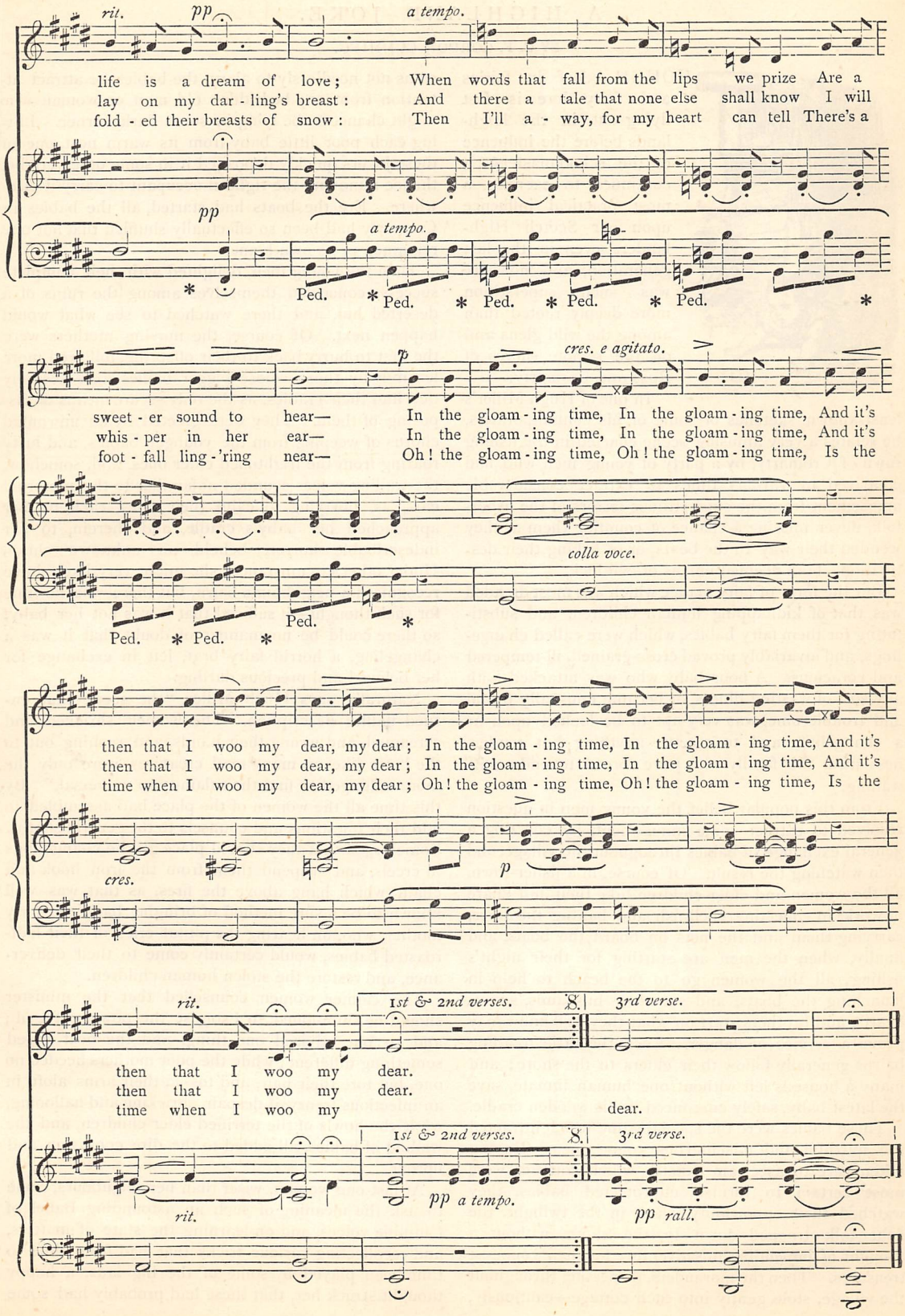
pp *p* *rit.*

1. Oh, there's an hour when mor - tals share A taste of bliss a - bove, When the
2. And I have vowed to seek the spot— The spot that we both love best; And a
3. The birds have hushed their ten - der songs, The bee its mur - mur low; And the

strife that stirs the heart is gone, And life is a dream of love, And
rose I've plucked, a white, white rose, To lay on my dar - ling's breast, To
flowers have closed their wea - ry eyes, And fold - ed their breasts of snow, And

cres. *pp*

Ped. * Ped.


rit.
pp
a tempo.
life is a dream of love; When words that fall from the lips we prize Are a
lay on my dar - ling's breast: And there a tale that none else shall know I will
fold - ed their breasts of snow: Then I'll a - way, for my heart can tell There's a
pp
a tempo.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
p
cres. e agitato.
sweet - er sound to hear— In the gloam - ing time, In the gloam - ing time, And it's
whis - per in her ear— In the gloam - ing time, In the gloam - ing time, And it's
foot - fall ling - 'ring near— Oh! the gloam - ing time, Oh! the gloam - ing time, Is the
colla voce.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
then that I woo my dear, my dear; In the gloam - ing time, In the gloam - ing time, And it's
then that I woo my dear, my dear; In the gloam - ing time, In the gloam - ing time, And it's
time when I woo my dear, my dear; Oh! the gloam - ing time, Oh! the gloam - ing time, Is the
cres.
p
rit.
1st & 2nd verses.
3rd verse.
then that I woo my dear.
then that I woo my dear.
time when I woo my dear.
rit.
pp a tempo.
pp rall.

A HIGHLAND JOKE.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

THOUGH belief in fairies and fairy lore is fast dying out in the Highlands before the influence of the schoolmasters, it continued to exercise a most practical influence upon our Scotch Highlanders even in the last generation, and nowhere was such superstition more deeply rooted than among the wild glens and on the remote shores of Ross and Cromarty.

In one of Hugh Miller's least-known sketches of some of his contemporaries, he relates a very amusing scene enacted in the fishing town of Cromarty, by a party of young men who had contrived at various times to extract considerable amusement from the superstitious terrors of the fisher-folk, never missing a chance of counting them as they wended their way to the boats, or of asking their destination—both deemed omens of evil luck.

But the form of fairy malice which was most dreaded was that of kidnapping human children, and substituting for them fairy babies, which were called changelings, and invariably proved cross-grained, ill-tempered and voracious. A poor baby who was attacked with any sort of wasting illness, or became unusually fretful and troublesome, was very apt to be looked upon as a changeling, and to receive anything but tenderness from the family who were forced to endure its wailing.

From this popular belief, the young men in question resolved to extract some amusement, by effecting a general exchange of babies throughout the village, and then watching the result. Of course, in a fisher-town, all the women and elder children take their full share of work, in collecting shell-fish and baiting the lines, carrying them and the nets on board the boats, and finally, when the men are starting for their night's fishing, all the women go to the beach to help in launching the boats, and see their husbands, sweethearts, and brothers start on what they well know may prove a service of danger. Even the little toddling bairns generally follow their elders to the shore; and many a house is left without one human inmate, save the latest baby, safely ensconced in his wooden cradle.

These babies were the special game which attracted the mirthful and mischievous young men. Having taken care to ascertain exactly which cottages were most certain to furnish unprotected babies, they watched their opportunity when, in the twilight, the fisher-folk trooped down to the shore, without a thought of impending misadventure for their youngest treasures. Then the marauders, dispersing throughout the village, stole gently into each cottage—cautiously, so as not needlessly to alarm the babies, or attract attention from any bedridden old man or woman who might chance to be lying in some dark corner. Lifting each poor little baby from its warm nest, one of these jokers quickly deposited it in some other cradle, thence removing the rightful occupant to carry it elsewhere. Ere the boats had started, all the babies in Cromarty had been so effectually shuffled that not one remained in its own home.

Then the young men, delighted with their complete success, concealed themselves among the ruins of a deserted hut, and there watched to see what would happen next. Of course, the nursing mothers were the first to hurry back to their offspring, followed more leisurely by those whose bigger babies were securely tied into their cradles, as the only secure means of disposing of them. They were greeted by an unwonted chorus of weeping from the younger babies, and lusty roaring from the frightened elder ones, and, somehow, the wailing voices sounded unfamiliar to the maternal ears, as, hurrying to calm their cries, each mother approached her baby's cradle, and therein, to her indescribable horror, beheld an unknown child! Under other circumstances she might very likely have recognised a neighbour's bairn, but there was no time for such thought—it sufficed that it was not her baby, so there could be no manner of doubt that it was a changeling, a horrid fairy brat, left in exchange for her beloved and precious darling.

Naturally, says Hugh Miller, "the scene that ensued baffles description. The women shrieked and screamed, and wrung their hands, and rushing out to the lanes like so many mad creatures, were only the more unhinged to find the calamity so universal." By this time all the women of the place had assembled to add their questions and counsels to the general chorus. Some urged that they should place all the changelings in creels, and suspend them from the iron hook and chain which hang above the fires, as that was well known to be a sure method of bringing back the fairy mother, who, on hearing the pitiful cries of their half-roasted babies, would certainly come to their deliverance, and restore the stolen human children.

The calmer women counselled that the minister should be summoned, to exorcise the powers of evil; and so one advised one thing, and the next urged something different; while the poor mothers heeded no one, but tore their hair, and tossed their arms aloft, in an infectious frenzy of despair, shrieking and hallooing, while the howls of the terrified elder children, and the wailing of babies, all added to the dire confusion and uproar.

At last one woman, wiser than her neighbours, came to ask the meaning of such an astounding Babel of feminine voices, and on learning the state of matters, and recollecting various tricks that had from time to time been played by some of the big lads, a happy thought struck her, that these had probably had some

hand in the matter; so having succeeded in making her voice heard, she suggested this view of the case, and recommended that all the babies should be assembled in one place, so that each mother might see whether her own was to be found.

So admirable a solution of the difficulty was at once carried into effect. Each woman rushed back to her cradle, and snatching up the poor baby (now wellnigh exhausted with prolonged crying) she brought it to this improvised baby-show. Needless to say, few minutes elapsed ere each happy mother recognised her own darling, and joyfully clasped it to her bosom, soothing its alarm, and hushing its pitiful cries.

In the general confusion the perpetrators of the joke, having thoroughly enjoyed its success, escaped from their hiding-place, and made good their retreat. The subject was made a matter for much good-natured banter, and thenceforward the good folk of Cromarty seem to have in a great measure got over their dread of fairy interference in their domestic affairs.

SKETCHED IN COURT.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

IN the old legends the administration of justice always wears a more or less paternal character, and it is this feature, in large survival, which chiefly impressed the writer in a visit casually paid of late to an English County Court. The Judge is not so much the stern personification of authority—a vitalised statute-book — as guide, adviser, mutual friend of each contending party. He has onerous and peculiar duties, and to fulfil them with even approximate satisfaction he needs tact, patience, a rare gift of sympathy, and intimate knowledge of the manners and habits of thought of his appointed district. That the County Court is so useful and respected, and, in a sense, popular an institution as dwellers in country places especially know it to be, is in a great degree owing to the conscientious and painstaking devotion of the men who give its decisions. The observations of a stray hour or two in this atmosphere of homely law may have their interest as differentiating some noteworthy social types, and as reflecting some genuine humours of the British rustic.

"County Court Circuit, No. 999" (for the purposes of our narrative), is less than fifty miles from London, measured from any twist in its irregular curve. But in character and modes of existence it is as truly provincial—nay, as primitive—as any district between the proverbial Land's End and John o' Groat's. Its sweep encloses a purely agricultural area, and not a single manufacturing town of any size or importance. Bullibridge, where his Honour is sitting on this particular Tuesday, is a straggling, old-world town, with its nearest railway station miles away, and its great annual carnival, the unabolished Michaelmas "hiring-fair."

The wheezy market-house clock has announced the hour of noon, and the Court is arranged for business. A long table in front of the mimic throne is hemmed about by lawyers, clerks, local reporters. Long benches are placed at right angles thereto for the accommodation of suitors and witnesses. To the eye of imagination, a good many thorns are sprinkled about those hard seats. A wide space intervenes, apparently to allow the portly usher—the model of a conventional alderman—sufficient air to ward off apoplexy, and a sufficient frame for his dignity and graces. Then begin the rows of unsightly wooden forms for spectators and for friends of the antagonists in the coming duels. These seats rapidly fill up, and finally the door is chronically blocked up by a group compelled to stand.

The Judge is a trifle late, by reason of the delays and inconveniences of a long coach journey. But at last he is comfortably ensconced in his chair of state, and in a hurry for a start. He is a rotund, well-preserved little man, plainly nearing the Scriptural limit of threescore years and ten. He has a large, fleshy face, which shows to marked advantage beneath that relic of a past frivolity, the wig, and which is as the sun in the firmament to those whose hopes and anxieties hang breathless upon his verdicts. The beams of a contemplative smile are joy, suffusing the entire landscape on that side with warmth and brilliancy; the puckerings of a frown convey terror and discontent, and wrap the prospect in grey shadow.

A long string of unopposed cases are taken first, judgment in repeated instances being given in default. Where the defendant appears, the process is exceedingly simple, and it brings prominently out that paternal aspect of "His Honour's" proceedings on which we first remarked. The defaulters are chiefly labourers of the very poorest and most improvident class; they are often represented by their wives, who, as a rule, are adepts in casuistry, and could give the

lawyers lessons in the art of fighting shy of a direct question. The claims are mostly brought by long-enduring grocers, drapers, and coal merchants, men to whom a few shillings of absolute loss means a ruinous reduction of profits.

"Is this a correct statement? You admit that you owe this money?" asks the cheery voice of the Judge.

"Yes, y'r Honour."

"Then how can you pay?"

The defendant hesitates, tries to decipher imaginary hieroglyphics on the ceiling, and is brought into collision with disagreeable fact by the sterner repetition of the question.

"Eighteenpence a week, y'r Honour."

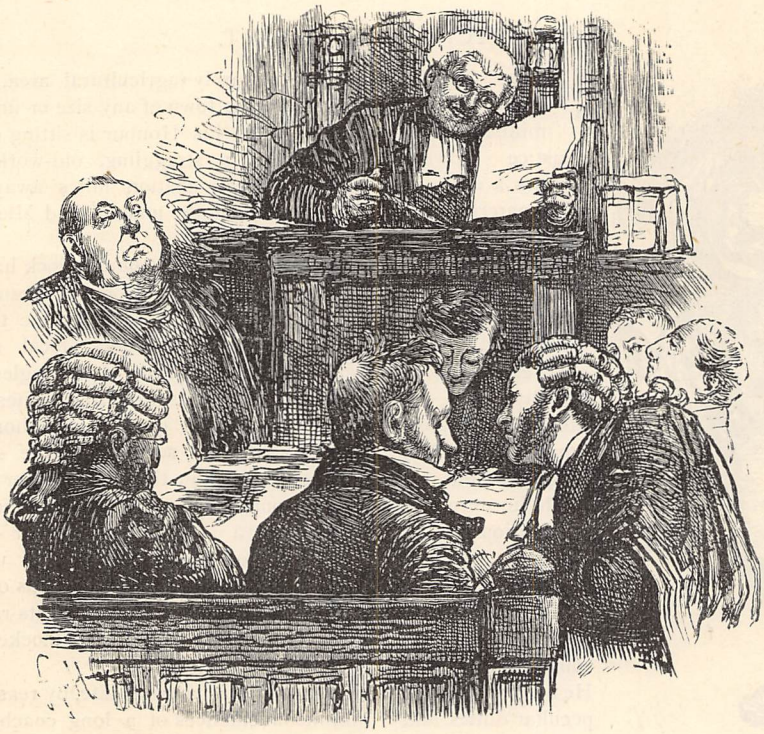
The Judge turns to the plaintiff. He signifies approval, and an order is made accordingly.

In the next case the plaintiff is offered four shillings a month, and objects.

"I have waited so long already, your Honour," he says; "let it be five shillings at once and the same sum every twenty-eight days afterwards."

The Judge considers this reasonable, and is at some pains to impress the advisability of compliance upon the debtor. With loud grumbling the man yields to *force majeure*.

By-and-by a break occurs in the monotony of non-resistance. A farmer has sued a hay-carter for a balance of ten pounds, overdue. The defendant, who hitherto has been enacting the *rôle* of an utterly indifferent spectator at the back of the Court, elbows his way to the front on hearing his name proclaimed. He stands a stolid six feet in his clanging shoes beside the bar. He is coatless and ragged, with sleeves tucked up almost to the shoulders, and red, unkempt hair. His contempt for the proprieties is evidently matched by his contempt for his adversary, at whom he contorts his features into what is meant for a sneer, but comes out as a most ferocious scowl.



"INQUIRY IS MADE AS TO THE POSSIBILITY OF AN EXECUTION."

The plaintiff's case is this time stated by a lawyer, and the Judge quickly understands it.

"How can you pay?"

"I dun' no what I be to pay for," in a voice to which all that has passed before is as the south breeze to the roar of a northern hurricane.

"You dispute the claim?"

"O' course I does."

The Judge orders defendant to be sworn. But, to the amusement of everybody, the hay-carter refuses.

"Naw, naw," he thunders, "I'll ha'e none o' that; I'll not swear aye nor nay."

This can only be interpreted as a surrender, and the Judge returns to the familiar query—

"Then how can you settle the account?"

"Two shillin' a month, not a ha'penny more, y'r Honour."

THE PLAINTIFF.

Father and son are in outward appearance strikingly alike, and yet present a weird contrast. The plaintiff is old, and has a pallor upon his wizened countenance as of one whose brows are already fanned by the chilly breezes of the long night time. He would be feeble but that his passion gives him an abnormal and costly energy. The son is in the prime of life, with bronzed ruddy cheeks, and shaggy flowing beard, as of a modern Esau. He has retained a well-known local advocate for his defence, and his twinkling bead-like eyes show, as yet, unshaken confidence in the result.

The plaintiff tells his story with a simple directness that is as effective as much rhetoric could have been. Aged and lonely, he went to live with his son, on the understanding that his own should still be his own, and that he should pay "Tom" a fixed stipend for accommodation. He expected comfort in his declining years; instead of receiving it, he was treated "more like a dog than a Christian." And his son wheedled a loan of a hundred pounds out of him, promising to pay it back in three months. Nearly a year had gone by, separation was inevitable, and, allowing eighty pounds to have been made good in one form or another, he demands the repayment of a meagre twenty. The lawyer cross-examines to very little purpose, except to elicit the contempt the old man feels for him and all his tribe.

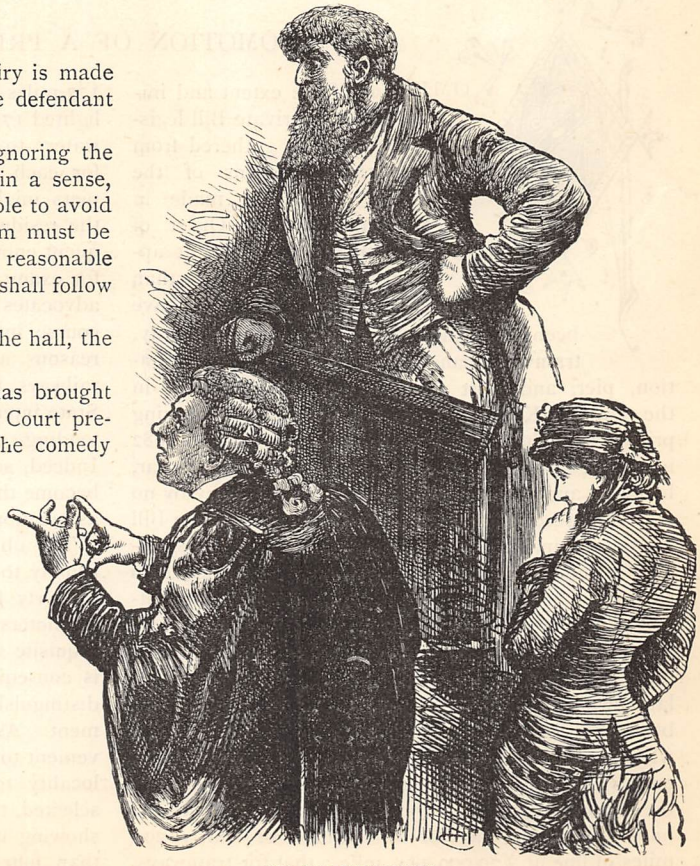
The Judge turns to the defendant, and quietly invites

The proposal is preposterous, and inquiry is made as to the possibility of an execution. The defendant has a horse and cart open to seizure.

"But," says the Judge to the plaintiff (ignoring the lawyer), "to sell this will be to take away, in a sense, the man's livelihood. It is always desirable to avoid so serious a step. Nevertheless your claim must be met. I will make what I imagine is a reasonable order now, and if not obeyed, your remedy shall follow in due course."

Muttering defiance the whole length of the hall, the hay-carter retreats.

Then opens the *cause célèbre* which has brought quite a number of rustic strangers into the Court precincts. An element of pain mixes with the comedy which follows, inasmuch as the contest is betwixt father and son. A retired dealer, named Digby, sues for twenty pounds, the balance of an alleged loan. The son — who throughout the prolonged discussion is colloquially spoken of by all, even the Judge, as "Tom" — pleads in reply that the money in dispute was a free gift. It is quickly evident that on one side or the other there is proceeding a considerable amount of what a Yankee would call "hard lying." It is the Judge's business to reach and discover the truth, and a tough piece of work he finds it.



FOR THE DEFENDANT.

him to give his version of the circumstances. The counsel would intervene, but for the present is waved aside. Confused, maybe, by the sudden blaze of publicity, or pricked after all by an uneasy conscience, "Tom" miserably flounders. He starts from a very distant and hazy beginning, and tries the Judge's patience severely by the manner in which he wheels round and round inconvenient questions and never once grapples with them. The Judge rebukes him for his manifest shuffling, and metaphorically hands him across the table to his fidgeting lawyer. Now indeed the narrative wears the semblance of order. But, alas for "Tom's" cause! what has gone before casts an air of unreality over the exhibition. An ironical gleam—transient, but observed by many spectators—on the Judge's countenance proves that he is a sharer in the current notion that this scene has been rehearsed more than once in a private office.

"Tom's" wife is called. She has but one stereotyped answer to almost every inquiry. She says, "Yes, y'r Honour; sure, sir," with a pertinacity that causes repeated titters in Court. She is her husband's echo to an extent which might alarm city advocates of woman's rights.

At this point, and although the case is going clearly in his favour, the plaintiff's self-restraint gives way. He breaks into a shrill, quavering torrent of abuse and excitedly shakes his stick—in dangerous proximity to the Judge's head—at his daughter-in-law. Remonstrance avails nothing to stop the outflow of unequivocal Anglo-Saxon, and the old man has to be coerced by a threat of expulsion.

No further witnesses are available, and the Judge—having ineffectually suggested arbitration with a view to a reconciliation—listens patiently to a long legal harangue, and then decides against the advocate and for the plaintiff. "I consider that 'Tom' has used his parent very badly," he says, "and has had but one aim from first to last, the obtaining by hook or by crook of his father's savings. Defendant will pay in a month, or be committed for twenty-eight days."

Thus is redress afforded in the case of a family quarrel, of flagrant unfilial injustice.

Enough has been written to reveal how large a part in the social economy of country life the County Court plays, how entitled to admiration and gratitude are its officials, how delicate and difficult are their tasks. Here, if anywhere (even in these days of new Law Courts), is the home of cheap and speedy p or man's justice.

THE PROMOTION OF A PRIVATE BILL.

SOME idea of the extent and importance of private Bill legislation may be gathered from the recent returns of the Board of Trade, made in pursuance of an Order of Parliament, by which it appears that no less than £5,418,454 12s. 4½d. have been expended by the existing railway, tramway, canal, gas, water, dock, navigation, pier, and port companies, or authorities, in the United Kingdom, in promoting and opposing private Bills during the ten years from 1872 to 1882 inclusive. Startling as these figures may appear, being an average of £541,845 per annum, they by no means represent the total expenditure on private Bill legislation, inasmuch as they not only omit a considerable number of existing companies which failed to render accounts, but they take no cognisance whatever of the vast sums disbursed for similar purposes by promoters of companies which do not reach incorporation, and by municipalities, other public bodies, and land owners. Nearly 300 petitions for private Bills have been deposited for the present session of Parliament, which will certainly involve a large opposition. Dealing only with the figures presented in the official returns, the amount expended by railway companies would have sufficed to pay for an addition of nearly 200 miles of line at £20,000 per mile; that for tramways, 177 miles at £4,000 per mile; that for gas, to have lighted 17 towns at £20,000 per town; and that for water, to have supplied 19 towns also at £20,000 for each, not counting how ports, and docks, and piers might have been improved or multiplied with the residue of the expenditure. The figures are eloquent enough in their simplicity. Those for railways, for example, might furnish an effective argument to advocates of State ownership of railways, whereby, of course, inter-company contests would cease. Cogent reasons are, however, not wanting for still leaving railways to the care of private enterprise, though State interference in their management is yearly extending, and the public demand yet more of it. Indeed, so alarmed have directors and shareholders become that they have recently organised a powerful association for the protection of their interests.

The object of, and necessity for, a private Bill is usually to obtain compulsory power over other men's property for the public good, and the profit of the promoters and persons who may provide the capital requisite for carrying out the undertaking. The title is consequently slightly paradoxical, but it serves to distinguish the measure from a Bill of the Government. As railway Bills predominate, it will be convenient to take a railway Bill as an illustration. The locality to be traversed by the line having been selected, the engineers survey and map out the route, showing upon the plan, drawn to a scale of not less than four inches to the mile, all the buildings,

fences, &c., within a limit of two hundred yards, or less, and also take the levels, in order to show on the section where the line will be in cutting, on embankment, or on the surface. In October or November notice is thrice given in successive weeks, by advertisements in newspapers published in the counties affected, and once in the *London*, *Edinburgh*, or *Dublin Gazette*, of the intended application to Parliament in the ensuing session for authority to make the railway, and describing the points of commencement and termination, with the names of the parishes through which it passes. The notice also mentions that copies of the plan, section, and book of reference will be deposited for inspection with the Clerks of the Peace and parish clerks, as well as at certain public offices, by November 30th. When the engineers have finished their work, a copy of their rough plan is handed to the solicitors, who send out men called "referencers" to ascertain the names of all the owners, lessees, and occupiers of the property within the limits of deviation. By December 15th, each of these must be served with a separate notice, containing a description of the particular lands or buildings in which he is interested, and a copy of the Standing Orders of Parliament, so far as they relate to the presentation of petitions. When it is proposed to abstract water from any stream for any canal, reservoir, or water-work, notice has to be given to all owners of mills, manufactories, and works using such stream, for a distance of twenty miles below the point of abstraction, unless within that area the stream unites with a navigable river; then as far as the junction only. In the case of a proposed burial-ground, cemetery, gas-works, sewage, or residual products works, all the residents within three hundred yards receive notice. For a tramway, every owner, lessee, and occupier of premises where the footway is for a length of thirty feet within nine feet six inches of the line is entitled to notice as a "frontager." With all the foregoing notices is enclosed a form of assent, dissent, or neutrality in respect of the project, for signature and return by the recipient, and a list of their answers is filed in the Parliamentary offices. Where power is sought to take fifteen or more houses of the labouring classes, a statement of their number, description, and situation has to be lodged by December 31st. Eight weeks' notice must be given them before disturbance, and the promoters must insert clauses in the Bill to procure accommodation for the persons displaced. The petition for, and the Bill, with the Parliamentary Agents' declaration as to its class and intended scope, are deposited by December 21st at certain Parliamentary and Government offices, and by the 31st an estimate of the expense of constructing the works, and in the case of municipalities, for instance, a declaration as to the funds out of which it is proposed to pay for them. In January, a deposit equal to five (and in certain cases four) per cent. of the estimated cost of the works has to be made, in cash or Consols, with the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division, to remain there until either the completion of the works, or of a section of them, when a proportionate amount is released, or until the rejection or withdrawal of the Bill. In the event of the works being authorised and not carried out, the deposit may be forfeited, or applied towards compensating any landowner or person aggrieved or injured by the default of the company.

As may be imagined, this lion in the path deters some promoters from proceeding unless they think they can succeed, whilst others are more willing than able to provide the amount, and thus an appreciable quantity of weeding-out is accomplished at this financial stage. Existing companies which are fortunate enough to be paying a dividend on their share capital escape the deposit, for which is substituted a daily penalty in the event of their failing to carry out the authorised works. In January also the memorials complaining of non-compliance with the Standing Orders of Parliament are deposited. The Examiners commence their duties on January 18th, and take sworn proof as to compliance, and also hear objections from opponents, after which they certify or report to the House thereon. The respective Chairmen of Committees of both Houses meet and settle in which House the Bill is to commence, and also report on those which are opposed. The Chairman and three other persons form a Court of Referees, to decide on the *locus standi* of petitioners, and eleven members form a Select Committee to decide as to dispensing with Standing Orders. The names of at least two members of Parliament are obtained as the introducers of the Bill, which are endorsed upon it, but involve no responsibility for the conduct of the measure through the House. If the Bill be unopposed, one of the introducers will be on the Committee of it. Motion is made, and leave given, to prepare and bring it in, and one print is bound in a parchment cover to insure a certain amount of immortality. The Bill is read a first time, and petitions against it must be lodged within ten (or in the Lords, seven) days afterwards. The second reading follows in less than a week, provided the Bill be in order, and the latter is then referred to the Select Committee for "trial on its merits"; or if it be unopposed, then to the Unopposed Committee. Occasionally private Bills are opposed on second reading, and rejected. This is considered to be a little hard by promoters, as it resembles hanging before trial, and depends on the advocate rather than on the evidence.

Assuming it has escaped this ordeal, and been grouped by the General Committee for investigation, it will come before a tribunal of four or five members of the House, who will hear the evidence *pro* and *con.*, as elicited in examination, cross-examination, and re-examination by counsel, who address the tribunal for or against the measure, as though it were an action at law. The proceedings are stenographed day by day, and printed for distribution next morning, so that the evidence and speeches of the previous day are available for reference in Committee. The hearing sometimes lasts several days or weeks,

and the cost of counsel, solicitors, witnesses, stenographers, printing, and so on, is very heavy indeed.

Every member of Committee signs a declaration that his constituents and himself have no local or personal interest in the Bill, and not to vote till he has heard the evidence.

If the Committee decide to pass the Bill, they will report that the preamble has been proved, the converse being that it is rejected. After the preamble is declared proved, opponents often struggle tenaciously to minimise the force of the measure by getting inserted stringent clauses for the protection of their interests.

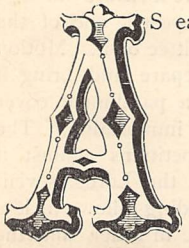
Soon after the receipt of the favourable report of the Committee, the Bill is read a third time in the first House and passed. Its title is then changed from a "Bill" to an "Act," and it is sent up to the Lords, where it passes through similar stages, being a second time "tried for its life" on its merits, without the necessity, as in the Law Courts, of showing any cause for a new trial. The evidence as well as the arguments are repeated, and if the Act pass that Committee also, and the Chairman of Committees, it will be sent back to the Commons for the amendments to be approved, and on its return be ready for third reading.

The Bill, if promoted by an existing company, must be submitted to and approved by the shareholders at a "Wharncliffe meeting." Occasionally promoters are obliged to withdraw it at the last moment, owing to the exigencies of finance, because, once the Act passes, the five (or four) per cent. deposit is impounded, which is a contingency the lenders are not disposed to allow at all times, unless backed by adequate security from the promoters.

As our particular promoters are of course equal to any emergency of this nature, the Bill is allowed to pass third reading and receive the Royal assent, whereby it is made part and parcel of the law of the land. The cost of opposed Bills of course varies considerably, especially if they are several days in Committee. The House fees also vary with the circumstances. Those for an unopposed railway Bill with a capital of about £500,000 are in the Commons, about £200, payable for the most part at the following stages: on presenting petition for the Bill, £15; first, second, and third readings, and report of Committee, £45 each; and in the Lords, £155, payable chiefly, on first reading, £5 5s.; second reading, £135; and third reading, £10 to £15. With a number of minor fees in both Houses, the total fees may be taken at £350. The united cost for, say, a twenty-mile line, including surveys, referencing, printing, fees, parliamentary agents, and so on, being out-of-pocket expenses, is about £1,500.

E. C. WICKES.

OUR GARDEN IN APRIL.

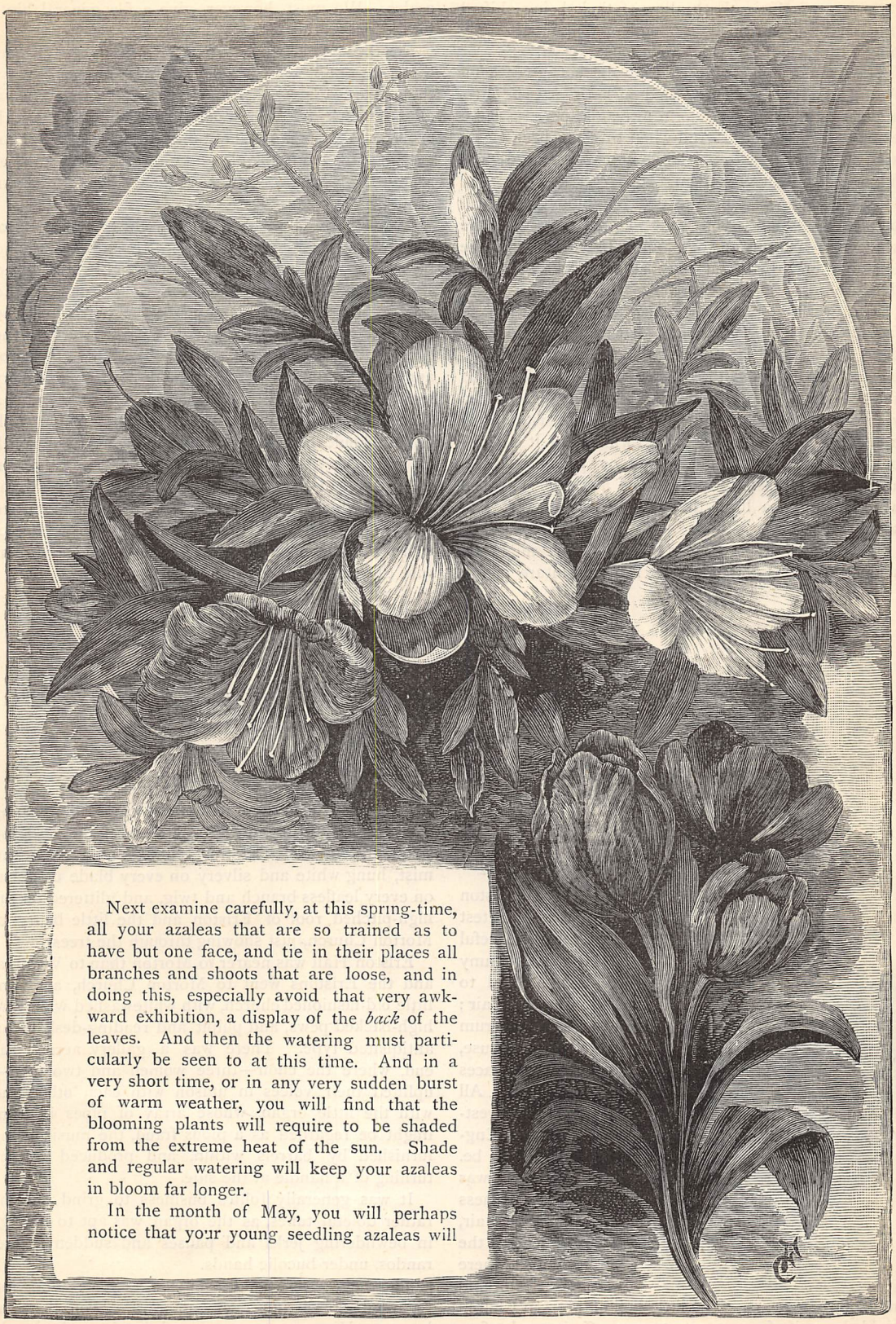


AS each month of the year comes round with its interesting and busy routine of garden work, we are very naturally led to give a prominent place to some one particular flower which is usually supposed to be in its perfection in the month of which we are treating. And this it is often a little difficult to do at a time of the year—the first spring month with any pretensions to warmth—in which so many delightful flowers are necessarily claiming our attention at once. There is one greenhouse flower, however, which from its gay variety of colours seems to have just now a particular claim upon us, and about which we may therefore have a few words to say.

The azalea about the middle of April is advancing rapidly, and is, or very shortly will be, in all its perfection. A few hints then as to its routine cultivation. Always premising that a protracted winter and a cold spring naturally tend to check the proper advance of all our flowers, we shall notice first, then, that by the month of March the buds on our azaleas in the greenhouse are beginning to swell for bloom, and the great endeavour you have to make is to contrive, if possible, that your whole plant is in bloom *uniformly*. By this we mean that all the buds ought to open as nearly as possible about the same time. And, unfortunately, you will very often notice a fine azalea full of buds, but with, perhaps, three or four of them only in full flower, while the rest bid fair to remain closed for some days longer; a large number of the buds continuing to bloom in this disorderly and irregular way.

One remedy for this, or we should rather say, the best method for guarding against this mishap, is to see that your plant as you go on rearing it has a uniformity of *growth*. No one long shoot or branch should be always allowed to grow ahead at the expense of the others. But more particularly at this time, when our buds are all making a very decided push, take care that wherever your plant is having a stronger light on one side, or part of it, than on the other, you turn and move it daily about.

Do not let one part of your plant have the lion's share of the sunshine, and the rest hardly any at all. The writer can recall, some few years ago, wishing to keep one noble azalea back for a particularly floral and festive occasion, and being afraid that the whole plant would be in bloom and past its best before the great day arrived, it was for a few days turned with its back to the sun and the light, and only allowed the last twenty-four hours to have the proper benefit of either. This had the desired effect, and the azalea in question was the theme of general admiration.



Next examine carefully, at this spring-time, all your azaleas that are so trained as to have but one face, and tie in their places all branches and shoots that are loose, and in doing this, especially avoid that very awkward exhibition, a display of the *back* of the leaves. And then the watering must particularly be seen to at this time. And in a very short time, or in any very sudden burst of warm weather, you will find that the blooming plants will require to be shaded from the extreme heat of the sun. Shade and regular watering will keep your azaleas in bloom far longer.

In the month of May, you will perhaps notice that your young seedling azaleas will

have grown sufficiently to allow of their being shifted into larger pots, and by the end of that month they may be taken from the greenhouse to any pits or frames, and have all the air that you can give them. And if you have sown any seed in February, the little azaleas will certainly be up in May, and perhaps large enough to prick out. And when this has been done, and although they are in the greenhouse, a hand-glass had better be put over them.

In the month of June the decayed blooms may all be picked off, unless you want to preserve any of the seed, in which event of course they must not be touched, but the plant may at once be set out of doors.

The growth of new wood is what you want now to facilitate. They should make growth freely, and when done they should rest, and the new bloom will then be set. Be careful with the watering all this time, and shorten or stop any branches that seem to be too vigorous in their growth, because you must bear in mind that as the plant is now forming, so it sets its bloom, and that all alterations or prunings made afterwards necessarily remove the flowers. The soil which the azalea likes the best is decayed turf and some turfy peat.

Did space allow, of course much more might be said as to little details of the routine culture of the azalea. We must, however, give a few general hints for our garden in this most important month.

For those of us who have but one small greenhouse, this is no doubt a very trying month. In April, everything is growing rapidly, and yet we dare not turn out all our stock into the open as yet. But the calceolarias, and many geraniums, may often be got out and stood on a plank, and under a south wall, or at any rate where we can give them some protection at night.

Then there is much to do in the preparation of the flower-beds for bedding out. The ground should be well stirred, and got into a thoroughly pulverised state, before the young plants from the greenhouse and frames are put in, and many of the bulbs must be carefully lifted first of all without any injury to the decayed bloom and foliage. A plentiful sowing of annuals in the open border should now go on every month up to July, as this will enable you to keep up a successional bloom. Seeds, too, of the single wallflower should be sown towards the end of the month for next year's blooming, and a good supply got in of cuttings of the double wallflower, which is by far the handsomer. Any trees or shrubs in your garden that were planted late should be mulched and kept well watered should the spring be a dry one, as otherwise they are liable to fail.

WITNESS MY HAND.

A FENSHIRE STORY.

By the Author of "Lady Gwendolen's Tryst."

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

A SUNDAY AT ERLSTON.

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down-stairs?"—J. P. KEMBLE.

SUNDAYS at Erlston were the quietest and most peaceful of days. A dreamy stillness seemed to be in the very air; a subdued decorum pervaded the house, and sat on the faces of its inmates. All was sweet and restful, as only an English Sunday can be. To-day there was the added stillness of a frosty air, through which the few sounds there were came faint and muffled to our ears. The little bell of Morton Church tinkled as if from a great way off, instead of a stone's-throw from the gates of the park; the yelping of John's fox-terrier and the deep bay of the yard-dog sounded remote. The frost, coming after thaw and mist, hung white and silvery on every blade of grass, on every leafless branch and twig, and glittered on the high-pitched roof of Erlston and the little belfry of Morton Church, just showing through the trees.

Erlston Hall was nearer to Morton than to Westrea, and the Erlstons went to Morton Church, a quaint little old-fashioned church, with whitewashed walls and high-backed pews, and pulpit and reading-desk of an antiquated type. There was a gallery across the end, where the choir—three women and two men—uplifted their voices in unison with each other and with the little organ, whose array of pipes in front might be regarded as a pious fraud, the music being furnished by barrels within, and produced by the turning of a handle at the side.

It was generally John's business to grind out the rather doleful tunes, as the organ was apt to indulge in bewildering jerks and pauses and sudden accelerandos, under bucolic hands.

The vicar was as old-fashioned as his church, and regarded church improvements with a conscientious horror. His prosy sermons and droning voice would

have irritated me anywhere else, but somehow they only seemed a part of the soft repose and out-of-the-world calm that appertained to a Sunday at Erlston.

John had been in Fentonbury all the day before, and having to address his new constituents in the Town Hall in the evening, had not come home till after I had gone to bed. So I did not see him after the fête on Friday till this Sunday morning, which always stands out from every other in my remembrance, both from its likeness and unlikeness to the rest.

It was impossible that this Sunday, on which the answer to John's letter was all but certain to come—the answer looked for with such varying degrees of interest, and such opposite feelings—could be, subjectively considered, like any other Sunday whose sun had risen or set on Erlston Hall. But as far as objective conditions went, it was a typical Erlston Sunday.

There were the prayers read in Sir John's rather quavering tones to the little fireside circle, and the long line of servants filing in and out, and bobbing or ducking as they passed his chair; and then the cheerful breakfast, with the sober talk natural to the day in place of our usual chatter. Then the brisk cheery walk across the frozen park, with the cold wind stirring our pulses and freshening our cheeks, and making the warm-curtained family pew seem a pleasant retreat when we reached it. And then came the dear familiar service, wherein Sir John's punctual "Amens" witnessed his attention—and the sermon, when, I am sorry to say, he generally fell asleep.

Lady Erlston always lectured him for it afterwards, but she had long given up trying to rouse him in church.

"For you know, my dear, once when I touched him gently with my parasol——"

"Gently?" quoth Sir John. "A stiletto was nothing to it!"

"Well, at all events it had the effect of waking him up, and he called out "Amen" quite loud in the very middle of the sermon! I never was so shocked and ashamed in my life. I felt as if I could not look the poor dear vicar in the face again for months."

This anecdote was generally related for Sir John's warning and behoof at the breakfast-table; but I never could see that it produced much effect when the time for action—or rather, inaction—came. This particular Sunday, which I had rashly marked out beforehand as a *dies Domini* far above any ordinary red-lettering—would not Helen's answer be awaiting John on our return from church?—Sir John was rather less somnolent than usual; and being in high favour with his wife in consequence, the two dear old things trotted off together across the park, as happy as a couple of children.

John and I walked together, and as I managed to keep up with his impatient steps, we soon left the others in the distance.

"I wonder how much of the sermon you understood, John?" said I. "You did not look too attentive to the preacher."

"No," said John.

And then he smiled, and whistled softly something that was very sweet and plaintive. I did not blame him that his thoughts wandered from the vicar's discourse—abstruse and rather unpractical—to the girl whom he had asked to be his wife, and whose answer was even then lying waiting for him at home.

And there indeed we found it, as we came into the hall, and went straight to the table where the letters lay. There was only that one for John, addressed with all the honours of his new M.P. in Helen's unmistakable hand, and I smiled in full affection and content as he held it to me for a moment, and then went off to his own room to read it in peace. Not even for my privileged eyes was the rapture that must soon be shining in his.

I went up-stairs at once to take off my hat and cloak in readiness for the early Sunday dinner, and then hurried down in hopes of being in time for a word or two with him before it.

But though I was in the drawing-room a good ten minutes before any one else, I was disappointed. Lady Erlston came in first, and then Grace, and then Sir John—all with a hardly concealed look of pleased expectation on their faces. And then came Louisa, with a spot of vivid colour on each lovely cheek, and a painful air of strained excitement that made me pity her. No one could be with these transparent old people without learning a good deal of what was passing in their minds, and I could not doubt that Louisa had penetrated the secret of this Sunday's letter-bag, and knew that the hour of her rival's triumph was come.

I had to admit that she bore it well. That curious restlessness and excitement was the only sign of suffering she betrayed. Her mien was not only without humiliation—it was actually exultant. A half-smile curved her lip; something not far short of triumph glittered in her eye. If I had not been so thoroughly behind the scenes her aspect would have baffled me with its assumption of success; and little as I liked her, pity for the sharpness of the pain that must needs veil itself thus, drew me to her—the poor infatuated girl, drinking so bitter a cup, and bearing herself so bravely the while.

I went and talked to her, feigning not to notice how her attention wandered, and how she started at every sound—paling and flushing, and catching nervously at the table to steady herself. But I soon desisted, for I thought the effort to attend and answer only added to her pain.

None of us said much, being all, I believe, secretly taken up with watching for John's coming. Every now and then I looked across at Lady Erlston, and she smiled back at me, while Sir John made talk with Grace. But the minutes went by, and still John did not come.

Was he too much lost in his new happiness to think of aught else, or remember the prosaic fact of dinner? Or, was he shy of meeting us all, and putting off the

"'SHOULD YOU—SHOULD YOU MIND WAITING, JOHN?'" (*p.* 295.)

inevitable encounter to the last moment? The last reasonable moment had already come and gone, for the dinner-gong had sounded five minutes ago, and Sir John was fidgeting impatiently, and indulging, no doubt, in gloomy anticipations of cold soup and spoiled fish, as he sat drumming his fingers on the arm of his chair, and looking impatiently at the door.

At last it opened.

"The dinner is served, my lady," announced Johnson, the butler, presenting his respectable but obese proportions in place of the slight handsome figure we were looking for.

"The dinner, eh?" cried Sir John testily. "The dinner? But where is John?"

"Oh, fie, Sir John, to be so cross!" cried my lady. "And a good Sunday, too!"

"I'll not wait another moment!" fumed Sir John.

And then John came in, with a perfectly inscrutable face, and gave his arm to his mother with an apology for keeping her waiting; and Sir John took Louisa on

his arm and ambled off to the dining-room, at a pace that approached a trot. He was in no placid mood.

It was a curiously silent meal, and it seemed to me that everybody was watching everybody else, only that John sat silent and unapproachable, and vouchsafed neither words nor looks to any one but his mother. They went away together after dinner, no doubt to his "den," and Louisa retired to her own room. Grace and I, left in the drawing-room alone, looked at each other in perplexity and dismay.

"What can it all be?" said Grace. "Surely there could be but one answer for him?"

"It seemed so," I said faintly; terrible visions of Helen sacrificing herself for her father rising before my eyes. It was just what I could imagine her likely to do—holding happiness cheap beside what she thought her duty—this girl who had taken for her motto, *Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra*, and perhaps too humble, in love's beautiful humility, to see that it was not her own happiness alone that she was sacrificing.

"Alice!" cried Grace impatiently, "why do you look like that? Surely you cannot think John's love was not returned?"

"No," I admitted freely, "I am sure that it was—and is. But——"

"Then do not indulge in 'buts.' Perhaps there is some difficulty in the way—your uncle did not look too amiable, I thought; but John will soon overcome anything of that kind. After all, we do not know. Men are curious creatures, and perhaps it only was that he did not care to say before us all. When mamma comes down we shall know."

I was willing enough to be persuaded, and tried my best to adopt Grace's optimist views. Only, why had John looked so strange at dinner? and why did he not join us now?

Presently Lady Erlston's maid came in.

"Miss Erlston, would you please to go up to her ladyship? She has a bad headache and is lying down in her own room."

Grace went, and I sat alone in the gathering dusk of the January afternoon. No one seemed to think of going to church. Sir John never did go, but had a nap in the dining-room instead; but to-day no one went, unless it was John, who went out of the house while the bell was ringing, and strode away down the park by himself. That was before Lady Erlston sent for Grace, and now the dusk was falling, and he had not returned. The distances under the trees grew misty and dim, and the sun went down a rayless red ball of fire in the frosty sky. No one came near me but the maid, who brought me a cup of tea and Lady Erlston's excuses, and by the time Grace came back I had worked myself into quite a fever of anxiety. Lady Erlston was with her, and I scanned their faces wistfully in the firelight, but found no comfort in them. Grace's was grave and sad, and bore traces of tears; and Lady Erlston's was proud and hard, as I had never seen that kindly face before.

"Sitting in the dark, my dear?" she said, with an evident effort at cordiality that pained me more than coldness could have done. That Robert's mother should have to make an effort to be kind to me! "Grace, ring for lights. I fear we have been uncourteous hosts this afternoon Where is Louisa? I thought she was here too."

"I will go and see," said Grace, and went, with a pleading look at her mother's stern face, and another at me that seemed to entreat forbearance. She might have known I should not fail in that.

"I hope you will forgive our want of courtesy, Alice," said Lady Erlston stiffly. "I fear you have had a dull afternoon."

"Dear Lady Erlston," I cried, stung into speech by her tone, "why do you talk to me like this? what have I done?"

"*You*, my poor child? nothing! No, I do not, I cannot blame you—only——"

"Only?" I repeated wistfully.

"Only," drawing herself up a little, "it is impossible quite to forget that you are Miss Rivers' cousin."

"And Robert's Alice," I pleaded with tears.

"Yes, my dear, yes," she said, taking my hand in hers. "We must not forget *that*, whatever comes between us. But this is such a cruel thing."

"What?" I faltered; "you forget I do not know."

"No, how should you?" She paused for a moment, and I think the pain of having to put it into words made her hard again. "Perhaps you will think it nothing, as no doubt your cousin does. She is a London *belle*, my dear, and this is her pastime ere she goes to town!"

"What has she done?" I asked bluntly. "Do you mean that she has refused John?"

Lady Erlston's face froze again.

"Robert's Alice must not ask questions that John's mother cannot answer without betraying his confidence," she said, very coldly. "No doubt your cousin will inform you in due time what has passed between them. I will only say that it has destroyed every vestige of my respect and regard for her, and that I hope——"

I think the sight of my distress checked the words upon her lips. She stopped short, and went hurriedly out of the room, and I laid my head on my arms and wept.

"Alice, little woman! What have *you* to cry for?" said John's voice suddenly. He had come in so quietly that I had not heard him, but looking up I saw his tall figure indistinct in the twilight.

"Oh, John!" I cried, "it is all so miserable. Your mother blames me, I can see. She cannot forgive me for being Helen's cousin. And I do not even know what Helen has done. I conjecture—I guess; but I think I could bear it better, I could understand it better, if I knew."

"You may know all that I know myself. It is not much."

"May I know what Helen said? I know you had a letter from her."

"No."

"John! I saw it—you showed it me yourself when we came home from church."

"You saw *this*," said John, taking out the envelope he had shown me then. He spoke calmly, but his hand trembled.

"Well?"

"Inside was a letter, certainly. But it was my own letter returned to me—my own letter torn in two!"

"Impossible! Do you mean to say there was nothing else?"

"Only this," he answered, with a bitter smile, as he turned back the flap of the envelope.

On the under side was written, in Helen's unmistakable hand—

"With Miss Rivers' compliments."

"I think," said John, "there is no misunderstanding that!"

"I don't believe she wrote it," I cried, wildly, for indeed the proof was still before my eyes that she did. And then I burst out sobbing uncontrollably.

"Don't cry, Dame Trot," said John, so kindly that my tears fell faster than ever. "It is not worth it—indeed, it is not worth it."

"It is my uncle's doing," I said, when I could find my voice.

"Perhaps. Do you think that matters much?"

There was such a ring of contempt in his tones as I had never heard before. I thought if Helen could have heard it her heart would have broken on the spot.

"Oh," I cried, "don't be too hard on her! You cannot think this was done of her own free will."

"It is not only what is done, but how it has been done," said John. "She might have refused me, under compulsion, as you say—or for any other reason—but need she have insulted me? Do you think a girl worth grieving for would have sent me this? Well, the shock was sharp and sudden. It will be the easier to get over. Perhaps, as she could not give me her love, it was kinder to kill mine."

"Is love so easily killed, John?"

"Yes, when its object excites contempt. That is the one and only thing that kills love, I believe. Contempt! And what else can I feel, I ask you, for a girl who, under any pressure of circumstance or authority, could consent to send me *this?* Waste no more tears on me, Alice. The cure, if sharp, is complete."

"You mean, then, to take this answer as final?" I said, after a pause.

"Decidedly!" said Mr. Erlston sharply. "Good gracious, Alice! do you think I am such a cur as to fawn back for another kick?"

He twisted the offending envelope into a rough spil as he spoke, lit a cigar with it, and went out into the frosty night, whistling in a manner that would have made Lady Erlston's hair stand on end.

Poor John! Sorely must he have been unbalanced to offend my lady's prejudices so.

The little twist of paper lay and smouldered on the hearth where he had cast it, and I watched it idly for a minute or two, thinking sadly that it was no unfit emblem of the destruction of the fair hopes I had cherished so long. But "cream-laid, high-pressed, satin-wove" paper does not burn easily, and I picked up the remains of Helen's dainty envelope, scorched indeed, and with one corner burnt away, but otherwise intact. What good I imagined it could do to keep it I do not know, but I smoothed it out as carefully as if it had been of priceless value, folded it up neatly, and put it in my pocket.

I had hardly done so, when Grace and Louisa came in together, and I saw with surprise that Louisa had her bonnet on.

"Where are you going?" I asked. "I thought there was no service at Morton on winter evenings."

"There is at Westrea. I am going there."

"What? By yourself?"

"I suppose so, if no one else is coming. At all events, it will be livelier than sitting in the dark as you are doing. Is all the house to go into mourning because John has a fit of the sulks?"

I think we were both too indignant to reply, and Louisa went away with a shrug and a laugh.

We stood together by the window, Grace and I, and looked down the white expanse of garden and park, and watched the stars come out one by one, and the little red star among the trees that we knew was John's cigar. Backwards and forwards it went, as the smoker paced the shrubbery walk, and then it seemed as if he had come into the park itself, and gone down the road to the lodge.

"Perhaps he will see Louisa, and go with her to Westrea," said Grace, "or persuade her not to go. I don't think that she ought to walk into Westrea alone."

"If she does, one of the boys will be sure to bring her back," said I. "I don't think you need be uneasy about her. She has a tolerable faculty for taking care of herself."

It was not an amiable remark, but Louisa's flippant speech had angered me exceedingly. She knew—I was sure she knew—the secret of John's depression, and yet she could sneer at it to his sister and his friend. Little as I had ever liked her, I felt that I should like her less than ever after that.

The evening seemed to pass very slowly. Johnson came in with the lamps, closed the shutters, and drew the heavy curtains, so there was no longer the chance of watching for the returning light of John's cigar. Lady Erlston came down, pale and depressed, but carrying her head high, and deigning few words to any of us; and Sir John fidgeted in and out with the restlessness and irritability that betrays anxiety or sorrow in his less enduring sex. Grace went to the piano and played soft voluntaries, such as her mother loved; and I tried to read the "Christian Year," and found myself watching Lady Erlston instead.

As I looked at her, I thought I knew from whom John inherited the touch of implacability in his nature. The face I held so dear seemed as if it could not soften to me to-night; and though I longed to go to her and lean my head upon her breast, and weep out our mutual trouble there, I did not venture even to approach her in her present mood. It was a relief to us all, I am sure, when Johnson announced supper.

"But where is John?" cried the squire.

"And Louisa?" added Lady Erlston.

As if in answer, we heard the front door unclose, and I ran into the hall.

John and Louisa stood by the fire, shaking off the snowflakes that clung to them, and apparently too much occupied with each other to take any notice of me.

"Is it snowing?" I said, looking at the swiftly-melting crystals. "Where have you been to get so covered? We thought you were lost."

"No, only late," said John coolly. "It is a way I have. I was late for dinner, you know."

His tone was so mocking and defiant, I did not know what to answer.

"Well," he cried sarcastically, "why don't you say, 'Better late than never'? I thought you were so fond of proverbs!"

I wondered how he could bear to refer to that. *I* could not; and he turned again to Louisa, as I made no reply.

"Have you screwed your courage to the sticking-point, Louisa? Shall we go to my mother now?"

"I must take off my things first," said Louisa, in a curious, subdued voice, as if she were half afraid. "Should you—should you mind waiting, John?"

"Not in the least. Alice would tell you it is only 'ill news' that 'flies apace.' No one will forestall our joyful intelligence."

He watched her pretty figure flitting up the wide staircase, with a smile as bitter as his tones.

How different both were to all that I knew and loved in John! How different he seemed to-night from the John that was Robert's brother, and mine! Tears came unbidden to my eyes as I looked at him, and longed for the power to soothe and comfort.

"Good gracious, Alice! don't look so dismal," he suddenly exclaimed. "If you were half the sister you've always professed yourself, you would be as gay as a cricket to-night."

"Why, I wonder?" I said, sadly enough.

"Why, Dame Durden? Because *I* am, of course. Don't you know this is the happiest day of my life, and I want your congratulations?"

"On what, John?" I asked briefly, too bewildered to say more.

"On my engagement! Rejoice with me, Alice; I am that happy thing, an engaged young man. Yes, I am going to settle, to *ranger* myself—to marry, in short. I have proposed and been accepted."

I looked at him, wondering for a moment if his sorrow had turned his brain; but the eyes that met mine were, however fierce and sarcastic, undoubtedly sane. Perhaps he was only mocking me, and amusing himself at my expense, regardless of the pain he might inflict on himself or me.

"Why don't you congratulate me?" he demanded. "Come, are you dumb? Or don't you believe the news of my happiness?"

"You have a curious way of announcing it, John, and a most curious way of showing your happiness. Why did you seem so—so stern and sad at dinner? and why did you not tell us sooner?" And then I remembered the envelope he had shown me—the envelope lying in my pocket now—and felt more mystified than ever. John might have utterly forgotten it, for any sign he gave.

"I am not responsible for my looks at dinner," he answered. "Perhaps I had indigestion! And as for telling you sooner, I could not very well tell you till I knew myself, and that is only within the last ten minutes."

"John!"

"Why so astonished, little woman? But here comes my *fiancée*, and I am going to present her to my mother."

I turned quickly, and beheld Louisa coming down the stairs.

"Pretty, isn't she?" said John, with a mocking smile at my discomfiture; "and *so* affectionate!"

It seemed as if he were sneering at her, himself, and me; and any congratulations I might have forced myself to utter died on my lips.

I mutely followed them into the drawing-room, and stood trembling, while John led Louisa to his mother's chair.

"I am sorry I am late again, mother, but this time I have a fair excuse to offer. Things have altered with me since I saw you last, and I am come to ask your blessing on my promised wife."

Lady Erlston, taken so utterly by surprise, believed for the moment, I think, all sorts of impossible things. A glad little cry escaped her lips.

"On my promised wife, *Louisa*," he repeated, with a quick frown. "Mother, do you not understand?"

I think she did—too well.

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" was all she said, sinking back with a low sob of distress.

Sir John came hastily to her side, and spoke to his son.

"Do I understand you, John, that Louisa has consented to be your wife?"

"Certainly," said John. "And I ask you, father, is this a fitting reception for her?"

"Your mother is too surprised and startled. You have taken us both by surprise, John, and you must not wonder; it is not that we are not pleased, of course," stammered the old man, as he took Louisa's hand, and gently kissed her on each cheek. "You must forgive us, if you please; it was not fair of John to take us unprepared. But make him a good wife, my dear, only make him a good wife, and we shall ask nothing else."

"No," cried my lady, recovering herself, and sitting very erect. "Forgive me if I have seemed remiss. He is old enough to choose for himself. God grant that he has chosen wisely!"

For once Louisa did not speak. She stood quite still, looking very pale and nervous, and let John place her hand in his mother's without a word.

But when we had all gone in to supper Louisa recovered her spirits, and talked fast and gaily. No one responded much. John hardly opened his mouth; Lady Erlston held her head high, and said very little; Sir John looked puzzled and fidgety; and Grace and

I sat absolutely silent. What could we say, we two, who only a few hours ago had shared such hopes of a different bride?

I went to bed directly after supper, feeling as if I could bear no more that night; and Lady Erlston's cold and formal "good night" was that "last straw" that is never wanting when once we have said, "I can bear no more." I crept away to my room, and cried myself to sleep like a tired child.

And so ended that memorable Sunday, the most miserable day I ever spent at Erlston Hall.

For it was not that night, but one or two o'clock the next morning, that I was roused from my troubled slumbers, to see Robert's mother standing by my bed in the moonlight, and to feel on my brow the kiss of peace that lightened half my pain.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

RALPH.

"An oyster may be crossed in love."—SHERIDAN.

I WENT home the next day, nor did Lady Erlston seek to detain me. We both felt, I think, that Erlston was no place for me just then. They would shake down into conventional acceptance of the new order of things better without the presence of an outsider, however intimate, and especially without the presence of Helen's cousin. And it was better for me, too.

Away from Erlston I might recover calm. Away from Erlston I could see more clearly, judge more candidly, understand more fully all that had happened while I was there.

I was not sorry to be spared a farewell to John. He and Louisa had ridden over to Morton Park to announce their engagement, before I had spoken of going, and had not returned when it was time for me to go.

Lady Erlston and Grace drove back with me.

"You will tell Mrs. Hirst," whispered Grace, as we turned into the market-place; and I nodded sad assent. But my lady interposed.

"I shall tell Mrs. Hirst," she said, with dignified kindness. "It is a courtesy that is due to her, and I have come to render it. So old a friend must not hear of John's engagement from any one but me."

So I was spared the telling that would have been so painful to me. I left my mother to entertain her guests and escaped to my own room before Lady Erlston had unfolded her news.

I knew that I could trust my mother to receive it with composure. She had both courage and self-command, and would neither betray the hopes she had indulged in for her niece, nor fail in kindly congratulations on the event that had destroyed them.

But when Lady Erlston had gone, she came to my room, full of sympathy and distress, and heard all that I could tell her.

"It is Helen that I think of—it is Helen!" she cried pitifully, when I had done. And indeed my heart echoed the cry.

"I had a letter from her yesterday, and she said nothing of all this," said my mother, when we had talked it over and over again, without arriving at any solution of the mystery.

She found it, and showed it to me, this letter that had come by the same post as John's; and it was just a brief announcement of her safe arrival at home, concluding with dutiful acknowledgments of my mother's hospitality, and a mischievous message to the boys. There was even a mention of John's name.

"Ask Alice to thank Mr. Erlston for coming to see us off," wrote the girl who had torn his letter in two, and sent him the fragments "with her compliments"—"I should have been sorry to go away without saying good-bye to him."

I laid the note down, and stared at it in utter perplexity.

"She must have written this before the other," I said slowly. "Perhaps she did not even know that she would have to send the other then."

For I could not disabuse my mind of the idea that Helen had been coerced into returning John's letter, and in a way he had felt so bitterly insulting. There was a coarseness in the insult that could never have sprung from Helen's own mind. If it had not been for the writing, I should have suspected my uncle of seizing the letter, and returning it himself. But, alas! there was no mistaking Helen's peculiar hand.

Well, my course was clear enough. I must tell her of John's engagement, and refrain from any allusion to all that had preceded it. Even if her own hand had not witnessed against her—if there had been reasonable ground for the suspicion of coercion or foul play that had been my first impulsive thought—it was of no avail to try and discover the truth, now that John had betrothed himself to another woman. That was the fact I had to disclose to Helen, and after that there could be for both of us only a life-long silence. Helen was too proud to stoop to words of regret for any man; too high-principled and upright to cherish tender memories of another woman's husband.

And then I bowed my head, and wept. I could not bear to think of the suffering that lay before my cousin. I could not bear to think of all she must be feeling even now, and the news I had to tell could but embitter her grief.

Though she had rejected John's love, I did not believe that she would hear with indifference that he had offered it to another. No woman ever does that, however little she may have desired it for herself; and for Helen, who I believed—nay, I knew—had loved John with all the strength and tenderness of her deep, passionate nature, how must her pain be increased by the news of his engagement to Louisa!

That it was an engagement that betokened no facile transference of affection, but rather the blind pain and passion of rejected love for her herself, was a thought not likely to bring consolation to Helen's unselfish and lofty soul, any more than an engagement thus entered into was likely to bring peace or happiness to John.

After all, it was John for whom I felt the profoundest pity. Sorrow that is sent to us, or that comes to us in the way of duty, as I believed Helen's

had, has in itself the seeds of healing; but the sorrows we make for ourselves out of our own passion or pride bear no such gracious fruit. It is on those who, with rebellious hands, cast from them the appointed cross, that it presses most heavily. It is the sorrow that is mixed with sin for which there is no balm. I was musing sadly over the fire when the boys came in from their tutor's, and Ralph from the office, all very much astonished, and a good deal pleased, to have me home again so unexpectedly. After my miserable visit, their hearty welcome was quite soothing and refreshing. The boys hugged me energetically, and even Ralph's grave face relaxed into a smile.

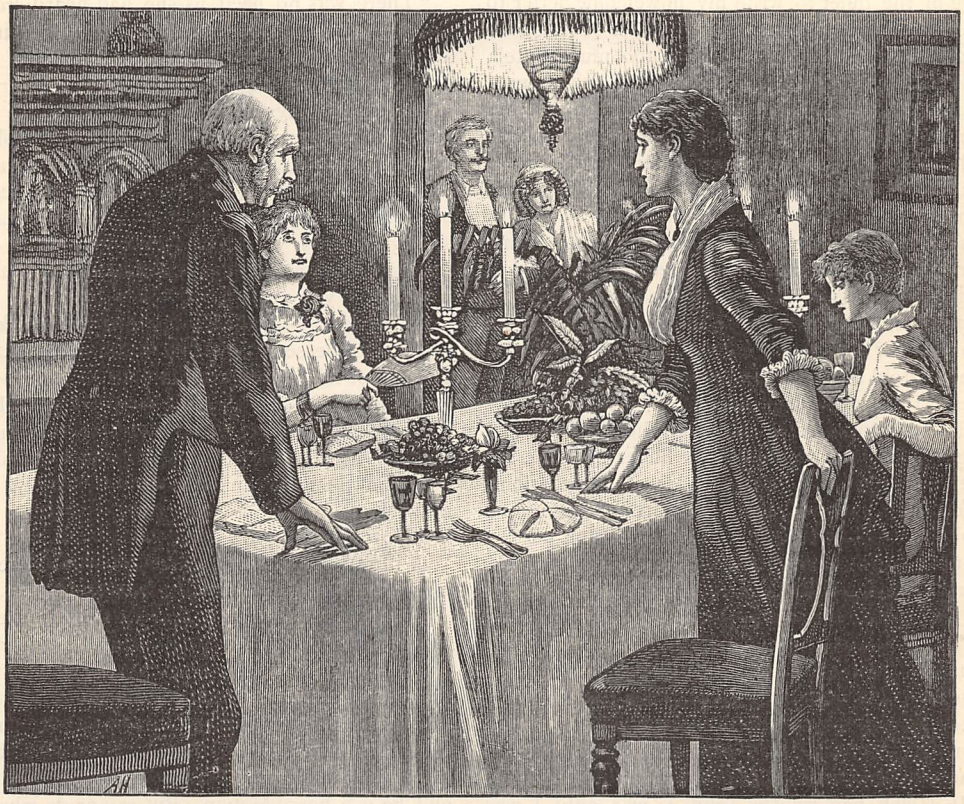
"I *am* glad you are back," said Walter confidentially, when he caught me for a moment alone. "Ralph has been as cross as a bear."

"Fie!" said I. "Is that how you ought to talk of Ralph? And has nobody else been cross, I wonder, Master Walter?"

For my mother had told me that the boys had been quarrelsome and perverse in my absence.

"Ralph has been so queer and sulky," protested Walter. "Even Herbert couldn't stand it. He rowed Herbert awfully for not going to church last night, though he had such a headache he could hardly see out of his eyes. But Ralph has been enough to give any one a headache—I've got one myself to-day," said Walter, leaning his forehead against my cheek. And indeed it was burning and throbbing too much for me to think of scolding him, as I had been half inclined to do, for encouraging Herbert in insubordination.

Poor Ralph! He was so little older than the boys themselves, that the only wonder was they were so respectful and obedient as they generally were. It was owing, I think, to his firm, quiet manner, strict justice, and even temper, and I could not help suspecting that the fault now was possibly his as much as theirs. The Ralph who had grown so irritable lately was so different from the placable elder brother whose gentle rule had never before been resented.



"SIR JOHN WAS IN NO PLACID MOOD" (*p.* 293).

I fell to wondering what Ralph would think of John's engagement, and looked at him curiously when my mother announced it at dinner. He certainly looked startled at the news, flushing all over his dark sallow face, but he made no comment on it. Herbert burst into a laugh.

"Cash up, young man," he exclaimed to Walter; "I'd rather have the tin than the gloves."

"*What* is that?" cried Ralph, in a voice that startled us all. Herbert looked injured, but Ralph's eye was on him, and he said, sulkily enough—

"It was only a bit of fun. We had a bet on it,

you see. Walter backed Helen, and I backed Louisa, and it seems I've won."

"A bet! And on your cousin! I didn't think you were such a pair of gamblers," said Ralph sternly; and the boys shrank back ashamed before his indignant eyes, and did not venture to excuse themselves.

No more was said about John or his engagement, and after dinner Ralph went back to his office, and did not come up-stairs till bed-time.

The boys had gone early, complaining of sore-throats, and my mother was administering to their needs, so that I had the room to myself, and took advantage of the quiet to write my unwelcome letter to Helen. It was not a letter easy to write. I knew at once too much and too little. I had too much to tell, and too much to refrain from telling. For it seemed to me that the best and kindest thing was to tell her the bare fact of John's engagement, and leave her to make her own deductions and draw her own inferences from it. Of his previous proposal to herself I could say nothing till she mentioned it to me. *That*, at least, she must have known of when she wrote to my mother, and that she had not referred to it seemed to prove that she did not wish to have it alluded to.

Ralph came in just as I had finished.

"To Helen?" he said, looking at the address—"Have you told her—about John?"

"Yes. I thought it best."

"I don't see why it should concern her," said Ralph, turning the letter nervously in his fingers. "You see you were evidently wrong in your view of the situation."

I did not see it, but I had no heart for discussing the point. I sat silent, and presently Ralph put the letter in his pocket, and said in a voice that sounded embarrassed and odd—

"It is past post-time. You had better entrust it to me."

"Thank you, but I can post it myself to-morrow."

"She will get it sooner if I take it. I—I am going up to town to-morrow, on business."

Oh, my poor Ralph! As if I did not guess what the "business" was, and how useless an errand it would be! If Helen had refused John, it was only, I was sure, that some perverted notion of duty had made her sacrifice herself to her father's necessities. There was no hope for Ralph in the fact. She might, perhaps, marry Alan Lawley, her father's creditor, but she would never marry Ralph Hirst.

Ralph, I suppose, was building his hopes on John's engagement, for he certainly did not know of Helen's refusal. That was John's secret, and I had not revealed it even to my mother.

I saw Ralph depart with a sad conviction that he was only going to failure, and mortification, and defeat. It was even so. A brief note informed me that he had been refused, and would be with us on the evening of the day I received it. He added neither explanation nor comment, and I knew him too well to expect either. That he had told me the fact was an unexpected confidence from my shy and reticent brother.

He returned late that night, looking like a man who had gone through some severe illness; and ardently as I longed to hear every detail of his visit, I had not courage to ask him a word. My mother, knowing nothing of his errand, was under no such restraint, and rather resented the short answers she received.

"Really, Ralph, you tell us nothing!" she exclaimed. "How was Helen, and how did she look?"

"I don't know how she was—I didn't ask her," said Ralph, in a tone that was positively surly.

My mother looked at him in surprise, but her curiosity prompted another question.

"What did she say to John's engagement? You told her, I suppose?"

"There was no need, as she had heard from Alice. She said nothing at all to me about it," said Ralph; and wished us good night, with the evident intention of escaping further questioning.

I resigned myself to hearing no more, but my patience was unexpectedly rewarded. Ralph invited me to go a walk with him the next afternoon; and as we turned off the high-road into the fields, he broke in on some common-place remark I was making, by saying—

"You have asked me nothing about Helen, Alice; but I think you ought to know."

"I have not asked, because I did not know if I might. I guessed—I *knew* why you went, Ralph, and I need not tell you how sorry for you I am——"

"That does not matter," interrupted Ralph gruffly. "I haven't brought you out to whine about myself. But—Helen!" There was almost a sob in his voice.

"What about Helen?" I asked anxiously. "Is she not well?"

"How far are you in her confidence, I wonder? Will it be betraying her to tell you?" muttered Ralph, more to himself than me.

"Do you mean about Mr. Lawley?" I asked.

"You know about that, then, at all events?"

"I know that Uncle Rivers wishes her to marry him, and I fear that she has consented to do so."

"On the contrary, she has utterly refused, and Uncle Rivers is furious. There were scenes while I was there that made my heart bleed for Helen. He is—oh! he is a horrible man. But say or do what he will, she is not the girl to be forced into a marriage against her conscience and her will."

"Then why," I cried, surprised into a revelation I had never intended to make, "then why did she refuse John?"

"Alice!" No words could have expressed Ralph's astonishment. He looked at me as if he thought I had suddenly taken leave of my senses.

"Refuse *John?* Helen refuse John? If you had seen her when she read your letter——"

Ralph's voice suddenly faltered and failed, just as I remembered its doing when he brought me a poor little kitten, whose small life had been all but crushed out of it under the hoof of one of our neighbour's great cart-horses.

"But, Ralph," I said gravely, "I never thought she did not love him. I always thought that, you know."

"Yes, you were wiser than I. For, Alice, I am certain—yes," said poor Ralph, with a quiver of pain in

his voice, "I do not deceive myself now—I am certain that she loves him. If you had seen her face when she read your letter! And then she dropped down white and senseless at my feet, and I felt as if I were the meanest man alive for having seen it. Refuse John? No, she would never have done that," repeated Ralph, with conviction. "And besides, he never—why, have you forgotten his engagement?"

"I have forgotten nothing. And I am as sure that he asked her to be his wife, and that she refused him, as I am that we are talking together now."

"*She* did not tell you?" said Ralph incredulously.

"No, but *he* did. And I saw his letter lying ready for the post, and I saw her answer—such as it was."

He looked so incredulous that I pulled it from my pocket and showed it him. He knew so much now that there could be no harm in doing that.

"That is not the sort of paper Helen uses," he said quickly. "Don't you know her fancy for unglazed 'Egyptian'? The boys laughed at her for it, and nicknamed her 'the Copt.'"

"But what of that, Ralph? You will see the writing is hers."

He looked at it critically and long, holding it up to the sun, and noting the maker's or vendor's name as I should never have thought of doing. I suppose his lawyer's training taught him that.

"Lafargue, Fentonbury," said he. "Who do we know that uses their paper? Some one, I am sure, But it is not Helen."

"I have not noticed—I don't notice such things as that. And after all, there is no doubt about the writing."

He looked at it again, and I saw conviction gather in his face.

"I could not have believed it if I had not seen," he said, in a low voice that was full of pain. "What she must have suffered when she wrote it! For she loves him, Alice, still! You would think so too, if you had seen her read your letter."

Ralph went back again to that—the scene that had forced upon him the conviction of her love for John—and it seemed as if, in the thought of her pain, he all but forgot his own. But I could not.

"Was it after *that* that you asked her, Ralph?"

"No. I know now that some perception of how it was with her, made me speak before I gave her your letter. I did not want her to accept me out of pique," said Ralph proudly, "as I have heard that women do sometimes."

"And not women only," I thought. But I was John's sister as well as Ralph's, and I kept his counse and said nothing. "Did she say anything about John's engagement?" I asked, after we had gone on in silence some little way.

"Do you think I would have stayed to hear? I rang for her maid, and went away at once. I did not see her again. I had seen enough!" said poor Ralph. "And it could only have hurt her to see me." He said no more; but what he said had drawn me very closely to him. I felt as if I had never understood or appreciated Ralph before, and as if I had long arrears of sisterly affection to make up.

"We must have many walks together, you and I," I said sentimentally. But Ralph only looked surprised, and asked "Why?" in a matter-of-fact tone that made me feel foolish. As it turned out, it was the last walk we had together for many months.

The boys' indisposition increased so much that my mother sent for the doctor that evening, and he pronounced it scarlet-fever. So instead of devoting myself to the consolation of Ralph, I was installed nurse in the boys' sick-room, and did not see him till after Easter.

One of the trials of infectious illness is the isolation science prescribes to nurses and patients. I went nowhere beyond our garden-walls; I saw no one, I heard no news, I sent no letters for three long months. I grew to hate the view from the sick-room window, and the smell of carbolic acid, and to feel an unreasonable resentment at the active manifestation of the instinct of self-preservation on the part of our friends.

At last it was over. The boys were pronounced incapable of spreading infection, and went with my mother to Lowestoft for a month. The house was given over to painters and paperers, and Ralph and I moved our quarters from one room to another, and felt as if we were at a chronic pic-nic. But to go about amongst my fellow-creatures was the strangest feeling of all. It seemed like returning from the grave.

END OF CHAPTER THE TENTH.

TO ONE WHO MURMURS.

AH! many a voice that cheers thy way
Dwells all uncheered alone,
And many a heart that comforts thee
Thy bliss has never known.

They suffer not who weep the most;
They love not most who speak;
These crave and cleave a brighter path
Beyond the helpless weak.

Yea, rather tremble thou for those
Who never told their pain,
Who, stretched in secret on the wheel,
Are silent, racked in vain;

Who, crippled, sore to every touch,
Play loud the jester's part.
God pity them that laugh through life
To hide a breaking heart!

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found on page* 302. *The Editor's duty will be to act as "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

OUGHT THE STATE TO PROVIDE HEALTHY HOMES FOR THE POOR?

OPENER'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

I think, Sir, I may with safety assert that there is no subject of more general social interest at the present time than that of the housing of our poor. Many of us know from personal experience in what wretched dens—to call them "homes" would be to make a mockery of the word—the poorer classes in our large towns live; and those who have not themselves seen these pestilential rookeries must have read of them and of the manner in which the tenants live. In wretched courts, reeking with poisonous gases, tumble-down houses of tiny rooms—eight feet square, many of them—are crowded together: all the houses resembling one another in these points—that they are filthy, dirt-begrimed, and practically staircase-less, window-less, and furniture-less. And in such unhabitable habitations as these, families herd together—seven and eight in a room—and are often forced to pay for such accommodation nearly half their net weekly earnings!

This, Sir, is the deplorable condition of affairs which has led me to bring the present topic under the notice of this honourable House, in the hope that it may be unanimously decided that an immediate remedy for such a state of things is imperative; that the duty in the matter rests with the country at large—in short, that the State ought to provide healthy homes for the poor. To make my proposition a little clearer I will enlarge it thus: That the State proper, together with the various local authorities, who form part of the governing machinery of the State, should be bound to provide a healthy home for every wage-earning inhabitant of the country, at a rental in fair proportion to his wage-earning power.

Now, Sir, it is already admitted by the existence of our Poor Law System, that every human being existent in the country has a right to live—may justly demand sufficient food to support life—even though he may not be able to earn what he receives: surely, then, it is only logical to admit also that every willing worker has a right to shelter at a price fairly within his means.

Again, Sir, looking at the matter from another point of view, it is beyond dispute that the unsanitary conditions attending over-crowding affect not only the health of the inhabitants of the fever-dens, but also the health and prosperity of the country at large. For this reason, then, it is the duty of the State to interfere.

Now, that the State has to some extent recognised its responsibility in this matter is proved by the existence of the "Artisans' Dwellings Acts" (Mr. Torrens' Acts), the "Artisans' and Labourers' Dwellings Improvements Acts" (Sir Richard Cross's Acts), and the "Labouring Classes' Lodging-houses Acts," all of which Acts give considerable powers to local authorities for dealing with unsanitary dwellings, for insisting on improvements and the abatement of nuisances, and for pulling down and rebuilding. Further than this, local commissioners may even purchase or rent land, and on such land may erect buildings suitable for lodging-houses for the labouring classes, and may convert any buildings into lodging-houses for the labouring classes, and may alter, enlarge, repair, and improve the buildings, and may fit up, furnish, and supply them with the requisite furniture, fittings, and conveniences. Large powers of various kinds have in fact been given to the local authorities by the State, but they have not been largely used—often, indeed, not at all—and for this reason: that a heavy burden would be entailed on the districts in which the Acts were enforced, in the shape of a considerable addition to the rates!

It should be clearly understood that in all thickly-populated towns it is practically impossible to let well-built sanitary dwellings at a rental which is both remunerative to the investors of capital, and within the means of the poorest of the labouring classes. This is shown by the fact that the Peabody trustees, with everything in their favour as to the purchase of land, and seeking only to gain 3 per cent. on their outlay, cannot let two rooms for less than about 4s. 4d. a week—a sum altogether beyond the means of a man with a family, striving to live on from 8s. to 15s. a week. I mention this because some seem to think the problem may be solved by merely insisting that private owners shall either make their tenements habitable, or be punishable by a heavy fine, forgetting that the owner has the power to charge any rent which he may please, and also that ground landlords cannot be compelled to erect houses sufficient to accommodate *decently* all the inhabitants of a town.

If, Sir, it may be granted for a minute that the State ought to provide healthy houses for the poor, I will now endeavour to show how the duty may be fulfilled.

Local authorities should be compelled by the State to see that there is sufficient healthy house accommodation in their districts for all the inhabitants, and at varying rentals, to meet the needs of all. Mr. Torrens' and Sir Richard Cross's Acts should be rigidly enforced against owners of unsanitary weekly tenements, and new lodging-houses, according to the necessities of each individual case, should be constructed to house those who may be too poor to pay the normal rents in the town, but who, being wage-earners, can pay something, and should therefore not be driven to the workhouse. The sums necessary to carry out all the work

involved in building, improving, &c., should be lent by the State at a low rate of interest—say 2½ per cent.—such interest to be paid out of the local rates. In this way the locality would have to contribute the difference between 2½ per cent. on the sums borrowed, and the net amount received for rents, thus sharing the burden fairly equally with the State.

Of course an objection may be raised that the local authorities will still evade their duties in the matter and save their pockets, and that Government will not easily be able to interfere. The enforcement of the Education Act—in the compulsory establishment of School Boards in districts with insufficient elementary school accommodation—affords abundant evidence of the futility of such an objection.

There is yet one other way, Sir, in which the State may and ought to help to fulfil its duty in this matter. Houses and rooms are much cheaper in the suburbs of towns than in the towns themselves, but on account of the cost of travelling the poorest classes cannot migrate to the suburbs, and pass to and fro to their work. Let the State grant aid to the railways, in the shape of the remission of the passenger duty, or in some other form, and in return bargain for early trains to carry the labouring classes at a fraction over cost price, or say at about the same rate as goods are carried. In this way something at least might be done.

Of course, Sir, I recognise that I have possibly weakened my argument as to State responsibility by attempting to show how the duty, once admitted, might be fulfilled ; but nevertheless it seemed only fair to state, however crudely, my view of what might be done, if only to demonstrate that I have not set out with an abstract proposition, incapable of being carried into practical effect. Yet, Sir, however weak my schemes may be, I venture to maintain that the principle underlying them is indisputable—namely, the duty of the State to provide healthy homes for the poor.

OPPONENT'S SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,

It is, I trust, Sir, altogether unnecessary for me to state that I sympathise, quite as fully as the Opener of this debate, with the woes of those who are forced to herd together in our large cities, like pigs in a sty. My heart has often bled when I have witnessed their poverty and their sorrows, and I have pondered long and earnestly in what way relief might be sought and hoped for ; and yet I cannot agree that the State ought to take upon itself any new responsibility in the matter, and I fear that if it were to do so, the step would be anything but conducive to the interests of the country at large.

Now, Sir, I cannot help feeling that in passing the existing Acts for the improvement of artisans' and labourers' dwellings the State has gone as far as is safe in the matter. By these Acts, local authorities have large powers over owners of unsanitary dwellings, and can exercise these powers with scarcely any cost to themselves. By an order obtained from the Justices of the Peace, the abatement of all nuisances can be enforced ; and if the Justices consider that the same or a similar nuisance is likely to recur, they may further prohibit its recurrence and direct the execution of the works necessary to prevent such recurrence ; and if, in their judgment, the nuisance is such as to render any house unfit for human habitation, they may prohibit its being used for that purpose until it is rendered fit for habitation, and in that case the house may not be let or inhabited until by a further order the Justices have declared that it is habitable. Local authorities may also institute proceedings against owners for over-crowding, and in cases of persistent over-crowding the houses may be closed by order of the Justices.

Local authorities are, therefore, able to insist on the improvement of all unsanitary dwellings, and can guard against the evils and dangers of over-crowding without appreciable expense. That they have not taken advantage to any extent of later Acts, and insisted on purchasing the land and pulling down badly-constructed tenements, and erecting new ones of which they will be the responsible landlords, is not to be wondered at. Rates are already high enough all over the country, without the imposition of additional burdens resulting from ill-judged philanthropy on the part of trustees of public funds.

It seems to me, Sir, that the present evil will find its own remedy, since it is the result of a more or less abnormal state of things. It arises almost entirely from the excessive gravitation of the country people towards the towns, and from the vast increase of the population in the towns themselves—an increase altogether disproportionate to the extension of the fields of labour. That a fair week's work cannot be found for all the able-bodied inhabitants of our towns is practically admitted by the Opener of this debate, when he speaks of the earnings of a family as averaging only from 8s. to 15s. weekly. Three things will tend year by year to improve matters—education, migration, and emigration. Compulsory education has already done much in inculcating health laws and a higher code of morality ; it is doing much, and has still more to do, in improving the value of all kinds of labour, and making it more productive. Migration back to the country, and to more thinly-populated districts, and a constant increase in the number of emigrants to our colonies and foreign lands, may reasonably be looked for, if the natural process is not disturbed by such action as is proposed by the honourable Opener—namely, the conversion, on the largest scale, of the State and the local authorities conjointly into a landlord of unprofitable weekly tenements.

Let us consider for one moment what would be the inevitable result of the adoption of such a scheme. Thousands of families in all our large towns would be induced to linger on in poverty, without any prospect of work, merely because they were allowed to live practically rent-free at the expense of others. Surely this would be throwing overboard all the recognised laws of political economy ! If our Poor Law System be regarded as an incentive to pauperism, surely this new State Landlord scheme should be looked upon as

likely to encourage laziness and unthriftiness to a far larger extent. I do not know whether the problem which now confronts us has arisen in the great cities of the United States, but I am bold to assert that in that land of freedom—where every man is as good as his neighbour—even if the evil were twice as great as it is here, the authorities would never attempt to interfere in the manner now suggested. But if it may be hoped that time will work out a remedy for the excessive poverty of the lowest classes in the country, it remains to consider if any temporary measures of relief may be taken. I am inclined to agree that if the railway companies could be induced to carry workmen at lower rates something would be gained, since many of the better-paid artisans would avail themselves of country homes, and leave room, at reduced rents, for those half-employed, badly-paid classes who would never be able to rent country lodgings, even if the railway companies carried them to and fro gratis. If the country can afford to remit the passenger duty, and if a bargain can be made with the companies for something in exchange, in the shape of reduced workmen's fares, well and good. From several points of view, something would be gained, although I am afraid the result would not be all that the Opener of the debate seems to expect.

Artisans' Dwellings Companies—worked on strict business principles, to pay a moderate percentage on capital invested—may also be factors in the solution of the problem. If plenty of good and well-built healthy lodgings, consisting of two rooms, can be let for 4s. 4d. a week, we shall not hear much more of 2s. 6d. and 3s. being demanded for a squalid attic. The 2s. 6d. or 3s. will soon be reduced by the ordinary laws of supply and demand to 1s.; and, by the coercion of the local authorities, the attic may be rendered habitable even for that. Private enterprise, assisted by charitable efforts; improved education; increased industry, thrift, and sobriety; emigration; and a resolute determination on the part of local authorities to insist on the perfect sanitary condition of all tenements, without however improving them off the face of the earth—these are the fit agencies to cope with an exceptional evil, and to render it needless to ask in years to come whether the State ought to provide healthy homes for the poor.

[RULES OF DEBATE.—*The course of debate is as follows:—Two principal speakers holding opposite views on the Question discussed are selected by the Editor. Readers of the* MAGAZINE *are then invited to express their own views on the subject, to the Editor, who will at his discretion select some of the most suitable and concise of these communications, or portions of them, for publication in a subsequent Part of the* MAGAZINE. *The Opener of the Debate is to have the right of reply.*]

TO OUR READERS.—The Editor will be happy to receive the opinions of any Readers on the above Question, on either side, with a view to the publication of the most suitable and concise communications in subsequent issues of the Magazine. The Debate will be resumed in the June Part. Letters should be addressed "The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C.," and in the top left-hand corner of the envelope should be written, "Family Parliament." The speech should be headed with the title of the Debate, and an indication of *the side taken by the Reader.* All communications on the present Question must reach the Editor not later than April 15.

An Honorarium of £1 1s. will be accorded (subject to the discretion of the Editor) to the *best speech, which may be on either side of the Question;* no speech to exceed 50 lines (500 words).

KING BABY'S WARDROBE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHILDREN'S ROOM."

THE thought has often crossed my mind that there may be—nay, I am sure there are—many ladies to-day to whom a few words upon this important and pleasing subject may prove useful. At any rate, it is with this sincere hope that these lines are penned. In a short article like the present it is, of course, impossible to mention everything in the way of clothing requisite for a baby's use; but it is not at all necessary to do this, as there are many little details which may safely be left to the taste and discretion of the mother.

We are not all in a position to give an order to one of those important people who undertake to supply layettes, and so have no more thought or trouble in the matter until the things arrive all ready for use; and I, for one, never envy those who can do so. I am always inclined to feel rather sorry for them, for those who do not know what it is to work, both with fingers and brains, for the dear little beings dependent upon them, miss one of the sweetest pleasures in life. I always look back upon the time when I was preparing for my own first little darling as one of the happiest times in my life. How quickly the days flew by, each one filled with some loving labour for the sweet little treasure who was coming to make our happy home still happier! Why, I was positively jealous of my baby's clothes! I could not endure other hands than my own to fashion them, for with every stitch I seemed to entwine some happy dream or hope for the future.

Supposing, then, that some one is going to follow my plan, and have baby's outfit made at home, let us consider the best and most economical way to commence. First of all, decide how many of each article are required, and carefully measure exactly how many yards of stuff will be wanted for the making of each. A great waste is often caused by the want of a little forethought in this respect.

Whenever possible, the materials should be of the

very best quality. Although costing more at first, it will be found the cheapest in the long run, for baby's clothes require such constant washing, that if made of poor stuff they last scarcely any time at all; and so, instead of the first expense being the only one, there will be a perpetual outlay. In many cases I have known the same set of baby-linen serve for a large family; but, of course, that can only be expected to occur when the things are very good to commence with. It is not at all necessary to provide an extravagant stock of baby's clothes. A dozen little shirts, a dozen long gowns, and eight barrow-coats will be found quite a sufficient number of the larger garments.

The little shirts ought to be made of the finest lawn, as a baby's skin is very tender, and therefore easily chafed. The trimming should be soft lace. They must be made open all the way down the front, so as not to require putting on over the baby's head. Patterns for these and all the other garments can be bought at a very trifling expense. Six of the gowns can be made of fine soft calico, trimmed with narrow, inexpensive lace. These are to be used as night-gowns, therefore the plainer they are the better. But the other six, which are to be worn during the day, are generally made of pretty striped or spotted cambric. These can be made to look very tasteful by bestowing a little pains on the making, and trimming them with good lace.

The barrow-coats are best made of real Welsh flannel; it shrinks less than any of the other makes, and is a capital wearing flannel. They may be divided in the same way as the gowns—four to be worn during the day, and four for night use. These latter only require binding round the edge with a soft binding sold for the purpose; but those for day wear need a little more labour expended upon them. They look very pretty if a small neat pattern is worked all round, either with silk, or filosette, which washes much better. Let the pattern be about an inch from the edge. Buttons and button-holes are much better down the front of the barrow-coats than strings. They should be put rather close together, so that the baby may not kick its little feet between them. Speaking of the baby's feet reminds me that I never allow my own babies to wear socks. I dare say many who may chance to read this will readily agree with my nurse in thinking me extremely odd; but let me assure you the experiment is worthy of a trial. I always found the baby's feet a great deal warmer without socks than with them, from the fact, probably, that while the little toes were left bare the child was able to move them about, and so keep the blood circulating more freely. Of course, as soon as the little mite became wishful to put its feet on the floor, soft shoes were put on, but not before.

The most important point to keep in view when making baby's clothes is not so much the appearance as the health and comfort of the little wearer. Everything about an infant should be soft and loose-fitting, so as in no way to impede the movements of the limbs. Pins must never be used where a string or a stitch can possibly be put to answer the purpose as well. It is only very experienced nurses who can use pins in such a manner as not to cause pain to a baby.

A pretty little wrap for an infant (useful either for the house, while passing from one room to another, or for the garden in fine weather) can be made in the following simple manner:—Buy one yard of fine twilled flannel a yard wide, of any pretty tint (pale pink, for instance). Cut one corner round, and run a slot so as to form a hood. Line the piece which is intended to cover the head with a bit of soft washing silk, and work it prettily all round either with filosette or silk, or even fine wool looks nice. Tie it under the chin with a soft ribbon-string, and it will be one of the cosiest little wraps imaginable. Both hood and cloak being made all in one piece, it is impossible for any draught to get in at baby's neck—a place too often left exposed. Two or three other squares will be required as well; these can be made either plain or fancy, according to taste.

For outside wear nothing is so cosy as a large Shetland wool shawl: they are so warm and light—just the very thing for a baby—and much to be preferred to the elaborate cloaks which we often see displayed in shop-windows. These look much better there than when worn by an infant, for they are awkward, uncomfortable things, far too heavy a weight for a baby to bear, and, at the same time, not sufficiently warm.

When the child is old enough to discard long clothes, and to be put into "frocks," then is the time when no end of mischief is done by attempting to make our little pets look "smart." This is a very serious mistake indeed. Nothing can look prettier, or be more healthy and comfortable for a child, than to dress it in little frocks made of soft, fine woollen material, such as cashmere or twilled flannel. They should be cut high, or fairly so, at the neck, and have sleeves quite down to the elbow. It is a most dangerous thing to expose the chest and armpits of a baby, as many people do, by having low-necked and short-sleeved dresses, sometimes even making matters worse by tying the sleeves (the little there is of them) up at the shoulders with bows of ribbon. Those who indulge in these foolish fancies very often live to regret it. Besides injuring the health of a child by over-dressing it, its temper is very apt to get spoilt as well, for no baby can bear being turned and twisted this way and that while all its little adornments are being fastened on, without becoming cross and ill-natured. A sash is quite allowable, as it in no way interferes with the baby's comfort; but anything more than that should be looked upon as worse than useless.

When the barrow-coats are discarded, substitute for them a pair of little soft quilted stays, very loose-fitting. Never put more than two petticoats on a baby at one time, one of flannel and one of calico, and let these have waists to them. This prevents any sense of dragging.

If a baby is dressed as I have endeavoured to describe, other things being equal, it cannot fail to thrive, and be a happy, contented little mortal.

RIVER MEMORIES.

SONNET.

LONG reaches of clear water flowing through
A land of summer meadows, gold and green;
A floating feather where the swans have been;
White lilies swaying when the ripples woo;
Rich woodlands lifted to the August blue;
Lush islands where the drooping willows
And dipping through the shallows in between,
The lazy paddles of our light canoe.
O English river! broadening to the sea,
Fair were the chains you wove about our feet,
Fair were your sunny noons, and sweet, too sweet,
Your moon-lit eves of magic memory.
Flow seaward, till you hear the breakers beat,
And hold for aye the hearts of mine and me.

ADA LOUISE MARTIN.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

E will now leave the narrow lines marked down in the last paper on this subject, and diverge from the well-trodden paths, to one in which but few women, comparatively, have ventured to betake their steps. To those readers who may have considered the employments latterly mentioned to be of a trivial and uninteresting character, and of a kind not calculated to satisfy an intelligent and intellectual mind, to those I now offer some information respecting the entrance of women into the medical profession.

It is needless, and it would be out of place, to discuss the question whether the practice of medicine is an employment which the capacities of women fit them to undertake and to follow. The question is one which has stirred up great contention, and much heat has been displayed in the arguments for and against the admission of women into this profession. Medical men have had a warfare amongst themselves; some are in favour of "women-doctors," and others frown on the movement. In like manner amongst women opinions are divided; some denounce the scheme, and others show their appreciation of it by offering scholarships and prizes for its furtherance. My duty is to give an impartial statement of facts, not to colour the subject with either black or rose-colour, but merely to write down details which may prove helpful. It is now seven years since an Act was passed which admitted women within the medical precincts. During these seven years thirty-four women have made themselves proficients, and have accordingly been enrolled as members of the medical profession, and their names duly placed on the Medical Register.

The London "School of Medicine for Women" is situated at 30, Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square, W.C. Lectures are given there to the students in all the varied branches of medicine. There are physiological and chemical laboratories, anatomical and pathological museums, a dissecting-room, and a library of standard medical books, to which the student has free access. For their practical instruction the students are admitted to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road. Thus every provision is made for the thorough instruction of students who enter this school. The course of study covers a period of four years, but failure at an examination causes delay, and adds an extra year of study. The first professional examination is to be passed at the end of the second year's study, and the final examination at the close of the fourth year.

Three doors have been opened for the admission of women-students who desire to take a degree in medicine, and to acquire the right to practise. These three entrances are through the King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland; the Royal University of Ireland; and the University of London, Burlington Gardens, W. The total cost of gaining a diploma is estimated as follows:—£172 for the first-named, £179 for the second, and £181 for a medical and surgical diploma at the third—*i.e.*, the London University. The sums above stated include the fees at the school and at the hospital, together with all examination fees—and these expenses are spread over the four years' period of study. The diploma of the College of Physicians is a less costly one, because a year's less study need be taken. The University degree gives a higher standing and also confers other advantages on the possessor. Students do not reside at the schools. They are permitted to live in lodgings, or to take advantage of halls which are open for their use. Two halls of residence have been arranged with a view to the comfort and convenience of students. Both are situated within a short distance of school, hospital, and University.

At 1, Byng Place, Gordon Square, the expense of board and residence during the session (which covers a period of thirty-seven weeks) is from £58 upwards, the sum varying according to the room chosen by the student for her occupation. The only extra expenses are the items for laundress and wine or beer. At Russell House, Tavistock Square, students are received, and from £18 to £25 is the expense for a term of thirteen weeks. As the course of study in which medical students are engaged is particularly arduous, it would seem their wisest plan to avail themselves of these halls of residence, for then all daily details and small cares are taken off their minds, and this escape from extra cares has no doubt a beneficial effect on their health.

I will now record the help that is given in other ways:—

An entrance scholarship of £30 is offered for competition each year in the month of September.

A scholarship of £50 for five years is offered to any student who is willing to prepare for the practice of medicine amongst the women of India.

A scholarship, value £30, for three years, will be offered in June by the association formed to promote the medical education of women.

A scholarship is offered by the Birmingham Ladies' Association.

Prizes and certificates of honour are awarded to students of the school at the end of each session.

A prize of the value of £100 is about to be offered for competition to registered medical women.

The Zenana Medical Mission Society, 2, Adelphi Terrace, W.C., assists ladies who wish to go to India as medical missionaries.

Finally, I will bring forward the prospects which seem to be opening to women-doctors.

We are told on good authority that the demand in

this country for the services of those already registered is steadily growing, and that it is in equal proportion to the increased supply. It is confidently expected that the demand in India for women so qualified will soon outstrip the supply. A few months ago a number of native merchants in Bombay determined to try and secure the services of women for the benefit of their own families. A large amount of money was soon subscribed for the necessary expenses. One gentleman has given £10,000 for the foundation of a hospital and dispensary, in which medical women are to hold all appointments. One lady has left England to superintend the preliminary arrangements of this hospital. The University of Madras has for some time past given facilities for medical study by women, and the Medical College at Calcutta has recently opened its doors to women. All these movements, together with the fact that the natives themselves take part in and advocate the scheme, give promise of an extensive prospect. I am told that the London Missionary Society is seeking to obtain the services of two ladies possessing medical qualifications for work among the women of China. When we think of the immense extent and population of India and of China, in both of which countries the services of medical women are now beginning to be required, there would seem to be no fear of women not finding employment, if they possess these capabilities and the resolution to go forth into a strange land.

There are two or three styles of work now in fashion which shall be mentioned as a guide to those who have artistic tastes and want to travel along a new road.

Painted mirrors are now used as an adornment, and frequently decorate rooms in various ways. Single and folding screens, panels of doors and cabinets, brackets, over-mantels, and mirrors proper, are made lovely and uncommon by this form of decoration. The idea has only lately been introduced into England, although for two centuries specimens of it have been common in Italy, the home of its birth. The origin of the idea is said to be this :—The glass in those far-off days was not very strong, and its manufacture was expensive. For these two reasons, the disfigurement of cracks was hidden by a design executed by an artist-hand.

The effect of this embellishment is particularly charming. Flowers, grasses, butterflies, and such-like are the usual designs.

A trail of passion-flowers, a spray of apple-blossom, a branch of yellow broom is, as it were, thrown on the mirror in a light and careless manner. No laboured design, no multiplicity of variety, no attempt to compete with pictorial art, should tempt the artist to display his talents in those respects.

At the Decorative Art Gallery, 103, New Bond Street, there is a special class for teaching mirror-painting, directed by Mr. Gullick, who is the introducer of this style of decoration into this country. These classes are held daily, and are of two hours' duration. The fee for a course of ten lessons is three guineas.

Lustroleum painting, by which flowers, birds, insects, and the like are painted in colours upon velvet and satin, is also in fashion. Portières, cushions, handkerchief cases, and dresses can thus be decorated effectively. Instructions are given at 500, Oxford Street, W. A fee of two guineas is charged for lessons given until the pupil has learnt the art.

The third employment is the ornamentation of brass. This metal is now employed for nearly every article that is made of metal. Its bright and cheery surface shines on us wherever we turn. Patterns and designs can be traced, engraved, and beaten on its surface by women's hands. The tools for this purpose can be bought at the shop of Messrs. Barkentin and Krall, 289, Regent Street. The case of tools costs about seven shillings, the hammer about four shillings. A roll of sheet-brass can be bought there for a couple of shillings. Covers for blotting-books, plates for doors, trays for ink-bottle, for pins, and many other things, small and great, can be manufactured by women's fingers and these tools. Salvers can also be bought in a plain state, for five shillings and upwards, and can be made to look ornamental and of foreign appearance by the aid of these simple tools. The ornamental papers from crackers will often supply designs. We hope to give a paper on this work—which is known as Repoussé work—in an early number of this Magazine. The brass-worker should have a block of beech-wood to work upon, eighteen inches square and about a couple of inches thick. Lead and deal are too impressionable for the purpose. Their surface soon becomes scarred with the taps and pressure given by the tools on the brass.

I would advise knitters and crocheters who live near sea-side resorts to make Glengarry caps and Tam o' Shanter caps for children, for they are at present worn largely by both boys and girls, and the comfort they afford will probably give them a long reign over straw and felt hats.

Lamp and candle shades are still in great request. The material now in fashion for sofa blankets, mantel borders, &c., is white scouring-flannel. On it bold flowers on a large scale are worked in crewels. The Japanese chrysanthemum is a favourite just now.

The Women's Trade Association has opened a depôt at Tunbridge Wells. Ladies wishing to send work must apply to the Secretary, 20, Frant Road, Tunbridge Wells. References (one from a clergyman) are required. I am told by the manager of this department that she has at present a difficulty in executing the orders received for plain needlework, because so few of the applicants for employment are proficients in that branch. Nearly every one on the list wishes for fancy work of some description, and but very few will undertake plain needlework. Twopence in each shilling is charged as commission for necessary expenses.

This association is started on business principles, and I sincerely hope it will be enabled to establish its admirable scheme on a firm and lasting basis.

A. S. P.

SPRING-TIME: A PAINTER'S STORY.

"WHERE did you get that model from?"

We were standing, my host and I, before a picture in his drawing-room. It was a fairly large picture, labelled "Spring-time," a scene somewhere in the heart of the Kentish woods. A mossy footpath through the coppice led up to the brow of a slight hill, and there, among the budding hazels and the dappled stems of the silver birch, a young girl of about seventeen stood gazing dreamily forth over the misty valley that spread out at her feet. Her hands were clasped behind her, and held a dainty posy of wood violets and primroses, freshly gathered; while by her side and holding on to her apron-string stood a little chubby-faced boy—like her, gazing steadfastly into the scene beyond, but with a nearer and more practical vision.

The maiden's face was lovely with an ideal beauty. Waves of pale but sun-bright, golden hair flowed from her brows like an aureole, her skin was very pale and delicate, but suffused on the cheeks with a faint rose flush like the pink of a new-blown windflower; dark lashes drooped over a pair of deep violet eyes of limpid purity, and a smile beamed on her ripe half-parted lips. She reminded one somehow of the early dawn with its golden promise in the eastern sky, or of the spring-time with its dewy freshness, the carolling of its feathered songsters, and the sweet smell of its tender flowers. The primrose had lent some of its yellow to her tresses, the petals of the wood anemone suffused her cheek, and the wondrous blue of her half-hidden eyes seemed to have been distilled from the shade-loving violet. Her very dress, of some white gossamer material trimmed with dusky green, was in harmony with the snowy clouds and bursting leaves of spring.

It was a strange, poetical, fascinating picture. There was a strangeness in the wistful beauty of the girl's face which you could never fathom, gaze as you would; and there was a strangeness, too, in the unseen valley into which she was looking with a far-away expression, as it lay before her veiled in the mists of morning. The strangeness of the new, remotely-spreading prospect, and the unknown life before her were blended into one.

"Where did you get that model from?" I asked. My host was an artist of middle age who had made his mark. I was merely a young beginner whom he had taken a fancy to, and made a friend of, partly for my father's sake. We were alone in the room, for my patron was a lone man and we had simply dined together.

After I had put my question he was silent for a few moments. Then he said very gravely—

"Well, I will tell you where I got that model. Let it be a secret between you and me. In my young days I was, you know, not at all a wealthy man. Like so many young artists, I was poor and almost penniless, living in my painting-room itself, and dining out at a café; but I was hard-working, eager to get on, aspiring to be a great painter. To keep soul and body together, I painted "pot-boilers" for the dealers, innumerable mossy birds'-nests with blue eggs in them, artistically, but I'm afraid not very naturally, posed beside a sprig of may-blossom or a flowering primrose. Whenever I wanted a new hat or a new pair of boots, I painted a "bird-nest," and the dealer always took it at the same price—two pounds ten. But all the while I was bent on painting a picture for the Academy. Not a little, unambitious effort, a head of game lying on a marble slab, a bunch of fruit, or the corner of some old brick house by a canal, to show that I could use the brush, and get, perhaps, a lofty place in some obscure corner. No! I was bent on painting a striking picture which would create a sensation and be the making of me. If a young artist is to break the chains of his drudgery and free himself from the slave's lot, he must paint a picture that shall tell.

I had chosen the subject "Spring-time," perhaps because I was bred in the country, and often, in my lonely "diggings" at night, I looked back on the old times when I was a little urchin and used to roam the woods in early spring with my little sister, to pluck the first primroses that grew beside the waterfall on the old mill-stream. I forget now how the idea arose, but it grew in my mind by degrees, and gradually took form as time went on. Sometimes I got a hint from a book, or another picture, or a walk in the fields; and one day I happened to go into a small newspaper shop in the village of Hornsey, not far from where I lived, to buy a paper, when I saw what I had been unconsciously seeking. I saw my model.

For some time I had formed the intention of putting a young girl of budding womanhood into my picture; but my conception of her was yet vague and shadowy. Now, however, I had found the very being, and my mind was made up. I took an early opportunity of revisiting the shop, and entering into a friendly conversation with the girl. I found out that her father was dead and that the shop belonged to her widowed mother, who lived over it, that she and her elder sister kept it, and that they were not very well off. I ordered my newspaper from the shop and frequently bought odds and ends there; then, after our acquaintance had ripened more, I ventured to broach the subject of the picture. Would she be willing to sit to me for her likeness?

She blushed and smiled in a pleased manner when I asked her, and I saw that the opposition, if any, would not come from her. Her vanity was flattered; she would be painted in a picture, and written about in the newspapers, and everybody would come to see and

admire her face. Yet, after the first gratification was over, a modest doubt showed itself in her eyes. She said she would consult her mother and let me know to-morrow.

Next day I called for my answer and saw the old lady herself. Mrs. Maynard was a very respectable elderly woman, with a grave, maternal face, and yellowish-white hair. There was an exceptional refinement about her features and manners, and I saw that she scanned me particularly and with a somewhat anxious air. The scrutiny evidently resulted in my favour, for, after questioning me as to the nature of the sitting, the time, the privacy, and the remuneration, she turned about to her daughter with a relaxing smile and said—

"Well, Lily, if you would like to go, you can."

Lily's face beamed up with radiant joy—her moods were instant and swift as lightning. "Oh, yes, mamma, I should," she responded eagerly.

So it was settled, and Lily became my model. She used to come every other afternoon and sit till dusk. By degrees, her sweet, ever-changing expression and *naïve* girlishness bewitched me. Perhaps, too, I invested her with some of the ideal qualities I was striving to put upon my canvas. Day after day as she sat there before me, I discovered new beauties in her glorious face, with its golden aureole and wistful eyes. It seemed to grow into my life and blend itself with the highest part of me, my imagination. Little Lily, the shop-girl, became my romance.

For a long time I did not discover this, even to myself. We seemed to be very good friends. She would stand patiently before me, sometimes lost in a dreamy trance, sometimes turning up her eyes at me with a roguish look which made me laugh and cry out—

"Why, what's the matter with you, Lily?"

"Nothing," she would reply. "Why do you ask?"

"You looked at me so comically."

"I look comical!—thank you—you are very complimentary."

"Now give us your dreamy expression again."

"My dreamy expression—have *I* a dreamy expression?"

"Yes, you know you have—ethereal and dreamy."

"Ethereal and dreamy. Well now—and comical!"

"Yes, and comical—when you like."

"Then I must be a queer creature."

"That you are, you witch," I could not help answering. But my work recalled me to myself.

She came punctually at her hour, and left as punctually. Our intercourse was confined to gossip and good-natured chaff within the studio, until I altered the composition of my picture for a better inspiration that had come to me, and, finding that my time was limited, arranged for her to stay with me after dark. Then I got into the habit of escorting her home through Hornsey Churchyard.

It was then that I began to find out Lily loved me. In the studio she was always cheerful, but never showed any signs of tender feeling excepting (as I remembered afterwards) when I went near her to adjust her dress and put her in the proper pose. Then she blushed with self-consciousness, and smiled with ill-concealed pleasure at my touch. Dear child, I think I see her now! On our walks home, however, I gathered from many slight tokens, obvious to the lover, that she cared for me. Her very bounding spirits, and coy laughter, and quaint repartee were evidence of it.

One evening we had a quarrel. We always spoke to one another without ceremony, and I sometimes took a wicked pleasure in teasing her. That night it had begun to snow, and the flakes fell thick around us, as I sheltered her with my umbrella from the blast as we went along the lanes.

"Now don't you think I deserve something for seeing you through the snow to-night?" I said.

"You are well enough paid for it," she replied.

"How so?" I asked.

"In seeing me."

"Oh! Indeed?" I answered, rather taken aback.

"I'm sure *I* don't want you," said Lily.

"I think you are very impudent to say so," I remarked after a pause of several minutes, during which we walked on side by side through the falling flakes.

"I don't like to be called impudent, Mr. Morley," she said. "If I *am* impudent, I don't think people ought to tell me so."

"People should be told their faults," I observed, feeling that a great gulf had opened at my feet, and that the future was charged with some vague and dreadful catastrophe.

"That depends," said she, and no more was said. We walked on in silence until we came to the door of her home, when she bowed stiffly and, without putting out her hand, said, "Good night, Mr. Morley," in a cold, freezing tone. I lifted my hat and went homeward, ill at heart and revolving many things. The next day she was punctual at my studio, but would not shake hands as usual. The poor child was dying to see me and make the quarrel up, but she had her injured dignity to preserve. Her face wore an offended look and her lips were firmly set, but a few words of apology from me melted all her indignation away in a moment as the hoar-frost is licked up by the rising sun. She fairly beamed with bashful delight when I spoke to her, and was happier than ever.

I was quite convinced then that Lily loved me, and the knowledge made me uneasy, for I had not thought seriously of getting married. I knew that marriage meant bondage for me, perpetual slavery to the dealer and the publisher—unless, indeed, my picture should emancipate me, and that remained to be seen. Indeed, I was uncertain whether I should ever marry, whether I ought not to devote myself exclusively to my art, and live for that. Then again Lily was uneducated. She had received little schooling and no accomplishments. She was not fit to be the wife of a successful artist, and that I meant to be. These thoughts gave me many a gloomy hour, and I often wished I had never seen her. But still I worked on at my picture, and her presence cheered me in spite of myself. Her

sprightly laugh and quaint sayings drove away the shadows from my brow each day she came.

The winter passed and the spring came on with its balmy gales and opening buds. My picture was all but finished, and I required Lily as a model no longer. I had made up my mind to part from her. Well I remember that last day. She came as usual at two o'clock, but her face was very pale and set, and she hardly spoke a word all the afternoon. I only needed her for a few hours to touch up some points in her figure, and in the twilight I saw her home across the churchyard. We scarcely exchanged a word—our hearts were so full. All expectancy seemed to have died out of Lily's face, and there was a hopeless expression in her eyes which touched me to the quick. More than once I was on the verge of taking her to my heart and vowing that I would never part from her, but I felt the act would be selling me to ruin, and I kept the words back. At length we came to the wicket leading from the churchyard into the lane, and here she stopped and said with a tremor in her voice:

"Do not come any farther, Mr. Morley."

"Lily," I pleaded, "my dear child, let me go home with you."

"No," she said; "it's better not," and she held out her hand.

I remember the scene as well as if it happened yesterday—the overarching elms of the old churchyard,

"SHE WOULD STAND PATIENTLY BEFORE ME" (*p.* 308).

the budding quickset of the hedgerows, the rotted sycamore leaves lying at the borders of the path, the cawing of the homeward-bound rooks, and the red sunlight from the glowing west, which kindled the ivy on the grey church-tower.

I took her hand in one of mine and with the other I drew her to my bosom. Long I pressed her there, for there was not a soul passing, and her tears fell silently on my shoulder, where she sobbed in peace.

"My darling," I said, "we have learned to love one another, but love is not enough. Forgive me" (for I felt a sense of guilt at leaving her, which I can scarcely even now justify), "forgive me. I will never forget you."

For a while longer we stood there, I do not know how long. Once or twice she made a feeble effort to escape, but I could not bear to let her go. There was a fatal bliss in her embrace, which I could not relinquish.

At last the clock of the church struck seven, and Lily struggled to be free. I released her from my arms, and dried her tears with my handkerchief. Then I helped her over the stile—and she was gone. I watched her as she hurried away, like a poor wounded bird, and never shall I forget the unutterably mournful expression of her face as she turned to take a last look at me before disappearing round a bend in the lane.

Lily was gone. For weeks the thought haunted me, and all the sunshine seemed to die out of the world. My picture was my only hope and consolation: my hope, for I fondly thought it would prove successful; my consolation, for it preserved to me the living image of poor Lily, who had become sacred to me now I had resigned her. I was free, I might be famous, but I had bought my fame and freedom at a terrible cost, a price I often thought too dear.

My picture was hung, and praised by all the critics, admired by all the public. Lily's beauty was the theme of many remarks, not only from the crowd but from my brother-artists, who often asked me where I got the model, and where she could be found. There was a fortune in her.

But I jealously guarded *that* secret in my breast. Lily was mine, and for me alone. I was offered a high price for the picture, but I would not sell that first copy. I painted another from it, and sold that. My career was opened, but in the midst of my triumph came a heavy blow. One day a letter came from Lily's mother telling me that she was very ill and wished to see me. I went to the little shop that morning, and was shown by Mrs. Maynard to her bedroom. It was a small and plainly-papered room, scantily furnished, with an iron bed in the middle of it. As soon as I entered I caught the poor child's eyes eagerly fixed upon me with a thirsting look. Her face was wasted and pinched, and her bright gold hair was hid away behind her sleeping-cap, but the old delighted look beamed all over her face at seeing me. I took her thin, frail hand in mine and pressed it tenderly.

"See," she said, "I've got all the papers here with the notices of our picture" (we had always called it "our" picture), and she laid her other hand on a mass of newspaper cuttings lying on the coverlet before her. "I read them every day."

Then she told me about her illness, how the doctors could not find the seat of it, and of her longing to see me which would not be satisfied until I had come. And I told her of my success, and the new pictures I meditated, and what I hoped to do. Mrs. Maynard stayed with us in the room, and after promising to come again I said good-bye. But it was for the last time. Lily, my pale, sweet primrose, died soon after, and I cannot but think that she sent for me that day to take a last farewell. There was something in the lingering pressure of her hand that might have told me that.

I have never married. My art has been my wife, and she has smiled upon me as you see. "Springtime" was my first work and my dearest. You asked me where I got my model from, and I have told you.

SIMPLY SWEET.

WHAT is beauty but the flashing
From a flower in sunlight gay?
What is wit, say, but the splashing
From a fountain's falling spray?

What is there in being clever?
What in being over-wise?
Eminence is bleak for ever;
Knowledge brings us many sighs.

What these gifts, and those who own them,
Unto one whose worth I know,
One whose life might well have shown them,
Having all from which they grow?

Hers the sunlight, not the glitter;
Hers the fountain, not the spray;
Skill to find sweet things in bitter;
Knowledge to make sad ones gay.

Many wise there are, and witty;
Many clever as we would;
Many more superbly pretty;
But how many purely good?

Her, in childhood's bright beginning,
Nature loved, and said 'twere meet
Once to make one wholly winning,
Make one solely, simply sweet.

WILFRED B. WOOLLAM, B.A.

"SIMPLY SWEET."

[*Drawn by* GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.]

(*See p.* 310.)

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THE small addenda of dress begin now to assume somewhat more than their due importance. Very pertinent questions are asked; for example, with regard to gloves, "With a black dress in the evening, being out of mourning, whatgloves should I wear?" The answer to this conundrum is "White," for white gloves are now the best style for evening wear on all occasions, twelve or fourteen button length, coming well up the arm, not often buttoned except at the wrist, but made to slip over the hand. The tan-coloured Suèdes, as far as evening dress is concerned, have had their day with the most fashionable women, but are still worn in the morning; and there is a disposition, as the season advances, to make sleeves short enough to admit of the long gloves being seen, and these may be tan, or pearl-grey, or silk of any colour to match the dress, though silks are not worn by quite the most fashionable people.

The hair being piled up as it is on the top of the head, wreaths and similar adornments are going out, and the hair is either simply dotted about with diamond stars, or a feather aigrette is placed on the left side, or a dragonfly or butterfly. A pretty effect is that of red and blue butterflies made of feathers, peacock feathers forming the antennæ and the markings. One of these in the hair, and one or two on the bodice, are most effective, especially with a black dress. A gadfly, made of mother-of-pearl, with silver and black markings, glistens like diamonds, and is very charming in the hair. At the present moment it is the fashion to scatter imitation flies and beetles of all kinds about one's person, and the shops are full of these, made in feathers and metal. I have not as yet seen a faithfully represented black-beetle, but many green ones.

Steel trimmings are once more to the front; black dresses especially are trimmed with and embroidered in steel, with which steel ornaments are worn that glitter like diamonds—arrows, tortoises, butterflies, and many quaint devices. Bodices made entirely of beads are fashionable. These are made of a network strung on an elastic thread, laced at the back, with a couple of steels in the edge to keep them in place, and fringe round the armholes and edge. I have seen them in black, steel, gold, and pearl.

Besides beaded laces, which grow more and more fashionable, twine-tinted kinds are much employed, and the guipure d'art in lace and insertion is now made in red, blue, and brown thread mixed; this is one of the very best and most durable trimmings for the dark blue and red cotton dresses now so much worn.

Feather trimming, chiefly marabout, dyed to any shade, is used on dresses, mantles, and indeed on everything; it takes the dye well, is soft and becoming; and a new kind, the woven feather trimming, has been brought out in wide widths, and is very cheap. It borders many of the short, fashionable red or black close-fitting jackets; and the long red or other coloured cloaks, which simply indicate the figure in front, are cut to the back, and give good expanse for the full skirts.

Most of the spring dresses are made with waistcoats, and in lieu of buttons many are fastened with buckles. For evening a novel idea is a waistcoat made entirely of flowers, and for day wear another of Russia leather. Pinked-out flounces of the material and rows of ribbon-velvet are used for trimmings on skirts, though plain panels and fronts of the figured material, united to the rest of the skirt by long looped bows, is a style which obtains, and needs but little other trimming. Skirts are draped at the back, but not bunched up, and the ungraceful puffings so trying to the figure no longer obtain. In tailor-made stuff dresses, I note that skirts mounted in broad box-plaits from waist to hem are fashionable; the tunic pointed in front, and just arranged in a double drapery at the back; the pointed bodice having a narrow basque at the back, and the Tudor collar—viz., a wide straight band with corners turned down in front. Another well-arranged dress has a velvet plaited front breadth, and waistcoat; over it a cloth redingote, cut as a jacket-bodice, loose and only fastened with a strap four inches below the neck. Under the short pointed basque at the side is a side-piece braided across in close-set rows of three, a button heading each row; this meets the back, which has double draperies over a knife-plaiting, all in cloth.

The great point to aim at in dress now is that the whole costume shall very decidedly match. For example, a smoke-coloured cashmere tunic and bodice, over a plush skirt, cut in points falling over a narrow kilting of cashmere, a chenille tassel between each point; the cuffs and collar, plush, all exactly of one tone; on the shoulders a small interplaited chenille cape of the exact shade; and a bonnet of plush: not a variation of tint anywhere, not even in the Suède gloves. I have also seen this duplicated in

stone-colour, the most fashionable shade just now in Paris. You cannot do wrong by investing in it.

Silk and cashmere blend well, and the most fashionable trimming, if at all, for full dress, is muslin guipure of exactly the same tone. A novelty which will come more to the front as the season advances is a string-coloured fancy net, made up over red twill, for every-day wear.

In our desire to be picturesque in our costumes we are apt to become somewhat bizarre, as the glittering bonnets, pins, and gew-gaws testify. Steel bonnets and gold bonnets have in no way been superseded. The most fashionable head-gear just now is a gold basket bonnet, with a large bow of velvet matching the dress, which is secured by jewelled pins in many varieties. The Marie Stuart shape is decidedly coming in again, the brims narrow, with a velvet bandeau between the brim and the head, the brim much bent in the centre. White lace bonnets will be worn as the season advances, the brim edged with pearls, a gold rosette and aigrette at the side, which has the advantage of suiting any dress with which it is worn. Red bonnets trimmed with black are fashionable; and braided bonnets, the foundation silk, the braid metallic.

Home dressmaking is now being scientifically studied, and all the most approved notions would seem to come from America. There is little doubt that in time the calculation of relative proportions according to a given scale will come to be the foundation principle of all dressmaking, but it will meet with most success in really skilful hands, thereby securing not only a good fit, but a good cut.

A most useful aid to home dressmaking hails from Paris, viz., an expanding dress-stand, the stuffed bodice increasing at bust and waist according to the size required, and the horizontal steels of the skirt lengthening and shortening as desired: an admirable contrivance where, as in a family of daughters, several persons of varying heights have to be fitted.

There is no doubt that shot silks and plain-coloured glacé silks are to be worn during the season; and such delicate mixtures as pigeon's wing—blue, grey, and pink blended—will be used in some of the best dresses; but I must reserve until my next paper the details of the new silks. As to the shades most likely to be popular, I cannot say definitely, but as to fawn or biscuit there is no doubt, or as to smoke-colour blended with yellow; likewise dark red and golden brown, and a light greenish blue, singularly unbecoming.

I hear a great deal about long dresses coming in again, but really and truly trains are only reserved for full-dress occasions. Skirts in state-rooms merely touch the ground, and at dinner-parties demi-trains are the rule, positive trains the exception; and then they are mostly distinct from the skirt, and lined with a colour.

The high-shouldered dresses are worn, also epaulettes, which help to produce the effect, and are a novel resuscitation. It is too early to describe very definitely what the newest cut of either bodices or skirts is to be; but I note that tucks, straight and diagonal, find their way into nine dresses out of ten, especially close-set rows of very narrow tucks. Round the hips the fulness of the tunics is made to look as *bouffant* as possible, and the fulness in the skirts generally is brought to the front.

In shoes the chief novelty is that the toes are more pointed, the instep broader; and Russia leather, highly glazed, is employed. Bright red leather shoes, with galoshings of black, are new and stylish, and bright yellow Russia leather. In lieu of rosettes a single steel button in the centre of the instep is now much in favour. Out-door boots in cloth, very high in the ankle, with deep patent leather galoshings and many buttons, are *à la mode.*

Capes are being made with spring dresses for out of doors, and also for evening, in the latter case of quilted satin bordered with lace and feather trimming, with muff to match, having a pocket in the back convenient for gloves and handkerchief.

It would seem that whereas much more plainness in the matter of skirts is coming in, the bodices are more fussy. Waistcoats open the door to other innovations: heart-shaped openings displaying apparently a contrasting under-bodice, yokes laid over the ordinary upper portion, fastened on one side, and so forth.

Musical "at homes" still remain favourite afternoon amusements, at which amateurs delight to show off their accomplishments, whether in music or recitations. In the illustration at the opening of this chapter, the young lady who is singing at one of these entertainments wears a spring mantelet made of soft Ottoman silk and velvet, which is ornamented with embroidery, the design representing fruit. Note the high-standing sleeves and collar, both features in the new demi-saison mantles. The hat is of chenille, and silk embroidery, with a marabout aigrette in front.

By the way, there are a few novelties to chronicle in spring millinery. The straw bonnets are in écru, brown, and bège colours, and the trimmings are flowers and marabout aigrettes. The former are large bunches of some such flowers as clover, larkspur, clematis, hawthorn, &c., while the aigrettes are high and slender, resting in a cluster of downy plumage. Wild poppies are also to be popular, in brilliant natural shades, and the new scarlet prominent in spring trimmings is called by their French name "*coquelicot.*"

The ribbons are glacé and about three inches wide. On the right side they are either plain silk or terry velvet, and on the reverse side they are satin. Some of the shot or combination effects are exceedingly pretty. Ivory-white shot with pale blue or sea-foam green is used on the smart bonnets, while écru shot with red, brown with blue, and grey with pink, are changeable ribbons on every-day millinery. For crowns of bonnets, there are several varieties of embroidery — écru batiste covered by gold and silver figures, but light in quality, and black batiste worked in chenille and silk, a few gold threads being introduced here and there to render the work more effective.

THE MORNING GREETING.

The new lace is called "*quadrillé.*" It has large square meshes of écru thread, edged with either gilt or silver. The more elaborate patterns have tinsel threads of red and bluish gold introduced as well into the square meshes.

In the next illustration—the group feeding pigeons—there are some artistic costumes. The first young lady wears one of the new Jacquard sateens. The skirt, revers, and bows are in plain scarlet; the polonaise is figured black, and it is tied across the white Molière vest with scarlet ribbons. The second is in pale blue sateen, trimmed with darker blue, and her large square collar is in rich thick guipure. The last young girl is in velveteen and Surah—an effective combination of dark ruby-red and prune, the latter colour in Surah being used for the bag plastron, bows, and cuffs. The eldest lady in the group wears a combination of fine figured wool and shot silk, and her hair is arranged in the style that now obtains in England as well as in France. It is not always becoming—indeed, to some heads it is the reverse—but it is the fashion, an unanswerable reason for its adoption with some women, whether they be French or English.

MANXLAND PEOPLE.

ARMS OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

IN last year's holiday number of the Magazine we gave our readers a general view of the appearance of the Isle of Man. We have now, with equal brevity, to refer to some of the more prominent characteristics of its inhabitants. The native Manx are of Celtic origin, and belong probably to the Irish branch of that great European family rather than to the Cambrian or Welsh. Indeed, considering that the island was for several centuries subject to the kingdom of North Wales, we cannot help being struck with the fact that its vocabulary retains so few traces of the long and close connection which did at one time exist between the two countries. In explanation of the fact, however, we must remember that after the Danish conquest in the beginning of the tenth century, the Manx seem to have had little communication with the Welsh, while with the cognate races of Ireland and the west of Scotland their intercourse was close and continuous. For a lengthened period, in fact, the Isle of Man and the southern islands of the Hebrides formed one kingdom, in which were at times included certain districts in the east of Ireland. Hence, the Manx language shows a much greater affinity for the Erse and Gaelic languages than for any other Celtic tongue. It is still spoken in the country districts, and in the remoter highlands there are still individuals unable to speak any other; but the Manx, though they love it as the old language of their country, and pride themselves upon knowing something of its phraseology, are too practical a race not to see that its common use would be a hindrance to the prosperity of their country, and it is now fast dying out as a spoken language.

The English language alone is the common speech of the country, and as the Manx is not taught in the schools, in another generation it will have become extinct. In thus displacing the native speech, the English language has acquired a dialectic character among the uneducated people; but among the educated classes it is spoken with greater purity than probably in any other part of the world, owing to the fact that while it has been acquired as a foreign language, it is spoken as the ordinary language of the country.

In appearance and character, the native Manx resemble the Highlanders of Scotland rather than the Welsh, or even the Irish; perhaps, in the latter case, from the greater proportion of the Norse element in their nature. They are not a tall race, a tall man being a rarity among them; but they are a broad, strongly-built race, so much so, indeed, that it was remarked that a body of Manxmen, raised as a militia during the Revolutionary War with France, occupied more ground than an equal number of men from any other British regiment. But small as the country is—only a little more than thirty miles from end to end—there is yet noticeable a marked distinction between the inhabitants of its two extremities, the island being in this respect, as in others, a strange parallel to its greater neighbour to the eastward.

In the south, the natives are dark-complexioned, with black hair and eyes; in the north, they are fair, with light, often red, hair. There are also marked differences in the native languages of the two districts, differences so great as to affect their pronunciation of the English language, and amounting almost to dialectical peculiarities. So great, altogether, is the difference in appearance, in speech, and in habits, that it is commonly easy to distinguish between the natives of the two districts.

We shall probably find the chief cause of these differences between the northern and southern Manx in the fact that after the second Norse conquest of the island by Goddard Crovan in 1077, the country was divided by the conqueror between his Norse followers and the remnant of the conquered Manx—a division which was rendered possible and even permanent by the physical character of the country, which, as we saw in the former paper, is divided into two distinct and nearly equal parts by a broad and difficult range of mountains which crosses the island from east to west. Even at the present day, when the island is traversed in all directions by excellent roads, and when the northern district is connected with the southern by a regular railway service, intercourse between the two is still greatly restricted, and the inhabitants of the two districts have comparatively little communication and even less fellow-feeling. In olden times, when roads were few and difficult, and when education had done nothing to smooth away local prejudices, friendly communication between the two was almost impossible; and thus the island was divided into two almost hostile districts, whose inhabitants were as strangers and foreigners to each other. Thus it has been brought about that the natives of the two extremities of the country retain still so much of the old characteristics which distinguished the races when they stood arrayed against each other as invader and invaded.

But these differences may be traced much further and deeper. Their mental characteristics are as distinct as their physical. The "Northside" folk are a keen, shrewd race, strongly resembling their neighbours, the "canny" Scots. They know their own interests, and they look carefully after them. This characteristic they exhibit even in political matters. They distinctly pledge their Parliamentary members to a definite course of action, and they hold them strictly to their pledges; and, as with the Scotch members in the Imperial Parliament, when any measure affecting "Northside" interests is under legislative consideration, the northern members hold well together, and often by skilful trimming with other political parties in the country they succeed in carry-

ing their point to an extent far beyond their real power or force in the State. The "Southside" folk, on the other hand, are nearer akin to their Irish cousins of the south-west—with whom, by the way, they hold frequent and regular intercourse through their mutually engaging in the same fisheries. They are a quiet, easy-going people, content to take things as they come. With little energy or enterprise, progress is comparatively slow among them, except in the great town of Douglas, which, however, from its constant intercourse with England, and its large "foreign" population, may be regarded as an English rather than a Manx town. Political foresight or combination is almost unknown among them, and if their present wants are supplied, or more obvious personal interests untouched, they rarely trouble themselves about other matters, and can with great difficulty be got to take any interest in the general concerns of the country.

These differences of temperament characteristically show themselves in their habits and occupations. The northerners are mainly agriculturists, and have by their sound practical sense, and steady persistent labours, drained their marshy lands, and worked their barren, sandy soil into a high state of cultivation, and made it, as they proudly call it, "the garden of the island." The southern people are mainly fishermen, who spend three-fourths of their time netting the waters of the Channel and the south-western coasts of Ireland for mackerel and herring, and a part of the remainder in cultivating in a half-hearted fashion small patches of land attached to their cottages.

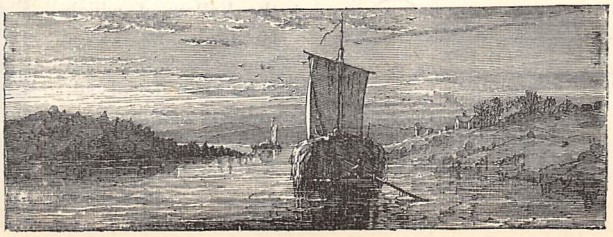
Even in their patronymics the same localisation of race may be traced. The surnames which are common in one district are exceedingly rare in the other, and the inhabitants of each locality are almost clannishly connected by blood relationship, or by frequent intermarriage. As in the case of Cornish men, many of whom, by the way, are settled in the island as miners, certain names are peculiar to the native Manx. Our space will not permit us to enter upon this point beyond saying that most of the native names begin with a K sound (probably a contraction of Mac)—as Kissack (MacIsaac), Qualtrough (MacWalter), Karran, Kerruish, Kermode, &c.; or with Myl—as Mylchreest, Mylcraine, Mylroi, &c.

In both their sections the Manx are an orderly, law-observing people; but they are a high-spirited race, proud of their ancient liberties, and resolved to maintain them at any cost. In older and rougher times any attempt to interfere with their constitutional rights never failed to produce the most determined resistance, rising at times to open rebellion; and still, though it may be expressed in a less violent manner, their determination to resist oppression and to preserve unimpaired their established rights is as great as ever. Of this we have numerous examples in their past history which it would be interesting and instructive to consider if our space would permit. We will just name one or two of the most recent. In 1825, Bishop Murray revived an obsolete claim to the tithes of all green crops, and attempting to enforce it, was met by the people in the most determined manner. Assembling in great crowds, they defeated the small force stationed in the island, and compelled the abandonment of the obnoxious claim.

In 1864 the English Government made an attempt to construct a harbour of refuge for shipping traversing the Irish Sea, by erecting a breakwater in Port Erin Bay, a beautiful inlet in the wild south-western coast. The work, however, as it progressed proved to be more difficult and costly than had been anticipated, and it was ultimately abandoned in an unfinished condition. Upon this abortive work the English Government had expended a considerable sum of money (£58,000) on the security of the harbour dues to be charged on vessels using the harbour, and these proving to be much less than had been expected, the English Government attempted to make the insular Government repay it with interest, and in 1870 made a formal demand for its repayment. No legal claim upon the island could be established, or was attempted to be established; but, to give a colouring of right to their demand, the Treasury set up the novel hypothesis of "moral" responsibility. This extraordinary claim, which would have amounted to a payment by the island of £2,600 for fifty years, was energetically rejected by the Manx, and though the English Government tried in various ways to coerce the little kingdom into an unconditional submission, they firmly resisted, and ultimately, in 1879, a compromise was effected greatly in favour of the island.

Loyal and peaceable, deeply imbued with religious feeling, though destitute of bigotry and intolerance, simple in their habits, and retaining many old-world beliefs and superstitions long since forgotten in other parts of the kingdom, the Manx are an interesting people. One of those few fragmentary nationalities still found scattered over Europe, with distinct national peculiarities, and possessing a constitution and a history as old and as instructive as those of the greater kingdom of which they now form a part, they and their country offer an ample and instructive field for investigation.

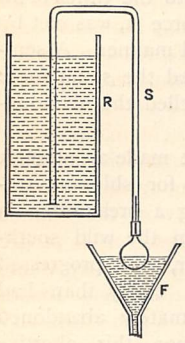
MAGISTER MONENSIS.



THE GATHERER.

An Automatic Filter.

When a large quantity of water has to be filtered, it is convenient to have a self-acting means of filling the filter. Mr. E. E. Robinson has devised the plan illustrated in the woodcut. To the longer limb, S, of a siphon is attached a short piece of india-rubber tubing, projecting a little beyond the glass tube. The india-rubber tube is closed by the narrow conical stem of a small glass globe, which floats on the liquid in the funnel F. When the liquid in the funnel rises to a certain height, the supply from the reservoir, R, is cut off by the conical stem acting as a stop-valve. This device is likely, we should imagine, to prove useful in other ways.



Barnet's Accumulator.

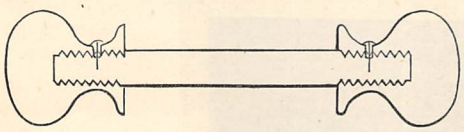
Mr. Barnet has devised a new electric accumulator which, for reasons of patent law, we are not at liberty to describe, but which appears to be an advance on those hitherto invented. The loss of current in ordinary work of electric lighting by its means is stated to be only 10 per cent. This is certainly a better result than other well-known accumulators give. Each battery, as applied to light the trains of the Great Western Railway Company, measures 22 in. by 7 in. by 7½ in. It is provided with foot-plates, which connect the battery to the train system of wires and lamps by simply placing it in position. One such battery keeps a 12-candle Swan lamp going from ten to twenty hours.

A Negative Thermometer.

It is known that ebonite expands more than mercury when heated; and a Russian physicist has constructed a thermometer with an ebonite bulb which causes the mercury to fall in the glass stem when the temperature rises, a contrary effect to that of the usual glass instrument.

A New Door-Handle.

The present method of fastening the handles of doors is troublesome when the little screw-nail holding them on works loose; and Mr. J. Anniss has



devised the simpler plan of screwing the handle on to the bar, as shown in our woodcut. The screw is made to turn so that in opening the door the torsion tends to tighten it.

A Pocket Candlestick.

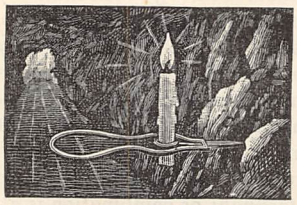


FIG. 1.

A simple and convenient candlestick which can be carried in the pocket is exhibited in the illustrations. It is an American device, like many other useful contrivances, and is principally intended for workmen in dark buildings, or for miners; but it may be serviceable to others. Fig. 1 shows the candlestick, as it is used in mining; Fig. 2 is a representation of it on a somewhat larger scale, as closed for carrying in the pocket.

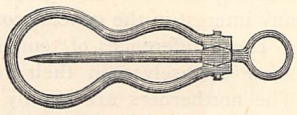


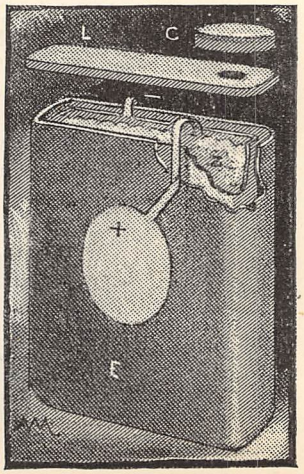
FIG. 2.

Moss-Paper.

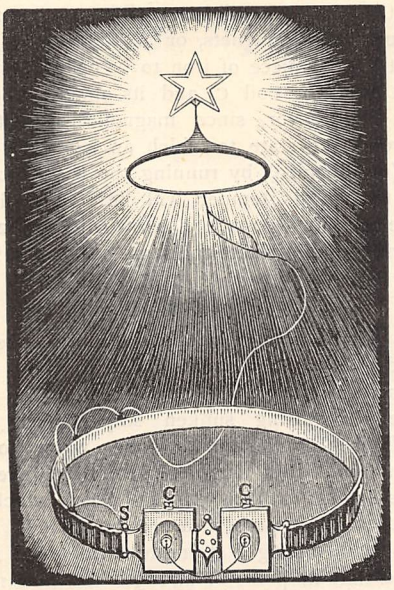
Consul Gade, of Christiania, has submitted to the United States Government a report relative to a new material for paper. This is the white moss which grows so largely in Norway and Sweden. The living plant is not used, but the dead moss which accumulates in the woods. The mouldering which the moss has undergone fits it for use in paper-making. A factory is now being built in Sweden, in a district where millions of pounds of the dead moss can be collected. Paper of various thicknesses and cardboard of the white moss have been made; the latter being as much as ¾ in. thick. It is as hard as wood, can easily be painted and polished, and it has the advantage of not warping or cracking with drought. It may, therefore, be used for window-frames and so on.

A Pocket Battery.

M. Skrivanov has devised a remarkable little battery, capable of maintaining an electric light of two or three candle power going for an hour without replenishing, although the battery only weighs a few ounces (90 grammes). It consists, as shown, of an ebonite box, E, containing a U-shaped zinc plate, in the hollow of which is placed a silver plate, packed round with chloride of silver and enveloped in parchment-paper. A solution of caustic potash is filled into the cell. The poles



(positive and negative) are formed by silver connections with the zinc and silver plates, but of course copper wires will do. A lid, L, and cap, C, cover up the mouth of the cell. The cell has an electromotive force of 1·45 volts, and gives a current of one ampere for an



AN ELECTRIC DIADEM.

hour, at the end of which time the spent solution has to be replaced. The drawback to its general use is the expense, for after three or four fillings with fresh liquor the chloride of zinc has also to be replaced, and this costs several shillings. For "star" lights it is, however, well adapted; and the above figure shows a diadem worn recently in which the light is fed by two cells, C C, of the Skrivanov battery, carried as part of the buckle of a belt worn round the waist, the current being carried to the lamp by fine silk-covered silver wires. A small "switch," S, beside the buckle allowed the wearer to turn the light off or on at will.

A Chain Coat-Loop.

Considerable inconvenience is frequently caused by the breaking of the loop of tape which is generally found attached to the inside of coat-collars. To obviate this, a new and more durable hanger, consisting of a short length of metal chain, has recently been introduced to this country from Germany. The chain is fastened at each end by a small screw-stud, which admits of the hanger being readily transferred from a disused coat to a new one.

An Ambulance Steamer.

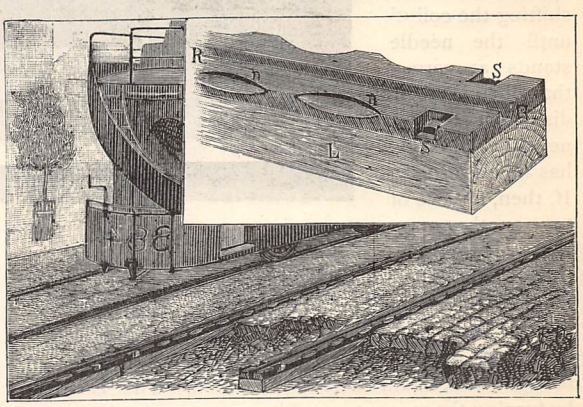
A new paddle-steamer has recently been built for the ambulance service of the Metropolitan Asylums District. The steamer is 105 ft. long, 16 ft. 6 in. in beam, and 6 ft. 6 in. deep. The hull is of iron, the deck of yellow pine, and the fittings of teak. She is divided into six water-tight compartments; forward of the machinery is the hospital, which is partitioned by a bulkhead to separate the male and female patients. The hospitals are fitted with iron beds, heated by hot-water pipes, medicine closets, doctors' and nurses' rooms, &c.; while aft of the machinery is the convalescent hospital. While upon this subject we may mention a very remarkable little steamer, called *Le Stanley*, which has recently been sent out for the use of the African explorer now on the Congo. It can be taken to pieces with ease and transported overland, then built up again. The vessel consists of six galvanised steel pontoons 18 ft. by 8½ ft. wide by 4 ft. deep; these are placed together and a bow and stern piece added to make up the hull, which is over 70 ft. long. These sections can be disunited afloat. The engines and cabins are all removable; and an awning covers the whole deck to ward off the rays of the tropical sun. The steamer burns wood, will float in six inches of water, and being readily portable will prove very useful to the explorer in a new country.

Volcanic Air-Waves

The great shock of the volcanic outburst of Krakatoa was followed by a succession of atmospheric waves, the first of which made itself felt at the Berlin Observatory ten hours after the eruption on August 27 at 7 a.m. This corresponds to a speed of propagation of about 621 miles per hour, or nearly that of sound. About 16 hours later another wave was felt coming round the other side of the globe; and 36 hours after the first, a third wave, but weaker than before, showed that the first wave had completed the circuit of the earth from Berlin. Thirty-four hours after the second, a fourth and weaker wave announced that the second wave had completed the circuit of the earth.

A Skidless Tram-Rail.

When the level of the roadway wears down below the level of the tramway-rail, vehicles are very apt to

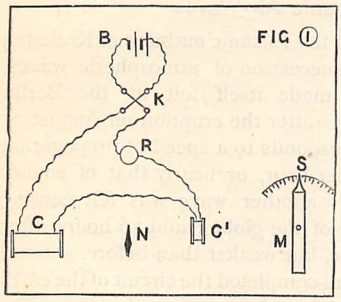


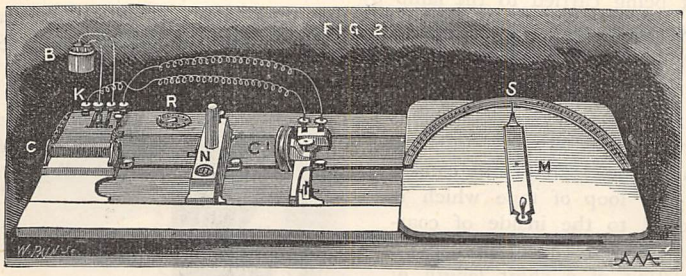
jolt and skid when crossing the line of the rail. The effect in discomfort, wear and tear of carriages and horses, is considerable, besides the great current expense to tramway companies and corporations in

keeping the level of the roadway up to that of the rail. The illustration, however, shows a new rail, which is designed to obviate these drawbacks, and, in addition, permit of rapid laying and relaying. The skidding of vehicles, when the roadway has sunk, is prevented by scolloping or niching the edge of the rail, as shown at *n n*. The track for the tire of the wheels is at R R, as in ordinary rails; but the rail is fastened, at the ends of every length, to a longitudinal sleeper, L, laid beneath it, by means of screws, S S. These screws readily admit of the rail being tightened on its bed by means of a key, or of lifting and renewing the rail when the street has to be repaired or the rail is worn out. This new rail is both ingenious and humane.

A Magnetic Balance.

Professor D. E. Hughes, F.R.S., the well-known inventor of the microphone and other instruments, has recently devised a new apparatus, which is called a magnetic balance. It consists, as shown in Fig. 1, of a magnetic needle, N, pivoted at its middle. This needle is placed between two coils of insulated wire, C and C^1, and a current of electricity from a battery, B, flows through them, the strength of the current being moderated by the rheostal R, which is a graduated set of coils of wire. The direction of this current can be changed at will by the key K. Now the position of the coil C^1 being on the other side of the needle, the electro-magnetic influence of the coil C on the needle can be balanced by shifting the coil C^1 until the needle stands at zero—that is to say, the disturbing magnetism of the coils has no effect on it. If, then, a piece of iron, or other magnetic metal, be placed in the hollow interior of the coil C, it will be magnetised by "induction," and the needle will be pulled towards it; but by the aid of a pivoted bar magnet, M, on the other side of C^1, the needle can be brought back again to its zero position. This is done by turning the magnet round its centre in the direction of the needle. The degree to which the magnet has to be turned in order to bring the needle N back to zero, as shown on the graduated scale S, is taken as a measure of the magnetism in the bar or rod of iron inserted into the coil C. With this apparatus Professor Hughes has investigated the magnetic capacity of over sixty kinds of iron and steel, and arrived at some very valuable conclusions, the chief of which is that the harder a piece of iron or steel the greater its capacity for magnetism. With the help of the magnetic balance, it will be possible to select iron and steel for use as magnets, or as the core of electro-magnets. The piece of iron to be tested has only to be put into the coil C, and its magnetic capacity tested. Moreover, since magnetic capacity is a measure of the state to which an iron wire is tempered (or annealed), by running the wire through the coil a test of its temper will be obtainable. The balance as actually made is shown in Fig. 2, where the same letters indicate the same parts as in Fig. 1.





A MAGNETIC BALANCE.

A Manganese-Bronze Engine.

Two pumping engines have recently been constructed in which the chief working parts are of manganese-bronze. They are intended for salvage purposes in raising sunken ships. Such engines have frequently to remain under water for days together, and iron engines deteriorate greatly by rust, especially in the working parts, which when made of manganese-bronze are unaffected. A hard alloy is used, having a strength about equal to mild steel, so that in point of strength the new material is equal to the old.

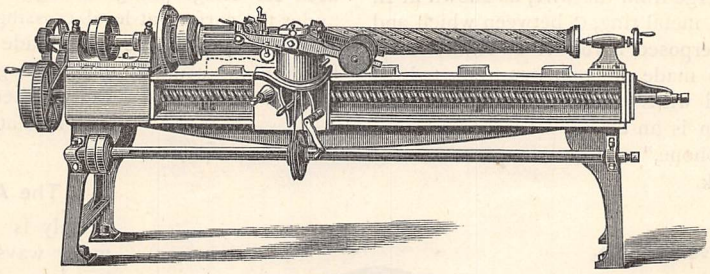
An Oil-Bearing Shell.

The practice of pouring oil on troubled sea-water has led Mr. Gordon, of Dundee, to design a shell which can be fired from a mortar, and which in bursting spreads the oil it carries over the sea. The shell is fitted with two fuses, which are set alight by the explosion in the gun, and burn although the shell is under water. On the bursting of the shell the oil spreads over the surface, producing smooth water. The device was recently tried with success; the object being to still the sea between two ships in order to let a boat pass from one to the other. The shell fired from the ship carrying it (and every ship might carry a few) burst between the vessels and calmed the waves with the oil.

A Natural Barometer.

The natives of the Chiloe Islands make use of a curious natural barometer to tell when bad weather is coming. It was noticed recently by the captain of an Italian corvette, who named it the "Barometro Arancano." As described to the Linnean Society of New

South Wales, it is the shell of a crab belonging to the *anomura* species, and probably of the genus *lithodes*. The shell is nearly white in dry weather, but exhibits small red spots on the approach of moisture. In the rainy season it becomes completely red. While upon this subject we may mention that Mr. C. V. Boys has recently drawn attention to the human ear as a barometer. He, and doubtless many others, find a sense of pressure on the ear when a train enters a tunnel, or on rapidly descending a mine. Mr. Boys has observed that his ear is sensible in this way to $\frac{1}{150}$ inch of pressure compared with the barometer; but, of course, the change must be a sudden one to be felt.



AN AUTOMATIC LATHE.

An Automatic Lathe.

An automatic lathe for cutting out a particular design in the legs of chairs and tables has been devised by M. F. Arbey, of Paris. It works well on wood even of a twisted grain, and produces some very artistic designs. The details of the mechanism are too complicated to give here; but the illustration will show how the machine operates.

A New Mode of Generating Electricity.

Interesting, in a scientific sense, is the discovery of Mr. J. A. Kendall, F.C.S., that electricity can be generated in a cell consisting of two platinum vessels, the outer one a crucible, having the space between filled with vitreous material, such as glass, or porcelain, and certain salts of the earths, in a fused state. It is necessary, however, that hydrogen gas should be occluded in one of the platinum plates. The hydrogen is supplied to the inner plate, and after passing through the salt and outer crucible is oxidised by the air. The effects are relatively feeble, and not likely at present to have any practical application.

A Morning Glow.

A curious atmospheric phenomenon was witnessed by Professor Guy, of St. Louis, Perpignan, in France, at four in the morning, on January 8th. On getting out of bed in the dark, a flash of lightning illuminated the room, and on rushing to his window he saw a peculiar white glow extending over the southern sky from a bank of clouds along the horizon to the zenith. Flashes of lightning played about the upper part of the cloud-bank; but the general glow lasted till a quarter to five a.m. The lightning shows that electricity was rife in the air; and the glow may have been caused by an electric discharge in the higher and rarer atmosphere.

Electricity and Tanning.

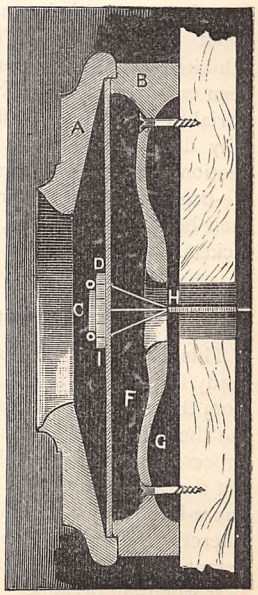
Hides in tanning undergo certain chemical changes. For instance, the gelatine is decomposed, and its nitrogen combines with hydrogen to form ammonia. This process is checked by putting the hide in the tan liquor, but by sending a current of electricity through the liquor, so as to liberate hydrogen, it still goes on, and the curing of the hide is facilitated. By reversing the current after the above reaction is complete, and the tan liquor changed, oxygen is evolved among the hides from the decomposition of the water, and serves to oxidise the tannin and fix it in the tissues of the leather.

A Crystal Chair.

A Birmingham firm have recently completed a beautiful chair of cut crystal, to serve as a throne for an Indian potentate. It is composed of crystal columns and pieces with polished facets, and is covered by a crystal dome or canopy, which is lighted beneath by three electric incandescent lamps. The effect is said to be very fine, and the work artistic.

A Mechanical Telephone.

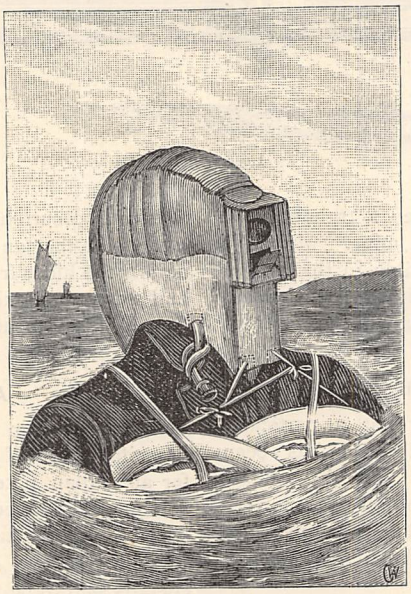
The telephone illustrated will transmit speech to a considerable distance along a wire without the aid of electricity. It consists of a mouthpiece, A, which has an aperture allowing the sound-waves to pass to the diaphragm, C, which is secured round the edges to the mouthpiece. The diaphragm is about seven inches in diameter, and is made of spruce pine-wood, which is both sonorous and strong. The mouthpiece and diaphragm are carried by a bed-piece, B, which is fixed to the wall. The bed-piece is recessed at both sides, F G, and centrally apertured for the passage of threads connecting the line-wire to the diaphragm. The front recess, F, affords a space between the diaphragm and the centre of the bed-piece for free action of the diaphragm, giving clear-



ness of articulation; and the after recess, G, allows of the telephone being in contact with the wall by a narrow space only, and thus prevents external vibration. The line-wire is connected to the diaphragm by silk cords which diverge from the wire, as shown at H, and are secured to a metal ring, C, between which and the diaphragm is interposed a rubber or leather stop, D. The line-wire is made of copper strands twisted together and coated with varnish. The invention is an improved "string telephone," and hails from New York.

A New Life-Preserver at Sea.

One of the chief elements of danger to a good swimmer in a rough sea, lies in the suffocating and stupefying effects of the waves breaking over his head. Even when the body is suspended by a life-belt, drowning frequently results from the force of the sea; and to provide against this, Mr. William Wilkins has invented a new life-preserver consisting of an atmospheric helmet and belt. The helmet is provided with ample arrangements for sight, speech, and respiration, and both it and the belt are divided into two compartments, the buoyant power of either of the four compartments alone being sufficient to prevent the wearer from sinking. Indeed it has been calculated that the weight of a man in the sea, when fully dressed, is only six pounds, while the belt will sustain forty pounds, and the helmet twenty pounds. Both helmet and belt can be inflated and put on in about three minutes. This new life-preserver was exhibited at the Fisheries Exhibition, but has recently been considerably improved in many minor points. In a trial in a rough sea off Brighton its efficiency was fully demonstrated, and it seems likely that the invention will be found particularly useful to members of life-boat crews, who at present are often washed out of their boats and drowned, although provided with cork jackets.



NEW LIFE-PRESERVER AT SEA.

The Luxotype.

This is a new process for making picture-blocks ready for printing from in a book or newspaper, direct from the painting, photograph, or natural object, without the aid of either draughtsman or engraver. The process is not made public yet, as it is being patented, but the appearance of the pictures shows that some gauze-like material is inserted before the block to intercept the light in some way. Judging from prints extant, the results are very fine and compare with the best wood-engravings.

A Wire-Fence Telegraph.

On the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway in America, experiments were recently made to see whether a barbed wire-fence on either side of the line could be used for telegraphing through. The wire was run under the surface at level crossings to make the line continuous, and trials were made which showed that telegraphing could be done through the fence; but in wet weather we should imagine the insulation would be very bad.

The Ammoniaphone.

Italy is a favoured land in many ways, and especially in its beautiful climate and the musical instincts of its people. Italians are remarkable for their good voices, and various reasons have been given for this, the latest being that of Dr. Carter Moffat, brother of the well-known missionary. Dr. Moffat has found that the air and dew of Italy are more largely impregnated with free ammonia and peroxide of hydrogen than is the case elsewhere; and he has constructed an apparatus, called an "ammoniaphone," containing absorbent material saturated with peroxide of hydrogen and condensed ammonia, which is used as a respirator in order to imitate the Italian atmosphere. On several occasions, as we are informed, the value of the inhaler for improving the range and quality of the voice has been publicly demonstrated by singers.

1883 SONG COMPETITION AWARD.

The number of MSS. received in response to the Editor's invitation has been unusually large; no less than 112 *compositions having been sent in. To carefully consider and weigh the merits of so large a number of musical compositions has, of course, been no light task; but the Editor is happy in being able to announce that the judges have awarded the* PRIZE OF FIVE POUNDS, *offered for the best musical setting of the Earl of Carlisle's words, "Who has not felt 'mid azure skies," to*

W. R. COLBECK, 296, Thomas Street, Georgetown, British Guiana.

Honourable Mention is awarded to the following, in order of merit:—AMY COMPTON, Weybridge; ARTHUR C. FAULL, Plymouth; W. CLAXTON, Tenbury; D. F. WILSON, Ayr, N.B.

The Editor hopes to publish the Prize Song in an early number of the Magazine. The regulations governing the Competition, and under which this Award is made, will be found in the June (1883) *Part.*

WITHIN THE CLASP.

A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE JET-HUNTERS.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "The Tenth Earl," "Lady Flavia," "Paul Knox, Pitman," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

THE PICNIC.

THE picnic, on a grand scale—for things were liberally done at Thorsdale — duly took place, and it was favoured by the weather, an integral factor in the success of such festivities, and one which not even crowned heads can command. The picnic was at Bottomley Briars. Bolton Crag, the rival site, had its partisans to the last, and it was certainly by far the more picturesque spot of the two ; but, as generally happens, the choice of those with whom lay the ultimate decision was for the snugger locality. Some of the young ladies, and some of the young men, raved about Bolton Crag, which was the most elevated piece of ground in the vast Thorsdale estate, and where there was some really picturesque scenery, such as is so common in Wales and Devon and Cumberland, and so rare in the east of England. For a moment it had seemed as if the romantic party would carry the day, so contagious is enthusiasm of any sort. But the old ladies were, very sensibly, afraid of rheumatism, and a whisper, adroitly conveyed to the earl, settled the point. The *al fresco* entertainment was to be in the valley, not amidst the rocks and ancient heathen barrow-tumuli of the purple hills.

Bottomley Briars, it may be mentioned, was, for a wonder, outside the wide-stretching ring-fence of Lord Thorsdale's great estate. The place for the picnic was on Sir Harker Topham's land, not on that of his noble neighbour. But Sir Harker was only a nominal landowner, as his tenant, the landlady of the pretty little inn, the "Topham Arms," in a meadow near which hostelry the open-air banquet was to be held, very well knew. Mrs. Crummer paid her rent for farm and inn, not to Sir Harker or his agent, but to the solicitors of the mortgagees, Messrs. Abrams, Moss, and Levison, of Crutched Friars, London. And poor young Sir Harker, whose deplenished pockets made him as glad to accept somebody else's hospitality as was Lord David Todhunter himself, made no pretensions to play, on his own freehold, the part of host, but came as meekly to fulfil the duties of a guest as did Captain Crasher, as to whom no one knew anything—even who his father had been, whence he derived his income, or in what service he had risen high enough to earn the military title that he bore.

It was a fine picnic. Those entertainments vary so much that at their mention very different ideas are conjured up. Some of them are improvised, are cheaply and unostentatiously carried out, and are often the very pleasantest of the species. Others are of almost Persian—to quote Horace—cumbrous magnificence of preparation, and may prove costly failures, after all. But one feature there is in common between the picnic elaborate and the picnic simple, and that is that, thanks to the long drive and the pure air, and the unaccustomed surroundings of the meal, the banqueters are always hungry, like so many emigrants at sea. A mere packet of humble sandwiches may seem then superior to the most artistic mayonnaise of lobster or chicken, and a pigeon-pie a luxury compared with which ortolans, and plovers' eggs, and Isle of Wight prawns, and potted grouse, and *chevreuil* from the Continent fade into insignificance. Plenty to eat, the absence of rain, and the presence of merry young people will generally carry such a festival to a satisfactory conclusion ; and if minor inconveniences crop up, they are usually remembered afterwards with amused indulgence.

A picnic given by Lord Thorsdale, and planned by his wife, was sure to be on a large and lavish scale.

"Spend and spare not!" constituted the pith of the countess's directions to Mr. Sharpe, the secretary, and of what she said to her brother Sir Richard. To no apter hands could she have entrusted the sceptre of delegated authority. Sir Richard Mortmain was very glad to propitiate some of his London tradesmen by sending them handsome orders in the earl's name, while Mr. Sharpe proved himself, as usual, an excellent commissary-general. Everything that was scarce and dear and dainty, edible and potable, was conjured down from the metropolitan market, and fresh assistant cooks and confectioners were sent for, just as were the Covent Garden fruit and salads and the ice. There would be good music as well as good viands, since a fine band, under the guidance of a renowned bandmaster, had been engaged, and would be stationed in ambush, as it were, in an impromptu orchestra at the corner of a leafy grove.

The weather, as has been said, was fine. There had been a shower on the previous morning, but only heavy enough to refresh the greenery of the somewhat parched grass, and to add a new sheen to the soft tints of the leaves of the wych-elms, and now the sky was all but cloudless, and the turf dry and elastic to the tread. There was a little dust, perhaps, as the long train of carriages straggled along the winding road; but nothing can be perfect, and the light summer toilets of the ladies were not much the worse for the

sprinkling. It was not an entertainment confined to those who were visitors beneath the earl's roof at Thorsdale ; invitations had been freely distributed, and sundry neighbours of greater or less degree, and among them the party from the Parsonage at Woodburn, had responded to the appeal.

The earl himself had condescended to be present. It was not often that the imperious master of so much wealth graced by his actual presence the special festivities that were planned and executed for the sole, if not ostensible, purpose of keeping him in good humour, and preserving his devoted countess from the exile of the Engadine. Only some three times a week did the earl dine at his own sumptuous table. At breakfast, as at luncheon, he was never seen. But he often spent an hour or two in the evening among his guests, listening to music, or talking to some one whom, for that occasion, he had credited with the faculty of understanding him, and of sympathising with the laments of a valetudinarian who believed himself to have been ill-treated by the world at large. But it was very seldom that he would be a spectator of any amateur performance, and this, since the Yeomanry Review, was the first open-air gathering at which the Right Honourable Algernon, Earl of Thorsdale, had deigned to appear. He came in his carriage, then, propped by his cushions, and surrounded by the many appliances which his nervous fancy suggested as necessary for his broken health ; while it was partly on her lord's account that Lady Thorsdale had chosen to bring her confidential maid, Mademoiselle Glitka, out to Bottomley Briars. Servants are taken to picnics, of course, commonly enough, to the great ease and comfort of employers, who would otherwise be bewildered amidst unpacked hampers and piles of plates, but a lady's-maid is seldom numbered among the attendants at such a merry-making.

"What can it matter," Captain Crasher had cynically remarked, shrugging his shoulders, as he chalked the tip of his cue in the billiard-room of Thorsdale the night before, "where we go, or whether we see a prospect, or have to stare at a cow in a field? Périgord pies and truffled turkey, the iced drinks well made and the salad well mixed, constitute a picnic, my boy, if I know anything of such matters, and all the rest is mere sentimental rubbish."

And Sir Harker Topham, to whom this social sage had addressed his discourse, did not say nay, for there is nothing which a young man dreads so much as seeming ridiculous in the eyes of his seniors ; and Captain Crasher was a practical materialist, of all clubmen the one most certain to take a hard and prosaic, not to say common-place, view of whatsoever subject was under discussion. The Briars was, after all, an exceedingly snug place for a picnic, and in its way almost pretty. There was a grove of wych-elms, bordered by thickets of hazel and ash. The river was covered with the broad leaves and great blossoms of the water-lily ; there were banks fringed with willows, and an islet beloved of swans. The meadow in which the meal was to be eaten was dry and sheltered, golden with buttercups and silvered with daisies ; and then there was the tidy little inn—with its old-fashioned holly-hedged garden, full of old-fashioned, sweet-scented flowers, such as Lady Thorsdale's highly scientific Scotch gardener would never have tolerated at the Park, and its quaint, clean rooms, smelling of lavender—over which the worthy Mrs. Crummer presided, and which was a favourite resort of artists and anglers.

In long array the carriages swept down the winding road, and the guests gathered in force, while the attentive servants, and those auxiliaries engaged for the nonce, who could scarcely be called servants, but rather experts in their different lines, made haste with their preparations. Of course, among the thickets gipsy fires were lighted. They added to the picturesqueness of the scene, and were supposed to be necessary for the cooking of the fish and the boiling of the vegetables, and the making of the tea and coffee. But it is probable that the salmon was really boiled and the potatoes really steamed in Mrs. Crummer's commodious kitchen hard by, since that obliging hostess had placed her whole establishment at the disposal of the party from Thorsdale. Then the open-air feast took place, the popping of the corks, the clatter of knives and forks, and the clink of glasses blending not unpleasantly with the melodious strains from the band. Louder and louder swelled the music, and in the intervals between the tunes the laughter and noise of conversation was in itself enough to prove the thing a success.

"I never," Lady Piminy afterwards said in confidence to a sympathetic friend, "enjoyed a picnic before. As a rule, I hate them. It is always too hot or else too damp for the girls' dresses and complexions. And you get wasps in your soup and gnats in your wine-glass, and if the moon gets behind the clouds, are as likely as not to have a carriage accident on your way home. But this one was really nice, and I thoroughly enjoyed it."

Perhaps the chief reason for Lady Piminy's enjoyment of the festival at Bottomley Briars was that she had, by the exercise of a little feminine diplomacy, got herself next to the earl, and profited by his unwonted good temper to extract from him a promise that he would write to some very great officials in London, and "see what could be done" for her muscular, but dull-witted, darling boys in Warwickshire. And with mother's prescience she already saw those stalwart dunces promoted to a comfortable share of the Government loaves and fishes. As for the younger members of the party, they, of course, were cheerful enough, since they had for the most part been long enough together in a country house to have become intimate, and it could hardly be that they should fail to catch the holiday spirit of the fleeting hour. Presently, too, the dinner over, and the wearied musicians having hushed their instruments for the sake of rest and refreshment, there was a general move, at least among the junior guests.

Captain Crasher, Lord David Todhunter, and a few veterans preferred to keep their seats in proximity to the fresh supplies of cunningly compounded claret-cup ; while the earl, who was more talkative than usual,

poured into Lady Piminy's patient ears an account of his sufferings and his wrongs, physical and political, and darkly hinted that he should one day, after recovering his health by a sojourn in the Rocky Mountains, revenge himself upon the "party" that had neglected him, by publishing his memoirs.

Meanwhile, light-coloured dresses fluttered gaily, like so many tropical butterflies, among the willow-trees that bordered the bank of the sluggish stream, and the pleasant sounds of girlish laughter and of young voices floated on the breeze. Mrs. Crummer's garden also was invaded, and the strange old flowers that it contained were admired or quizzed, according to the mood of the explorers. Anything, even those York and Lancaster roses of blended red and white, those stocks, and wall-flowers, and carnations, and picotees, did for a subject of talk, wonder, and amusement, and lent itself somehow to the flirtation without which an expedition such as this would appear flat and savourless indeed.

Violet Mowbray never knew afterwards how it came about that she found herself alone, as it were, with Sir Richard Mortmain in the garden of the inn. She had been standing in front of a bed of the sweet, queer old roses, not very far from a hedge of clipped holly, cut by the shears of some long-dead gardener into the quaint fantastic shapes that the horticulturists of the two last centuries doted upon, but since that time grown out of all likeness to the peacocks and elephants of the original design. Two of the Piminy girls and three of the young men had been near, but they had moved off, and their voices could be heard in the distance. There was no one to be seen, except Sir Richard himself. "I have been watching long for this opportunity, Miss Mowbray," he said gravely. "I have something to say to you that must be said."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

THE PROPOSAL.

"SOMETHING to say to me, Sir Richard?" Violet Mowbray falteringly replied; of course she knew of what he meant to speak.

Of course she divined his intention. A woman's intuition is rarely at fault, except when, as sometimes happens, it perceives non-existent facts, and looks a little too far into the proverbial milestone. Violet, however, guessed correctly in supposing that the baronet was about to make a declaration of his feelings towards herself which must occasion her annoyance, and might cause her pain. She had read in his looks for weeks past, and had heard in the tones of his voice, enough to convince her that he had chosen to single her out as the future Lady Mortmain.

Violet's nature was too simple, sweet, and pure for her to derive even the slightest satisfaction from the compliment which a proposal of marriage implies. There are young ladies who take a horrid delight in reckoning up the hearts they have broken, the admirers they have lured on and snubbed, the offers they have rejected, precisely as a Pawnee or Sioux brave points proudly to the human hair that fringes his deer-skin moccasins, and tells shuddering travellers how and where he took the scalps that adorn his holiday attire. But Violet was of another mould.

"Yes, I must speak," resumed Sir Richard—"and without vanity, Miss Mowbray, I think I may say that you can scarcely be quite unprepared for the disclosure I have to make. You must have seen, you cannot have failed to observe, how very dear you have become to me: how, as if drawn by a power which I cannot but obey, I instinctively seek your company: how attentive I am to the lightest word that falls from those fair lips: how eager to anticipate your wishes, how anxious to conciliate your good opinion. Have I been quite unsuccessful in doing this? I hope not. Fervently I hope not. Do you not like me a little bit, as a friend?" he added, trying to take her hand.

But Violet withdrew her hand. She trembled—not, as she trusted, perceptibly—but her voice was steady as she replied, "As a friend, Sir Richard, you have, I am sure, always been regarded by every one at Woodburn, by Mr. and Mrs. Langton and the children, and —all of us, ever since we first saw you."

The baronet did not, perhaps, much care for being set down as *ami de la maison* at the Parsonage, and was possibly nettled that Miss Mowbray should hide herself, as it were, behind the ægis of the Langton family. A slight shadow darkened his white forehead, and he bit his lip.

"You dear little hypocrite!" he exclaimed energetically, "do you think I mix *you* up in my thoughts with excellent Mr. Langton and his charming household? If I have been a frequent visitor at Woodburn, have you not guessed what was the magnet that drew me there? If I neglect my own place, Helston, and am almost as much at Thorsdale as if I were a permanent resident under its roof, can you not see—does not your heart tell you—why I come? It is for your sake, dear Violet—let me call you so—that I linger in Yorkshire at all; and it is because I know that all the future happiness of my life hangs on your answer, that I have watched and waited for the opportunity of craving it to-day."

He was silent, and Violet, looking down, said nothing. She was quite inexperienced, but her natural tact told her that it did not behove her to speak until she had heard more. Not that she doubted for a moment as to the nature of her reply. Had not her troth been plighted—had not her mind been filled with Don's dear image—still Sir Richard Mortmain would have sped but ill in his wooing. Simple country-bred girl as she might be, Violet could somehow tell the true gold from the tinsel.

Don was of the true gold. He was of quite another metal from that base but bright one of which the showy master of Mortmain was compounded. Both these men were fair to look upon, graceful, soft-voiced, and of a goodly presence. But Don was royally beautiful, brave, and loyal of heart, whereas the baronet's specious exterior did but cover a heart hopelessly

perverted, vile, and selfish; and something of this was visible even to those innocent eyes of Violet Mowbray's.

Sir Richard mistook the meaning of the girl's silence. He went on. "Dear, dearest Violet," he said, in accents of well-counterfeited tenderness, as he bent over her, so as to see her downcast face, and tried for the second time to take her hand, "let me plead my cause before the fairest judge in all Europe. I have been thought"—here his voice trembled a little—"a proud man, but I feel humbled now, when I feel how entirely all joy and hope in the life that lies before me must depend upon your kindness or your cruelty. That I love you I have said already. How I love you, Violet darling, words are too weak to tell; but perhaps a life's devotion would be the best proof of my sincerity. Be my wife, dear. Make me happy; and let me welcome in the old halls of Mortmain—a finer place than Thorsdale, as I often think, and certainly a prettier—the sweetest, noblest young bride that ever a husband yet brought to reign there!"

It was all mere acting. Even the trembling of the man's voice was a clever stage trick. As the baronet talked of welcoming his youthful bride to the grand old halls of Mortmain, he well knew in his inmost soul that the use he designed to make of Violet's seventy thousand pounds was not to set up expensive housekeeping in the mansion of his ancestors. But he wished to leave no stone unturned. She seemed a good girl, timid and unselfish, but her heart might contain a leaven of ambition, after all. He had spoken to her before of Mortmain, and, of set purpose, of his great Elizabethan house, the park, the lake, the magnificent timber—such as grows in western counties to a bulk and height unknown in Yorkshire—the fallow-deer, the swans, the pomp, pride, and circumstance of the home that he would have brought to the auctioneer's hammer had it not been guarded by a strict entail. He had artfully insinuated to her, too, how fine a thing it was to be Lady Mortmain: how the chief families of the shire were proud to count kin with his: how easily his grandfather could have been a lord instead of a baronet, had he chosen to accept the offers of two successive Premiers.

"Do not say me nay," urged Sir Richard; and this time he succeeded in capturing Violet's hand. But Violet, with new-found courage, drew her hand back from his grasp.

"It cannot be as you wish, Sir Richard," she said, very gently, but very firmly. The man of the world bit his lip.

"Dear, timid little creature!" he was beginning, when, to his surprise, Violet lifted her beautiful eyes, and met the gaze of his steadfastly enough.

"Pray, pray, let this cease," she said. "You are very kind, I am sure, but it is quite out of the question that I should listen to you. What you have asked of me I can never grant. It cannot be."

"You mean, Miss Mowbray, that you cannot do me so high an honour as to consent to be my wife?" demanded the baronet, with a sort of haughty surprise.

"I cannot agree to be your wife, Sir Richard; but I had no wish to give you pain, or to annoy you, by the manner of my refusal," returned Violet gently, and looking aside.

"And *I* say," passionately retorted the master of Mortmain, "that I will not, as the saying is, take 'No' for an answer: that I will not desist from my suit until you accept me: that I will not allow my hopes and my life to be wrecked by the caprice of a girl too young to have heard as yet the voice of her own heart! I tell you, Violet Mowbray, that I have set my very soul and my dearest wishes on making you my wife, and I will never draw back until I win from you the consent that you are so coy to grant!"

"You might spare me this," answered Violet, "since, believe me, Sir Richard, my reply will never be different from that which I have made to you to-day. It will be better to consider the matter as one which need not again be mentioned between us."

"Is it possible," asked the baronet, in a changed voice, that quivered with anger, "that I am forestalled? Do you reject me, Violet, on the ground, forsooth, of pre-engaged affections?"

She flushed indignant crimson, and turned away, but she did not tell him, as a girl who knew the world better might have done, that he had no right to ask her any such question. Her very silence confirmed his suspicions.

"And who may the fortunate swain be, I wonder?" he broke out furiously. "Some beggarly curate, I suppose; or perhaps a dapper clerk in the Daneborough Bank. If so, let him look to it. I am one of those whom it is safer to have for a friend than for an enemy!" He absolutely hissed out the last words, with an emphasis that was really terrible, much as a serpent might have done that, by enchantment, had been endowed for a time with human shape. Now he was playing his true part. Now all the spite of a character that was bitterly resentful, and yet mean and cowardly, betrayed itself, and Violet looked round at him with alarm, not for herself, but for him she loved. The baronet saw her start and grow pale. This seemed to him a sign of weakness, and he made haste to say—"Dearest Violet, only hear me—only give me time. Think over what I have said to you, and——"

"Leave me, pray, leave me!" exclaimed the girl, in real distress, when, at that moment, she caught sight of a group of Lady Thorsdale's guests, just then entering the shady garden of the inn, and amongst whom she recognised the rector and Mrs. Langton. Without saying a word more—without lingering to hear a word more—Violet hurried off to meet her friends, under whose protection she felt that she was safe from further persecution, while Sir Richard, turning sharply on his heel, and pulling down his hat over his brows, strode off in an opposite direction, and abruptly entered the "Topham Arms" by the side door, festooned with old-fashioned creepers, that was nearest to him.

"We have been looking for you everywhere, Violet dear," said motherly Mrs. Langton. Violet hardly knew what she answered, so glad was she to be rid

for the time being of the importunity of her baleful admirer. Neither of the actors in this little scene had beheld a pair of dark glittering eyes that had watched them from a convenient nook in the tall and straggling holly-hedge, and which, when both were gone, gave to view for a moment the keen Hungarian face of Mademoiselle Glitka.

"Good!" said the foreign maid, in a low, menacing whisper—"Good! He shall reckon to me for that!" And she stretched forth her hand as if its pliant brown fingers had an unseen dagger in their nervous grasp. But a few minutes after, when she was adjusting the shawl round Lady Thorsdale's shoulders, and arranging the pillows and wraps for the earl's comfort in the carriage on the homeward route, all trace of emotion had vanished, and the girl was merely the highly-trained domestic, solely intent upon promoting the well-being of her noble employers.

All things must come to an end, and the picnic at Bottomley Briars was no exception to this rule. One by one the carriages came up to receive their living freight; the band played a sort of parting serenade; and those neighbours who had been amongst the invited, and who were now homeward-bound, expressed to the countess, with more or less of grace as of sincerity, how excessive had been their enjoyment of the festivity.

"It *was* a very jolly time of it!" Lord David Tod-

"VIOLET HURRIED OFF TO MEET HER FRIENDS" (*p.* 324).

hunter said, truly enough, as the long line of carriages returning to Thorsdale reached the lofty moorland road, whence their occupants could catch a glimpse of the broad moon rising above the eastern sea. But Violet was very silent, and so, for other reasons, was Sir Richard Mortmain.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

MR. MARSH RECEIVES A LETTER.

"HALLOA, there, hoy! Look alive there—mates! Up she goes!" And the gigantic crane, and the strong iron chain, and the huge hook began to do their work again, as the great bales were hurried up, by steam-power well directed, to the loftiest loft of a many-storeyed building, one of those giant warehouses of which Londoners—City of Londoners—are excessively proud, and which excite astonishment and dismay amongst Gallic visitors of commercial experience.

There was bustle—unusual bustle—in the crowded and cumbered yard, always a busy spot, above which towered the many-storeyed building, and over the gates of which were inscribed the words, "Crump, Marsh, and Caxton, Importers," followed by the (apparently unnecessary) announcement—"No admittance except on business." Certainly a pleasure-seeker or a sauntering idler must have had a strange perversity of taste if he sought to pass through those massive gates, and to plunge into the midst of that labyrinth of bales, barrels, vans, wheelbarrows, and active toilers. As well might a butterfly intrude her feathery wings and dainty grace into a hive of bees. Waggons were being unladen, and their contents stowed away, either in cellarage that yawned like the gaping depths of Avernus, or in elevated halls that could only be reached from within by a succession of ladder-like staircases of wrought iron, and from without by the action of the monstrous steam-crane that worked in the midst of the human labourers, as some tamed Titan might have done, poising and carrying off weights that seemed portentous, and delivering its heavy burthens with mechanical gentleness at the open doors above.

A great firm or, at any rate a firm in an extensive way of business, was that old-established one that was still known by the name of Crump, Marsh, and Caxton. Strictly speaking, though a Crump had founded the firm forty years before, there was now no Crump in the flesh. Crump meant an invalid brother and his devoted sister, whose name was Waddilove, who wintered in Algiers, and summered at Cadenabbia, on Lake Como, and whose connection with the house was that of sleeping partners alone. As there was no Crump, so there was no Caxton, beyond the fact that a deaf old lady, with a wig, a poodle, a companion, a carriage, and an ear-trumpet, resided at Cheltenham, and was a sleeping partner in the concern, too, in right of her deceased husband. Very often in these venerable, or quasi-venerable, London firms such is the case; and the profits may go to, and the responsibilities be shared by, half a score of persons who could not stand the mildest cross-examination as to the details of the business which they conduct by proxy.

But if there was not a Crump, and if there was not a Caxton, at any rate there was a *bonâ fide* Mr. Marsh, and this surviving partner was very real and tangible. He it was who practically carried on the honoured old concern, and, knowing the value of the master's eye, was often in that very unattractive and dingy place, which was the hive wherein the golden honey was made. He was there on this particular occasion, when the bustle and stir were, as has been said, something remarkable, as fresh consignments had to be stowed away in appropriate storage.

Messrs. Crump, Marsh, and Caxton were drysalters, a dry work that requires explanation. Unquestionably they did not sell salt, dry or wet, nor were they dealers in red herrings or salted provisions of any sort, as their technical designation in the Post Office Directory might seem to imply. What they did sell was the raw material of dyes—costly cochineal from Mexico, logwood, dragon's-blood, and all the queer things that grow or are grown, are extracted or manufactured, in far-away countries, and which minister to the making of dyes. Now-a-days so much comes out of gas-tar that the old resources, the time-honoured products of remote lands, signify less than they once did. Mexican cochineal, which once cost a guinea an ounce, yields perhaps a matchless scarlet, but can be approached closely enough by a cheap competitor of less romantic origin. Ultramarine blue was once at a heart-breaking price, precious beryls having to be pounded up with steel pestle and mortar to produce the rare turquoise tint; but now as good a shade can be got for a twentieth of the former cost. French madder was the finest crop in the rich lands along the Southern Rhone, but alizarine does just as well to give a full red colour to woollen, if not to cotton, fabrics. But there are some textures, some uses, some fancies, that require the old juices, the old extracts of root, and berry, and bark, and leaf, and insect of far-off tropical climes; and so it came about that Crump, Marsh, and Caxton had still plenty to do and plenty to sell.

Mr. Marsh, then, moved about the encumbered yard, giving orders personally now and then, but not as a rule interfering in the general management of the place. Sometimes a clerk, with a pen behind his ear and a roll of papers in his hand, came rushing out of a glazed slice of building that was called a counting-house, but which might pardonably have been mistaken by visitors for a lean-to hot-house, wherein young vines and melon plants might be brought to precocious maturity, and solicited instructions as to "that German consignment of rough blue," or "the Turkey red from Max and Molinari's, of Smyrna." And more often the burly foreman, a grizzled soldierly man, who had probably served the Queen before he passed into the pacific employ of the drysalting firm, would come up to give his gruffly deferential opinion as to "that lot of Campeachy wood," or the condition of "the last batch of Calcutta indigo."

But no doubt the work went on the better, and the giants in corduroy suits, who were styled heavy porters, and the paler and slighter-built assistants in slop suits, who were known as extra hands, were all the brisker

for the knowledge that their employer's eye was upon them.

Mr. Marsh himself was a spare, bony man, with white whiskers and bushy eyebrows, high-shouldered, and a little above the middle height. He had crisp grey hair, cut short, and very carefully brushed up from the sides of his pink head, so as to form a kind of crest, and which caused him, especially when in moments of surprise he elevated his prominent eyebrows, to bear a curious resemblance to an astonished cockatoo. In dress, as in person, he was a model of neatness—trim, clean, formal, and precise. The skill with which he tied his severely starched neckcloth, and the admirable smoothness of his well-shaven chin, matched well with the perfect fit of his frock coat and the polish of his square-toed boots. He was an old-fashioned man, and the bent of his mind would have prompted him, but for the fear of ridicule, to be more old-fashioned still. He would well have liked to have emulated those flat-capped citizens of London whose brown jerkins or grey doublets, shining boots, and sober seriousness of apparel rebuked the flowing love-locks, and plumed hats, and jewelled swords, and gold-laced coats of gay colours worn by the flaunting gallants of the Court.

Something has been said in a previous chapter concerning Mr. Marsh and his tastes and habits. The guardian of Violet Mowbray, it has been mentioned, was a chess-player during the long winter evenings, and in the pleasant summer-time a sedulous angler, whose punt was often to be found moored amongst the sedgy and willow-bordered aits of the Thames, and who waged unrelenting war against gudgeon and barbel, roach and perch, in many a reach of the winding river, from Teddington to Marlow or Pangbourn. These are not expensive hobbies. A thrifty man can well afford to follow in the footsteps of Izaak Walton, so that he does not aspire to be fashionable, and rent Scottish rivers, and pay for the monopoly of Norwegian fiords, and thus purchase every pound of salmon that he brings to bank or to boat at a net price of fabulous amount. Humble Thames angling certainly never ruined any amateur of the gentle art, and the same may be said of chess-playing, quietest and most sedate of amusements.

Mr. Marsh, in the City, was reckoned as a warm man, and respected accordingly. What was his exact proportional share of the profits of the firm, no one, of course, except perhaps the income-tax officials, could tell. But he could scarcely have spent the half of his income, so frugal was his mode of life and so simple were his tastes.

"A letter, sir," said one of the messengers, coming up to his employer with a note in his hand, which the passing postman had just delivered at the counting-house door.

"Heyday!" exclaimed Mr. Marsh, arching his eyebrows, and taking the proffered epistle between his finger and thumb. "What's this?"

Now, Messrs. Crump, Marsh, and Caxton received, as was but natural, very many letters. The firm's waste-paper basket had need to be a large one, so extensive was their correspondence, foreign and British. They had a German clerk in their employment, and a Greek clerk, and a Spanish clerk, all of whom were valued as interpreters, as well as scribes and specialists, and who had their hands pretty full, so manifold were the dealings of the house with alien customers and purveyors. There must have been something unusual in the aspect of this particular letter to have elicited a start and an exclamation of surprise from so experienced a man of business as Mr. Ephraim Marsh. And there was something unusual in the appearance of the letter. It was not addressed to the firm at large, as were hundreds and thousands of others, penned by business correspondents, who were perfectly well aware that it was with Mr. Marsh alone that they were dealing, but who stuck to the old fiction of a real Crump, a real Caxton, and began, "Gentlemen," as punctiliously as though the deceased partners had been immortal. This pink envelope, highly scented, was directed, in an unmistakably feminine hand, to

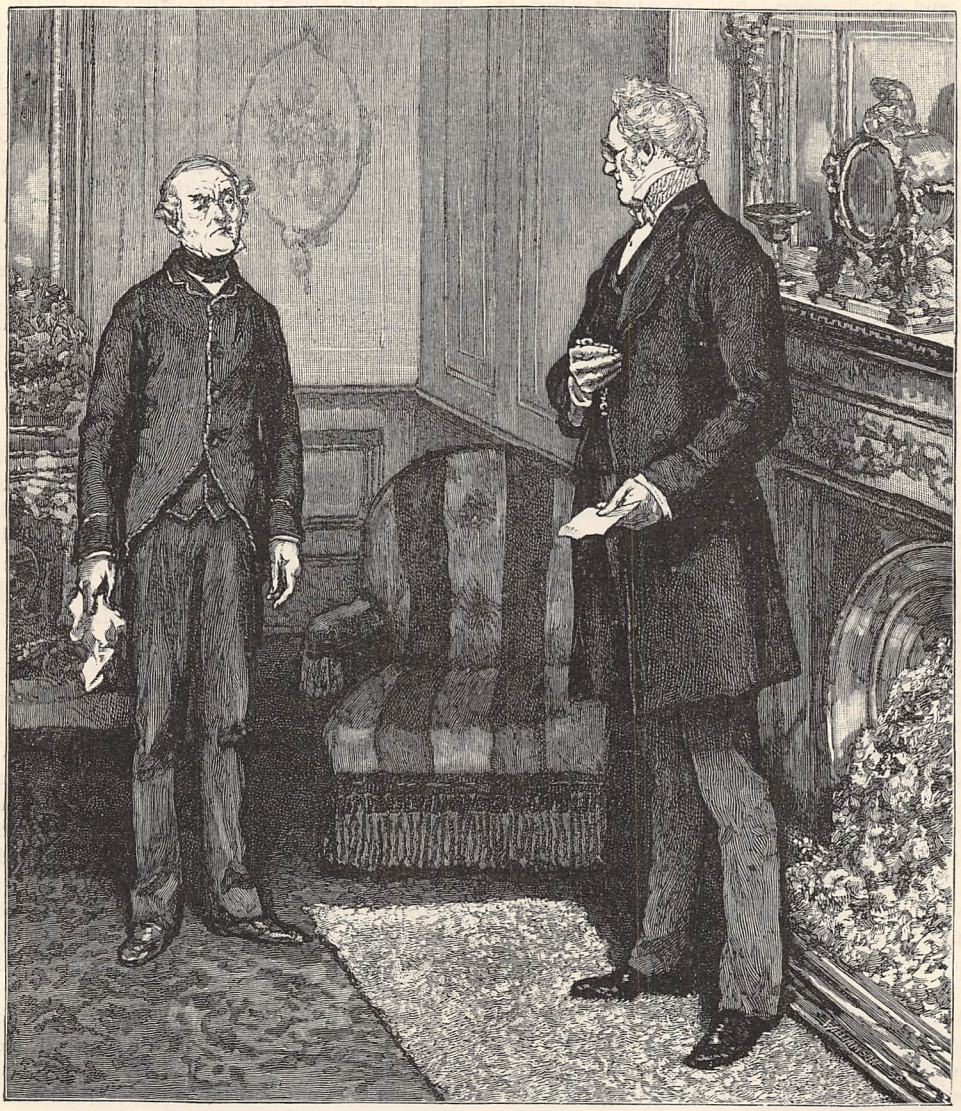
"EPHRAIM MARSH, Esquire,
"Creek Lane,
"City of London."

Creek Lane, within civic limits, is not a large, although a bustling and wealthy locality. Four great warehouses, some stabling for van-horses, a brewery, six quaint gloomy little dwellings, kept standing only till a sufficient offer is made for the valuable ground they occupy, and a public-house, monopolise the whole of it. And the name of Ephraim Marsh, as sole surviving partner and manager of the great drysalting firm, was as well known there—nay, better than in Dagger Court, where he dwelt. Creek Lane, as its appellation implies, abuts upon the river, and one of the wharves that line its bank is known as Crump's Wharf to this hour, in memory of the founder of the business. Mr. Marsh, then, was in the habit of receiving and perusing, on behalf of self and partners, many letters, but seldom one that resembled this. He opened it with visible reluctance, glanced at its contents, and exclaimed, "Heyday!" again, and more emphatically than before. To all appearance he was not satisfied with this cursory inspection of the missive that had been thrust into his hand, for he made haste to enter a compartment of the glazed counting-house sacred to himself, and, pulling out his gold-rimmed spectacles, proceeded in a leisurely way to read the epistle that had caused him, it seemed, more emotion than its exterior would have warranted. The manager of such a firm as that old one of the famous drysalters has often to receive bad news. Banks break, correspondents fail, bad debts have to be "written off," or compromises effected, and such are generally losses to be borne with stoical placidity.

Mr. Marsh's eyesight, by daylight, was pretty good for a man of his years. He seldom missed the occasion of hooking a roach at Thames Ditton when his fine quill float was suddenly sucked down by a rapid bite. Also, he could generally verify column after column of figures without the adventitious aid of magnifying lenses, until the gas began to flare. But on this

occasion he had resort to his spectacles, and read the pink letter, which was not a long one, two or three times over, with manifest annoyance, but with minutest care. As he did so he seemed to become excited—a thing that was rare with him—and a flush mounted to his cheek. Heedfully he put away the letter and its envelope in an inner pocket of his coat, and then replaced his spectacles in their morocco case. When he emerged from his own glazed den in the glazed slice of building that looked so much as if it had been intended for horticultural purposes that the clerks, with their stools and desks, and huge ink-stands, and green-backed ledgers, seemed out of place in it, Mr. Marsh was a changed man.

"Another time, Gregg, another time!" he said hurriedly to the foreman, who came to report the damaged condition of certain "Honduras chips." Mr. Marsh's brougham stood waiting in the lane without, the coachman, like a doctor's coachman, on the alert.



"THE ODDEST LITTLE MAN-SERVANT . . . . CAME PRESENTLY INTO THE ROOM" (*p.* 330).

"Home, James; and drive fast, will you?" said the merchant, shortly. And the carriage dashed off quickly in the direction of Dagger Court, E.C.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

AT DAGGER COURT.

DAGGER COURT, E.C., is a place which has received scanty notice on the part of topographical historians

of the ancient and famous City of London, and which yet merits some regard. Old it is, but perhaps not so very old. It is certainly not coëval with the Temple, or with Cheape, or the Guildhall. Very likely, when the early Plantagenet kings reigned over us Englishmen, the site of Dagger Court was garden ground, or more probably a patch of waste land, whereon the ragamuffins of the period set their curs to fight, or played at hustle-cap and chuck-farthing. The court takes its name, clearly, from those municipal armorial bearings which date from the day when Lord Mayor Walworth used his sharp steel poniard so effectually in despatching the Kentish rebel Wat Tyler, already unhorsed and stunned by a stroke of King Richard II.'s royal mace. It consists of eight houses, of which two are very small and six large and roomy, though low, like giants cut short. It survived the Great Fire, and Sir Christopher Wren had not the trouble of laying down Dagger Court on the lines of the old buildings, as was the case in more important localities.

The houses in Dagger Court are all old, one or two possibly dating from a period before that when we had Tudors to reign over us, and the latest interloper being a tenement of Queen Anne's time. All are solidly built, good seasoned oaken timbers mingling with such brickwork as now moves the regretful envy of conscientious contractors. And two or three of the larger houses are very handsome, with their carved oaken staircases, broad as in Italy, and on the massive balustrades of which flowers, fruit, and leaves, garland after garland, bunch after bunch, were carved by the skilled artists of long ago, and with their ceilings blushing with gorgeous mythology. The rooms which Mr. Marsh inhabited—a first floor set of apartments—were approached by such a staircase as has been described, and up which, according to the old saying, a coach and six might have been driven, so broad and easy were the shallow steps in blackened oak, while the banisters were heavy with grapes and apples and rose clusters, carved by forgotten chisels of those who must have loved their handiwork long ago in the dim past.

Mr. Marsh's apartments, once reached, presented in themselves and their contents an aggravating contrast, the meanness and triteness of the modern furniture jarring with the splendour of the antique fixtures. Here, too, there was rich carving on the panelled walls and elaborate cornices, pinked with gold, while above glowed the bright colours of the painted ceiling, undimmed by time, and scarcely the worse for London smoke, fog, and even that gas which is the deadliest foe to all pictures. Noble rooms they were, and had once perhaps been the home of one of those merchant princes whose memory lends a sort of halo to civic history—men who may have swept a shop, like Osborne, or, like his brother mayor, Whittington the Magnificent, boasted of gentle blood and the hereditary rank of *armiger*, but who, at any rate, were burghers fit to vie with the patrician traders of Genoa and Venice. There was some old stained glass, too, in the expensive panes of which Flemish artists had depicted Biblical subjects in strict accordance with Low Country garb and surroundings, and which would have been worth its weight in gold to many a collector of such brittle relics of the past. But the well-worn old Kidderminster carpet, the furniture, made after the tasteless fashion of the early years of the Victorian reign, and the modern rugs and framed prints and looking-glasses, blemished the general effect.

Such as the place was, it was Mr. Marsh's home, and he was fond of it, having, so to speak, a cat-like attachment to the old rooms. He had, indeed, been born in Dagger Court, and had been known, in moments of after-dinner confidence, to boast of himself as a Londoner *pur sang*, a cockney of the cockneys, and a living illustration of the fact that the City was both a healthy and an attractive place of residence. His was an instance of that singular local, and almost parochial, patriotism, of which we see much more in foreign countries than in England, and which caused him to prefer the mouldy little church and indifferent preacher in an adjacent lane to more renowned places of worship, and a dark-browed tavern which Falstaff and the Wild Prince may occasionally have patronised to the sumptuous club-houses of the West. There were even those who confidently affirmed that one reason for Mr. Marsh's confirmed celibacy was the fear that, as a married man, he would be forced to abandon an abode that custom had endeared to him, but which might not find favour in feminine eyes of this generation.

Just now, Mr. Marsh was very ill at ease. As soon as he reached the big, low drawing-room, with its ceiling emblazoned with mythology, like an after-taste of the Renaissance, he drew forth his gold-rimmed spectacles once more, and again, with the severest scrutiny, inspected the pink letter that had reached him at his place of business. The letter ran thus :—

"SIR,—I do not know whether you are aware that your ward, Miss Violet Mowbray, is the lawful possessor of seventy thousand pounds sterling, of which she is deprived by fraud. Also I have to tell you that an unprincipled man, who knows of this circumstance, is trying to win her to become his wife, to possess himself of the money.

"As this is a great wealth, and a very important communication, I think your sense of justice will point out to you the necessity for immediate investigation of the fact, before it shall be too late.

"I remain, Sir, obediently yours,

"A TRUE FRIEND."

"The thing is only an anonymous letter!" contemptuously remarked Mr. Marsh, pursing up his lips and knitting his brows; "and yet——"

Ephraim Marsh had not lived so many years in the world without having formed a pretty strong opinion concerning anonymous letters and the writers of them. He felt the scorn, natural to an honest man, which the whole tribe of concealed correspondents merit. He knew that the "Well-Wishers," and "True Friends," and 'Lovers of Justice" were either impelled by motives of private hate or envy, or were prompted by that sheer love of mischief-making which is most often found amongst idle people. But he knew, too, that some truth, if not the whole truth, is often to be elicited from these ill-famed epistles, and that the nameless backbiter has now and then supplied the first links in a chain of evidence later on to be welded into coherent shape by force of law. There is not often smoke

without fire. The writer of an anonymous accusation may be actuated by motives very base, yet some good grains of golden corn may be thrashed out of the tares that he or she has tried to sow in the enemy's wheat-field.

Mr. Marsh ruffled up his crisp grey hair at the sides until he looked more like an alarmed cockatoo than ever, and frowned at the letter, and eyed it as if he suspected the use of invisible ink, and wished to read between the lines, or as though he had before him one of those artfully-worded epistles in which words are mere symbols, and the whole letter an elaborate system of signalling. But though Nihilists and Anarchists abroad, and perhaps also Fenians in Ireland, have recourse to these painful methods of communicating with their fellow-conspirators, not even a Rosicrucian of the Middle Ages would have tried such arts upon an unilluminated correspondent. No; clearly there was no hidden meaning in the letter. The letter itself, sufficiently disturbing when addressed to the punctilious guardian of such a ward as Miss Mowbray, was one of those puzzling epistles as to the authorship of which even experts, as we see in the reports of famous cases in the Central Criminal Court, may differ. A woman had written it. The penmanship, though cramped, was clear and careful. The expressions used were those which would suggest themselves to a person of limited education, such as a shop-girl or a servant. The spelling was correct and the grammar not involved, which last advantage was perhaps due to the shortness of the sentences. But the style was awkward and stiff, as that of a foreigner might be.

"I wonder if a foreigner did write it," rapped out Mr. Marsh. But he quickly reflected that no alien amongst us, no German clerk or waiter, no French language master or teacher of music, no Swiss shopkeeper or Italian confectioner, could possibly have known, or cared, about a great sum of money to which Violet was entitled. And at the mention of such a sum vague recollections recurred to Mr. Marsh's memory, such as caused him to tap his forehead, and purse up his lips, and frown until his face was all wrinkles.

"It may have been," muttered Mr. Marsh—"of course it may have been. Old General Yorke, it was thought, would have made his niece his heiress—and Violet was her only child; yet I have seen his will, with no mention of the name of Mowbray in it, and bequeathing what he had to leave to more distant kinsfolk. He was reputed rich, but report plays strange tricks with the sum-total of the savings of these old Indian generals. His will was duly proved. But there may have been a codicil; or there may have been a trust deed."

Again Mr. Marsh looked frowningly at the pink paper, and again he shook his head. He was a conscientious man. His guardianship of Violet Mowbray was one of his most sacred duties, in his eyes. There must have been some reason, of sentiment or of gratitude, for his acceptance of such a position: some reason, too, for his ever having been asked to undertake a task so seemingly uncongenial. He looked at his watch, and then compared it with the great bronze loud-ticking clock on the enormous chimney-piece of carved marble. Then he rang the bell. The oddest little man-servant—a year or two older than his master, to judge by the puckers and lines in his withered, sharp-chinned face, tightly buttoned up in a pantry suit of Oxford grey—came presently into the room in answer to the ring.

"Juniper," said Mr. Marsh, in a tone of assumed indifference, "I shall not sleep here to-night. I am going out of town; and I want you to pack my portmanteau, since I have just time to catch the 1.40 express."

"I say, Mr. Ephraim, you're a-going it—no offence, sir, but you be," returned the servitor. "Toosday and Wednesday, sir, you was at Thames Ditton, at the gudgeoning. Now 'tis Friday, and off you go again; barbel, I suppose, and Hampton Wick. All play and no work, Mr. Ephraim, meant a ragged shirt in my time, anyhow!"

"Rubbish, Juniper!" retorted Mr. Marsh. "Crump, Marsh, and Caxton wouldn't break, I tell you, if I *did* take a second holiday in the week. But this is an errand of business."

"Very likely, sir," responded Juniper; "but your good father, my old master, used to say, sir, 'House runs mad where people gad,' and what was true then is true now, I suppose."

"Hold your tongue, you croaker, and help me to get ready!" answered his employer, half roughly; and then added, as he passed into his bed-room, "Tell your wife I shan't dine at home."

"I'll tell Sarah Matilda, sir," ruefully replied the serving-man; nor had Mr. Marsh proceeded far with the packing of his portmanteau before there came a discreet tap-tapping of hard knuckles at his bed-room door, and in answer to his "Come in," a very tall, middle-aged woman, of bony figure and austere countenance, stalked in as stiffly as the Ghost in *Hamlet*. "Sorry, sir, I am sure," said this apparition, "to hear you are leaving your home again at such short notice. It's not that I forget my place. And I do hope that no shortcomings of respect or of attention on part of self, or part of Samuel, have rendered you so discomfortable as to make you fly to other scenes."

"Not at all, not at all, Mrs. Juniper!" exclaimed Mr. Marsh, as he hurriedly stowed away shirts and razors, dress boots and black suit together, and began to tug at the well-worn straps. "I am called down to Yorkshire on business, that is all, and have not a moment to lose. So, Juniper, the hat-box, and now call a cab—a hansom, of course."

"You know best, sir," sorrowfully, but reproachfully, responded the housekeeper. "Cod's head and shoulders, the oyster sauce and lamb chops, so much thrown away, aren't they?"

"Eat them, pray, eat them, Mrs. Juniper—that is, if you and Juniper like fish and lamb," replied the master; and in a minute more he was in his cab, bound for the terminus.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

TALKS WITH MY PATIENTS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

MY IMPATIENT PATIENT.

"ABOUT the same, I think," his daughter said, in answer to a query of mine regarding my patient's condition. "My father is much about the same — no better, and I don't think any worse. He wanted to get up, but I wouldn't let him stir till you saw him."

"Quite right, my dear; and I assure you he is doing very well indeed under your care. All he wants is to have a little patience."

"Ah, sir!" said my nursie, shaking her solemn little head very significantly. Then I went on to my patient's chamber.

My patient, it may be as well to mention here, was, and is, a friend of mine. If he had not been so I should have got tired of his case very soon, and handed it over to some one else. Mr. Boyd—we will suppose that his name—is well and strong now. He will read this paper with interest, I know, and when he has finished, he will hand it back to me with a smile, and say, "I really wonder you could have been bothered with me, doctor."

I walked into Mr. Boyd's room briskly and cheerfully: briskly, because I wished him to understand that I hadn't a whole day to spend talking about his case; cheerfully, because I wanted him to see I didn't take the gloomy view of his ailments that he himself did.

"What ailed him?" did you ask. Why, a very irritable form of dyspepsia and general derangement of the digestive canal. He had appetite—sometimes almost a ravenous one—for his meals, but no sooner had he finished than he felt anything but comfortable —"felt sorry," he often said, "that he had eaten at all." Sometimes there was sickness about an hour after eating, but this only gave relief. When there was no sickness, great acidity was produced—an acidity that the swallowing of antacids only tended to increase, though they might give temporary relief.

Solid food was far better borne than semi-fluid, bread than puddings, and—somewhat strange as it may appear—a mutton chop was more easily digested than white fish of any kind. Cheese, again, could be eaten, and that too with relish, and really seemed to do good; and even, while suffering from acidity, an orange could be eaten, or at all events sucked. So you see the case was not without some little peculiarities.

Bottled lime-juice my patient could have taken. I did not permit him to do so, however, without first testing it, well knowing that a deal of this shop-bought juice of the lime is fortified by the very vilest of raw-grain whiskey — a fact which cannot be too widely known. I had reasons of my own why Mr. B. should not take alcoholic stimulants.

But his troubles did not end with dyspepsia. He had some months before received fracture and dislocation of the right ankle-joint. As Mr. Boyd can walk to-day as well as I can, I give myself credit for having done my best for him.

"Come along, doctor," he said, as I entered the room. "I was beginning to think you were never going to appear."

I looked at my watch, and glanced at the clock.

"True, true," he continued, "you are only ten minutes behind your usual time. But that seems long to a fellow nailed down on his back in bed."

"You're not nailed down yet," I replied, smiling; "and if I can help it we won't have any nailing down in this case. Show me the leg.

"Why, it is harder, firmer, and less swollen. It will be all right soon."

"Now, doctor, don't tell me that Rome wasn't built in a day. I know you meant to. Bother the building of Rome! I hate to hear of it."

I put my hand on his forehead. It was hot. "You haven't slept over-well?"

"Over-well, doctor. That is a mild way of putting it. I haven't slept at all."

"Why? How is that?"

"Sit down, and I'll tell you. I hate to see a great tall man towering alongside my bed."

"Well, now?" I said, drawing a chair close to him.

"Well, then," he went on, "to begin with: there was my everlasting ankle giving a twinge now and a twinge again, just when I might have gone off. Even when not aching, it behaved in a preposterous and most annoying way. Sometimes it was too cold, and I had to sit up to see if it was covered. The next minute it would be too hot, and I would have to sit up again to uncover it."

"Well?"

"Then there were the effects of that mustard-leaf you would clap on my stomach yesterday morning."

"Well, was that all?"

"All? I should think it was enough. But, to cap all, there was the cow."

"Oh! was the cow at it again?"

"Yes, at it all night long: 'low, low,' and 'moan, moan,' enough to drive a fellow mad; and when she fell asleep—for I suppose she did fall asleep—it was fully three o'clock, and then the cocks commenced. I wish somebody would shoot that cow and do away with those cocks."

"I fear nobody will," I said; "and if they did there would be something else: the pillows would be all awry, or something would tickle your nose, or the ticking clock would take to talking. No; it is here, my good friend—here in your brow, here in your frontal lobes—that the mischief lies."

"Couldn't you give me some more of those chloral draughts? They sent me off."

"I will not, I assure you. When you were suffering excruciating pain I gave you a little chloral; but the

sleep it produces has no refreshment in it. There is no more dangerous drug in all the Pharmacopœia."

"Bromide of potassium, then, doctor; that is harmless. Don't you think it is?"

"Harmless? No! A chemist's assistant might tell you so. It is a useful drug in many cases; but its continued use never fails to produce irritation of the brain, caused by some degree of congestion. But I'm not going to talk physiology to you."

"You'd better not."

"Your daughter is most attentive."

"Little Ada is very well in her way."

"Well, all you want is a little patience."

"Doctor, don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Don't set harping on that patience string again. A man can't manufacture patience to will, and he has no earthly business to act it."

"Nonsense, my friend! You've got a tongue, I know, and you have teeth."

"Good ones, doctor; and I wish I could use them with more satisfaction to my poor digestion."

"Well, if I were you, I would make my teeth bite through my tongue before I should utter a cross, peevish, or impatient word to those who were doing everything they could to please me."

My patient was silent.

"How many thousands—ay, millions—are far worse off than you: in greater pain and suffering, with few, if any, comforts, and maybe no one to care for or tend them! Will you promise me to think of that? Remember, you have a great deal to be grateful for."

"I know, I know," he said, rolling his head from side to side on the pillow. "I'm a peevish old fellow. I don't deserve to live."

"Oh, yes, you do, and I'm going to make you well; only, I repeat, have patience."

"It is a hard thing to cultivate, doctor."

"I grant you it is, and especially for a busy commercial man like yourself, whose whole life has been one of ceaseless activity. But I assure you, friend, that patience in illness is worth cultivating. The healing powers of patience are wonderful. It is nearly as good as sleep to the brain; while, on the other hand, impatience acts as a brain irritant: it sends the blood dancing away up to the head, there to produce congestion, to use or eat up nervous power, and in that way retard recovery. I repeat that you and every one else who happens to be sick or ill—and none of us are exempt from occasional sicknesses—ought to endeavour to cultivate patience, for patience is the parent of hope; and if a sick person is without hope, why, he has a poorer chance—to put the matter mildly—of recovery than he would have with it."

"But do you know, doctor, that I hardly believe in the power of mind over matter?"

"Then you haven't lived. There is a greater power than matter in this world: call it Will, if you like. Man possesses it in a higher degree than any other animal; and Will simply laughs at the one-sided dark and dismal dogmas of the mere materialist. Now, my friend, I'll give you an example of the power of mind over matter."

Here I opened the window wide; then I seized a box of pills which my quick eye had caught sight of behind a vase on the mantelpiece, and before my impatient patient could say a word, I had emptied them into my hand and flung them out of the window, and the box followed.

"Doctor!" he cried; "doctor, what are you doing? Those are Pamperfool's patent pills; cost no end of money. They cure everything."

"Ha! ha! ha!" I really couldn't help laughing. "Cure everything, do they? They can be used for diametrically opposite ailments? My dear sir, do beware of what you swallow. But now," I added, taking up my hat, "are you going to trust your case with me, or with Pamperfool?"

"Oh! you, most certainly."

I sat down again. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do with you," I said. "In a couple of weeks' time, if you are able to bear the journey, I'm going to send you abroad. You can take my medicines just the same, you know."

"I'm so glad," he answered. "This climate is killing me, with its slate-grey skies and sunless days."

Mr. Boyd got better rapidly now. He had hope and something to think about. I postponed his going for one other week, well knowing that the anticipation of pleasure is often far more beneficial than the reality.

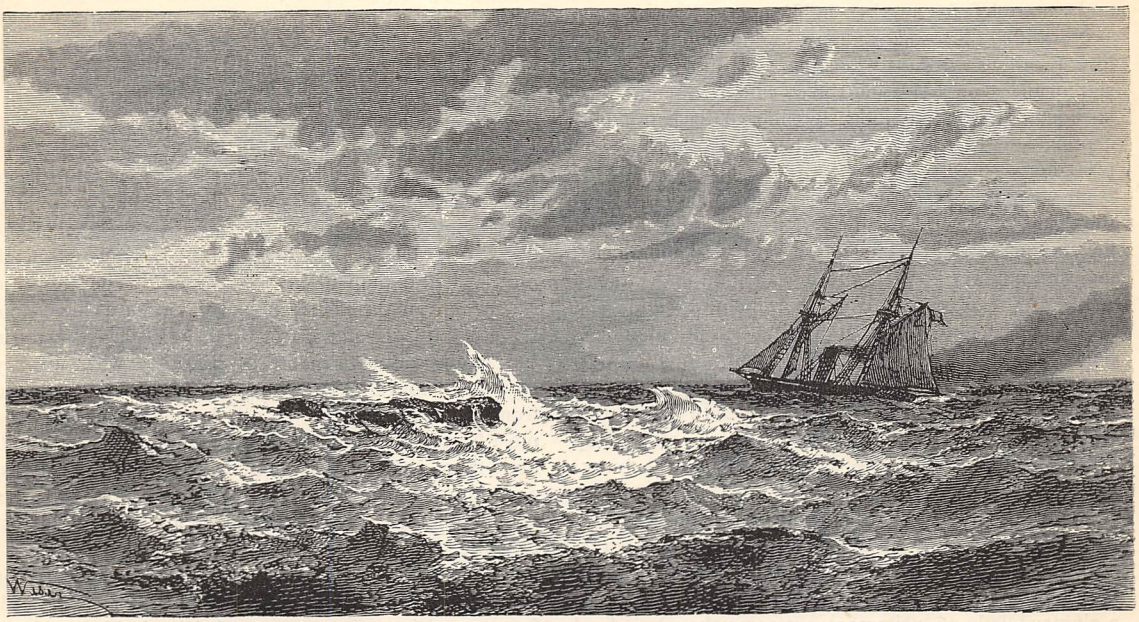
It was so in my friend's case. My patient was back again in six weeks.

"Why, it is new life to me coming back," he said, "to dear old England. Oh! the vile soups I had to swallow, doctor, and the viler 'made dishes'! What they were made of I shudder to think. But I'm not going to try any more foreign travel until—my stomach can bear it."

I laughed. It was evident he had learned patience in his slight experience of foreign travel. He told me he would just let things take their course now, and would do all I told him.

This was certainly going the right way to work. Mr. Boyd was strong and well in three months' time.

Ah! reader mine, there is a wonderful healing power in patience; and when one is ill, to be patient is not only to benefit oneself materially, but to perform a duty to those around him.



AN UNFASHIONABLE DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHO IS SYLVIA?" ETC.

"SHALL we run down to the sea for a couple of hours?" asks our host at the luncheon-table of a country rectory, and an instant chorus of assent greets the proposal.

The day is one of the first of early summer. The warmth, delicious though it be, makes every one feel lazy. A taste of salt air, plus a rural drive, minus a band, a pier, a promenade, and all the fashionable terrors of a recognised bathing-place, will be the very acme of enjoyment, the mere notion of which puts every one in high spirits.

So bells are rung; orders given; the wagonette comes round for the elders; the pony-carriage takes four young folks; a neighbour's Norfolk cart is borrowed for the boys, and off we go.

We are in a county understood far and near to be one of the least attractive in England. We are often twitted with being uninteresting, muddy, aguish, and ugly. But as our rapid drive takes us along—now winding country roads sheltered by feathery-boughed elms, now lanes whose hedges are redolent of sweetbriar, most excellently lovely with wild roses; now past plantations whither scuttle coveys of baby partridges at our approach; now with a splash through a wide shallow ford, whose margins are fringed with forget-me-nots; now up a long, long hill, *the* hill of the district; then through wide pastures, whose short fine grass is cropped by scores of sheep; over a causeway that parts the mainland from the islet we aim at; by a network of creeks fast filling with the incoming tide; by acres of flower-farms on our other hand, where stocks and gillyflowers freight every breeze that blows—then do we declare this corner of the world unkindly slandered, and by the time we reach the shore, and sight the wide, silvery waters, pronounce ourselves champion of the whole scene's peaceable beauties for evermore.

For us who are not young, nothing is pleasanter than, first, a stroll along the seaweed line of the morning tide, then a Scotch rug on the shore, a barricade of carriage cushions at our back, and to be left guardian of the boys' shoes and stockings, while they go out across the sandy flat to meet the rising flood.

Here it comes, ruffled and rippling under a southwest wind!—smiling in myriads of diamond-tipped sparkles, whispering its salutation from afar in dreamy murmurs; hush—sh—shing us half to sleep as presently its long wavelets break almost at our feet.

But our drowsy enjoyment is very soon dispelled. Shrieks of fright and fun reach us from yonder wooden breakwater. There the young ones having perched themselves with naked toes dangling in the water, these extremities are seized upon by a tribe of voracious crabs, who in their turn are captured and brought triumphantly to us, to be stowed away in a basket. This prize made safe, away hie the lads again in quest of the "pater," whom they intend to badger

into letting them have a bathe among the jelly-fishes, and we are left for another half-hour's solitude.

Now, if so disposed, we may jog up our antiquarian lore, recalling the days when this very spot was no insignificant stronghold, and the so-called "Saxon show" harboured, if one may judge by the remains continually coming to light, many of the richest of Britain's foreign protectors.

Or we may look across the glittering expanse, past the little white-sailed smacks scudding up to their haven, and across the bay where our island lies, to that long promontory yonder, and moralise upon the mutability of glories temporal, as we remember that there first vast Roman earthworks (and tradition adds a huge fortress), and next a noble priory, founded by a Saxon saint, have not only crumbled away under the hand of time, but their every vestige now lies buried beneath the encroaching waters which still creep yearly forward upon the coast doomed to submergence.

But while we sit meditating thus, an unlooked-for catastrophe occurs. We hear a queer little scratching sound at our side, and behold, there through a chink between basket and lid, our crabs are all escaping! In a clumsy bustle of excitement, out come the whole haul of semi-opaque crustaceans and (to our secret satisfaction) away they go to their native brine, we determining to hazard never a nip by detaining one of them. Their loss is vastly deplored by the boys who come rushing up after their dip: we meekly accept a scolding and suggest consolation in the fact of the tide having turned and "winkling" being soon possible.

To watch the bare-legged youngsters, who have turned to "winkling," we seniors venture out upon a slippery jetty of loose shingle, where greeny-grey shrimps dart about in the salt-water pools, and "whelks" stick to the wooden piles at either side. Our hostess and her daughters join us here, bringing jugs of milk and tempting little hot cakes from the farm they have just visited, whereof the orchard, not yet blossomless, runs down close to the shore.

Another daughter returns with the guest of the day, a young London barrister of archæological tastes, to whom she has been exhibiting a splendid bit of tesselated pavement, lately discovered by diggers of a drain across a turnip-field. Up come our other gentlemen, who have been punting about under convoy of a native fisherman, and who have made some wonderful bargains in lemon soles and sand-dabs, in the little straggling village that we have not visited. We all laugh at each other for having such scorched faces. With keen appetite we devour our food, and rather wish there was twice as much again. We begin to notice how long the boys' shadows are, on the shining sands. We rather unwillingly take forth our watches and discover it is getting late, and we must be going home. Then ensues a great halloaing to the winkling party, who don't wish to be disturbed, and pretend not to hear us. A small amphibious boy, who has come up with the master's purchase of fish, volunteers to "go arter 'em," which he accordingly does at great speed, wending his way among shallows and flats like an eel in its natural habitat.

Our juveniles hailed at last make a virtue of necessity, gather up their spoil of little black sea-snails, and race their messenger back towards us with more haste than discretion. Presently a dismal howl announces disaster, and lo, there is the most diminutive of the party up to his waist in one of the oozy pits of black mud which abound along that shore! The situation seems alarming. Before, however, any of us have time to be frightened, off start other fisher-boys—always on the look-out for this sort of calamity with unwary strangers—and in a twinkling Master Jack is extracted from his inky bath, not at all damaged, but smelling most horribly! Hurried off to a cottage nigh at hand, he is there vigorously tubbed by the friendly mistress, and very soon returned to us safe and sound, cutting a comical figure in the Sunday garments of the youngest of his rescuers.

By the time this little episode is happily ended our vehicles are waiting. Wraps are not to be despised, for as we drive off, we meet a brisk air blowing seaward, and casting back a farewell look from the crest of the island, we see a light fog hanging over the distant coast. Sorry to bid the sea good night, and yet weary enough to relish the thought of getting home, we drive soberly along, less conversational than when we came, but enjoying to the full the sweet calm of the June evening. Overhead herons fly screaming from inland woods, to search after what the tide has left them for their supper. The sun goes down under a splendid canopy of gold and purple clouds. By the time we reach the top of our "high hill," the boundaries of the many parishes our host pointed out in the morning are no longer discernible. Only the grey church towers, or white winding roads, gleam out here and there. Twilight and weariness envelop us as we reach our journey's end.

But those hours of quite unfettered enjoyment have been very pleasant. Doubly so we think them when a nondescript meal—dinner, tea, and supper all in one—has revived our spirits.

As afterwards we sit alone in a dusky corner of the drawing-room, workers gathered round the lamp at the further end of the room, a very delicate touch waking harmony close by, we feel inclined to wish ourself banished from city life, free to revel often in such hours as these have been. We are disposed to ask our young London friend if he is not of our mind in this matter, but it appears he has beguiled Miss Amy out to hear the nightingales. So we will not disturb them, but put our pleasures down in pen and ink, and let the young couple, if they will, devise a conclusion which shall fitly crown

"With happy memories a happy day."

A. P.

LUDWIG'S JEALOUSY.

A COMPLETE STORY.

N one of the many crowded streets of a town not far from Bonn, at the time when that fine old city was the capital of an electorate, and justly renowned for its artistic supremacy, there lived an old musical instrument mender.

His shop—if the dingy little room with its one dim window, and low entrance, stocked with a motley collection of old instruments in various stages of decrepitude, be worthy such a designation—lay almost under the shadow of the great church; and when the evening sun lit up the grand old pile, a faint reflection of glory found its way through the narrow doorway of the instrument mender's abode, and threw a dim halo, like the light of departed days, round his odd stock.

There was something strangely pathetic in the sight of these voiceless melodists hanging neglected from the dingy walls, with loose strings straggling, like the spare grey locks of old age, round their shattered frames; and waiting in patient yet speechless anxiety for the touch of art which—so whispered hope—was to set them up anew, and restore them again to the world for another period of triumph. Poor broken-winded "cellos" and thin-voiced violins! strange types of worn-out humanity, waiting, like so many human patients, with trembling frames and lengthened features, and wrinkles intensified by anxiety, for the word of condemnation or encouragement from the physician's lips, that shall mark the verdict of life or death to each of them.

The musical instrument mender had two sons: one, Ludwig, the elder, a sharp intelligent lad, full of fire and ambition; the other, Felix, a shy dreamy boy, with strangely lustrous full dark eyes, seldom speaking, and never joining in the sports and games proper to childhood.

Both helped the father in his work; for the old man was a sort of celebrity in his way, famed for his dexterity in mending a broken bridge, or repairing the ravages of time by a new coat of varnish, and it was his intention to bring both boys up in the same trade. But while Ludwig, with his long slender fingers, firm and quick in their movements, soon learnt to work as neatly as his father, little Felix proved himself awkward and incapable. Yet, while Ludwig sauntered away, carelessly indifferent to the success of a piece of work which had not depended on him in any way, Felix would remain by his father's side, watching in breathless anxiety the adjustment of a screw or the gluing of a back.

Many a hopeless incurable condemned to the fire was saved by him, and secretly stored away in a closet under the roof, and here, safe from the scrutiny of other eyes, he amused himself for hours drawing a feeble sound or two from wheezy lungs that refused to respond to any touch less tender than his.

His great delight, however, was to steal into the church during the hours for service. Here he spent long hours listening to the choir practising, and drinking in with never-wearying delight the deep sounds from the organ. The boy had a sweet voice that might have gained him a place in the choir had any one discovered the fact; but only the old violins under the roof knew that Felix could sing, and they were not likely, in the nature of things, to divulge the secret.

One day, a very important personage came into the shop: no less an one than Johann Breun, Capell-meister to the late Elector, and of great repute both as a singer and as a violinist.

He had brought his famous violin with him, in order to have some slight matter attended to. Ludwig in his father's absence took the task in hand, and acquitted himself to the old master's entire satisfaction.

As he handed the instrument back to its owner with a respectful bow, the musician's eyes fell on his long delicately-shaped hand.

"Why, boy," he cried, "thou hast the very fingers for this instrument thyself! wouldst like to learn?"

The boy coloured; a flash of delight and expectation passed across his face. Musical emoluments in those days were the reverse of extravagant; yet the old master's own assured position, his comfortable income, his prosperous condition, the solid respectability of his abode, were in themselves a sufficient guarantee of what might be done in the profession, under the kindly wing of protection.

"Ay, master," he replied, "that would I, if I could hope to do as much by my violin as you have done."

The musician took this as a compliment to his mastery over the instrument: it did not occur to him that it might be merely a tribute to his easy condition.

He seized the boy's hand, and felt the flexible joints.

"Why, my boy," he cried excitedly, "if thou hast but the soul of music within thee, thou mayst do more. Come, I will teach thee; and perhaps, who knows! thou mayst one day find thyself Capell-meister in thy turn."

Ludwig gasped for breath. Capell-meister; the protégé of an Elector; pensioner of a prince; the frequenter of Courts; the friend of high-born dames! All this instead of one mean shop, and the poor share of a paltry trade!

"Canst work?" inquired the master.

There was no need for reply. No labour is too great for genius or ambition. Ludwig possessed the very soul of ambition. The master saw its gleam in his eye—but he took it for the light of genius.

"Come to me to-morrow," said he in parting; "I will teach thee."

O happy Ludwig! And Felix, standing unnoticed by, felt a great hot tear roll heavily down his cheek.

And so Ludwig set himself deliberately to become a musician. The task was a harder one than he had imagined, and it needed all the allurements of future triumph to keep him at it. All day long he toiled, up

and down, up and down the weary strings, hating the work but loving the end in view. Sometimes he grew disgusted. Often, after a stormy lesson, in which the fiery old musician, angrily contemptuous at the boy's failure to understand his exercise in counter-point, or perhaps dimly conscious of his pupil's lack of soul, would in his passion almost resort to blows, Ludwig would come home, throw down his instrument, tear his hair, and vow that never again would he take a lesson. But these fits were short: on good days—days when the maestro was satisfied with his pupil—Ludwig would get him to talk about his old Court days; the receptions he attended, the great people who flattered him, and paid him deference (for the musician had his touch of vanity like the rest of the world), and these reminiscences fired Ludwig's heart anew. Courage and industry, and all these things would be his too! When at night he lay down to sleep, he saw himself, in his dreams, the centre of a grand assembly. Fair maidens and high-born dames smiled graciously on *him*, Ludwig, the son of the instrument mender, Ludwig the great musician; they bent their heads in rapt attention, while through the air floated the magic sounds of music made by his hand.

One night the dream was so vivid, the sounds so distinct, that they roused him from his slumber, and he awoke cold and trembling. Surely he was dreaming yet; for the tender strains still lingered on the night air, and touched with a distant trembling vibration his listening ear. He started up, and peered through the darkness of the room, almost fancying that in a moment more the often-pictured scene of the Electoral Court would open before his eyes. Nothing to be seen; yet still in the distance, amid the darkness, those faint vibrations floating mysteriously through the room.

A thrill, almost of fear, passed through the listener's heart. Hastily he rose, and made his way to the door. The strains grew louder; they seemed to proceed from the little cupboard in the roof where reposed the worn-out treasures of the tender-hearted Felix.

Ludwig half murmured a prayer. Was it the music of the spheres he heard at that solemn hour of the night? Instinctively he held his breath and listened. The instrument—it was a violin, there was no mistaking it—seemed, to his excited mind, to wail and moan as though some spirit-hand, troubled and restless, strayed over the strings. Ludwig listened half fascinated for a time; then he crept back to his chamber, and groped his way to his brother's bed-side; for the two boys shared the one room.

"Felix," he whispered.

The child did not answer.

"Felix," he repeated, "wake up; I want you to listen to the music." He knew that this, if anything, would rouse the boy.

Yet still no answer.

He stretched out his hand in the darkness. There was no one there; the bed was deserted!

The whole truth burst on him with a flash. It was Felix—Felix who was playing up there in the darkness—Felix who was meanly stealing his art from him. He threw himself on the bed and writhed in agony of spirit. The bitterest, cruellest jealousy took possession of his heart. To share his glory with Felix was to forfeit it altogether.

Just as the first cock-crow announced the birth of another morn, the child crept cautiously back to his bed, never doubting that Ludwig still slumbered.

Night after night the same thing occurred. Ludwig grew almost to hate the dreamy child who seemed to be stepping between him and his ambition. He dreaded lest the maestro should discover his brother's superior talent; and never lost an opportunity of railing at the boy, sneering at his incapacity, scoffing at his stupidity.

The father saw that all was not well between the two boys. He grew anxious about the younger lad. He remembered that death must call one day, and that he must obey; he trembled for the little Felix, left at the mercy of the clever elder boy.

He pondered over the matter for some time in silence; then he spoke.

"Felix, wouldst like to go and visit thy aunt in Dresden?"

The boy looked up, radiant. What possibilities did such a journey not suggest?

One morning, they packed the bag that contained all his worldly possessions, and tucking his one treasure, an old violin, under his arm, the boy bade farewell to his old home, and started off on his journey into the great world beyond.

* * * * *

Years went by: Felix was still away. Occasionally a letter, written in a bright hopeful spirit and full of undefined expectation, came to the old home. Occasionally, too, there came letters from the good aunt with whom Felix lived; but she was cleverer with her needle than with her pen, and it was difficult sometimes to make out her strange flourishes. That she loved the boy was clear, for her letters were one long song of praise in his honour. She hinted at mysterious patrons who had befriended the boy, and who took a strange interest in his welfare. Then, by-and-by, there came whispers of a fair young fraülein with golden hair and eyes of heavenliest blue, far above Felix in social position, said the good aunt, but, with all her virtues, only his equal in all that was great and noble in human nature. She was the daughter of his patron, himself an ancient burgomeister, and was to be the crowning prize of the young man's efforts, if, and only if, said the father, he should prove successful in the career he had mapped out for himself.

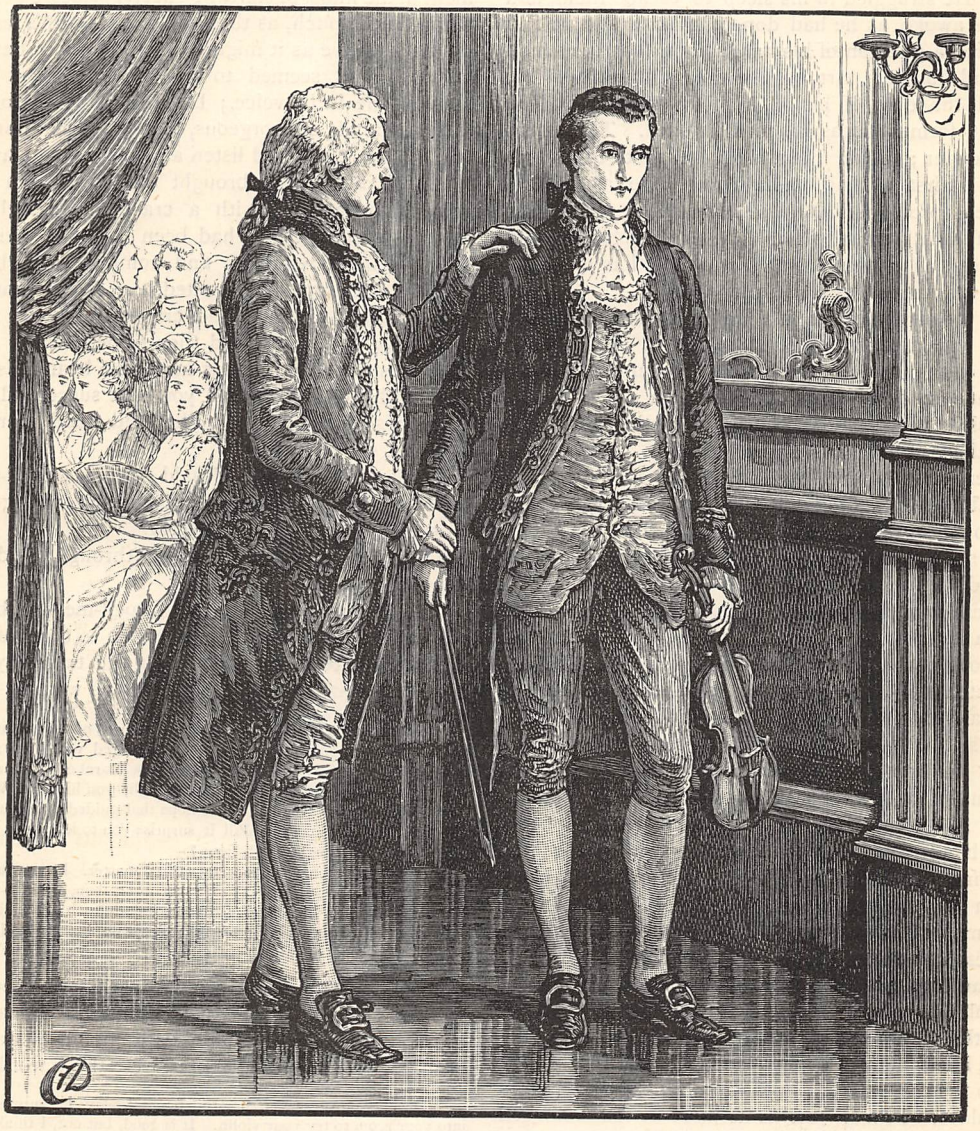
To all this Ludwig listened with complete indifference. He was so hard at work now perfecting his musical studies, that Felix, out of sight and out of hearing, no longer troubled his jealous soul.

His skill as a violinist was very great. In the mechanical part of his art it was simply marvellous; and although the old Capell-meister had long discovered that his pupil was soulless, so far as music was concerned, still he was proud of him and hoped great things for him.

The Elector had announced his intention of holding

a series of chamber concerts, to consist of string music exclusively, and it was an open secret that at the close of the performances the most successful violinist would be offered an important post in the Court orchestra. in order that none should say his pupil had made his *début* under the open protection of a friend.

It was night when Ludwig reached his destination ; and he made his way straight to the lodging that



"HE FELT THE MAESTRO'S HAND ON HIS ARM" (*p.* 338).

Ludwig had received through his old friend the Capell-meister an invitation to attend, and already he felt that the moment so longed and sought for had arrived. He felt confident of success—this is easy to understand, for diffidence belongs to genius—and he smilingly pictured to himself his triumph.

Yet it was with some excitement of feeling, and some small trepidation at heart, that he finally set out for Bonn, whither the Capell-meister had preceded him, had been set aside for him during his stay in the capital.

On the morrow—soon after noon—he was sitting idly in his chamber, when a strange thing befell him. He fell into a light doze, and somehow in his slumber he seemed to be borne back, on the wings of time, to the days of his childhood. He and Felix were boys again. They both stood in the midst of an assembly of courtly personages, each had a violin

in his hand, and both were playing. How fast Felix played! They were racing, he trying to outstrip his brother in the race. The ladies looked on, but their encouraging glances were all bent on the younger brother; they had all of them golden hair and blue eyes. How reproachfully the eyes seemed to look on him! He struggled in his sleep to escape them, and awoke—awoke, as he had done once long ago, to find the vision a creation of his imagination, but the sound that had formed part of his dream a reality. He opened the door of his room, just as he had done on that former occasion, and listened. The music grew louder; again the strains reached him from above. First a long steady note, like a sigh indefinitely prolonged—he had learnt the same trick himself with infinite difficulty—and then a burst of sweetness, of pathos, and of passion, the like of which had never come from his hand.

For the first time in his life he became conscious of his own deficiencies. Marvelling at the superior power of the invisible performer, he stumbled to the door, and made his way into the open air, to escape if possible the sounds themselves and the gloomy forebodings they awakened within him.

When he returned, the house was silent. Some irresistible power seized him, and he stole up the stairs and towards the room from whence the music had come. The door was open, the room vacated, but he could discern, in the dim light of the winter afternoon, an open case on the table, and a violin within. Like a thief he drew near, and looked at it. He bent down: the label, "Stradivarius," was a sufficient guarantee of the quality of the instrument even had he not heard it. There was another inscription besides. He raised the violin in his hand to look at it nearer: it was his brother's name, Felix. The ungoverned passions of a whole life-time seemed to be let loose in his soul. He took the violin, and with his trembling hands tore out the strings, and flinging the instrument from him on the floor, he crunched it, like a broken toy, beneath his heel. There he left it, and in a few moments more he was in his own room again. He dressed, he scarce knew how, in the Court garments that had been so carefully prepared for the occasion—the embroidered waistcoat, the silken hose, the buckled shoes that he was donning for the first time in his life—and, like a man in a hideous nightmare, he made his way to the carriage that was waiting to convey him to the Palace. In a few moments more he found himself standing—still as in a dream—upon the smooth parquet of the concert-room. The lights dazzled him by their brilliancy. The splendid toilettes, rustling fans, the murmur of voices, the glancing of bright eyes, the perfume that filled the air bewildered him.

The performance began. He played as he had never played before. Never was execution so brilliant—so faultless. Some unseen power seemed to drive his bow. The effect was weird and startling. He might have been the ancient mariner telling his gruesome tale, and his audience the wedding-guests, "who could not choose but hear."

The keener critics, accustomed to form a calm judgment in the midst of startling effects, professed to detect a flaw in the pitch, as though the musician's ear were not as sensitive as it might be, and a certain harshness of tone, that seemed to rob the instrument of the human tone in its voice; but the whole performance was so rapid, so gorgeous, that the general audience could only sit still and listen as in a fevered trance.

A brilliant passage brought the piece to an abrupt conclusion—almost with a crash as though some creature's heart-strings had been torn asunder. The triumph was immediate and complete. A burst of tremendous applause greeted the young musician. The moment ambition had craved was come at last. He bowed repeatedly, and then turned away. He felt the maestro's hand on his arm, and heard his proud voice in his ear—"My son, you have succeeded."

Ludwig tottered to a pillar, and stood there for a moment, speechless.

"You are ill, my pupil," said the old Capell-meister in evident consternation. "Come, we will go. To-morrow you will see the Elector."

They made their way together through the deserted streets.

"To-morrow," said the old Capell-meister brightly, "To-morrow brings the introduction to the Elector."

Ludwig entered his room. On the table lay a note bearing his name, and in his brother's writing:—

"BROTHER,—I write this note at the moment of my departure from this town, which only a few hours since I entered with quite a different purpose in view. By accident I have just learnt of your arrival, and have heard of the errand which has brought you hither. Will it surprise you to learn that the same hope that guided your footsteps has also been my loadstone? Will it surprise you to learn that I also am a musician struggling towards fame?

"You yourself, brother, were my earliest master. From you did I first discover my passion for music. We can never, then, be rivals; besides, the sacred bonds of blood and affection preclude such a possibility. My success to-night was to have brought me a wife, but it would also have lost me a brother.—Thine, "FELIX."

Then, added hastily in a postscript, as though his generous heart had reproached him, in the face of his own bitter disappointment, with giving a scant and grudging measure of affection, were these words:—

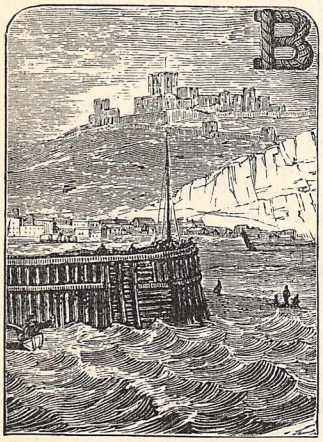
"During your absence from the house to-day, I ventured to steal into your room to try your violin. It is good, but not, I think, equal to mine, which is the gift of a generous patron. I leave it behind in the hope that you will make use of it on this occasion. God be with thee, and every success crown thy efforts."

When the old Capell-meister called for his protégé the next morning, in order to bring about the coveted introduction to the Elector, Ludwig had left the town, leaving no message behind him.

H. H. R.

HOW ENGLAND STRIKES A COLONIST.

BY THE HON. PHILIP CARTERET HILL, LATE PREMIER OF THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.



BROUGHT up from his earliest youth to reverence and admire the parent country as the home of all that is good and great, as the fountain from which all the liberty and constitutional government now existing in the world have flowed—as, in short, the Empire distinguished above all others in the annals of the human race in war, in science, in laws, in religion—the feelings of one born and educated in a distant part of the Empire, who for the first time sets his foot on the shores of England, can be but faintly understood by an Englishman. From the days when he hears in the nursery the fabled exploits of Jack the Giant-killer on English soil, down to the hour when he studies with delight the real struggles of Englishmen for civil and religious liberty, and the successful issue of their efforts, in the pages of England's historians, every lesson of his childhood, youth, and manhood has been one of England's glory.

The surface of England is covered with material monuments of her wonderful history, which, in the nature of things, can have no parallel in a new country; and these must ever possess an irresistible attraction to a colonist. There is but one Westminster Abbey in the world; there is no such regal dwelling in any land as Windsor Castle. But with all the attractions arising from their beauty and historical associations, it is not to material monuments that the eyes of the visitor from the colonies are turned with deepest interest. The working of that Constitution which, itself the growth of many ages, has been the fountain from which every other land has drawn whatever of constitutional liberty it may possess, the condition of the people living under it, the administration of the law, the guarantees for the civil and religious liberties of the people, the basis of the commercial supremacy of the nation, the causes which have led the inhabitants of a narrow island, handicapped with a climate more suited to the development of frogs than of human beings, to such an unparalleled pre-eminence among the nations of the world, these and many other kindred questions constitute to the mind of a reflecting man the chief subjects for study. Nor are the lighter aspects of English life devoid of deep interest to an observer from the New World. I cannot, of course, pretend to cover the vast field embraced in this catalogue; I can only touch upon a few of those features which strike one from my point of view most forcibly.

It is said that nine persons out of every ten, when they meet a friend, open the conversation by some remarks on the subject of the weather. This is not only true but natural. Whom does not the climate and the state of the weather concern? It affects the pleasure of monarchs, it is everything to the beggar; I cannot therefore escape the universal law; I must speak of the weather. And let me frankly say that I cannot like the English climate; the eternal rain disconcerts me. The English winter presses hard on all alike; it presses on the rich, for they do not know how to make their houses comfortable as we do in Canada with hot air or steam or hall stoves, to the absence of which, in my judgment, is to be largely attributed the prevalence of consumption in the British Islands; it is harder still on the poor, for they cannot guard against the cold damp atmosphere of their dwellings if they would. A bright clear sky, with the snow crisp and dry as we have it in Canada, and this for weeks continuously, even although the temperature is much below that of an English winter, is infinitely preferable to dark gloomy skies and an unceasing downfall of rain.

How under such depressing skies the Anglo-Saxon energy of character has survived, and led Englishmen into every land, from the Tropics to the Poles, and covered the face of the earth with busy and flourishing communities, is still to me one of those mysteries of which the solution lies deep below the surface. Any other race of men would have become as weak and colourless as the washed-out tints which æsthetically-disposed young men and women now profess to admire, and would never have strayed beyond the borders of the British Isles.

The wealth of the wealthy and the exceeding poverty of the poor always strike a colonist very forcibly. There are rich people and poor people on the other side of the Atlantic, but they are not divided by so wide a gulf as in England. In every community, and especially in large cities, poverty will exist as long as drunkenness and vice and ignorance prevail; but, unless I am deceived, the wretched condition of the poor in England is not always due to their own vice or improvidence. The country is over-populated; the demand for labour, especially for unskilled labour, is not equal to the supply. A poor man, even when he can find employment, has to toil very hard for a very small remuneration. Of the comforts which the same amount of toil would procure him in one of the colonies he knows little; of anything approaching to luxury he knows nothing, unless in his dreams.

Doubtless the reason for this abject poverty is often to be traced, as the advocates of temperance assure us, to the drinking habits of the people; but we must not lay the whole blame on intemperance. The highly artificial state of society and the excess of population form important elements of the question.

Nor is the misery of the poor due to any active

injustice or oppression on the part of the rich; the wrong-doing is rather negative in its character. The victims of the Black Hole of Calcutta were not bayoneted nor strangled; they simply trampled each other to death in their frantic struggles to get access to the one small opening which supplied air. And the poor in England, in their overcrowded dwellings, are doing the same thing; the place is too strait for them, and up to the present time the British Nabob has been fast asleep, and the sentinels have been afraid to disturb his slumbers, and to tell him that his poor were crushing each other in the dust in their struggle for life. There are indications on all sides that the bitter cry which has now come up from the outcasts of London and Liverpool, and other great cities, has aroused the nation to a sense of its responsibilities, and that the door of relief may yet be opened in time to many who are now shut up to a life of unutterable wretchedness.

Communists, I know, and many who would be shocked to be classed with communists, have a remedy for all this inequality, which has, at least, an elegant simplicity to recommend it. Take the land, they say, from the present owners, and divide it equally among the whole people. The unemployed classes in London, it appears from the proceedings of a recent meeting, as reported in the daily papers, are opposed to State-aided emigration as a remedy for their distress, and think that the landlords should be "emigrated," and they colonised at home. But if the land were equally distributed to-morrow, it could no more support the present population of England than if each individual had a conveyance in fee simple of an acre of sand in the Desert of Sahara.

There are, no doubt, many persons by no means of the criminal class in this country, of whom it might be truly said, if they emigrated, that they had left their country for their country's good. I refer to that class who are either too proud or too lazy to work, and who, if they cannot obtain some Government appointment, and live at the expense of the tax-payers of the country, are content to live on their friends.

It does not require a long residence in the country to see that this class is a large one; nor, as it seems to me, is it very difficult to account for its numbers. There are snobs and snobbery in abundance, both in the United States and in Canada, but I hope I may be pardoned for saying that the peculiar and artificial conditions of life in England are more favourable to their growth than in newer countries. I would not venture to use the language of scorn and contempt which fills the pages of Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," but the slavish bondage to "Society," which reigns with an iron rule in England, cannot fail to strike the mind of a colonist very forcibly. It not unfrequently assumes a ludicrous aspect. In one small town, I had the assurance of one of the residents that, small as the community was, there were about fifty distinct gradations of rank, each about half an inch higher than the other, but that these infinitesimal differences were sacred in the eyes of the inhabitants.

It is this preposterous estimate of the value of their own half-inch on the scale that produces so many of the class of "loafers." They will not dig, but they are not ashamed to beg; anything—death itself—would, in their estimation, be preferable to descending half an inch on the social scale, even though the descent might land them in comparative affluence. In fact, "caste" prevails, only it is under another name.

It would be impossible for a visitor from the colonies not to be struck with the evidences of the great wealth of England. They abound on every hand, but he who would realise its extent fully must see London in the season. The world can show nothing comparable to Hyde Park on a fine day. It is not merely the splendour of the equipages, the well-dressed crowds, nor the beauty of the grounds which strike a stranger most forcibly. These can all be seen in other great cities of the world. It is their bewildering numbers, the unceasing flow of the glittering stream, which fill him with wonder. The wealth, of which all this is but the outward sign, must be almost boundless in extent.

It may not be out of place here to say how refreshing it is to see men in the Park, on every day of the week alike, who dress like gentlemen. London appears to be the last place remaining in the kingdom where men think it necessary to do so. In every other town which I have visited, what has been well termed the cattle-drover style of dress prevails. Tweed suits and felt hats are worn by all. Singularly enough, however, those who adopt this style of dress appear to be secretly ashamed of it. For I have noticed that everywhere, on Sundays, after the manner of coal-heavers and other sons of toil, they invariably appear arrayed in their best apparel, including their tall hats. Nor is this habit confined to the British Islands; it prevails universally, and probably is merely an indication of the democratic spirit of the age, which having levelled many thrones and kingdoms, is now occupied in the humbler sphere of levelling all distinctions in dress.

But whence comes all the boundless wealth of England? To what cause is due her undisputed supremacy in commerce? How did her Empire come to encircle the globe? These are the questions which present themselves for solution, which are always fresh, and which can never lose their interest.

When we come down to what gold-miners call the "hard pan," it appears to me that we reach the mental, physical, and religious character of the Anglo-Saxon race. This is the true basis of England's wealth and greatness. There is some truth in what the physical geographers tell us of the effect of the natural conformation of a country on the character of its inhabitants. The British Islands would appear to have been designed to produce a nation of sea-kings and colonisers; their insular position and inhospitable climate have developed a race of men such as the unclouded skies and perpetual summer of the tropics have never yet produced: men who, scorning hardship, knowing and loving the freedom of the ocean, could not brook slavery on shore. Who but Englishmen would have ventured to cross the stormy Atlantic in a crazy craft like the *Mayflower*,

and to brave the dangers and hardships of settling in an unknown land among savages cruel as tigers, for conscience-sake, and love of liberty?

I do not wonder that the inhabitants of Plymouth feel a pardonable pride in the fact that the Pilgrim Fathers embarked from that ancient port on their perilous voyage, and that the event is commemorated by a noble stained window in their magnificent Guildhall. The pier known as the Barbican, whence the embarkation took place, cannot be seen by a visitor from the New World without feelings of the deepest interest. Who of those that witnessed that scene could have dreamed of the mighty results which were to flow from the departure of a handful of humble men and women in a vessel scarce fitted, as we should think now, to cross the Channel?

But little more than two hundred years have elapsed, and that handful has become one of the greatest nations of the earth; and the most marked feature of that wonderful growth is that the liberty-loving, God-fearing character of the Pilgrim Fathers has been, and to this day is, the real foundation of the expansion and development of the American people into their present high position. It was the New England leaven which leavened the whole North with its hatred of slavery, and which led to the emancipation of the slaves in the South. It was from Massachusetts, with the noble foundation of Harvard University as the centre, that the love of literature and science has spread through the land, and elevated the whole national character.

Englishmen ought to be proud that all this wonderful history has sprung from the display by some of their own sons of their own noblest characteristics, and that within a period which, in the life of a nation, is but a hand-breadth. In truth, it is only their own history repeated, and their own indomitable love of civil and religious liberty exhibited on a new stage.

As I look across the border-line which separates this great nation from the Dominion of Canada, and contemplate its almost fabulous prosperity, its boundless resources, its lofty place in the scale of nations, I am filled with indignation, or perhaps I should say with sorrow, even after this long interval of time, when I reflect that, but for the insane measures of Lord North and his colleagues, the whole undivided continent of North America might still form a portion of the British Empire. Doubtless, no people numbering fifty millions of souls, and possessed of almost boundless wealth and power, could have continued to be governed by despatches dictated by the changing humour or caprice of a Colonial Minister in Downing Street. To retain the old colonies within the Empire, they must have been incorporated with it as an integral portion, having a voice in the making of all laws affecting their welfare.

It is too late now to think of remedying the disasters which flowed from the madness of the statesmen of a former generation. All that now remains is to profit by the lesson which their policy teaches. We can even find an illustration of this lesson at a period long anterior to the American Revolution. The only Empire of antiquity that approached in its real grandeur and civilisation the British Empire was that of Rome; and though nominally she gave to all her dependencies the privileges of Roman citizenship, it was in name only. Her vast territory was really held together by the strong imperial arm, and when she called in her legions the Empire went hopelessly to pieces. The truth is that external force, as a means of combining a number of peoples and lands of varied interests into one great whole, becomes too feeble to effect its object at great distances.

Canada and Australia are advancing in the path of progress by "leaps and bounds." They are happy and contented. Lord Carnarvon, in his recent lecture on the subject of his tour in Canada, states that the very countenances of the people spoke of contentment. In both hemispheres they are loyally attached to the parent land. Their emancipation from the leading-strings of the Colonial Minister has gone on *pari passu* with their progress in wealth and population; and their attachment to the Fatherland and its illustrious Sovereign has grown and increased also. But it requires no more of the gift of prophecy than is involved in an ordinary knowledge of human nature, to see that when they have begun to approximate to the numbers and wealth of the United States, which may not improbably be at no distant day, the statesmen of the future must be prepared to grapple with the great question of a federation of the whole Empire.

It would be idle now to dream of what might have been if the United States had not been separated from the parent-country. Never in the history of the world had any nation such a colony, or such an opportunity to become, by the mere moral power of its greatness, the guardian and pledge to the human family of universal peace. But the opportunity was thrown away, and, instead of a strong right hand to help her, Great Britain has now the arm of a gigantic rival to confront her in every Court and market of the world.

It is more profitable to turn to the future. Time, the healer of all things, may yet bring round a compensation. The Dominion of Canada is greater in extent than the whole of the United States, and possesses fertile land enough to support untold millions of families in comfort; Australia, the Southern Britain, possesses such boundless territory and resources that no one can venture to predict its future. The golden opportunity which the statesmen of a former generation threw away will yet again, at no distant day, present itself to the rulers of England. I have seen enough in my visit to this country to feel assured that the feelings of the people towards the colonies have undergone an entire revulsion from those which once prevailed. Nor is there any reason to doubt that those hopes for the grandeur and permanence of the great British Empire, entertained in common by Englishmen and colonists, may yet be realised, and that the English language, laws, and religion will yet prevail over the greater part of the globe.

The Nightingale's Haunt.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD.

Music by FRANZ ABT.

PIANO.

Allegretto.

Long *tr* 3 *Long* *tr* 3 *tr* *tr* *tr*

p *p* *p* *pp* *mf* *decres.*

1. In yon - der leaf - y glade..... The night - in - gale is sing - ing,
2. O min - strel of the night,..... Thy notes are most en - chant - ing,

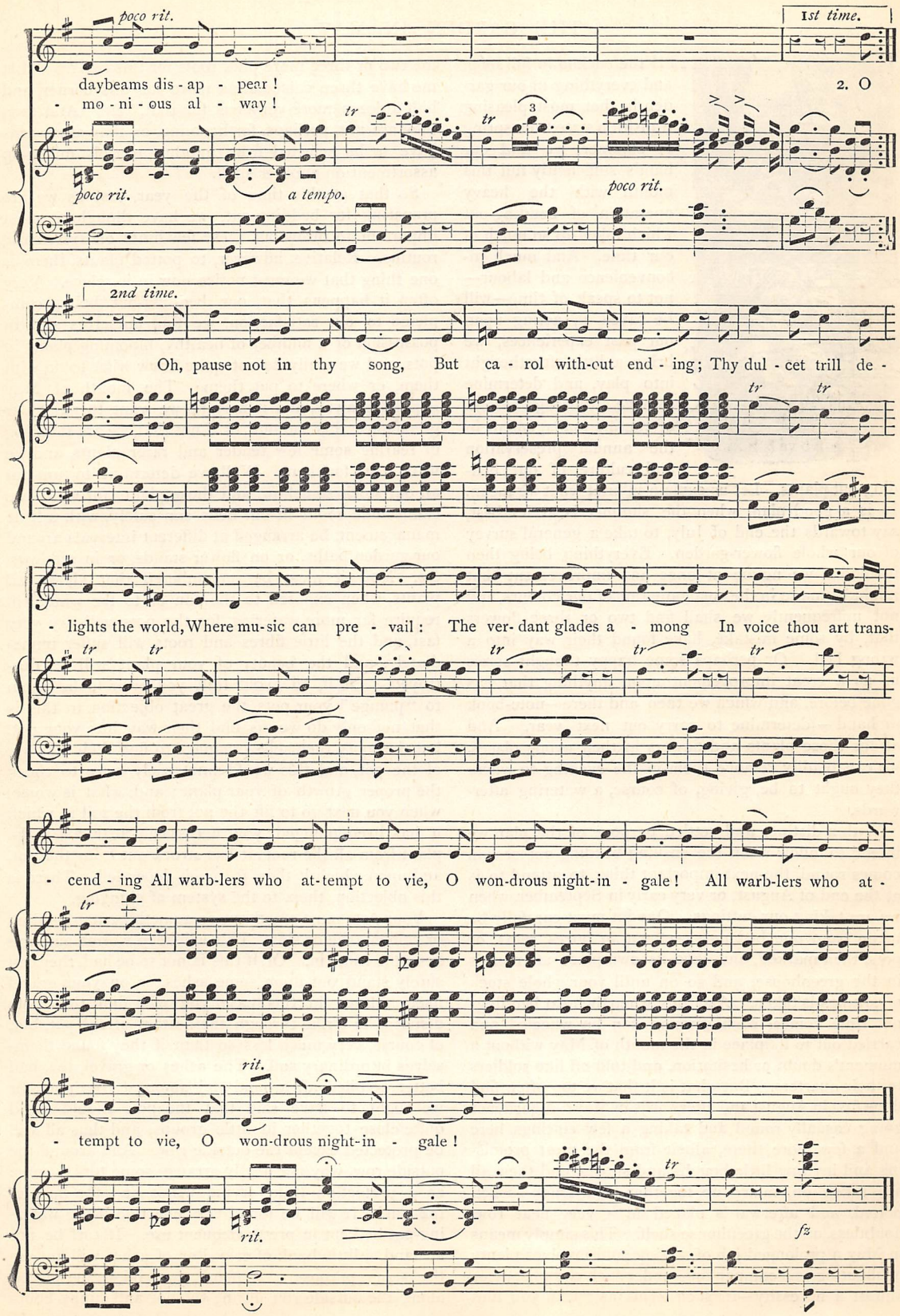
And sweet the ten - der me - lo - dy That falls up - on the ear;
And fill all hearts with ec - sta - sy That list - en to thy lay;

tr *tr* *tr*

Its e - choes soft per - vade The ze - phyrs that are bring - ing Its
Be - neath the moonbeams bright Thou leav - est no - thing want - ing, For

tr *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr*

mu - sic from the ver - dant bow'rs, As day - beams dis - ap - pear! Its mu - sic from the ver - dant bow'rs, As
thine is per - fect me - lo - dy— Har - mo - ni - ous al - way! For thine is per - fect me - lo - dy— Har -


poco rit.
1st time.
daybeams dis - ap - pear !
- mo - ni - ous al - way !
2. O
tr
poco rit.
a tempo.
poco rit.
2nd time.
Oh, pause not in thy song, But ca - rol with-out end - ing; Thy dul - cet trill de -
- lights the world, Where mu-sic can pre - vail : The ver- dant glades a - mong In voice thou art trans-
- cend - ing All warb-lers who at-tempt to vie, O won-drous night-in - gale ! All warb-lers who at -
rit.
- tempt to vie, O won-drous night-in - gale !
fz

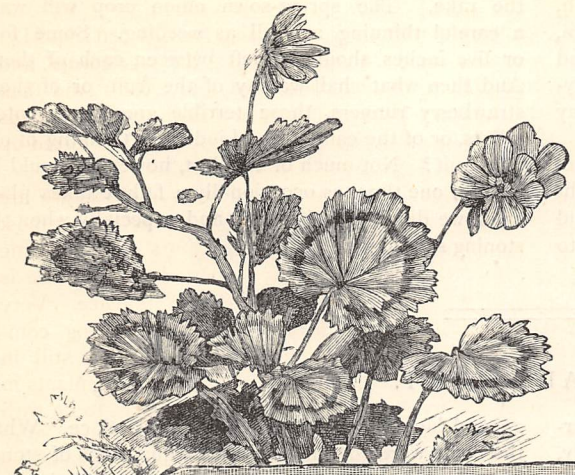
THE GARDEN IN MAY.

WITH the cuckoo in full song, and everything in our garden in that most pleasing transition state from spring to summer, we find our hands sufficiently full this month with the heavy operation of bedding-out which takes up so much of our time. And much inconvenience and labour—not to speak of time—will be saved if, acting upon our past experiences, we bring a little forethought into play, and determine to have a thorough system of routine management in the annual preservation and culture of our bedding-out plants. Let us explain in brief what we mean. It is a good plan, when the summer is at its best, say towards the end of July, to take a general survey of our whole flower-garden. Everything being then in bloom, we notice at once any improvement that might be made in the amalgamation of our colours, and not unfrequently we shall find two or three flowers that, by some mistake, have found their way into a wrong bed. Or perhaps some happy thought seizes us as a great improvement upon anything that has gone before, and which we then and there—note-book in hand — determine to carry out next year. And as for those plants and flowers in their wrong places, we can readily remove them in the evening to where they ought to be, giving, of course, a watering afterwards.

With a distinct and settled purpose of the plan we intend to follow when the ensuing bedding-out season comes round, the next important thing to attend to is at the end of August, or very early in September, when we are taking our cuttings. One lot must carefully be taken from one bed *only*, set out in boxes, pans, or pots, then marked, and have its own place afterwards in the greenhouse, and so on until your whole stock of cuttings is taken. And thus, when the next bedding-out time comes, each division can be wheeled and carried out to its place in the month of May without a moment's doubt or hesitation, and told off like soldiers to their quarters. But what is it that we too often find done first in August and afterwards in May? A gardener going casually round and taking a few cuttings here and a few more there, albeit from the most promising and inviting little boughs and shoots, and then all are taken off, mixed up together in a truck-basket, potted, and afterwards placed in a very neat row, doubtless, on the greenhouse shelf. This simply means in May a prolonged job of sorting, and involves plenty of shouting to a companion—under such circumstances almost a necessity—in such terms as "Can you find me two or three more pink roots for this bed?" "Let me have three calceolarias more for this corner, and half a dozen more verbenas for that," &c. And then they are not, perhaps, forthcoming, or they afterwards have to be selected from another terribly mixed-up assortment on another shelf.

So that at this time of the year, just as we are preparing for bedding-out, we have thought it most important to throw out these few hints on systematic routine. Relative, however, to potted plants, there is one thing that we must notice now in its place. Very often it happens that, our bedding-out being completed to our satisfaction, we find ourselves still in possession of a number of healthy, blooming plants in pots, and we really do not quite know what to do with them, or where to put them. The month of May is passing away, and it may be we want to paint our greenhouse this summer, or if not that, we are thinking of rearing some few tender and rarer plants, and we want room for them. Well, we determine to turn out all our stock somehow, and those plants for which we cannot find room in our beds can safely, with a little management, be arranged at different intervals around our garden paths, or on flower-stands, or in windows, &c. Now it must be remembered that all potted plants, when exposed to the sun or to the wind, will require far more watering, for the pots will dry very fast, and the little fibres and roots will suffer immediately, and the beauty of your plant will be destroyed. Or if, to avoid this, you even found room to "plunge" your pots, the great objection to this is that not only do worms find their way into your pot, but the roots themselves manage to find their way out of the pot, and this would immensely serve to check the proper growth of your plant; and, what is worse, when you next go to lift the pot from the soil in which it has been plunged, you necessarily tear away the plant from all the roots it has struck out from the pot, and upon which it then so much depended. There is this objection, then, to the system of plunging.

Your pots must stand out on something hard—brick or cement, tile or slate. This will keep worms out, and keep the roots in. Or, if this is not to be had, they can surely stand out upon some ashes, or on your gravel itself. Even in this case you will find the roots disposed to strike through the bottom of the pot, but, of course, very much less so than if they found themselves in ordinary soil. The ashes or gravel, too, had better be piled all around and amongst your pots, for we ought to have said that the pots should stand quite close together in little groups, and thus all will be protected except the outside row. And around the outside row, why not neatly arrange some turf to serve as a protection from drying winds and the heat of the sun? It will be found very effective if the watering-pot be kept in pretty frequent use. If turf be not at hand, a little bank of gravel or of ashes will answer the same purpose. A plank, too, might be placed along the outside row during the hot and sunny hours



siderably. The best plan, therefore, is to sow on rather poor ground ; and, if you think about it, you will generally have noticed that our hardy perennials stand permanently and for the most part on poor soil, or in shaded and less frequented parts of the garden, where we seldom carry out fully the bedding-out system. When these perennials are about a couple of inches above ground they should be transplanted, but still in quite poor soil. They will then become far better able to face the possible severities of their first winter than had you sown them, like hardy annuals, in March or early in April. Such, for example, are the Sweet William (*Dianthus barbatus*), the Indian

of the day, the only objection to this being its unsightliness.

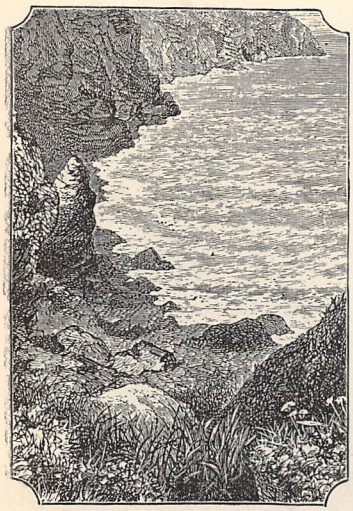
During the months of May and June, hardy biennials and perennials may be sown. And it is best to make the main sowing so that your plants, when up, shall not have had time to become too luxuriant before winter sets in. June is perhaps, then, a better month for this, for if sudden and very severe weather were to set in during November, as is sometimes the case in this fitful climate of ours, even hardy perennials might, in the first year of their existence, suffer very con-

Pink, Snapdragon, Canterbury Bell, Red Valerian, Columbine, Lupines, &c.

If our flower-garden occupies us so much this month, almost the same may be said of our kitchen-garden, where successional sowing, constant weeding, and much else has to be done. But particularly will early-sown crops want thinning, and, of course, very many must be planted out.

Beans should be topped as soon as they have set a sufficient quantity of pods, while hoeing and earthing up will benefit them. Pick out the heart-bud from any of the winter onions that seem disposed to run up. Their bulbs are greatly assisted by bending over the stems in the old-fashioned way with the rake. The spring-sown onion crop will want a careful thinning as well as weeding. Some four or five inches should be left between each of them. And then what shall we say of the fruit, or of those strawberry runners, those terrible gooseberry caterpillars, or of the cautious and judicious thinning of our wall-fruit? Not much of this last, however, should be done at one time, as occasionally a failure takes place when we did not look for it, and especially when the stoning season sets in.

A WHALE-HUNT.



ON a sultry afternoon in July, 18—, a brigantine, with all sail set, slowly rounded the North Head of Wick Bay, and steered to an anchorage to wait the rising of the tide to a height sufficient to admit of her entering the harbour. As the vessel passed into the bay, persons on the headland observed that she was followed at a distance of two or three hundred yards by a whale, which at intervals rose to the surface, sent a jet of water into the air, and then plunged downwards with a flourish of its tail. The appearance of whales off that part of the coast is no unusual thing, but one of those huge animals actually entering the bay was an exceptional occurrence, and was noted accordingly.

In a little time the brigantine furled her sails, dropped her anchor, and swung round on the tide. The whale, which appeared to be about forty feet in length, now passed close to the vessel, and began a series of gambols in her immediate neighbourhood. It subsequently transpired that the animal had followed the brigantine all the way from Stornoway, being evidently attracted by the bright new metal with which the vessel's hull was sheathed.

There were, as usual at that period of the year, many persons about the shores of the bay, engaged in putting things in order for the great "herring harvest" which was about to begin, and no sooner was their attention drawn to the presence of the whale, than by a common impulse a grand hunt of the marine monster was resolved upon, and a general launching of small boats took place. When the boats were got into the water, quantities of stones from the beach were thrown into them, and the men about to embark seized such weapons of offence as were handy. The plan of attack was to form a line of boats across the bay to the seaward of the whale, and then advance towards the shore and try to drive the animal on to the sands at the river-mouth. In order to carry out this design, the boats were rowed along the shore on either side of the bay, until they got some distance beyond the scene of the whale's gambols, when they were extended into line and advanced in that formation, their crews in the meantime hallooing and throwing stones into the water. In due time the whale appeared to realise the situation, and shaped its course towards the sands which occupy the inner angle of the bay, the boats closing in rapidly on its track. When the animal found itself in shallow water, it began to plunge about wildly, and at one moment appeared to be completely stranded. By a desperate effort, however, it got away, and headed towards the line of boats. This movement created intense excitement, as it was feared that a flourish of the animal's tail might work havoc among the hunters. The shouts of the men, the beating of the water with their oars, and the rain of stones had their effect, however, and the whale again and again got into difficulties on the sands. In the meantime, the report that a whale-hunt was in progress had got abroad in the town, and the cliffs and jetties were soon lined by eager spectators.

Among the people on the shore when the whale first came into view was old Sandy Manson, who had struck many a "fish" when serving as harpooner on board a Peterhead whaler. Promptly recognising what was the proper thing to do, Sandy thrust into his waistcoat pocket the short clay pipe he was smoking, and hurried to his house, which was not far off. The chief ornament in his sitting-room was an old harpoon, a trophy of his early achievements in Davis Straits, which was slung from two stout nails over the mantelshelf, and which had formed the text of many a yarn spun for the delectation of the fisher-lads who made Sandy's home a place of resort on winter evenings.

Snatching the harpoon from its resting-place, and throwing a coil of rope on one of his arms, Sandy hurried to the shore, full of that fervour which the cry of "A fall!" used to excite in him of old. Jumping into the first boat he came to, Sandy was soon a conspicuous figure in the hunt as he stood erect in the prow, with the harpoon poised aloft in his right hand. Unfortunately for him, however, he never got a chance of using his weapon, for the whale as if by instinct avoided the neighbourhood of his boat. For upwards of an hour the animal dodged about without being able to pass the line of boats, and during that time it frequently appeared on the surface, and was assailed with oars and stones, and in one instance a small anchor was thrown upon its back. A bullet from a rifle struck it, evidently in a sensitive part, for it tumbled about in agony for some time afterwards, and it was noticed that the water was tinged with blood.

A feeling of pity for the animal which had struggled so bravely against its assailants now began to manifest itself, and the beaters of the water relaxed their efforts. The excitement was revived however when, after remaining for an unusually long time under the water, the whale was seen to be once more in difficulties on the sands, lashing the sea into foam with its tail, and making a loud noise as it blew jet after jet of water into the air.

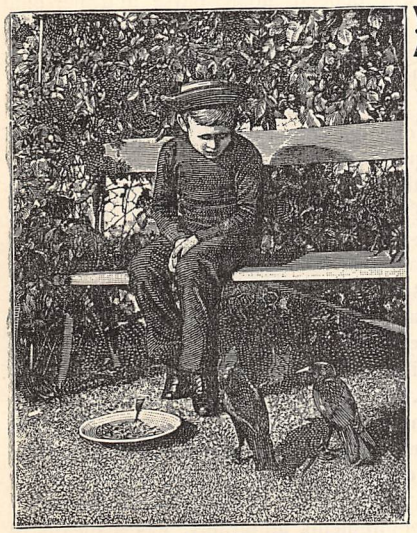
None of the boats were near at this moment, but some venturesome persons among the crowd on the shore rushed into the sea to attack the animal as they best could, and to place themselves in a position to claim the prize should the whale fail to work itself clear of the sands. Their approach stimulated the animal to fresh efforts, and once more it got into deep water and headed seaward. When it next rose to the surface it was outside a number of the boats, and in a fair way to getting out of harm's way. A ready rifleman in one of the outer boats, however, succeeded in lodging another bullet in its body. This caused it almost to leap out of the water, and then taking a grand plunge into the deep, it continued its journey out of the bay at a speed which defied pursuit. It was seen to come to the surface several times afterwards, but was soon lost to sight.

The hunters, seeing their game beyond reach, then gradually returned to the shore and began to exchange speculations as to the size of "the fish," the quantity of oil it would yield, and the chances of its having received a fatal wound. Sandy Manson sulkily restored his harpoon to its old resting-place, and the townsfolk, after the passing thrill of excitement, resumed their avocations with renewed vigour. Three days afterwards, by which time the incidents of the hunt had been thoroughly talked out, the carcase of a whale was washed ashore at a fishing station a few miles south of Wick, and an examination of the wounds which it bore proved it to be the same animal that had afforded such an afternoon's excitement. One of the rifle-shots it was evident had reached a vital part, and the conclusion arrived at was that the whale had died within an hour or two after it got beyond reach of its pursuers.

DAVID BREMNER.

AMATEUR INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY THE REV. A. H. MALAN, M.A.

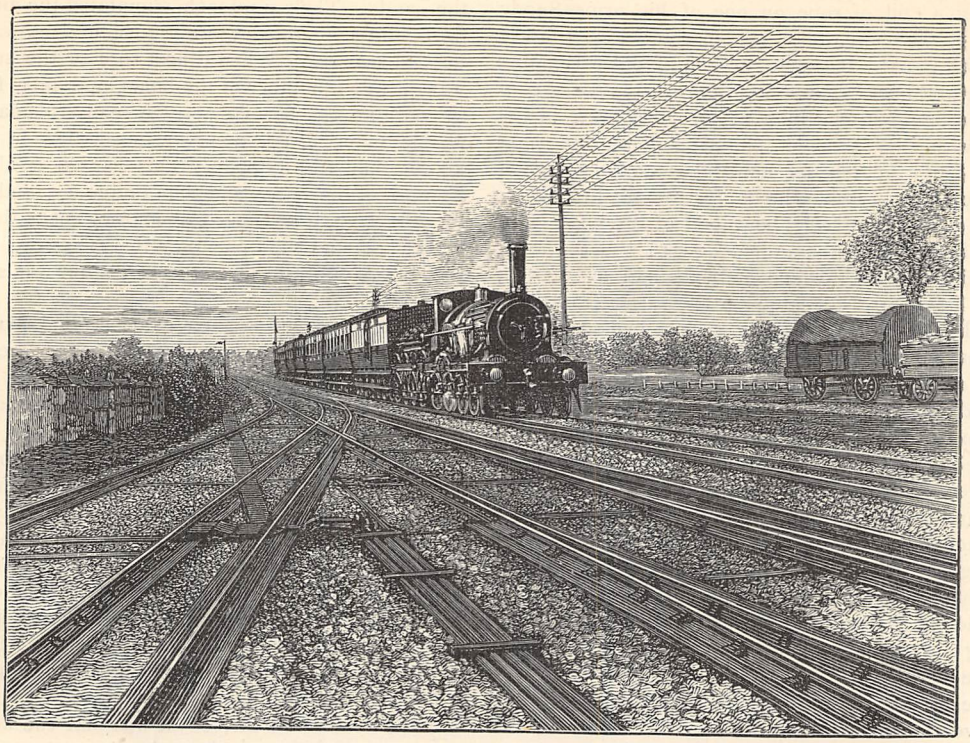


FEEDING THE CHOUGHS. (*From an Instantaneous Photograph by the Author.*)

IF there were not a fascination about a camera, which only increases with usage, few of those numerous amateurs who take up photography in consequence of its modern facilities would be found to persevere until the many difficulties to be encountered have been overcome, and the satisfaction has followed of feeling oneself no longer a helpless, floundering beginner, but to some extent a master of the instrument. The outfit can be readily purchased at moderate cost, even down to the plate already prepared for exposure; but there are many difficulties not dreamed of in the old and easy "wet-plate" process, and there is no royal road to escaping them; experience can only be gained at the expense of various blunders, and even much bewilderment; but then the corresponding advantages also are so great, that no one having once learned to use gelatine plates would be likely to go back to collodion.

No apology, indeed, is needed for amateur photography. Not to speak of the power of being able to reproduce at any moment any object that may take the fancy, thus preserving for the future visible reminiscences of pleasant faces and pleasant places, it is one of those few hobbies which can be said to give almost equal pleasure to others as well as to the person who pursues it.

The mere suggestion, for instance, of taking the portrait of a friend or acquaintance quietly in the drawing-room will be hailed with acclamations of delight—"if only for the fun of the thing." For, however much people may differ in other respects, nine out of



THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN" GOING THROUGH COLLUMPTON AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.
(*From an Instantaneous Photograph by the Author.*)

ten have lurking vanity enough to make them like to see themselves on paper. In future articles we hope to give some hints about landscape and portraiture work; for the present we must confine our remarks to that branch of the art to which the heading alludes.

And considerable haze exists in most people's minds about it. Probably the reader may have noticed in some photographer's window the legend, "Portraits taken by the Instantaneous Process," and when the time has come for his or her portrait to be taken, has been considerably astonished at being requested to sit "quite still" *for three or four seconds.* The fact is, the title is misleading; there is no instantaneous process apart from the ordinary gelatine dry-plate in almost universal use. It should rather be "Under very favourable circumstances, Portraits may be secured Instantaneously."

True, some of the gelatine plates now in general use are more sensitive to light than others, and the sensitiveness depends not so much upon the actual ingredients in the film, as upon the method by which they were treated when the emulsion was prepared; but a modern dry-plate would be considered very slow which would not admit of a picture being taken on it in a second's exposure, *under certain circumstances.* But before thinking about the plate, the necessary apparatus has to be considered.

A cheap and by no means superior class of cameras and lenses has been introduced for the special capture of the unwary amateur, with which, if he be wise, he will have nothing to do; for the best results cannot be expected from inferior appliances. The camera should be light, but rigid, with bellows-body, sliding front, swinging back, and three or more double dark slides, to take two plates each.

The size will depend upon purse and personal convenience. The larger the plate the more bulky must be everything concerned, and the greater amount of chemicals and sensitive paper required, all of which increase the cost; and the amateur who carries out his camera with him in search of the picturesque does not care to be burdened with more weight than is necessary. A good size is one to take plates $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $4\frac{3}{4}$, or 7 by 5, with carriers to take carte-de-visite plates, $4\frac{1}{4}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$. If procured of some good maker, there would be no difficulty in exchanging it at any time for one of larger dimensions, if thought desirable. If only one lens is to be procured, there is none better for all-round purposes than a "Rapid Rectilinear," suited, of course, to the size of plate adopted. Besides camera and lens and tripod, there will be needed a shutter of some kind for making the exposure mechanically. A large variety are made, and the most expensive are not necessarily the best.

A sketch is given of a simple drop-shutter, which answers all requirements admirably, has a means of regulating the exposure at will, is the cheapest of any to buy, and is not beyond the skill of the amateur himself to make. It consists of a light mahogany frame, A (Fig. 1), with a circular hole in the centre, B, of the

same size as, and kept in close contact with the lens by a wooden ring, C (Fig. 2), which fits accurately on the lens' hood. The shutter, D, slides in two rebates in the frame, so smoothly that there is no jar, but so closely that no particle of light can enter the lens except during the exposure. A brass button, E, connected with a spring, Q, and a catch similar to, but lower down than F, keep the shutter in position, as in Fig. 1. When the button is pressed, the shutter falls by its own weight, and its opening, *d*, passes the orifice, B, giving the exposure; but it is prevented from falling out of the frame altogether, by a wire catch, G, which reaches the termination of a rebate cut for it at H. A slab of ebonite or cardboard, K, fitting in two rebates in the shutter, permits of the aperture being contracted to any required extent; and one or two elastic bands, fixed as shown at M, complete the apparatus.

Fig. 2 shows the lens and shutter fallen. It is a peculiarity of any lens that the larger the aperture through which light passes to the plate, the smaller becomes its power of reproducing objects in different planes in focus at one time. It is furnished with a series of diaphragms, or stops, to correct this shortcoming. These stops fit in a slot in the barrel of the lens, N; the largest aperture, of course, giving the greatest volume of light, which means the shortest exposure; but the smallest giving, though with much prolonged exposure, the best definition in both foreground and distance. And the problem that has to be solved in instantaneous work is, how to give *light* enough to make a developable impression on the film, *definition* enough to make the whole picture fairly in focus, and *rapidity* enough to avoid perceptible movement in the object. To reconcile these contradictory things is matter for practical experiment.

As regards the plates, the beginner will certainly purchase them, having neither the knowledge nor ap-

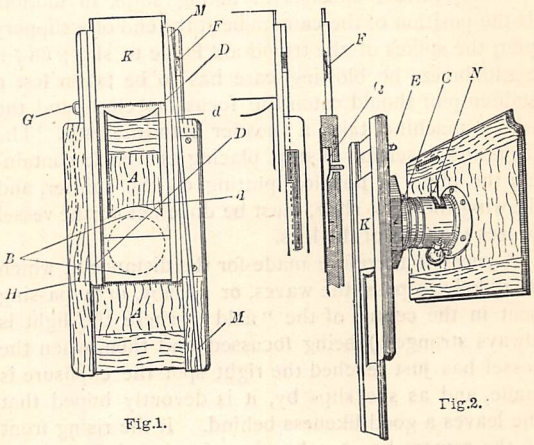


Fig.1. Fig.2.

paratus requisite for making them. When progress has been made, and chemical and manipulating knowledge gained, it will add much to the pleasure of using them to feel that he has prepared them himself; but at least for some time after taking to photography it will be cheaper for him to buy them ready prepared.

The easiest kind of subjects to begin upon are

PICKING UP THE BOAT: FALMOUTH ROADS. *From an Instantaneous Photograph by the Author.*

breaking waves, children playing on the summer sands, animals and pets feeding or momentarily at rest. No great rapidity being required for such subjects, the full opening of the shutter may be used without any band; the more full the exposure, the less difficult the after-task of "bringing out" the negative.

A step further consists in taking ships in motion. If the position of the camera be at the end of a slippery pier, the spikes of the tripod are liable to slip; and if a stiff breeze be blowing, care has to be taken lest a sudden puff should catch the focussing cloth, and the whole machine take a header into the sea. The focussing, insertion of stop, placing the back containing the plate in position, putting on the shutter, and drawing the dark slide, must be done before the vessel passes the field of the lens.

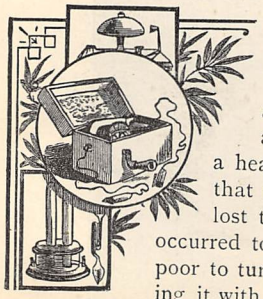
A guess is therefore made for the distance at which it is likely to pass, the waves, or a buoy, or a passing boat in the centre of the "field" (where the light is always strongest) being focussed, and then, when the vessel has just reached the right spot the exposure is made, and as she slips by, it is devoutly hoped that she leaves a good likeness behind. If the rising front of the camera has not been used to cut off the very near foreground, or if the vessel has come rather too close, part of the topsail may be cut off, as seen in the print. Also, if the light be brilliant, the reflection from the water (always very great, and to be taken into consideration in regulating exposure) may cause diffused light enough to "fog" the image and spoil it, unless a small stop has been used; and, on the other hand, if a small stop *has* been used, perhaps the plate will be found so hopelessly under-exposed, that no satisfactory result is possible. A better position is the committee-boat at a Channel regatta, where yachts in racing trim will pass close by, in every variety of picturesque attitude. But the best way of all is, not to wait till the vessels come to us, but to go to them; to lash an upright plank to the bulwarks of a yacht, fasten the camera thereto, and when any suitable object presents itself, sail by at the right distance, and take it passing, the exposure being so rapid that the movement of *both* vessels going in contrary directions will not even be observed in the negative.

But the quickest subject of all is a train at full speed. To obtain it perfectly "sharp" (*i.e.*, not at all blurred through movement), not end-on, but nearly broadside, requires not only most favourable conditions of light, a rapid lens, and a rapid plate, but almost as much command over camera and chemicals as the driver has over the "regulator." Slow trains may with advantage be first attempted, then quicker ones; and when experience warrants it, the wish will not be wanting to catch the fastest express as it rushes at full speed through some way-side station.

A good day with clear atmosphere is selected, brightened by full sunshine. Every precaution is taken to insure success in the way of reducing aperture of shutter, putting on it extra bands, polishing glasses of the lens, and choosing a position in which the sun will shine most effectively on the train. Every facility will willingly be afforded, for the "Flying Dutchman" is the pride of the line. The station-master sees that no goods-trucks are in the way; the signal-man reports from his box where the train is, and when to expect it; the porters are fired with a thirsting ambition to do something to further the project; and if the driver has been seen beforehand, he will have clouds of steam coming both from the safety-valve and funnel; and the thought of the enjoyment they will derive from receiving a picture materially increases the pleasure of creating it. The distant signal falls, the roar increases, the ground vibrates, and at the exact instant that the engine passes the spot focussed the click of the shutter is heard, and the driver, who observes everything (as express drivers must, and do), raises his spare arm in salute, only too proud to have his iron steed photographed; supposing the picture to be already finished, and visible; little surmising that the most critical part of the matter has yet to come, when the dark room is at length reached—developing the latent image.

HOW TO TAKE OUT A PATENT.

BY J. MUNRO, C.E.



BEFORE the passing of the new Patent Act it was acknowledged on all hands that the expense of a patent in this country was a heavy tax upon invention, and that many an excellent idea was lost to us as a nation because it occurred to some person who was too poor to turn it to account by protecting it with a patent, and subsequently working it out. The total cost of the Government stamps in Great Britain was £25 for three years' protection, £75 for seven years, and £175 for fourteen years. Provisional protection for six months, to allow the inventor to test his idea and frame the final patent, cost £5. The professional patent agent's fees too, were commonly from £12 to £20 or more, and thus the British protection for a new invention during a period of three years actually cost the patentee some £50, a sum far beyond the pockets of an ordinary workman, and too much to be lightly risked by any one of modest means. By the new law, however, the provisional protection for nine

months costs only £1, and complete protection only £3 more, or a total of £4. The protection will be extended to fourteen years from its date if £50 be paid before the end of the fourth year, and £100 before the end of the eighth year; or, in lieu thereof, if certain annual renewal fees of £10, £15, and £20 be paid, commencing before the expiration of the fourth year, and extending to and inclusive of the thirteenth year. These conditions are much more favourable to the poor inventor, since the heavier fees only fall due after he has had time to profit by his patent.

If it is essential to the making of hare soup (according to the cookery book) that you must first "catch your hare," it is as necessary in taking out a patent that you must have something to patent. One must first catch his idea. Either this idea must be original with the patentee, or it may be imported from another country. By the term *first and true* inventor is intended the person who first applies for a patent for his idea in these realms, unless, indeed, the invention has been *publicly*, not privately, employed by some other person before the patent is applied for. Letters patent may also be obtained in Great Britain for the invention of another person residing abroad; and this either with or without the sanction of the true inventor. Hence we find the ideas of foreign inventors pilfered, and patented at home by persons who get an early knowledge of them.

The new idea or invention which is patentable is defined by the statute as "any manner of new manufacture," a term which includes all kinds of machines, tools, and instruments, or mechanical, chemical, and electrical processes. The machines and processes, or the products of the processes, may be either entirely new and for a new purpose, or they may be a new combination of known things for a known purpose. One cannot, however, patent the application of an old tool or process to a new purpose, unless the new purpose is very different from the old, and could not have been thought of without distinct invention. The substitution of a new material in the construction of a known tool or article cannot be patented, as a general rule; nor can the discovery of an improved way of carrying out a known process, or using a known machine, unless it shows inventive talent. A slight addition to a known machine can, however, be patented if the result is important; but the improvement can only be used with the licence of the person owning the patent rights of the machine.

A mere principle or an idea cannot be patented, however valuable in itself. The patent is for a thing, an application of the principle, or a realisation of the idea. If the principle is a new one, the discoverer who patents one mode of utilising that principle can claim not merely the mode in question, but all other modes of carrying it out usefully; and if a second person finds a new mode of doing so, he will not be allowed to employ it without a licence from the first. Distinct modes of applying an old principle are, however, quite patentable in themselves.

The principal qualities which justify a patent are its novelty and usefulness. An invention is held to be novel if it has not been publicly used in this country, or published in the journals or in books prior to the date of application for letters patent. This published account must, however, be so full and complete that any ordinary competent person might have arrived at the same result as the patentee, by simply following the description given in the paper, without any need of further invention or discovery. If the description there is vague and imperfect it will not invalidate a subsequent patent; but it may limit the scope of that patent, and prevent the patentee from setting up a broad claim.

We are speaking now of books and journals printed in the English language; but the case is different if the journal is foreign and printed in a strange language. Such a publication, though it be proved to have been in England, may have lain untouched in a library, seen only by a few. This has sometimes been held in courts of law not to amount to publication in this country, but in other cases it has. If, however, it can be proved that the description in question has actually been read and understood by a competent person, the publication would probably be admitted.

The *public use* of an invention consists in its use in public, its sale, or manufacture for sale. Secret use, unless it approximates to public use, does not, as we have seen, invalidate a patent; neither does tentative experiment to see how the thing will work, but at the same time it is better to secure provisional protection before carrying out many experiments.

The utility of an invention is another recommendation for a patent. It should be useful for the *general* purpose to which it is applied, not merely for some *special* service. It is not necessary, however, that all the utility claimed for it should be realised, provided *some* advantage is gained, without a corresponding disadvantage. A device which is *essentially* wrong and impracticable in a patent will invalidate the whole; but though some *immaterial* part is useless, the patent will hold good, if there has been no evident intention to deceive. Moreover, it is not necessary that every part should have been actually tried, if it can be shown to answer.

Supposing the inventor to have something worth patenting, the first thing to be done is to take out Provisional Protection for nine months. This secures his priority, as the completed patent which he takes out subsequently dates from the day of his application for provisional protection.

The application consists in a petition bearing a £1 stamp, a declaration of the nature of the invention, and a Provisional Specification or concise description of the invention, with or without drawings, and a copy of the same.

The paper forms for writing these can be bought for a few pence at the Inland Revenue Office, Royal Courts of Justice, London, and at the leading post offices in the chief towns. It is a petition for the patent required, coupled with a declaration that the petitioner is the first and true inventor. It must

be signed by the applicant or applicants in presence of a witness, who also signs the document. All the other communications on the subject may be made through duly accredited patent agents if the patentee wishes it. This petition and declaration is accompanied by a "Provisional Specification" in duplicate, describing the nature of the invention on a special form supplied by the Department, and both are signed by the applicants as before. These documents are then left at, or sent by post to, the Great Seal Patent Office, Chancery Lane.

The specifications and all other documents must be written or printed in large and legible characters upon strong wide-ruled foolscap paper of a size of 13 inches by 8 inches, and on one side only, leaving a margin of two inches on the left-hand part thereof; and the signatures of the applicants or agents thereto must be written in a large and legible hand.

The drawings accompanying Provisional or Complete Specifications must be made upon either half-sheets or sheets of imperial drawing paper, to be within a border line of 19 inches by 12 inches, or 27 inches by 19 inches, with a margin of half an inch all round.

A copy of the drawings will be required upon *rolled* imperial drawing paper or upon thin Bristol board of the same dimensions as the original drawing or drawings. All the lines must be absolutely black, Indian ink of the best quality to be used, and the same strength or colour of the ink maintained throughout the drawing. Any shading must be in lines clearly and distinctly drawn and as open as is consistent with the required effect. Section lines should not be too closely drawn. No colour must be used for any purpose upon the copy of the drawings. All letters and figures of reference must be bold and distinct. The border line should be one fine line only. The drawings must not be folded, but must be delivered at the Patent Office either in a perfectly flat state or rolled upon a roller, so as to be free from creases or breaks.

With the view of preparing an illustrated journal of patented inventions as directed by the Act, every applicant must, after his application has been accepted, also furnish the Patent Office with the drawing and concise explanatory statement required by Rule 31.

Copies of the Patent Rules (price, prepaid, 7d., including postage within the United Kingdom) can be obtained from the Patent Office Sale Branch, 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.

Each application should be limited to a single definite invention, but this may include several variations of the same. It must not, however, include anything which does not properly come within the scope of the title. The latter should be well chosen, not too restricted or too vague, but just between. The specification should be so worded as to cover all the essential parts of the invention, while leaving the inventor free to claim any future developments of it. On the other hand, it must distinctly indicate what the invention is, and at least one mode of carrying it out. Little details need not be given, unless the invention is for a point of detail. If the law officer of the Crown passes the Provisional Specification, he grants the protection for six months, and the fact is announced in the *Journal* of the *Commissioners of Patents*, but an official certificate is given on application at the Patent Office. Should the law officer raise objections, the patentee is communicated with to have these removed if possible, which can generally be done, unless the protection is refused altogether.

The nine months' protection dates from the day of application, but it may not be officially granted for a week or two after. The patentee should keep his invention secret at least till then; but he may afterwards, if he chooses, publish and use his invention. No one can learn what his invention is if he does not make it known himself, as the Provisional Specification remains a sealed document at the Patent Office.

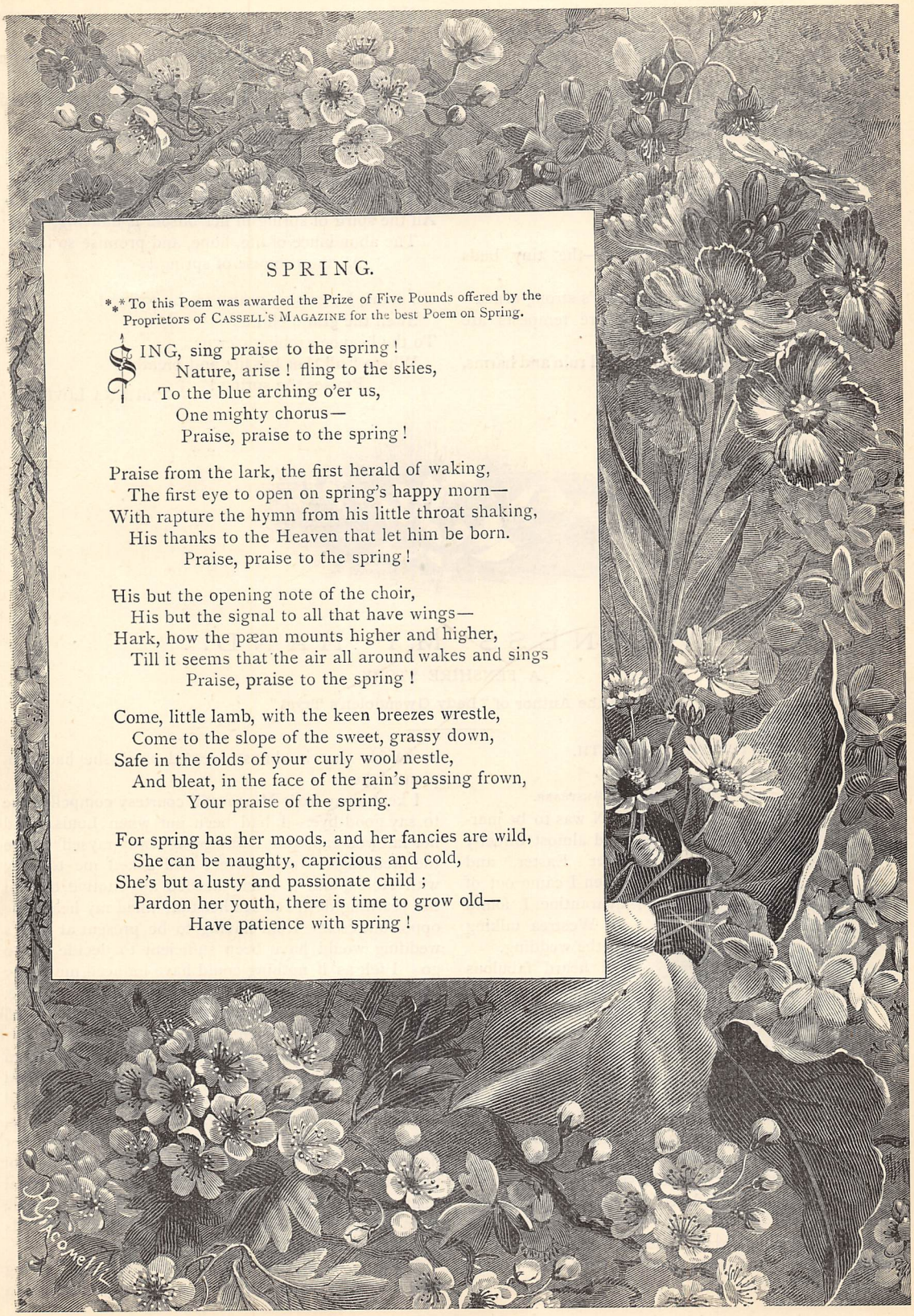
The patentee should next examine carefully the past patents and publications, to see how far his invention is truly original, for though £1 for the Provisional Specification may be a slight loss, the additional £3 required to get the three years' protection might be worth saving. These past patents can be seen at the Patent Office Library, Southampton Street, E.C.

An application for provisional protection continues in force for nine months from the date of application, but unless a "Complete" Specification is left at the Patent Office within this period the application will be deemed to be abandoned, and the full patent will not be granted.

The Complete Specification must give a clear and full description of the devices covered by the provisional protection, and no more. Nothing extraneous to the title and scope of the Provisional Specification can be imported into it, except mere details of construction and varieties of method for effecting the purpose on the principles therein laid down. The description must be such as will enable an ordinary workman, skilled in such matters, to understand and make the machine; but the patentee may put in a saving clause not binding himself rigidly to the forms therein described.

The particular parts of the invention held to be new, and which the patentee wishes to protect, are set forth in numbered "claims," which should be as few as possible. Great care is necessary in wording them, so as to adequately embrace the new invention without setting up a claim for a known machine or process, A claim is invalid if it can be construed to mean what was in public use, or had been published, before the date of the patent. New parts should be claimed separately, and also new combinations of new or old parts. New materials for old parts should not, as a rule, be claimed.

Sometimes a patent can be "amended" by taking the proper steps to procure leave to do so as the Comptroller directs. Opposition to grants of patents may also be made; and an enlargement of the time of payment granted, if the proper forms are adhered to, and the reasons found adequate.



SPRING.

*** To this Poem was awarded the Prize of Five Pounds offered by the Proprietors of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE for the best Poem on Spring.

SING, sing praise to the spring!
Nature, arise! fling to the skies,
To the blue arching o'er us,
One mighty chorus—
Praise, praise to the spring!

Praise from the lark, the first herald of waking,
The first eye to open on spring's happy morn—
With rapture the hymn from his little throat shaking,
His thanks to the Heaven that let him be born.
Praise, praise to the spring!

His but the opening note of the choir,
His but the signal to all that have wings—
Hark, how the pæan mounts higher and higher,
Till it seems that the air all around wakes and sings
Praise, praise to the spring!

Come, little lamb, with the keen breezes wrestle,
Come to the slope of the sweet, grassy down,
Safe in the folds of your curly wool nestle,
And bleat, in the face of the rain's passing frown,
Your praise of the spring.

For spring has her moods, and her fancies are wild,
She can be naughty, capricious and cold,
She's but a lusty and passionate child;
Pardon her youth, there is time to grow old—
Have patience with spring!

See how her playmates come crowding and pushing—
They pine to be free, and have waited so long,
Now the glad life through their pulses is rushing,
And they must come awake, they're so young and so strong—
Must awake with the spring!

What a humming and buzzing, a floating and dancing,
What myriads are hast'ning to join in the play,
With bright, filmy wings and gay colours advancing,
The light-hearted children, who live but a day—
But a day of the spring!

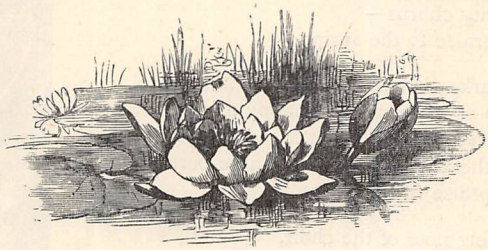
The big elms bring their babies—the tiny buds peeping
Still held in the clasp of the mother's strong arms.
The great dusky pines, from where tempests are sweeping,
Send the tenderest green, nursed mid ruin and harms,
To wonder at spring.

Many a bright little flower lifts its head from the nest
Where kind earth keeps her children all safe from the cold,
At the first call of sunshine they leave her warm breast
And run off with the west wind, so thoughtless and bold,
To play with the spring.

And last comes a maiden, with swift feet advancing,
With the sky in her eyes, and the sun in her hair—
All the spirit of spring in her bosom is dancing,
The abundance of life, hope, and promise so fair—
All the promise of spring!

Oh come, let us sing praise to the spring!
Swell the grand chorus
To the heaven arching o'er us,
Where "all that has life and breath"
Praises the spring!

MINNA LOVELL.



WITNESS MY HAND.

A FENSHIRE STORY.

By the Author of "Lady Gwendolen's Tryst."

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

RALPH SHOCKS SOCIETY.

"Sits the wind in that corner?"—SHAKSPEARE.

JOHN was to be married almost directly after Easter, and when I came out of quarantine I found all Westrea talking of the wedding.

I heard fabulous accounts of the bride's *trousseau*, and the costliness of the wedding presents, but I did not see either till just before the wedding. Louisa was still nervous of meeting me, and she sent me an elegant little note, begging me not to come to Morton till I was *quite* free from infection. I had been doing my best to cultivate an amiable spirit towards John's bride, but this highly-glazed, subtly-scented epistle somehow put it all to flight. The very touch of the smooth satiny envelope reminded me of that miserable day when Helen's answer came to John, and I could not feel in charity with the girl who had succeeded her so swiftly that it almost seemed as if she had supplanted her.

I kept away from Morton till courtesy compelled me to say good-bye. I had been out when Louisa paid her farewell call, and I was going away myself before the wedding. Uncle Rivers had asked me to stay with Helen, and if I had needed any motive beyond the yearning desire to see her that filled my heart, the opportune escape from having to be present at John's wedding would have been sufficient to decide me to go. I felt as if nothing could have induced me to see John Erlston and Louisa Seymour made man and wife, but I was glad that unpleasant remarks were avoided by my having so good an excuse for my absence.

What John thought of it I did not know. I seldom saw him, and when we met we were both silent and constrained. The old pleasant freedom, the old fraternal jokes, and squabbles, and reconciliations, were over for ever. Robert's brother was my brother no more, and in our estrangement was something of the bitterness that marks the quarrels of actual relations. At least, it seemed so to me, and while John held aloof, I could not advance a step towards a better understanding.

Morton Park was looking as bright as spring flowers could make it, as I went up the drive in

the bright April sunshine. Hyacinths and anemones made the beds a blaze of colour, and yellow pansies flaunted in the sun. The lawns were freshly mown, the walks newly gravelled; gardeners were busy in all directions, making ready, no doubt, for the wedding that was now so close at hand. Louisa came to me, fresh and radiant herself as an April flower, and gay as the birds that were singing overhead; but her gaiety jarred on me with a sense of unfitness, and even of hollowness and unreality. Under all her chatter and smiles, her eyes had a restless, haggard look that seemed to contradict her gaiety. How could it be real, indeed? She must have known that the offer she had accepted from Helen's rejected suitor was not the fruit of love, but of anger, and despair, and baffled passion for another woman. Where was her self-respect when she could accept an offer like that? Where was her love for John when she could let him so sin against her and himself, and every canon of right and duty? Vainly and uselessly I asked myself questions like these as I sat opposite her, and watched her sparkling smiles, and glittering eyes, and air of hardly-concealed triumph. It was so poor a thing to triumph in, this success that was so bitter a failure after all! She might be the woman he would marry, who would bear his name, and rule his house; but as for the woman he *loved*, was she not the one who was sitting desolate and alone, parted from him by her own act and deed, but not the less the possessor of his heart, and the one love of his life? For whether there be such a thing as second love or not—a point on which I am very sceptical—I was at least certain that John was not a man with whom it would be possible.

He had been very little at home since his engagement, attending sedulously to his duties in the House, and only coming down to Erlston for a day or two at a time.

The young people were to live in London, and Louisa and her mother had been up in town for the last month, superintending the furnishing of John's house, and, it seemed to me, rather ignoring Lady Erlston in the matter.

"I saw Miss Rivers one day," said Louisa, with a smile for which I could not forgive her. "London does not agree with her, I think. She is very much gone off since she was down here."

"I believe she is perfectly well," I said stiffly; and Louisa shrugged her shoulders, and said no more.

She had said enough to make me sad and anxious. I did not quite believe in my own account of Helen's perfect health, though, beyond the confession of a headache now and then, there had been nothing in her letters to suggest indisposition. It was rather that it seemed impossible that, in a person of her fine and sensitive organisation, the body should not bear witness to trials of heart or mind; and that these had been Helen's portion lately I knew but too well.

My knowledge came from acquaintance with circumstances, not from any information imparted by herself. John's name was never mentioned by either of us; and of Mr. Lawley I only heard that he still frequented the house, and inferred from that, that he had not yet abandoned his suit.

I had to bear cold looks from Mrs. Seymour, who chose to feel affronted at my going away before the wedding; but Louisa did not even affect to be sorry.

"I only want bright faces round me then," she said, when her mother reproached me. "Alice will not even pretend to be glad. I doubt if she could bring herself to wish us joy."

"But indeed I do," I said earnestly; "I wish you both all the happiness you can enjoy."

"Thank you—that is something, from *you!*" said John's voice behind me. He had come in through the French-window from the garden, and was standing looking at us with a satirical smile that I confess exasperated me.

"I don't know why you should say that," I exclaimed. "Of course I wish you happiness."

"It is the correct thing before a man is married, I believe, and you are always correct. But all the same, I am duly obliged. I wonder if all the good wishes that will be showered upon me in the next few days will affect the point at issue."

"If sincerity could avail, mine surely would," I said earnestly. I could not keep my anger against Robert's brother long.

"Sincerity—in a woman?" retorted John, with a bitterness that made my heart ache for him.

Mrs. Seymour had gone away, Louisa had run out to speak to a boy who was weeding the garden-walk, and we two were alone. Oh, if I could only, in this moment of farewell, break through the estrangement of the last few months!

But John's face—dark, sarcastic, impenetrable—forbade the attempt, and the next moment Louisa came back.

"Good-bye," I said, rising. "Ask Mrs. Seymour to forgive me, Louisa. If she would write and tell me that she does, it would make me happier. Good-bye, John." I held out my hand, but he did not take it.

"Don't be prematurely valedictory. There is no hurry, for I shall walk back with you, so we'll postpone the touching moment till then."

"Oh, no!" I cried; "I couldn't think of troubling you. Indeed you must not come."

For how was I to endure the long *tête-à-tête* of a walk with John in his present mood?

"Don't protest! It is all in the day's work," he said coolly, coming after me with great swift strides that made any thought of flight out of the question.

"We needn't talk if you had rather not, you know," he observed presently, when I had ventured some remark on the fineness of the day. "I think when you and I have to take refuge in talking of the weather, we had better hold our tongues."

I tried to hold mine, but the implied reproach compelled me to speak.

"It is not *my* fault——" I began.

"Of course not!" interrupted John. "That goes

without saying, doesn't it? Given a man and a woman, the man *must* be to blame, in spite of the rather opposite view suggested by what some one has profanely called 'the Hebrew mythology.'"

"I don't think you would have quoted *that* in the days when we—did not talk about the weather," said I daringly. "John, it is probably the last time we shall walk quietly together, you and I, like this. I wish—oh, how I wish!—I could make you understand how it grieves me to see you so—so——"

"Well?" said John. "The condition you deplore seems difficult to define."

"The difficulty lies in my fear of offending you."

"Am I so easily offended?"

"You did not use to be. But once offended, you are, I think, inexorable. That is what grieves me. You cannot, or you will not, forgive."

"How can I when there is nothing needing forgiveness? I have no quarrel with *you*."

"No. But if you had, John? Could you forgive where you had really been wronged?"

"I do not advise you to try me. I believe my placability has its limits."

"I should like to think that now, on the threshold of your new life, you forgave any bygone wrongs. I think—I think, perhaps—there may have been excuses we cannot even guess at. And I think you would be happier yourself, and perhaps make others happier, if you could forgive——"

"Alice, you mean well, but you know nothing about it!" John burst out, stopping short, and looking at me with stern passionate eyes. "I will not affect to misunderstand you. You want me to send a message of forgiveness to your cousin. I will not! Tell her, if you must tell her anything at all, that I pity her weakness as much as I scorn it. But as for forgiveness, tell her that I will forgive her when I can forgive myself for having loved her."

He wheeled round and left me, and I felt that my ill-judged attempt had probably done more harm than good.

If my walk with John had done nothing else, it had shown me the uselessness of trying to influence him by any words of mine. I must leave him to his own conscience and to time. Anger does not last, even for the small "for ever" of our mortal existence. It is a self-consuming passion, and bears in itself the seeds of its own destruction—like other evil things. It is only the interchangeable terms of Love and Good that endure, and are in their essence immortal and eternal. There was comfort in the thought; but was there not for John pain, and peril too?

Ralph and I were to dine at Erlston Hall that evening. It was to be a formal farewell dinner, at which John would bid adieu to his bachelor life, and to which all his old friends and neighbours were bidden. I would gladly have escaped going, feeling that I was a little in disgrace with the dear old people, no less than with Mrs. Seymour; but to have stayed away would only have given further offence.

Ralph grumbled all the way there. Formal parties were always his detestation, and I think he had never felt quite the same towards John since he had been the unwilling witness of Helen's emotion at the news of his engagement.

John himself was quite, as Walter would have phrased it, "in form" to-night. The sarcastic bitterness that had grieved me in the morning seemed to have passed away, and I could see his mother's eyes following him with proud adoring glances, as his tall figure moved amongst the guests who had come to do him honour.

Sir John looked pleased and proud, too, and whispered to me that John was "quite his old self to-night."

Was that something unusual, then? Was the sardonic, ironical mood of our earlier meeting his habitual mood now? I could almost fancy that it was.

One can generally read a man's temper in the eyes of his women-folk; and pleasant as Mr. Erlston was making himself to-night, I saw that his mother and sister, and even his betrothed, waited upon his glances with anxious looks.

Louisa was in white, with delicate pink azaleas at her breast and in her hair. On her arm was a heavy gold bracelet, with a portrait of John set in brilliants, and on her finger a magnificent opal ring. It was her "engaged-ring," I knew, and I thought it was only in accordance with John's satirical temper that he should have chosen those proverbially "unlucky" stones. There was a little jesting about them as Louisa displayed them for the benefit of Mrs. Franklin, our Westrea vicar's wife, who had not seen the ring before; and then the vicar of Morton, who had been a college don in other days, and had his library full of Eastern books in strange faint characters, told us many wonderful legends of famous opals, and the strange and baleful powers attributed to them.

"I wonder you are not afraid to wear them," lisped Mrs. Franklin—herself a last year's bride. "I should have been frightened to death if Percy had given me opals—so very unlucky, you know! You hear what Mr. Baines says about them; and I have heard that when people wear opals in an engagement-ring, the match is always broken off."

"I wonder why you chose opals, John?" Louisa said, rather wistfully. "Did you know how unlucky they were?"

"I had heard it, but I did not think our luck offered much scope for malefic influence," said John in a level voice. Did he mean that he felt that the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" had already done their worst? His tone was quite courteous and pleasant; but Louisa shrank as if she felt a gibe. She saw me looking at her, and rallied herself immediately, throwing off her momentary depression, and charming every one by her smiles, and beauty, and gay little sallies. If John had been a man to measure the value of his possessions by the estimation of others, he must have been abundantly satisfied with his bride.

"The prettiest girl in the county, sir!" I heard Sir Charles Mason whisper to him, as we ladies filed past. "You're a lucky dog."

"'IS THIS YOUR WRITING?' SAID JOHN" (*p.* 363).

I think Louisa heard too. She wore the gratified smile that a tribute to her beauty never failed to produce, and sailed on radiant and delighted.

When we reached the drawing-room, Grace found a quiet corner, and made me sit by her. A large party like this quite unnerved her now.

"How shall I get through the wedding without you?" she murmured. "Could you not wait just this one week, Alice? Mamma is so hurt that you will not be here."

"I am sorry," I stammered; "I cannot bear to vex your mother, but indeed I am better away."

"I always thought that you and I would be bridesmaids to John's bride," said Grace reproachfully. Perhaps she did not know that I had never been invited to fulfil that honourable office; or that Louisa had been heard to say, in reference to the omission, that "one old-maid bridesmaid was enough!"

"So long as he and his bride do not mind about it," I said, "I don't think we need make a trouble of it,

Grace. There will be no lack of Hirsts on the occasion. You may spare the one who would only be a kill-joy at the feast."

"I think you are rather hard on John, Alice. You cannot forgive him for not being broken-hearted. I was as disappointed as you were that your cousin rejected him, but surely it is better that he should be happy with Louisa than wear the willow all his life for a girl who refused him."

Perhaps she was right, but her major premiss demanded large concessions. I was not prepared to admit that he would "be happy with Louisa," and indeed was much more inclined to doubt it.

"I do not want to be hard on him," was all I could find to say. "I hope he will be happy, I am sure."

"But you don't expect it for him? I don't see why you should not. Do you think no marriages are happy unless people marry their first love?"

Perhaps I was romantic enough to think that there could only be one love, whether it were called first or second. I answered evasively—

"You would have to define 'first love.' It may be anything, from the fancy of an hour to the passion of a life."

"I don't think unrequited love is ever *that*," said Grace, who was rather apt to sound the fathomless ocean of other lives by the small plummet-line that measured her own still pool. "I think John is likely to be as happy as other people."

I thought so too. But thirty years' acquaintance with my species had not left on my mind a vivid impression of aggregate felicity or individual bliss.

I looked round the room at the faces congregated there, and representing lives from which at least pecuniary anxiety—the great factor of civilised woe—might fairly be considered to be eliminated. Widow, wife, or maid, each woman was dressed in her best, each face wore its company smile; yet I thought I could detect on each the brand of inarticulate longing and vague discontent that is the hall-mark of our imperfect humanity. Not here would that mark be effaced, not here would tears be wiped away, not here would any "awake satisfied." I knew it and felt it in my inmost heart, the illogical human heart that yet craved for its beloved ones the fulness and completeness it admitted to be impossible for all the rest of the world.

For John, certainly, I would fain have asked more than that average happiness with the expectation of which Grace seemed content. For him I would have had realised the dream of that poet who, in the quiet affection of his late and childless married life, can hardly have realised it for himself:—

> "And there are souls who seem to dwell
> Above this earth—so rich a spell
> Floats round their steps, where'er they rove,
> From hopes fulfill'd, and mutual love."

I looked up, and saw John coming in at the door—tall, handsome, well-favoured, but *not* happy, even with the average happiness I was ready to repudiate for him as something below his desert and my desire.

Happiness had neither part nor lot in his scornful sarcastic smile and mocking glance, as his eyes fell on his future bride.

She was busy displaying photographs and albums to a group of "unentertainables" who were the despair of every hostess and the dead-weight at every social gathering in Fenshire. Louisa was making herself extremely useful to-night, relieving Lady Erlston of all but the most nominal duties, and assuming already the position of hostess that would henceforth be hers at Erlston Hall. Grace and I had been able to enjoy our chat with a good conscience, so entirely had Louisa taken upon herself the duties of a daughter of the house. Grace was too sweet-tempered to resent it, and was only grateful to be spared exertion; and for me, I silenced a little natural soreness by reminding myself that Louisa's claim was equal now to mine. John passed the table where his *fiancée* was so usefully employed, and sauntering up to us, stood talking in a desultory way, and leaning his broad shoulders against the corner of the wall that abutted on our recess.

I saw Lady Erlston looking at him once or twice with significant appeal.

"What is my mother making eyes at, I wonder?" said John. But I think he knew.

"You know very well, John," said Grace. "It is not nice of you to leave Louisa like this. You know how hurt she is when you do."

"See how I am kept up to the mark!" said John. "I can't go off duty for ten minutes without being court-martialled for it. Go and tell her I am coming, Grace. I want to speak to Alice."

He took the seat Grace left, but though he had said he wished to speak to me, he sat quite silent, and in his face was something that made it impossible for me to utter a word. For so long that I grew nervous under Lady Erlston's urgent eyes, he sat silent and absorbed. When he spoke at last, it was with an abruptness that quite startled me.

"I shall not see you again before you go. It is my only chance of speaking, is it not?"

"Yes, John, I suppose so," I answered, feeling suddenly nervous. I seemed to know that he was going to speak of Helen.

"You can take the message you asked for this morning if you choose—if you think she would care to have it?"

"I am sure of it, John. I am sure she would be happier if she knew she had your forgiveness."

"Take it, then, by all means. I can't see why you should think so, but you know best. It is a matter of indifference to me. I have only one wish with regard to—to your cousin Helen; and that is, that I may never see her face again."

He got up and left me, and I did not know what to make of a message of forgiveness sent in such a fashion as this. It seemed as difficult to believe in as the indifference he professed, in tones stirred and thrilled with passion, and that faltered over the utterance of her name.

He went across to Louisa, sitting by her, and talking

to her in lowered tones, as was his lover's privilege, but looking as little like an ideal lover as any man could look. By degrees most of the little circle round the table went away, and left them to themselves, till there only remained two or three, too indifferent or too shy to imitate the example of the rest.

Grace beckoned me to amuse these "feckless people," quite stranded now that Louisa had left them to their own devices. Ralph was there, talking to Mr. Baines, but both were too engrossed in learned discourse to be of any use to the young ladies forlornly turning over the leaves of albums they had seen a dozen times before.

As I came up to the table, Mr. Baines, the politest and clumsiest of men, endeavoured to give me his chair, but only succeeded in overturning it. It made a little momentary stir, and Sir John came fidgeting across the room to see what was the matter, and stayed, beaming amiably at Louisa and John, and chatting to the album-turners, so that I had no need to exert myself for their behoof.

From my place at the table I could see all over the room, and I had been so long secluded from society that I found pleasure in sitting still and using my eyes and ears. There were the usual drawing-room sights and sounds: the inevitable bevy of matrons, left to amuse themselves; the usual elderly gentlemen, missing their after-dinner nap, and manifestly wishing themselves at home; the usual point-device young men, with the utmost amount of starched shirt-front, and the least possible allowance of carefully parted hair, bending their limp forms at elegant angles, and lisping languid nothings to the usual sprightly girls, who always laughed, as at consummate wit; there was the rustle of women's dresses, the sound of laughter and low-voiced talk, the subdued brilliance of waxen lights, the perfume of hothouse flowers.

Everything suggested conventional calm and safety, a repose quite past ruffling, an atmosphere too refined and artificial for the existence of any emotion deeper than that which the sight of lace or jewels might evoke in the female breast, or the consciousness of mental brilliance might kindle in the authors of decorous witticisms. Anything beyond that would inevitably be dismissed as "bad form," if it were not branded as sentimental affectation.

I think it is this underlying belief in the unreality of deep feeling that makes it possible for modern girls to stand up and sing songs whose outspoken passion would have covered their mothers with blushes. A girl of eighteen, fair and sweet and modest-looking, was standing by the piano now.

"Come, for these arms are empty,'

sang the maiden, in a high clear voice, and no one seemed to think her choice of a song eccentric. The only eccentricities were the blush on my old-maidish cheek and John's supercilious frown.

The singer ceased, and Sir John turned to one of the silent young ladies with a rather puzzled look—

"Do you know what that was, my dear? I did not catch the name."

She told him, but I doubt if the old man was much wiser. The songs he knew were of a different class and an older date, and if he had ever heard this one before, he had probably forgotten it. We had all noticed lately that his memory had begun to fail him a little, and he was apt to confuse far more familiar things.

He looked at the open album on the table—John's famous autograph-book—and began explaining its contents, with illustrative anecdotes, and an old man's pleasure in recalling the memories of bygone days. The silent girls, who were intelligent enough, looked interested, and Ralph and Mr. Baines suspended their conversation.

An old man who could preface his stories with, "The last time I saw Prince Talleyrand," or "When I was serving under Havelock at Lucknow," or "I remember His Gracious Majesty George the Third saying to me," was an old man whose reminiscences were powerful rivals to Piazzi Smyth's theories of the Great Pyramid, or the relative merits of the Koran and the Zend Avesta.

"But here is something more in your way, my dear," said Sir John, turning from kings and statesmen and generals to the page of modern poets that had once delighted Helen. "Tennyson, Browning, Wordsworth, Longfellow: those are what girls like to see, are they not? I remember one young lady was so delighted with Mr. Longfellow's autograph, that John would have had to give it her if Louisa had not come to his aid. Louisa was always ready to help John, even then, you see," said Sir John, with a sly smile, and a chuckle at his own little joke.

A faint little titter from the girls was the only response, but Sir John was quite unconscious of the maladroitness of the reference, and looked wonderingly at John's stormy brow and the blank looks of the rest of us.

John turned white to his lips, and Ralph lifted a face smitten with some strange emotion, that startled me with a thrill of indefinite wonder and fear. That John should be moved by his father's unfortunate reference was not surprising, but why should it affect Ralph like this?

"Don't you remember, Alice," pursued Sir John, "that evening when your cousin first came here?—how John would have given her the autograph, and Louisa made that beautiful copy? Wonderful it was, quite wonderful——"

He broke off in amazement. A costly little ornament, with which Ralph had been toying, fell suddenly from his hand, and shivered on the table, and Ralph stood up, and in his face was something that held us all dumb. There was an inspiration of conviction, a sternness of denunciation, in this quiet brother of mine, that might have belonged to Nathan when he stood before David. He pointed at Louisa with outstretched finger, and as she met his eye every vestige of colour forsook her face.

"I know it!" he cried, in a strange, excited voice, that was yet scarcely above a whisper—"I know it! It was *you!*"

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

IN THE PLEACHED ALLEY AGAIN.

"The end crowns all."—SHAKSPEARE.

IF a thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of Lady Erlston's decorous drawing-room, it could not have had a more startling effect. But it was the strange intensity, the concentrated passion, of Ralph's manner and tone, and not any comprehension of his words that produced the excitement. No one understood them but myself, I think, and the conscience-stricken girl to whom they were addressed.

That Louisa understood them there could be no doubt. She cowered under Ralph's gaze, shrinking back in her chair with terrified eyes, and trembling with a visible shuddering, as if she had been seized with a sudden ague fit.

John came quickly to her, but less, as it seemed to me, with a lover's eagerness than with the natural impulse of succour that stirs men at the sight of a woman's distress. But Louisa shivered, and shrank away from him.

"Not *you!*" she said faintly, with a frightened gesture. And as John looked at her, he stepped back with swift recoil, and a host of conflicting emotions struggling in his face. Doubt, wonder, fear, relief—which was it? He stood gazing at her as if he felt that her shrinking and terror covered some shameful secret, and would have dragged it from her by the mere force of his burning glance.

Every one had crowded round the little table that was suddenly transmuted from a common-place piece of drawing-room furniture to a theatre of human passion, and Ralph coloured to his hair under the fire of curious eyes. He was no longer a prophet, inspired with a message of righteous denunciation; he was a diffident young man, nervously alive to the indiscretion of his words, and the solecism of thus disturbing the harmony of the evening.

"HE POINTED AT LOUISA WITH OUTSTRETCHED FINGER" (*p.* 359).

"I beg your pardon, Lady Erlston. I had no business—I ought not to have said anything here—or now," he stammered; but no one attended to him.

Louisa had fallen forward on the table, prone and senseless; and there was a confused bustle of assistance, in which Ralph's apologies were lost.

John folded his arms, and stood aloof. "I could not have touched her to save my life," he told me afterwards. But there was no lack of friendly hands to bear her to Grace's room, and only too many offers of attendance on her there.

I was going with the rest, but Ralph touched my

arm, and the mute appeal stayed me. I knew there was no real necessity for my services. Mrs. Seymour was with her daughter, and Lady Erlston and Grace were always practical in a sick-room.

It was Ralph that stopped me; but there was a still more peremptory detainer in John's face.

"Do not go till I come back," he commanded.

Then he went away, and I think people supposed he had gone to Louisa. I knew it was not so; I knew with absolute knowledge that he would never go to Louisa any more.

Presently Lady Erlston returned, and reported that Louisa was better, and that her mother and Grace would remain with her till Mrs. Seymour's carriage came. She said nothing beyond that—nothing to appease the unsatisfied curiosity that must have lurked under the satisfaction that every one expressed. She sent the pretty soprano to the piano, who this time improved on her former invitation, and urgently entreated—

"Kiss me straight between the brows!"

No one showed the least intention of complying, or even of listening to the bashful request. The elder men formed into knots again, the dowagers clustered on comfortable settees, the limp young men made their feeble jokes, and the sprightly girls found them as amusing as ever. Society's smooth waters closed over the startling little episode, as the still pool in the park outside might close over a stone that had momentarily disturbed its serenity. Only Ralph, the guilty slinger, stood *distrait* and ashamed.

"Let us get away before John comes back," he whispered; "I cannot see him to-night. I must have time to think."

"The carriage is not come," I ventured to suggest; but Ralph was a long way past questions of convenience. "Muffle yourself up and walk," he ordered, and he looked so agitated and disturbed, I was glad to get him away on any terms.

It was a showery night, and as we got outside we heard the tramp of pacing footsteps crunching the wet gravel, and saw the red light of John's cigar. Ralph would have hurried me on, but Mr. Erlston stopped.

"Alice, I asked you not to go. But as Ralph is here, it does not matter; it is Ralph I want to see."

"Not to-night," said Ralph, "not to-night, John. You shall ask me anything you like to-morrow. I will tell you all then."

"Cannot you tell me now? There is something *you* know, and Louisa cannot deny. I have a right to ask what it is."

"I ought not to have said anything, only I was startled into it," said Ralph. "I have no proof—yet."

"Is there any further proof wanted?" said John. "Her face was enough for me!"

He stopped, and looked at us in the moonlight—a stern judge, whom no blandishments of Louisa's would be able to soften, who had already pronounced her guilty before he had even heard the charge. Ralph refused to make any now.

"You shall know to-morrow," he said doggedly; and though John went with us as far as the gates of the park, he said no more. The "Hirst firmness" was celebrated in Westrea, and Ralph had more than his share.

We wished John "good night," and walked quickly along under the April moon, sailing high behind fleecy clouds. The night was fine now, but drops of moisture on the coarse fen-grass, and pools of water in the ruts and holes of the "drove," showed it had been lately raining. However, there was light enough to pick our way, and the fresh air and movement suited our excitement better than being shut up in a carriage, and jolted along the execrable road.

We were too busy avoiding holes to talk, till we came to the high road. Then Ralph said—

"I ought not to have spoken, but I could not contain myself. How could one dream of such wickedness in a girl like that?"

"But, Ralph, how did you know? Had you any suspicion before?"

"Not of *her*, but I saw it in her face. If you had seen her when Sir John brought up that tale of the copied autograph! I had forgotten all about it till he spoke; and then, all at once, I remembered, and I *knew*. I had always had a vague suspicion of treachery somewhere. I could not get over the fact that the envelope was not the kind that Helen uses. Lafargue's name ought to have opened my eyes; but I had got your idea that it was my uncle's doing so rooted in my mind, that I could not see what was just under my nose. And the writing was so exact! Any suspicion I had was too intangible to act on. Even if it had been stronger, it only pointed to Uncle Rivers; and as John was engaged there seemed no use in making inquiries. They could not alter *that*, and nothing else could matter much to *her*."

"Then, do you mean to say nothing more now?"

"Now is different. I did not want to open Helen's eyes to any baseness of her father's, but this is another matter."

"Yes," I cried; "and there is John to think of too. We could not let him marry a girl who has done that without telling him what we know."

"What we suspect," corrected Ralph. "I cannot make a charge in cold blood, on the strength of a guilty look. More evidence I must have, and I cannot even tell to-night what would be the best way to obtain it. I must sleep on it, and decide to-morrow."

When Ralph announced his intention of "sleeping on" anything, I knew that further discussion would be a waste of breath. He did not speak again all the way home, and I went up-stairs in a fever of anxiety and bewilderment, but quite aware that it would be useless to try and hurry my deliberate brother's confidence. It would be given in his own time and way, or not at all.

I sat some time over the fire, brushing my hair, rather from habit now than from any demands its length or thickness made on my care, and had just finished the operation when I heard a knock at my door, and opened it, to find Ralph outside.

"Have you kept that envelope—the one that was sent to John?"

"I dare say it is in my pocket still."

"Find it, please. Louisa will deny everything, I feel sure, and I must have all the proof I can."

He went away with the half-burnt fragment, and I tried to compose myself to sleep, but I was too nervous and unstrung. Phantom-like reproductions of the events of the evening coursed through my mind in aimless confusion, and kept me awake half the night. Now that the idea was once suggested, I felt as certain of Louisa's guilt as Ralph did, and less inclined to wait for collateral evidence of it. Her agitation at the charge was proof enough for me; and besides this, as I recalled the Friday before that miserable Sunday at Erlston, incidents that seemed "confirmation strong" rose before my mind. I remembered seeing Louisa bending over the salver where John's letter lay, and I felt no doubt that she had abstracted it then. I remembered how she had passed the afternoon in writing letters, and I had no doubt that either then, or in the time she had remained in the drawing-room after Grace and I had gone up-stairs, she had forged Helen's writing on the envelope, and later on had enclosed John's letter in it, and sent it, no doubt, to some one in London to post. For I remembered that it had borne the Park Lane district stamp, like all Helen's letters did. She must have had some one more or less in her confidence in town. And then I remembered her confidential conversation with Uncle Rivers, and I felt that the last link in the chain was supplied.

It was disappointing to find that Ralph would not admit that the proofs I felt so conclusive were more than ingenious theories that were probably true, but that were far from being proofs.

Ralph, indeed, seemed prepared to throw cold water on everything this morning. It was John's affair, he said, not his. He wished now that he had never said a word about it.

"But Helen?" I ventured to say.

Ralph turned on me almost fiercely. "Do you think I need reminding? Do you think I should have stirred a finger in the matter if it had not been for her? Do you think I am anxious myself to throw her into another man's arms?"

There was such a ring of pain and reproach in his tones that I could not find voice to answer him. Even if I had been able, I should not have known what to say, or how to avoid the mortal offence of sympathy. He calmed himself in a moment, and said quietly—

"I have just had a note from Louisa. She wants me to go and see her at once. She says she can explain everything!"

"And are you going? It could do no harm to hear what she has to say."

"I might have gone if I had not seen *this*," said Ralph.

He showed me the envelope, and under the flap was stamped, in small raised letters, "Lafargue, Fentonbury." In size, shape, texture, and finish it corresponded exactly with the scorched fragment on which the same name appeared.

"When I saw that," said Ralph, "I would not go. I should only have heard a string of ingenious lies. I shall show John the note, and he can please himself. But I don't think she is anxious to see John."

I was still looking at it when John came in. And then, with whatever secret reluctance or pain to himself, Ralph kept his word, and told him all he knew.

He heard us in silence to the end: only, when he understood where Ralph's cautious words were leading, he covered his eyes with his hand.

"Is that all?" he asked, in a curious restrained voice, when Ralph stopped.

"Yes," said Ralph shortly. "I told you I had no proofs. There is only circumstantial evidence, you see."

"And if what you suspect is true, she—Helen—your cousin—has never had my letter?"

"No."

John lifted his head, and in his eyes was a sudden rapture that seemed to transfigure his face.

"How can I thank you?" he cried. "How can I ever thank you enough? If you knew——"

He put out his hand; but Ralph did not take it.

"I did not do it for your sake," he said ungraciously. And then he turned away abruptly, and went out of the room.

"Do not blame him," I entreated. "Indeed, John, you would not if you understood."

"Me?" said John, with sudden bitterness; "I am likely to sit in judgment on another man, am I not? If I understand nothing else, I understand how much better he is than I am—how much more worthy——"

He did not finish the sentence. How could he—he who was still Louisa Seymour's betrothed? But indeed there was no need. Only the thought of one woman had ever brought to his eyes the tender light that was shining in them now.

He got up, looking more like the old John than I had seen him for four long months.

"There is only one thing to be done," he said, "and that is to see her at once. I must, I *will*, know if my letter ever reached her—and then——"

"Well?" said I demurely. "Finish your sentence, John. These perpetual incomplete remarks are a strain on your friends' imagination."

John gave me a look that seemed to remind me that events were scarcely ripe enough for jesting.

"I shall go up to town with you," he announced. "When does your train go?"

"At four o'clock."

"Surely there is one sooner." He seized a "Bradshaw," looked at its pages, and made his calculations.

"There is one at twelve. We will go by that, Alice, instead. It is not eleven yet. There is time for you to get ready, and for me to do what must first be done."

I did not venture to oppose the plan, or to suggest that it might be inconvenient to our friends to take them so unexpectedly by storm. John's masterful mood would have scattered any obstacles I could have opposed to it, as a whirlwind scatters straw. I

did not venture even to inquire what was the business to be accomplished first ; but I think he read inquiry in my eyes.

"I must write to Louisa," he said gravely. "I will not insult your cousin by appearing before her as another woman's lover."

"But, John, if there is any mistake? If it was not as we think?"

"There is no mistake as to my feelings. But that there never was. I was sinning with my eyes open, Alice, and I cut a sorry enough figure either way. Will *she* ever forgive me, I wonder?"

He sat down to his letter, and as I watched him frowning over it, I could not resist a feeling of infinite pity for the girl whose wickedness had wrought so much evil, but whose retribution was coming so surely and heavily upon her.

"Do not be too hard on her, John," I pleaded. "What she did was done for love of you, after all."

But even as I spoke I felt the weakness of the plea. What was the love worth that could thus wreck his life for its own satisfaction?

"I have said nothing but what was necessary to justify myself," said John. "It is not for me to upbraid her. Do I not need forgiveness also?"

Three hours later he was praying for it as men plead for life; and his prayer was not in vain.

We had found Helen at home, and alone, and I think the sight of her must have smitten John to the heart. She came in, a pale and wasted shadow of her former self, but with the old regal carriage that was only all the more noticeable for her fragile appearance. I had spared her the shock of meeting him unprepared by sending up his card, and I could see that she had rallied all her pride to carry her through the interview. My heart was beating so fast it almost choked me, and John's voice sounded husky and strange.

"I have come to ask you two questions," said Mr. Erlston, standing up tall and big in the dainty little drawing-room. "Did you receive a letter from me the day after you came back from Westrea?"

"No," said Helen, with haughty composure. But her hand lay in mine, and I felt it suddenly turn to ice.

"Is this your writing?" said John.

He took out the memorable envelope, and laid it before her. Helen looked at it, amazed, incredulous, bewildered.

"I—I am not sure. It must be—but no, it cannot, for this is addressed to you; and I am, at least, sure that I never wrote to you in my life, or addressed an envelope to you."

It was only what we had both expected, but I felt my heart bound within me, and John drew in his breath with a catch that in a weaker man would have been a sob.

I stole away through the folding doors, and Helen did not seek to detain me. I think she did not even know when I went. She saw nothing but John kneeling at her feet, heard nothing but his voice telling the story he had come to unfold, knew nothing but that they were together with their happiness and their love.

The sight of Mr. Erlston domesticated at his hearth could not have been an agreeable one to my uncle on his return. But as John told his tale again, dwelling with some insistance on the fact that Louisa must have had an accomplice in London, Mr. Rivers' crest fell. He expressed great indignation at the liberty taken with his daughter's name, but thought that the wisest course would be to "hush the matter up." And as he offered no opposition to his daughter's engagement, Mr. Erlston expressed cordial, and no doubt soothing, agreement with his views.

How Uncle Rivers settled his affairs with Mr. Lawley I never heard, but as within a few months he espoused a rich widow in the City, I have little doubt that there was an "amicable arrangement," though it might be based on money rather than on love.

The rupture of Mr. Erlston's engagement within a week of the wedding was naturally a "nine days' wonder" in Fenshire; but the Seymours went abroad, the Erlstons held their peace, and the sensation died of inanition before the new betrothal was announced.

When Helen at last came down to us, and Fenshire learnt that John had found another bride, all the wide level land was beautiful with the smile of June. The dykes were golden with lotus, and rustling with reed and rush. The fields were full of scented grass and swaying corn. There might be some lack of woodland birds, but the hedgerows were full of bloom and song; the peewits ran along the flowery dyke-sides, and the larks sang tumultuously in a wider, fuller sky than arches over any other region in the world.

On everything was the glow and glamour of June, and as I watched John and Helen pacing the pleached alley together, I knew also that for them the years had rounded to their prime, for them also it was fair and smiling June.

I turned away with happy tears, and stood before the faded portrait which was all that was left to me. "Oh, my love! my love!" I cried; "would I exchange my memories for their hopes?"

And then I shook my head and smiled. Death's partings are not wide. "On the other side of silence" what voices are calling to us, if our ears were but fine enough to hear! My Robert, between whose true soul and mine was never even the shadow of the distrust and doubt that is the only real and essential separation, seems very near to me always, and never nearer than as I looked at John and Helen, with life before them, and the summer sunshine on their faces.

Helen came in, and found me still before my shrine.

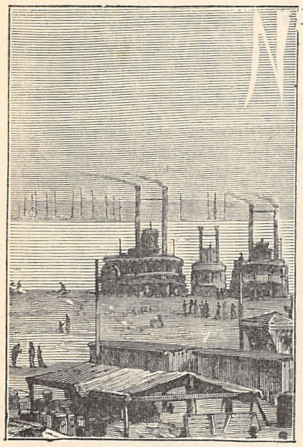
"Poor Alice!" she whispered tenderly. "It is hard that I should have so much, and you only a memory."

But there are some memories more potent than the shadows we call realities.

THE END.

*SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE NEW WORLD.

ON A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT.—BY CATHERINE OWEN.



STEAMERS AT THE WHARF.

NEW Orleans is in sharp contrast to other American cities. Unlike most of them it seems to have grown, and not been made by rule and measure. After leaving the dazzling newness of Galveston, its old-world look, its narrow, shady, many-balconied streets, make us think that in crossing the Gulf of Mexico we have landed on the old Continent.

There is a sultry silence in some of those old streets, filled with dense shadow and brilliant sunlight, that remind one of Spain, and the Spanish faces with olive skin and almond eyes favour the illusion; and then again one turns a corner and seems to be in some city of Southern France; fantastic colour and bright vivacity greet one at every step, with music and song and flower-filled spaces. Gay little villas of prosperous modern French merchants abut on the melancholy grandeur of the old creole noblesse; and then again we come to blocks of new and American houses, in which every form of latter-day luxury and modern improvement has been imported, and the spick-and-span newness, and perfect cleanliness, speak of the energetic Northern element that has crept into the fine old city since the war.

There is a squalid picturesqueness at the boat-landings of many American cities, but nowhere is it so replete with colour and life as in New Orleans on a bright day; and days here seem always bright; I have heard many Northern people say they longed for a grey sky, for some relief to this perpetual sunshine.

The great Mississippi steamboat abuts right on to the wharf, which is itself part of a commercial thoroughfare through which horse-cars, carriages, and vehicles are passing; and as the huge white bow of the boat, with its many windows, and balconies running round the decks, looms up before one, it looks like a high-shouldered house of eccentric shape.

The Mississippi steamboats resemble those of the Hudson, except that the sleeping accommodation is more like that of an ocean steamer. This is necessary, as the journey from New Orleans to St. Louis often takes almost as long as from England to New York. There is on these steamers no less luxury, plate-glass and gilding, than on those of the Hudson, but the perfect cleanliness is absent. There is a general air of *laissez aller*, the employés take their time about everything, and in this way typify the difference between North and South.

* American copyright secured.

But if the steamer, or at least the particular one on which I made the trip, was not shining with cleanliness, it was not dirty; the beds were clean, so was the table-linen; it was only that the grime inseparable from steam navigation was not so rigorously fought against as it is in the North; and therefore men sitting on velvet chairs, in the light linen clothes so general in the South, were apt to carry the marks away.

The appearance of travellers on these boats, too, is very different. North, every one tries to put the best foot forward; and those of the poorer classes who travel, dress as well as their means will permit. In the South it is different: there is no separation of classes, of course; all have equal rights on board, for all pay the same; but the difference between wealth and poverty appears more sharply drawn, because the poorer seem to take no care to hide it—sometimes from a natural light-hearted carelessness, at others no doubt from utter disregard as to what any one may think. And thus the Mississippi boat, instead of carrying a crowd of prosperous-looking people like those on the Hudson boats, has a medley in which the social status of each can be more accurately judged. From the opulent planter in immaculate white or grey linen, to the seedy-looking small-store-keeper going North to buy goods, or the numberless others, all wearing the clothes in which they pursue their calling, none are dressed up: there are cattle dealers, cattle drovers, gentlemen whom it is difficult to class, others about whom there is no difficulty at all, ladies the same, and not a few weary-looking people who have made a mistake in settling, and are going back to the North to try again.

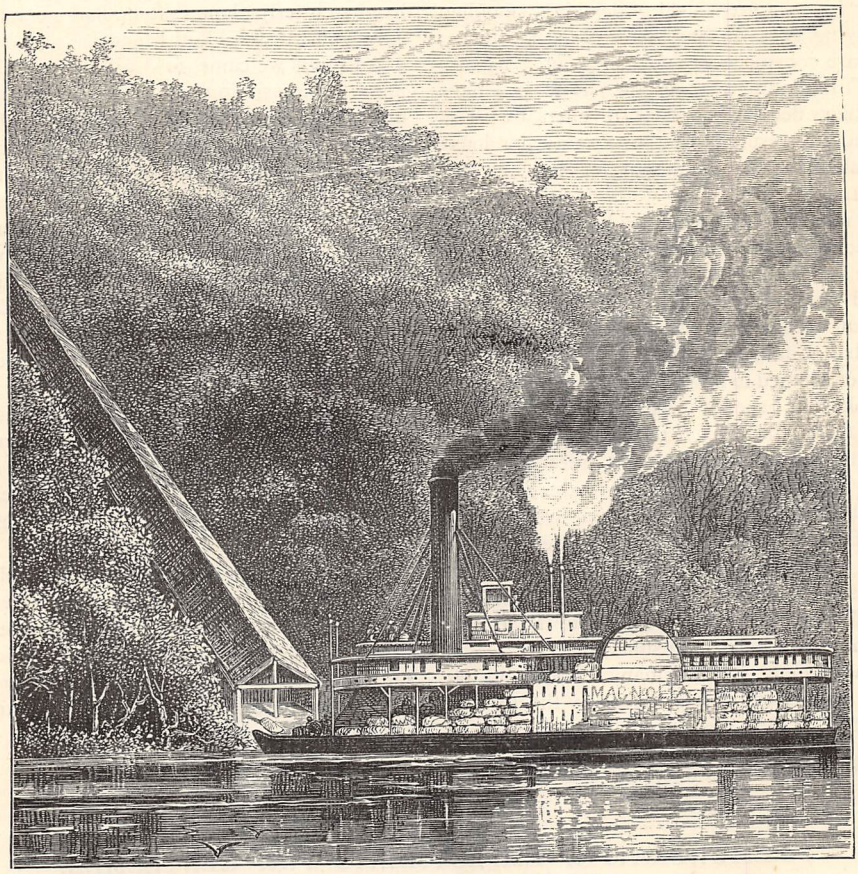
The impedimenta of travel which many bring on board are significant of the semi-tropical climate we are leaving. Under the awning in the coolest part of the steamer hang great bunches of bananas and other fruit, which diminish day by day as the journey proceeds, and the fruit is shared with the children, though, as I found, generally brought on board with the idea of taking some local production North. Several mocking-birds in cages hung amongst the bananas, when I made the trip, and one man was taking two baby alligators to New York.

Of the scenery of the lower Mississippi there is not much to be said; it is absolutely flat on either bank. There is the novelty to Northern eyes of gliding between fields of waving sugar-cane, alternated with acres of orange groves, so long as we are in the State of Louisiana; but once that State is passed and we are travelling through Tennessee and Mississippi States, there is nothing to redeem the general ugliness.

The boat stops at numberless small landings with strange names, to take on or put off passengers or freight—a bale or two of cotton, sometimes sugar. Occasionally these little settlements are verdant, prosperous-looking places, with cheery people to watch the boat coming in; but more often they are such as

remind one of Dickens' "Eden," the yellow ague-worn faces, and weary listless air, telling of the fatal malaria that dwells in those water-soaked lands.

Every now and again some spot of interest in connection with the rebellion comes in view—Bâton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, all large handsome cities, —but to specify the points of historic interest would carry me beyond the limits of this paper.



A COTTON-SHOOT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Dickens has told us of the sluggish, filthy river, whose turbid and loathsome waters brought disease and death to the poor settlers at Eden. But though he in no way exaggerated the foul appearance of the water, and believed in calling it filthy he was correct, it is probably more free from actual filth than many a river of bright running water.

Its appearance is as dirty a hundred miles from a large city as in its vicinity, which would indicate that its dark appearance is not due to sewage; far fewer factories discharge their contents into it during its whole length than into the Thames, and as all the population that dwells on its banks is probably less than that of London, while the volume of water is a great many times more than in the Thames, whatever is foul must be more largely diluted. Yet the water is disgusting in appearance, being like coffee to which a very little milk has been added; it is nearly opaque, and even when filtered is very uninviting in appearance; yet those who drink it protest that it is whole-some, and some account for its appearance by saying it is dyed by the bark of trees from the forests through which it passes, which gives it the tan-coloured appearance; and in some parts of the stream huge quantities of bark are found floating in it. A planter on the steamer told me his men had caught at least forty cords of wood that spring, which had floated down below New Orleans, and that the planters generally obtained their supply in this way.

But in addition to the colour it may get from the prodigious amount of trees and vegetation it is for ever bringing down to the Gulf of Mexico, it is soiled by the red ochre of the Red River and the Arkansas, and the white mud of the Missouri.

Some idea of the vastness of this *Miche Sepe*, as the Indians called the Mississippi, may be gained from a statement which I quote from a recent article. "Its length from Lake Itasca to the Gulf of Mexico is

more than one-eighth the distance round the world; its basin exceeds a million square miles." Nevertheless no idea of beauty can be attached to the lower part of this Father of Waters, with its low-lying banks; even the majesty of its breadth is lost sight of as one glides through it, brown and turbid, and watches waves of liquid mud roll from the bow of the boat.

I am sorry to say a great deal of drinking, smoking, and card-playing goes on, on board these steamers; and notices are conspicuously posted about, "Beware of gamblers," reminding one of the stories we have read of gamblers fleecing innocent travellers on these journeys; and the result is that every traveller looks somewhat askant at his neighbour for the first few hours of the trip.

The water was very high when we left New Orleans, and every hour got higher, until when we reached Memphis we found the "levées" had broken, and vast tracts of land were under water, and as we proceeded the devastation became terrible. So complete was the inundation that I failed at times to recognise it as such; the river seemed to have become a vast lake, and then I was told that beneath it were hundreds of acres of cultivated fields, that what I took for small bushes growing in the water were full-grown trees of which only the very tops were visible. The water was sixty feet above the average level, and soon we found a frame-house floating, and many poor wretches in boats, who had lost everything in the floods. Population is happily very scant in these districts, so that the loss of life is small during the frequent rising of the terrible river; but who can measure the suffering?

The steamer would go for many hours and we would see no habitation, only evidence by the tops of the trees that the banks were wooded; then perhaps a solitary man in a boat would come towards us—he wanted a newspaper, or to inquire news from below.

One boat we met which contained a man and a pig! It was hours since we had seen a house, and this solitary boatman on the dreary waste of waters brought home to one strangely the solitude of life in these wilds. He had saved his pig! was it possible he had lived so utterly alone that he had no human being to save—no wife, child, or friend?

And thus we came to Cairo, where the Ohio river joins the Mississippi. Cairo, a large prosperous city now, is said to have been the Eden of Dickens; in his time it was but an unhealthy settlement, now it is a city with, of course, all the "modern improvements" for which America is so celebrated.

At Cairo, as we are bound for Cincinnati, we leave the Mississippi, and enter the Ohio, which is also flooding; and now we change submerged cotton lands for miles and miles of tobacco fields under water, and can only think of the unfortunate men who see thus their year's harvest destroyed and can do nothing to save it.

Every effort has been made to devise some plan by which to prevent the periodical destruction of the miles of "levées," which carries ruin and death to the cities, towns, and villages in its course, but as yet in vain. It is the great problem science has yet to solve.

No attempt has been made in this short paper to specify all the large cities between New Orleans and Louisville, nor have I attempted statistics; my aim in these papers is rather to give pen-pictures of what most strikes the eye and senses, than to present facts which have been frequently given by travellers, and can be found in any encyclopædia.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

"I AM nearly twenty-eight years of age," writes a gentleman, in describing his own personal experience with regard to this subject—"I am nearly twenty-eight years of age, and was educated at a Public School and Cambridge University, but with no view to following any profession or trade. I now find myself totally unable to obtain suitable and at the same time remunerative employment. My age is perhaps to some extent against me, and my somewhat rusty 'book-learning' would not enable me to succeed in the competitive examinations for which the preparation is now usually so careful, systematic, and prolonged. I am, of course, in a general sense, fairly well educated, my habits are steady and business-like, and I have acquired some knowledge of office routine. I shall be very glad of, and very grateful for, any advice, assistance, and information you may be able to give."

Such instances might easily be multiplied to an almost indefinite extent. Hundreds of young men, even among those who, unlike our correspondent, *have* been educated with a view to following some particular profession or trade, find themselves obliged unwillingly to waste the youthful energies which they would so gladly apply in some useful occupation did circumstances permit. They find themselves continually placed in a dilemma. Their education and business training have fitted them for a particular kind of work, for which the supply of workers is greater by far than the demand. They seek to obtain employment in another sphere, and are met with the not unreasonable objection that they are lacking in the necessary experience and skill. Their overtures in both cases, therefore, meet with neither encouragement nor success. Meanwhile time goes on, and the outlook for these young men becomes every day less promising.

It is exceedingly difficult to point out any means by which they may be enabled to enter upon a new and more satisfactory career. Even if able to make a start, it would be very unlikely that a sufficient salary

would be obtained at first to make the new calling in any sense a strictly "remunerative" one for some time to come. Still something has been gained when the youthful aspirant for independence and a competence feels himself safe upon even the first rung of the ladder. It is at all events an easier matter, with the experience and technical knowledge obtained by such means, to make a further advance upwards later on. He need no longer ask his employers to trust to his *promises*, and to his conscientious fulfilment of them. He can point to work already *done*, and to the reputation which he has already acquired. His hopes and future prospects rest altogether upon a more satisfactory basis, and a continuance of manly effort in the discharge of the duties which he has undertaken must result in a still further improvement in his position, both financially and otherwise.

The difficulty is, however, to know where and how even such a start as this can be made. Many would be ready enough, no doubt, to sacrifice a little in the immediate present, if thereby they insured to themselves a chance of making their way and securing a competent income in the future.

During the past ten or twelve years very much has been done, as is well known, to increase the value and efficiency of the public elementary schools throughout the country. The School Board system has conduced largely to a considerable increase not only in the number of pupils, but also in the number of schools provided for their accommodation. A greater demand for eligible teachers was one of the earliest results of this new state of things, and of the practice which in due time prevailed of augmenting the teaching staff of the various schools. As one means of meeting this demand, a clause was inserted in the regulations issued from the Education Department, which is still in force, but which may not be generally known outside the profession, to the effect that "My Lords" would thenceforward recognise as "duly qualified assistant teachers in public elementary schools," those who were graduates of any University in the United Kingdom.

So far as we are aware, very few graduates have availed themselves of the privilege. But we see no reason why they should not do so. The position, it is true, may not offer immediately all that could be desired, but in these hard times half a loaf is certainly better than no bread, and there are certain very desirable advantages to be gained. In most cases, these schools are exceedingly well managed; the organisation is perfect, the discipline excellent, the methods of teaching are such as experience and a thorough knowledge of the circumstances suggest. The hours are not long, and the work is at once interesting and honourable. If the emoluments be small, the skill and experience to be gained in the art of teaching by any who are determined to make the most of their opportunities are very considerable. With these once acquired, a University man would undoubtedly hold in his hand a key that would open out to him many an avenue to success altogether closed to the ordinary teacher. His social position, his more liberal education, his early training, would all stand him in good stead, and help him to secure one of the many educational appointments which, without such previous experience and training, would have remained inevitably altogether beyond his reach. As an assistant teacher in a public elementary school his salary would not, as a rule, be probably more than from £100 or £120 per annum. Even in higher-grade schools, the payment is often not much better. There are, however, numerous better-paid appointments occasionally to be had, varying in value from £150 to £500 per annum. In exceptional cases the emoluments are even still higher.

Many who would not care for the ordinary routine of school work, but who have special ability in some one department of learning—in science, for example—may often have opportunities for arranging to teach their favourite subject only at different schools by a series of "visiting" lessons. Depend upon it that, in these days of universal education, there is no need for a man of ability and intelligence to stand in the educational market-place "all the day idle," simply because "no man hath hired him." But he must be willing, however, to accept "what is right"—in other words, what his skill and experience are worth to his employers—even though it be at first only the nominal "penny a day."

In connection with this matter we may, perhaps, usefully mention that the teaching of shorthand is being gradually introduced into schools, as a part of the ordinary curriculum. This has long been a well-known and recognised feature in some of the best "commercial" schools; but it is only lately that the practice has extended to schools of a higher grade. The importance of such a step cannot be over-estimated, so far as the scholars themselves are concerned. But, what is more to our present purpose, it also opens a wide field for those who are thoroughly conversant with the shorthand system, and are prepared to teach it. The subject is one which is already receiving a large and increasing share of attention from managers and others, and is destined to become at no very distant period an exceedingly popular subject of study, and that for more reasons than one.

Apart from this, good shorthand writers are even now in considerable demand for journalistic and other purposes; and many who have regular daily employment, but wish to add to their income by evening work, may find opportunities of doing so by this means. A good and accurate writer may often earn from one to three guineas of an evening in this way, according to the importance of the meeting for which he is engaged, and the number of hours he is expected to attend. Of course, even under the most favourable circumstances, a man who had other employment during the day could not engage himself in this way for more than two or three evenings a week at the most. The other evenings would be required for writing out his notes in the ordinary way, and in doing this he would often be called upon to exercise in a practical manner a considerable amount of literary skill.

"THE OLD MAN LOOKED OLDER, AND SARA MORE FULL OF CARE" (*p.* 370).

ALL LIKE A DREAM.

THERE is no better horse in the whole of wide England than my horse. There is no quieter, no speedier, no hardier. Sixty and seventy miles a day my horse has carried me—I always ride, I never drive—and been content with the most meagre fare on the journey, and the humblest accommodation when the day was done.

If I bid my horse stand by the wayside while I go to some distance or enter a house, I find him there when I return. He has no bad faults: he neither kicks, nor gibs, nor rears, nor bolts. Oh! the pleasant happy hours I spend with my horse—all alone, our two selves—or maybe with a book, when summer days are fine, among the wooded fields of bonnie Berks, among the flowery lanes of Devon, or the wilder scenery of romantic Dorsetshire. We care for nothing and nobody, my horse and I, when we start away on some glorious ramble, leaving all care and trouble and worry behind us, as free as the wind, and, like the wind, going wherever we list. Reader, my horse is a tricycle.

But no knight-errant of old ever mounted fiery steed and departed from his castle more certain of adventure than I am when I leave my cottage home, and glide away north, south, east, or west, just as the breeze may happen to blow.

And often when I come to some quiet little hamlet, far removed from the din of towns and cities, if there be a stream in which to fish, and a hill to climb and breathe the pure air, I stay there and work—write—perhaps for one week, perhaps for two.

T————m is, to my way of thinking, quite an author's, or an artist's, paradise. Many a one would be benefited by a stay here, even in the bleakest, gloomiest months of all the year, when trees are bare, when even the whins have shed their bloom, and the hills are canopied over with clouds of mist. But in summer, when the woods are green, when the mountain-sides are clad with here a patch of golden gorse or yellow-tasselled broom, and there a patch of purple heather, when feathery breckans and silver birches stoop to kiss the glad waters of the sparkling Nith, and every bosky wee glen is musical with the joyous notes of mavis and blackbird, then to be here is to live indeed.

Only three hundred miles from London, or little over, is this paradise of mine, only a week's easy riding on the iron horse, and that too through the most charming scenery in the whole of merry England. And all the country around my paradise is historical—hardly a mile of ground anywhere about that has not been a battle-field in the brave days of old. Historical? Yes; and is it not classical as well? Is it not associated with the names of Hogg, Scott, and Burns?

"Here," I said to myself, when last I visited the spot, some two or three years ago, "here I will stay a few weeks, and write, and ride, and fish." The air is bracing, and there is nothing to distract the attention, as there invariably is at those hackneyed seaside places that people who know no better are so fond of visiting.

I got lodgings at a very humble, but very cleanly, little cottage, where I enjoyed the luxuries of quiet comfort and minimised bills. The only sounds that ever broke the stillness proceeded from the throats of a flock of geese, that used to pass the gate twice a day, going to or returning from their upland pastureland.

The roads were good, especially one that leads for miles through a series of winding glens. When not fishing, I often used to wheel along this road easily, feeling for all the world like one in some happy dream.

Right opposite a little cottage at the glen-head is a well of the purest water I ever drank. I was in the constant habit of dismounting here to enjoy a draught, for it looked altogether so inviting and cool, that whether thirsty or not, I could not resist the temptation to taste.

From the cottage down to the wayside well there often came, while I was resting and reading on a smooth stone near it, an old, old man, with a pitcher to fill. He was not averse to enter into conversation, nor did he fail to tell me more than once that he dearly loved old Sara, his wife. He never, he said, allowed *her* to draw water, for "Ah!" he added, with a sigh, "there had never been a wife in the world more good and true than his old woman."

"A good mother she has been also," I remarked one day; "but I dare say your children are grown up, and left you some time ago."

"Grown up?" he replied; "they have all *gone* up, save one." He bent down as he spoke to fill his pitcher, and I could not help noticing that I had touched some tender chord.

From his dress, I discovered he was a shoemaker by trade, but I thought it strange that so old a man should still be working. He had been a soldier in his youth for many a long year, and fought in far-off foreign lands. It was when a soldier he had learned the trade he now followed; it was when a soldier he had married his faithful spouse Sara.

In age there could not be very much difference between them—probably a matter of three or four years on his side. But though old, and somewhat wrinkled now, Sara still had the appearance of having once been both good-looking and handsome.

I could not help taking a kindly interest in this ancient couple. They were very poor, but far, far too proud to receive parish assistance. The husband—John Donald was his name—spent most of his time on his leathern stool, making or mending shoes, and she a deal of hers at the wash-tub. Industry like this enabled them to eke out their exceedingly small Government pension, and to live in the frugal way they really seemed to prefer.

I do not think that either old John or his wife would ever have told me any portion of their life history, had they not found out that I belonged to the "sister service," as it is called. On the day John made this discovery he kindly invited me into his house and workshop.

"Come in, sir," he said. "We'll find you something better to drink than that water, pure and beautiful though it be."

The "something better" was a glass of heather ale, made by Sara herself, and most delicious and refreshing it turned out to be—a truth I was not at all slow in communicating to the worthy couple, very much to their delight.

I gave John an order for a pair of Highland walking or fishing boots—I could not otherwise serve him—also a pair of cycling shoes, adorned all round with what are called "froochans," after the manner of a kilt shoe. I have them still, and it seems to me they will never wear out. The price, according to John's estimate, was to have been a small one indeed, but I insisted on paying exactly the same as I pay my bootmaker in Piccadilly.

Many a strange and warlike story of the fighting days of old did John tell me. There was fire in his aged eyes still as he fought his battles over again, and when he came to any particularly heroic portion of his narrative, then bang, bang, bang! he brought the flat-headed hammer down upon the morsel of leather on his lap-stone, with such emphasis that the sound resembled nothing so much as rifles ringing out in the clear frosty air of a winter's morning. Nor did the sound ever fail to bring Sara away from her tub, but she never came farther than the door, where she would stand listening proudly, rubbing her soapy hands together and smiling. I think I see her still.

John used to arrange parings of leather on the floor, with the end of his hammer, into a kind of war-map.

"Here were the mountains, sir," he would say, pointing to a portion of his plan, "and here, as it might be, were the Caffres. General Gough lay just there, and down here was a river——"

And so on and so forth; but very graphic were his words, albeit the map was a rude one.

John smoked and Sara drank tea, and this gave me another opportunity of ingratiating myself into their favour. I showed Sara how to make tea on scientific principles, and proved to her that boiling was not at all necessary to the extraction of the full flavour and virtues of the delicious herb. Then I sat down, and shared a cup with the kindly old souls, and very much enjoyed their simple, unsophisticated conversation.

I came to love T——m so much, and my work

was going on so merrily under the double influence of bracing air and perfect quiet, that I stayed much longer in the place than I had at first intended, and almost every second day I found myself at John's cottage.

It was over a kindly cup of tea that John's wife Sara told me of the one sorrow of their life. And a great one it was to them. The worthy couple, it seems, had not spent all the better days of their life, ere I met them, in this place. John had come here for his health, from North Shields, and quietly settled down to his trade.

Robert, their only son, had been educated in Edinburgh, and was to have been a clergyman. His father's hard earnings went to pay for his "schooling."

"Ay," said poor old Sara, concluding her story, "and our dearest wish and hope was to see him settled in the Church. He would have got a living —of that we were sure, for he was clever."

"Yes, he *was* clever," moaned John.

"And we thought, maybe not unnaturally, that we might have all lived together, and been so happy! Heigho! heigho!"

"Don't complain, dear wife," said John. "It wasn't God's will. But oh, sir! the lad took to evil courses, and—yes, and broke our hearts. Then he fled across the sea; never even said good-bye. Poor Sara and I got old all at once after that. But he is dead."

"You are sure?" I asked.

"He has never written," sighed Sara. "Yes, he must be dead."

About a week after this a very strange thing happened. I was carelessly glancing over the agony column of a daily paper when my eyes fell upon the following:—

"If alive, will John Donald, late of North Shields, send his address to his son Robert, of ———, Glasgow."

I jumped for joy. I rushed away to the post-office, and telegraphed at once to the son, then I mounted my tricycle, and the grass did not grow under my wheels till I found myself at John's cottage.

They were seated at a table in front of the house, enjoying their frugal dinner, and the sunshine which John and Sara dearly loved. I could see at a glance they were in grief of some kind. The old man looked older, and Sara more full of care.

It was nothing, after all—only a sad dream about Robert that Sara had had. I laughingly tried to banish their gloom—a thing I could well afford to do, seeing the secret I was possessor of—but I took care not to break the news to them until some time after they had finished dinner, and then only gradually, for sudden joy is often more fatal in its effects on the weakly and aged than grief itself.

Robert arrived that very night. A feeling of the greatest disappointment took possession of me as soon as I saw him—disappointment that the even tenor of the lives of those poor old creatures, should have been disturbed by the re-appearance of such a son. Although his clothes were fairly good, he seemed in abject poverty. It was the return of the prodigal son non-repentant, and without the fatted calf to kill. Ah! but the happiness of the father and mother to see their Robert once more at their fireside, was delightful to contemplate. I was prevailed upon to stay with the trio the first evening, and was not altogether reluctant to do so. Robert did nothing but smoke and relate his adventures in India, Japan, and the districts beyond the Rocky Mountains of the far West.

All the past was forgiven him, all his bygone ingratitude forgotten, and he was assured that, if he would only stay with them now, he would never want a crust whilst his parents' old heads were above the sod.

Robert did stay—for a whole week, during which old John did little work, and the son did nothing apparently but smoke and talk.

In one thing—though only one—Robert won my heart: he was kind and respectful in the extreme to his parents. More than once I have noticed him do such simple acts as this: take the pipe from his lips, gaze fondly at his mother for a moment, then stroke her arm with tears in his eyes, just as a child might have done.

The strangest part of my tale has now to be told, and I shall do so briefly. Robert went away for ten days. His mother forced money on him at parting, which he laughingly put in his pocket. At the end of this time he returned. I was surprised to see a carriage and pair drive up to my cottage door, surprised to see Robert jump out respectably dressed, and looking all over just what he was—a rough, kindly, but somewhat uncouth Englishman, returned from the diggings after a long spell of good luck.

The old couple, arrayed in their Sunday clothes, looked quite ten years younger as they stepped into the carriage.

"It's all like a dream!" the old man cried.

It was still more like a dream, however, to both them and myself, when we arrived at the new home Robert had provided for his parents and himself. Beautifully situated it was on a wooded brae on the banks of the winding Nith; and we hardly knew which to admire most—the gardens around it, or the taste displayed in furnishing the house itself.

Three or four happy children—Robert's—came bounding to meet us, and Robert's wife herself stood smiling in the doorway.

"It's just like a dream!" this from poor old John.

After showing us all over the place, Robert laughingly conducted us to a back room. It was well lighted, but contained all the paraphernalia of a shoemaker's trade.

"Look here, daddie," said Robert: "I'm sure unless you work *sometimes* you'll be wretched, so whenever you feel you want to, you can start and make shoes for me and the boys. They'll wear them out fast enough."

"God bless you, my son!" said old John. "It's all just like a dream!"

GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THE new silks are very novel in their character, and very beautiful. Manufacturers ransack their brains for novelties, and, somehow or other, manage each year to originate something which has never appeared in the same combination before. This season there are the shot silks, the terry brocades, and the brocaded gauzes; the latter are not exactly new, as far as class goes, but quite new in the manner in which they have been carried out.

As the season advances, there is no doubt whatever that Nankeen, as it is now called—viz., biscuit or leather colour—is *the* particular tone of the year. It is very pretty by itself, very pretty in combination with other shades, especially with the fashionable Coquelicot, or poppy shade, which is next in fame to the Nankeen, and then the Verdigris, the new green. Still, the old colours are worn, browns, blues, greens, maize, *Bouton d'or;* and, especially for evening wear, salmon-pink, and the deeper crevette, or shrimp-pink.

People should be careful what tones they choose, and not be madly led away by what people tell them is the fashion. Green and blue suit fair people, but blue gives an orange tinge to the skin, throws up the whole complexion and flesh tints; green heightens the pink of the cheeks, and the red in the lips; so, if a fair woman has much colour she should wear light blue or dark green. Rose-red destroys the freshness of a good complexion, and should be adopted with care. Yellow and red suit dark women, because yellow neutralises the orange in the complexion, and increases the red. Women whose purses are not over-filled will be glad to hear that *poult de soie* is coming in again; it wears well, and looks good to the end. Those brought out this season are all shot, for everything is shot this year. We have the pigeon-wing mixture of grey and pink, green and blue, brown and green, light gold and dark brown; indeed, an endless combination. On to these plain shot silks are thrown detached geometrical designs in plain-coloured velvet, and they are intended to be made up—as are all the brocades, satin or velvet or gauze—with the plain shot silks. Another class of shot silk has the pattern in Ottoman or corded silk of exactly the same tone, in geometric designs all over them.

The satin brocades require a chapter to themselves; for Court dresses they have the brocade in gold or silver tinsel. Armure façonné satin, a novelty, has the ground like crystallisé silk, with the satin brocade thrown on and intertwined with another tone, for all these brocades are shot; pink or blue with white, brown with verdigris, grey with dove-colour. The satin brocades on satin grounds obtain still; the newest are small, distinct sprays of the mixed colouring of which the silk is interwoven: claret and verdigris, claret and brick-red again. Sometimes, as in one of the examples of the new make of crystallisé, the brocade is thrown on a Pekin stripe, alternately satin and crystallisé, the brocade apparently ribbed. Very marked contrasts prevail. For example, stripes two inches wide, of claret-coloured satin and smoke-coloured crystallisé, the brocade in light grey thrown upon it, or grey-white and pearl-white, pink and straw, and so on.

Then there are many beautiful silks with liseré brocades, liseré simply meaning embroidered; and as you look at them, you can almost fancy that they are embroidered. I will only quote one example from a pattern before me. A light tilleul ground, just the tint of lettuce, shot with white, on it a conventional design of horse-chestnut, the leaves and flowers in some three shades of the same tone of green, most deftly shaded. They are very beautiful, but not so beautiful as the velvet brocades. I have spoken of those that are thrown on plain shot silks, but larger and more arabesque-like patterns are thrown on satin. A very rich class has only two tones; the velvet a darker shade of the same colour as the satin ground, or a contrast; brown on gold, black on red, grenat on pink, brown on terra-cotta.

Then we have this same class of pattern with the velvet brocade outlined by a line of satin of a distinctive colour: for example, the ground salmon-pink, the velvet brocade dark grey, outlined with light grey; or, the ground biscuit, the velvet brocade dark green, the satin outline light green, and very bright and beautiful it is. The newest of all this class is the Armure poudré. It has a silk shot ground, dotted all over with tiny velvet spots; the brocade is in satin, outlined by a line of velvet, a triumph of weaving. It is in three shades of colouring—dark green, light green, and biscuit; biscuit and two shades of pink, and so on. Another class shows the satin ground with distinct velvet *motif*, with a satin design intermixed in the shading of the brocade.

Poplins are coming in: this has been said a long time, but it is true now, depend on it, for some of the best velvet brocades are thrown on Sicilienne grounds, soft and ribbed. Poplin would have the same effect at half the price, and the Sicilienne ground on these is visible through the brocade, which is of the same tone as the ground. Plush brocades run very closely into velvet; they are, in fact, much the same, except that the plush is more upstanding. This class takes the form of close-set spots of two shades—viz., green satin ground with spots half brown, half light green; another, half red and half light green; smoke satin ground, half pink, half green. Then tube-like tufts of plush are thrown on striped satin grounds in such a way that they appear to be in stripes. Pea spots in velvet are thrown also on shot grounds.

Satin grounds are covered all over with terry cubes,

or spots, blue on stone, terra-cotta on biscuit, and many other varieties; and then there are stripes of cut and uncut velvet, mixed on the shaded grounds.

But even richer and more beautiful than all these are the velvet gauzes. These have always fancy woven grounds, which throw up the bold arabesque velvet patterns to perfection. A novelty this year is that pin-points of colour have been brought into this ground, and the same shades in satin brocade vein the velvet leaves. In another kind the velvet is simply outlined in satin, and quite new are the striped satin gauzes, with velvet figures upon them, claret on blue or biscuit. These magnificent materials are being used for dresses, trains, and mantles, and their colourings are as perfect as their designs.

The plain-coloured satin brocaded gauzes are much used for evening wear, in delicate colourings. The brocaded foulard, plain and satin, are also; and the new self-brocaded China crapes. All these blend with satin, silk, and velvet.

Now that the summer is approaching you will be glad to hear of the washing silks, so called, which are printed in most charming designs, copied from old china.

I find the greatest difficulty in describing to you the present styles of making the dresses, they are so varied.

It will be of most practical use to you if I give you the exact proportions of a day dress-skirt, which should be two and a quarter yards wide when finished: the front width, twenty inches at hem, fourteen at waist; the back breadth straight, twenty inches; the two front gores, fourteen and a half, diminishing to eight at waist; the two back, nine inches, diminishing to six. One steel only should be placed sixteen inches from hem, and twenty-two inches long, kept out by a horsehair mattress, seven by five inches, and three inches thick.

An evening dress, with a short train twelve inches on the ground, would be three yards and a quarter wide when finished: front breadth, twenty inches at the hem, fourteen at the waist; the back straight, twenty-six; two front gores, seventeen inches, diminishing to ten; two back ones, twenty inches at the hem, and eight at the waist. Three steels, the first twenty-six inches from hem, and twenty-two inches long; the second twelve inches above the first, and nineteen inches long; the third also twelve inches above the last, and fifteen inches long; also kept out by a mattress.

Short skirts are worn for walking. Very long trains are exceptional, even for quite full dress. Kilt-plaitings appear, but are a couple of inches wide; and box-plaits also are used. Ruching in box-plaits borders some of the more expensive dresses, and double box-plaits. Many of the skirts have quite plain pieces of rich brocades covering the front, and plain trains of satin and flowered brocade appear on other gowns. The stuffs are too rich and handsome to be tortured into innumerable plaits, thereby disguising their beauty.

Bodices have the back and two side pieces, not the many seams, carried to the neck. Pads are often placed inside the sleeves to make them stand up high, but there are two styles with regard to this, and some of the best dressmakers are now giving up the high shoulders.

Coats, with long tails falling beneath the skirt draperies, are very fashionable. Tunics pointed at front and side, but draped long at the back, are the most worn of any kind of tunic, and there is a disposition to bring the fulness well up on the hips. Many of the tunics have the fulness caught up on to the bodice with a velvet strap, and broad bands of velvet are used to support the draperies. Much bead passementerie, and ribbon-velvet covered with a velvet brocade, are used for trimming. The muslin and net embroidery is also very much employed on handsome silks, covering the front breadth, or just used for trimming. Tunics often open at the side with square, plain ends, and are united by trimming of some kind, or perhaps the favourite knots of narrow ribbon.

The basques of bodices are either very long or very short and narrow. Blouse-waistcoats are still placed on bodices, and also a special blouse, which allows the fulness to fall below the waist, the end being caught up beneath the arm.

Velvet and velveteen skirts are employed with draperies of soft falling woollen stuff above. Cotton dresses are being made with wide kilt-plaited skirts, and short tunics above, the bodices full. Parisians trim these light fabrics with velvet. A new style is a pointed bodice to which had been attached plaitings narrowing in front and wide on the hips, the joining to the bodice hidden by a band of velvet.

The new buttons are of perforated metal enamelled, and clasps are used wherever it is possible in lieu of buttons. A comfortable addition to the dress are tuckers, made narrow at the back and front, so that they in no way interfere with the hairdressing.

Fashionable parasols are large, and are being made of velvet and silk brocade in large patterns. Cream and twine-colour, and light silk and satin parasols are trimmed with bands of marabout feathers. The Claremont shape, which has pendant scallops below the ribs, is the favourite one; and lace bordering these is carried on to the parasol half-way up the ribs.

The handles are made of natural wood carved, the carved portions painted a darker tone. Some parasols are covered all over with pink lace, fulled on, and secured here and there with large beads.

Black and cream and twine-colour are more worn than anything else, but it is very much the fashion to have parasols made of a piece of the dress to match each costume.

Queer crooks and rings appear at either end of fashionable parasols; and quite a novelty are the soft-closing ribs, which very nearly close by themselves. Gilt ribs outside the linings are much used, and very wonderful some of these linings are; brocades of flowers, Japanese birds, and figures—anything grotesque, in fact. Plain satin with gilt ribs and no lace border are fashionable, and so are plain cottons

OUR BOATING PARTY.

trimmed with lace, and others composed entirely of frills of lace, which have a good effect at little cost.

Shot silk is used both for parasols and the *en tout cas* now so much in demand, with chicken's feet, dog's heads, clowns' masks, and other wonderful things carved on the handles.

If you have a desire for an Indian shawl, get one at once, for they are very cheap now and are convertible into mantles. Chenille scarves form good wraps, too, and there are many pretty Algerian striped shawls useful in that way.

The mantelette is the prevailing shape in mantles, which are principally made in terry brocade or brocaded gauze, and as often as not with long sleeves of Chantilly piece-net caught up inside the arm. Many of the new mantles also have lace scarves draped about them.

The different styles of mounting skirts are illustrated in our boating party. The young lady who has already embarked wears one of the new Nankin coloured cottons trimmed with velvet. The skirt on the last figure shows the accordion kilting so widely patronised for all soft materials. The lady stepping into the boat wears a broché costume braided in the colour of the design.

SIDDY'S ADVICE.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

WHEN IT WAS GIVEN.

YOU could not find a more notable woman in the fishermen's quarter of our pretty seaside town than the wife of Joel Sims. He might work hard in his boat, but he spent all his hours on shore in lounging about or sleeping, whereas Siddy Sims was never idle.

The four fat little children who called her mother were as rosy and healthy as plenty of tubbing and wholesome food could make them; and spiders avoided the queerly-built tenement on the cliff-side, that might be known as Siddy Sims' by the whiteness of the rough stone at the door, and the redness of the pots of flowers that filled the windows.

Yet, with all her occupations at home, Siddy was sure to be one of the first on the beach in the early morning, when the boats came in; first to help sort the fish; first to take her place in the market, where her bright smiling face and civility attracted many a customer. And who, when business was over there, tramped away more undauntedly with her basket, to sell her whiting and soles at the doors of the smart villas on the outskirts of the town? coming home not unfrequently to mend nets or make creels; and if help in a sick-room were needed, to take her turn at sitting up as readily as if it were a pleasure instead of a toil.

Siddy was the best of mothers, after the rough fashion that thinks love may be as truly expressed by a slap or a shake as a caress; but it is doubtful whether her children were nearer to her heart than a younger brother of Joel's, who occupied her spare bed-room, and had called her mother ever since she nursed him through a dangerous illness.

That Ned Sims had recovered at all had been due—so said everybody—to her untiring care; and now that he had developed into a great, broad-chested, handsome young fellow, half a foot taller than Joel, and endowed with three times his industry and energy, Siddy was rather apt to take all the credit to herself, and to be proud of him accordingly.

She very often planned his future as she sat making his new shirts or mending his jacket. He was no drinker, thank Heaven! and so his savings were mounting up, and he would soon be able to buy himself a share in one of the boats. And then, he must marry. "It would be more 'spectable-like to have a wife than to be sauntering about with first one lass and then another."

Yet it gave her a smart shock when, instead of "keeping company" with some girl "to the manner born," some fisherman's daughter like herself, she met Edward, flushed with pride and happiness, by the side of one of the best-looking and best-dressed of the chambermaids at the huge hotel lately erected at the top of the cliff.

It was Sunday morning, and Siddy, coming out of the tiny fishermen's church with her baby in her arms, stopped short, and frowned disapproval. Yet it would be hard to say what fault could be found with the pretty little creature who was listening to the young fisherman.

"Take my advice," said Siddy the following day, "and break with her. She's too fine a lady for you."

"*She* don't think so," Ned retorted. "She didn't show no airs nor graces, did she, when she walked home with you from the church? but praised your cold pie, and talked to Joel as nice as nice. And didn't you see how the children took to her?"

"An' kep me in a fidge to my fingers' ends that they'd spoil her fine clothes. If she's going to walk with you, Eddard, don't you let her wear no more o' them fal-lals; it's waste o' money!"

"I don't believe her brown gown," was the angry retort, "cost more than that shawl of your'n, Siddy; and it's not half as flaring."

After hurling this shaft, Ned made his escape, for he knew Siddy would not find it easy to forgive a slighting remark on the huge-patterned plaid which she had hitherto worn in happy ignorance of its ugliness.

But ere long she had forgiven the speech, and the cause of it, welcoming pretty Liz whenever she could find time to visit the fishermen's quarter.

The season had not commenced yet, and the huge half-empty hotel was so inexpressibly dreary that Liz preferred Siddy's homely kitchen, even though it was inconveniently crowded when the children came in from play; Joel's burly frame filled up the end nearest the fire, and Ned took a boyish delight in getting in the way of the busy wife and mother.

Not that Liz was always a grateful recipient of her lover's attentions. She had her fits of wilfulness, sometimes evincing an irritability that would lead to a quarrel. Then Ned would stalk out of the house, refusing to hear the remorseful voice that entreated his return; and Liz either fled in another direction, or when advised to keep her tongue within her teeth in future, retorted with the reproach that it was Siddy's fault: she was always making mischief between them.

"If it ain't enough to cut a body to the heart to be told that!" exclaimed the discomfited Siddy. "Don't you never marry her, Eddard."

"I don't suppose she'll let me," replied Ned, with a heavy sigh. The varying mo ds of the girl were per-

"SHE RECOGNISED HIM IN A MOMENT. IT WAS NED!"

"*SIDDY'S ADVICE*" (*p.* 375).

plexing him sorely. It was not like her to be so petulant. Had he loved her too well?

His gloomy air fretted the woman who loved him with a mother's love, till at last she cried—

"Ha' done with it, lad! You'd better take the shillin' and be a soldier than make yourself miserable for a chit of a girl that ain't worth it."

"Think so?" was all the response he made, but he lounged away, and was not forthcoming when Joel, his supper eaten, went off to the beach.

An hour afterwards Siddy was watching the fishing fleet glide away towards the setting sun, when she found Liz by her side, ghastly with agitation.

"Where's Ned?" The girl's lips formed the question more than uttered it.

"He's down town 'stead of where he ought to be!" and Siddy indicated the boats. "That's your doing!"

"No, no; I've been down the High Street," moaned Liz, clutching at her friend for support: "he's not there. He was seen at the railway station with the recruiting sergeant. He's away with *him;* he's taken the shilling and gone for a soldier!"

"And it was my advice that done it!"

As she spoke Siddy dropped on the rough bench in the porch, and for a few minutes she was too giddy to know what else the equally unhappy Liz was saying.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE RESULT.

SIDDY shut her door against the well-meaning neighbours who would have condoled with her, and all the next day she sought by working harder than ever to forget the violence of the reproaches with which she had driven the weeping Liz from her presence.

Ned a soldier! sent abroad, not to wrestle with the elements—that was man's work—but to be cut and hacked by savages! And her eyes would turn, against their will, to a wretched daub upon the cottage wall—a picture of a battle with the Zulus, in which half a dozen hideous savages were hewing down a young Englishman, who to her excited fancy looked like Ned.

When the children had been put to bed, this horrid picture kept her company, till, unable to bear it any longer, she tore it down and thrust it into the fire.

"Siddy!" It was Liz who had stolen upon her, and with extended hands was beseeching her forbearance.

"Oh! bid me good-bye kindly," moaned the girl, "for I am going away."

"What's that for?" asked Siddy harshly.

"I was ill after I went back to my place last night, and they sent for a doctor, and—and—I haven't felt well ever since I slipped off the ladder when we were cleaning the paint."

"Go on," said Siddy, beginning to divine the reason of those fits of irritability that had often surprised her.

"The doctor says I have strained the muscles of my side, and must have a long rest, and so I am no use here, and must make room for some one else."

"And you've no friends in London. I've heard you say so. Where'll you go?"

"The doctor has given me a letter for a hospital. Oh, Siddy! say a kind word to lighten my troubles, for they seem more than I can bear!"

The strong arms of Siddy were thrown round her, and there was silence, till, ashamed of her own emotion, the elder woman began making up the fire and putting on the kettle.

"I cannot stay," cried Liz. "I shall lose the train; and they will not keep me at the hotel another night."

"We'll not ask them. You'll bide here. You'll have Ned's room, and I'm going to nurse you well again."

So Liz, her heart heavy, her limbs aching, submitted to be put to bed, and there wept herself into resignation. When Ned wrote—oh! surely he would write, and tell them where he was!—she could let him know how penitent she was; and though unequal to hard work, she was clever with her needle, and could find plenty who would be willing to employ her.

Joel was away longer than usual, and at the end of the week he came home sulky. To lose good chances as he had done all through being short-handed had exasperated him, and he growled at his wife, abused the missing Ned, and looked so black at the guest that she was fain to keep out of his way.

Siddy had much to cope with while his ill-humour lasted, but she bore with it as the richly-deserved punishment of her hasty advice.

In other respects the world went smoothly. The doctor called on Liz, and predicted her speedy recovery.

But nothing would lift the load that lay on Siddy's heart, and as she went home down the cliff-side with her empty basket, she felt weak and spiritless; for the sight of Lizzie's pale face, and the sound of the heavy sighs the girl breathed as she sat in the old arm-chair with her sewing, were continual reproaches to her hostess.

Mechanically the sorrowing woman looked towards the pretty land-locked bay lying far below the rocky ledge on which she was resting. The smack of old Aaron Jones, who had sailed away far beyond where the other fishermen cast their nets, had just come to an anchor; and, borne shoreward by the flowing tide, came the smack's boat with the first instalment of finny treasures.

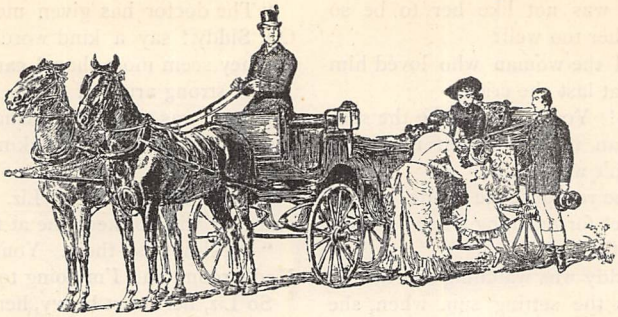
One of the rowers, catching sight of Siddy, greeted her with a lusty cheer. She recognised him in a moment. It was Ned! The report of his having enlisted was a false one, invented by a half-tipsy idler. He had sailed in the *Wonder*, because in treaty with the owner for a share in his ventures, and the opportunity of talking over and clenching the bargain was too good to be missed.

How Siddy laughed and cried in her joy no one ever knew. She kept out of sight till the lovers had met and were reconciled, and her first words to Ned were a reproach for not wiping his boots cleaner.

"If you two'll be said by me," she told the young couple, "you'll get married as soon as you can. And that's the last bit of advice I ever means to give!"

But whether Siddy will keep this resolve remains to be seen.

LOUISA CROW.



THE PERFECT LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ETIQUETTE OF GOOD SOCIETY."

THIRD PAPER.

AT the outset of married life, the complete and entire freedom from parental control and surveillance, the untried post of ruler of her own actions, as well as those of others, which is now hers, often bewilders the girl-wife, and puts her into a state of flutter and nervousness. A much-feared shower of criticisms falls upon and around the young married lady, the ordeal has to be gone through, and sensitive natures very often feel uncomfortable, and sometimes a degree miserable, with the fear of making some blunder, of omitting some social duty, or of showing ignorance on any point. When the feet find the right path at the outset, it is not a difficult one to keep. We will draw attention to the rocks over which the young matron often stumbles, and the thorns, briars, and brambles in which she gets entangled ; if caution-signals are set up to mark these dangerous places, the troubles they entail may be avoided.

Ostentation is a rock to steer clear of. The housewife is of course proud of her new position, and desirous of making it appear an exalted one to her friends. Take the entertainment of guests, for instance. It is truly laudable to try and give the best we can to our friends, but it is a mistaken notion to think that their happiness and pleasure can be enhanced by any extraordinary efforts on the part of the entertainers. If the means and the *ménage* be small, then let the entertainment match them in character, and do not strive to show great display. One of the most, if not *the* most, trying ordeals for the young married lady is that of returning the hospitalities which have been shown to her by friends and neighbours. The greater the simplicity of her arrangements, the less likelihood will there be of anything untoward happening to disturb the equanimity and the ease of mind and bearing which ought to characterise her conduct on these occasions.

Let me illustrate the preceding remarks by relating an experience. Some months ago I was invited by a strictly formal invitation to an evening "At home," at the house of some new housekeepers. On our arrival, a small maid opened the door, and when we were within it, said in formal phrase—"Ladies, up-stairs, please. Gentlemen, in there," pointing to the stairs, and to a back room, as she gave the directions. Having deposited my cloak in a bed-room which had evidently *not* been prepared for visitors, I descended, and was ushered into a room ; it was furnished as a dining-room ; a large square table occupied most of the space, and there was but just room for people to move round it. Guests came flocking in, all in full evening attire (the nature of the invitation warranted them in donning it). Very soon there was not standing room, and then the hostess said that a leaf of the table had better be taken away ; this operation was a difficult matter, and caused a disturbance, for there was no other room into which the guests could overflow. After this was accomplished, several of the company were asked to play and sing at a piano which was squeezed up in a corner, and then refreshment in the shape of a sweetmeat commonly known as "rock" was handed round in a glass dish. We then wished to say our adieus, but were begged to stay awhile longer to hear a recitation, which was thereupon given by the host. This was the conclusion of the entertainment.

Now a friendly invitation to pass a sociable evening might have proved pleasant, even though there was only the one room in which to pass the hours ; it was the whole incongruity which was so disturbing ; the mistaken effort to give a grand entertainment under such circumstances was a complete failure, and a failure which made itself felt ; the guests were all strangers

to one another, we felt in an unnatural position and condition, we were all constrained and restrained ; we could not move or change our places ; where we sat or stood at the beginning of the evening, there we remained until the end. Let me be distinctly understood : it was not the paucity of the entertainment which disappointed our expectations, but the foolish ostentation which prompted our entertainers to attempt an evening party. Lest it should be thought that I speak of what happened in an out-of-the-world spot, I will mention that this took place in London, in the year 1882, and that the host was a member of one of the learned professions.

I have one or two more topics to discuss while on the subject of guests. The young married lady is apt to be absorbed in her own personal affairs ; thus she falls into one stream of talk, and babbles continuously about the perfections of her husband, the imperfections of her servants, the superiority of her possessions ; her domestic arrangements, their complications and worries, and more than all about the ways and doings of the baby. All these matters are, of course, and should be, intensely interesting to herself, but a prolonged flow of conversation solely on these matters becomes wearisome to callers, guests, or visitors.

Another error into which the young housekeeper falls is that of finding fault with, correcting, and directing her servants in the presence of guests. Instruction and tuition should be given, if necessary, beforehand, and in private. Here, again, simplicity of arrangements would obviate many difficulties which are increased by over-much formality and ceremony. My gravity was sorely tried a few weeks ago by a young hostess at a five o'clock tea. She had both her maids in the room to wait upon her guests ; one managed her duties tolerably well, but the other was untrained, and was afraid to venture near the ladies, so the hostess went behind her and guided her about just as one would guide a little child ; with her hands on the young servant's arms, the mistress gently pushed her in front of one person, and then another, so that they might take off or put on their cups on the tray she held. Now, would it not have been a more comfortable arrangement if the hostess had handed the cups herself? I thought so ; but, unfortunately, there are young married folk who think it beneath their dignity to perform little acts of service, or they wish to show their acquaintances that they know how things ought to be done.

I have as yet been speaking upon general matters, now I will turn to details. Many of the points of perfection mentioned in the last paper on this subject are as necessary to be observed by the married as by the unmarried lady : politeness in all its forms, gracefulness, courtesy, and consideration for others. "Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love." I need not reiterate, but will merely add some of the extra forms which the married lady needs to know.

When you expect callers, be seated where you can be easily seen by them on entering your room. Try to pay attention to all alike. Speak a few words to the latest comer, and then turn to those who have previously entered. When a caller rises to leave, the lady of the house also rises, and, while talking to her friend, rings the bell for the servant to open the door.

When receiving guests, stand in a conspicuous place, and greet each comer on arrival. The hostess should be quite ready before the hour named to receive her guests ; it is a terrible breach of good manners on her part for any one to arrive and not find her there to receive them. She should move about among her guests, and contrive that they shall not be rooted to one chair the whole of the evening.

When visitors arrive to stay in the house, it is also a breach of good manners if the lady of the house is not ready to welcome them on their arrival.

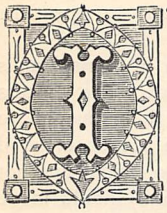
On her first appearance as a bride at any entertainment out of her own house, the young married lady takes precedence of all other guests ; and on these occasions she is the one to take her departure first. When ignorant of this formality, she keeps the other guests longer than they wish to stay, by waiting for some one to make the move, whereas it devolves upon her to do so.

The first calls paid to her by all her friends should be returned by her in a few days' time, and on the occasions of calling the lady should leave her own card and two of her husband's cards on the hall-table ; one of the latter is for the lady, and the other for the gentleman of the house at which the call is paid.

I spoke before of borrowing and repayment. I must bring the subject forward again, as I know that one phase is much practised by imperfect married ladies. They do not ask their neighbours for money, but are constantly sending to ask the loan of something or other—coals or candles, tea or milk, saucepans or shawls, patterns or papers. This habit of continuous borrowing is an imperfection, it bespeaks a careless housekeeper ; and when repayments are forgotten, or their necessity is silently ignored, it shows a lack of principle.

The remarks I made on dress are equally applicable to the married lady, for she is even more likely to slip into untidy habits. Her morning attire at breakfast often shows want of neatness and nicety, her evening dress is soiled, and the notion that "anything will do for home wear" seizes hold of her more tenaciously ; more especially does she shelter herself under that excuse when children begin to cling to her skirts. No, my dear lady, you will miss perfection if you let any excuse serve you for being untidy or dishevelled at any hour. You may have to forego the adornments of brooches and trinkets, of pretty laces and furbelows, for the sake of tiny fingers, but I beseech you do not lapse into slovenliness, either in your personal attire or in the arrangements of rooms, the freshness and brightness and attractiveness of which depend so much upon you and your supervision. So many slovens there are already, who gradually and yet quickly lose their interest in making and keeping themselves and their homes bright and cleanly. Do not increase the number.

THE ART OF GARNISHING.



IT would, I am well aware, be quite as possible to teach people how to draw and paint by reading *alone*, as to impart the art of which this paper treats; but I feel that there are many who have but little opportunity or need perhaps to practise to any great extent (though without practice proficiency is never attained, be the study what it may), and to such I believe these hints will be useful.

As a rule, those who blend colours harmoniously and artistically, on their own persons and in their homes, will be most likely to succeed in their task, and all who will take a little trouble to make every-day meals look tempting will find less difficulty in setting off to the best advantage those of a more elaborate character. In the present paper I can but touch briefly upon each particular kind of garnish, rather giving hints than laying down fixed rules, so much depending upon the resources of the glass and china closet, as well as upon the capacity of one's purse. Again, those dishes unsuitable in size, kind, and colour to the articles placed upon them, require more embellishment than any of cut glass or silver; such are ornamental in themselves.

So, to treat the subject in its fullest sense, I must endeavour to show how to hide ugliness by means of garnishing, as well as improve what is already in itself pretty. To illustrate my meaning, in the case of sweets, although it is usual to place them—especially for a company meal—upon glass dishes, there may be times when the dinner-service, both plates and dishes, will have to do duty, and, if the service happens to be one in which blue predominates, it will be found a great stumbling-block in the way of garnish of an ordinary kind, for the simple reason that anything green will have to be prohibited, unless it can be used in sufficient quantity to hide all the blue; and without green many of nature's most beautiful decorations are lost, ferns and leaves of many kinds being as graceful and beautiful in effect as parsley and fennel are when brought into juxtaposition with savouries.

In these days of dinners *à la Russe*, there is less need for the exercise of one's ingenuity in the way of garnishing than there was in the olden time, so it seems to me that dishes such as are served at wedding breakfasts, high teas, supper parties, or what I may term evening parties of a family kind, claim most attention. I am just reminded of an incident in my own experience. I once sat at a table where everything was good, so far as the taste went, but the first thing that struck me was the manner in which all the dishes were arranged, or rather jumbled upon the table, not the least regard being paid to shape or colour. The sweets, six in number, consisted of a pale yellow jelly; a vanilla cream, almost white; a moulded custard; a covered fruit-tart; a dish of lemon cheesecakes, and one of stewed apples. Just imagine it! Imagine, too, the difference in the appearance had a little brightness been introduced, as it so easily might have been, by colouring part of the jelly a nice bright red, or letting some pieces of crystallised fruit show through the top layer; the whole or part of the vanilla cream a delicate pink, or a little coloured brown by adding chocolate or coffee, either of which eats well with vanilla; fresh or dried fruit or bright jam round the moulded custard, or flowers and leaves such as I will mention presently; a sprinkling of red sugar over the fruit-tart; a few drops of cochineal in the apple syrup, with a spot of whipped cream or custard on the top of each apple; and what a transformation there would have been, at a cost and trouble not worth the mention! This is, I think, a practical lesson as to the way sweets should *not* be put upon a table, though I believe that many people *could* turn out a passable trifle or custard, who would fail in making soup or gravy.

Due regard must be had at all times to the prejudices of guests; a great many would refuse anything which owed its beauty to green colouring, though it is, as a rule, perfectly harmless. However, when the colouring is likely to be objected to, a substitute may always be found in crystallised fruit when nothing else is handy. Angelica is cheapest of all, then come green almonds, greengages, and green oranges, called *Chinois;* the latter may be had of a beautiful golden hue as well, but it is better, perhaps, to buy assorted fruit, and so get all shapes and colours, including the tiny rings and knots called *brochettes.*

Orange and lemon rings and chips will also be found very useful. I would advise all housekeepers who like to see dishes look nice to keep dried fruits always in the house; for, though particularly useful in winter time, they will always *supplement* the decorations, even when flowers are plentiful. As the writer of a recent article on "Table Decorations" so ably pointed out in these columns, artificial flowers are at best but feeble imitations of nature, and therefore out of place as decorations; and this is equally true of flowers for garnishing dishes, but I would remind my readers that almost all kinds of real flowers, from the rarest to the humblest, may be utilised for the purpose.

Jellies and creams surrounded by the petals of roses look very beautiful, and will convince any one that nature has no equal in the production of colour. The laburnum, geranium, woodbine, wallflower, flowering-currant, sweet-pea, cyclamen, lilac, wild-rose, apple and pear blossom, primula, violet, pansy, carnation, polyanthus, crocus, chrysanthemum, daisy, snowdrop, primrose, mountain-ash berries, holly, ivy, mistletoe, hips and haws, besides Virginia creeper, vine, and autumnal leaves of every description, will add greatly to the beauty of the simplest dish, and are but a few of the many products of garden and field that may be employed for garnishing.

Gilt flowers and leaves are used by many people, but though less objectionable, perhaps, than *coloured*

artificial flowers, I do not recommend them; a few bonbons will supply the gold shade very easily.

As most people know, a good supply of flowers is expected on a wedding breakfast table, and though nothing can be nicer than delicate white ones intermixed with maidenhair ferns, it is not in every one's power to obtain them, at certain seasons of the year especially, their price making them a prohibited luxury; and in that case silver leaves and flowers will be useful for ornamenting some of the dishes. They should, however, never be mixed with real flowers; a few of the latter, if it can be managed, being used for ornamenting the cake, and as table decorations, if only in specimen vases.

I may point out that the season of the year should, and must, influence one's choice of garnish; for instance, in summer time, when a moulded cream has been made from fresh fruit, nothing looks nicer round it in the dish than the same kind of fruit which formed the foundation of the cream, or bunches of the fruit and little heaps of whipped cream alternately will be better still.

A very pretty and inexpensive ornament may be found in cocoa-nut—grated on a perfectly clean grater—one nut makes a good pile; it falls so lightly and prettily that if the nut be a fresh one it will look like snow. It is very useful in many cases when the supply of whipped cream runs short, as it can be sprinkled over custard or the top of a trifle; a coloured jelly or cream surrounded by it is very pleasing to the eye, especially if strips of candied fruit of various colours are placed amongst the nut: when cherries are used they can be dropped in whole.

I may here remark that although moulded creams of all kinds and colours are frequently classed as *blancmanges*, a distinction ought to be made, as all that are not white come under the head of creams—as, for instance, raspberry, strawberry, pineapple, or ginger-cream. All white ones are *blancmanges*; a yellow cream is a *jaunemange*, a pink one is a *rosemange*. A border of roughly chopped bright yellow jelly round a red or pink jelly or cream, or one of red round a pale jelly or cream, is always in good taste. The same answers for puddings turned out of the dishes or moulds, as well as *fruit-solids* and *sponges*, such as lemon or orange sponge, &c.; a thin layer—say the thickness of a crown-piece—of any cream or blancmange can be poured into a large meat-dish, and, when set, chopped up into cubes, or cut with pastry-cutters into leaves, stars, and rings; if made purposely for garnishing, it need not cost much, as it can be made without cream, and will only need sweetening, not flavouring. It is better to make it rather stiffer than usual, and plain white to begin with, and it can then be coloured as required; or coloured sugar, angelica, or any other dried fruit, may be sprinkled over it just before it sets; while grated cocoa-nut or chopped almonds would be found equally pretty on pink shapes. Indeed, personal ingenuity may be much exercised in this effective, though simple, decoration. If cut very small, and the colours nicely arranged, these are also pretty on jam-tarts.

At no time is a knowledge of the art of garnishing—however slight—of more value than when the supply of glass and crockery runs short, and some dishes are too large, and others of an unsuitable kind, for the contents. It is then requisite to conceal them as much as possible, and garnish becomes really necessary.

Again, the knack of ornamenting stands one in good stead when, either to an every-day or a company dish, an accident happens, and the result is unsatisfactory, to say the least of it. Here is a case in point. I was once present at supper at a friend's, who had made a very pretty sweet, consisting of a ground-rice cream, turned out of a "border mould," the open space in the centre being filled with a compôte of damsons; but the weather being warm, and the rice not stiff enough, it had cracked in several places. I asked for a little dried fruit, but there was none in the house except candied peel, orange and lemon, but that answered very well; long thin strips laid lightly over and between each crack improved the appearance, and no one suspected the existence of the blemish.

Let us presume that a dainty pudding has been turned out of the baking-dish, and that it is found to be over-baked, and, in place of a delicate amber, a dark brown patch presents itself; consider a moment how best to hide it. Never mind if in the recipe nothing *was* said about a layer of jam or marmalade; the chances are that it will not spoil the pudding. Of course discretion must be used in mixing any flavours that would nullify each other. Cream or custard, however, will rarely spoil any pudding, either in taste or appearance. A meringue mixture is as safe and pretty as anything; to make it, beat the whites of two or three eggs stiff, and then stir in lightly an ounce of finely sifted sugar to each white. This may be dropped from a spoon or spread over the pudding, which should then be returned to the oven just long enough to set the coating.

Hard Sauces can be well used as a garnish to a great variety of puddings, or little heaps may be mixed with, or spread over, a fruit compôte.

Lastly, homely family sweets may always be rendered attractive, at no increase in the cost, if the will be there, for it is as easy to pour a compôte of fruit *round* a plain mould of rice or tapioca as to place them on the table irrespective of appearance; for, let some people say what they will, the palate *is* affected, to a very great extent, through the eye.

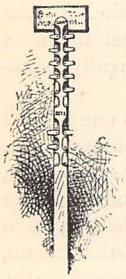
I intended giving a few hints on the garnishing of savouries, but, for the present, want of space forbids.

L. HERITAGE.

THE GATHERER.

A Lawn Tennis Signal Scorer.

A scorer for lawn tennis has been recently introduced. It is made with signals on each side, which, when set, point towards the different courts to mark the number of games won by the different players, provision being made in an extra signal for deuce and vantage games. It stands six feet six inches high, and from our illustration it will be seen that the signals turn back into the recesses of the upright when not in use. The signals below are for the purpose of scoring the setts as won. The small black board on the top is for inscribing the names of the players; but it can be removed if necessary without detracting from the appearance of the scorer.



The Phonograph and Languages.

An interesting experiment with the phonograph, which will be its first practical application, is about to be made by Drs. Zintgraff and Chavanne, two explorers who are about to visit the Congo region. They intend to fix the language and melodies of tribes they may meet with, and send the record home to Germany for the edification of scientific men there. The apparatus is being made by Herr Fuhrmann, of Berlin; and if the instrument is successful with the German language, it may well succeed with another.

Measuring Strong Lights.

Dr. Hammerl has overcome the necessity of putting a strong light at a distance from the photometer when comparing it with the light of a standard candle, by interposing a revolving disk between the light and the photometer. This disk is perforated with radial slits which allow the light to pass; but the opaque partitions cut it off, and the intensity of the light is thus reduced. Of course the disk revolves fast enough to make the source of light visible, but the amount of reduction in the intensity of the light depends on the velocity of the disk, and the number of open sectors in it.

A New Spherical Engine.

A very novel and remarkable little engine of the high-pressure kind has lately been introduced. It is a rotary engine, and consists of a cast-iron sphere forming a chamber in which the steam acts on properly arranged pistons, the power being taken off by a shaft revolving in a stuffing-box in the usual way.

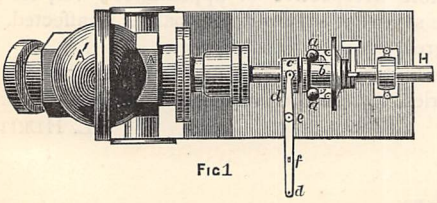


Fig. 1

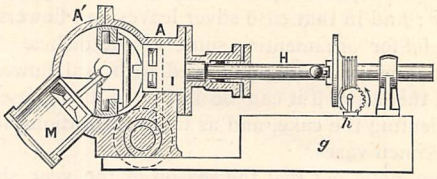


Fig. 2

We need not enter into all the details of the machine, which would require a very lengthy description; but the general appearance of the engine is shown in the accompanying illustrations. Fig. 1 is a plan, and Fig. 2 a longitudinal section, of the complete engine. The spherical casing, A A', is divided at right angles to the axis of the driving shaft, H. The part, M, is a supplementary cylinder by which steam is admitted. The governor and oiling apparatus are shown on the right, *a a* being the governor balls, which, when extended by centrifugal force, cause the collar, *b*, to traverse horizontally and press against the collar, *c*. This is embraced by the forked end of the lever, *d d*, pivoted at *e*. This lever is connected at *f* to the throttle-valve, and at *d* to an adjustable spring whose tension determines the speed of rotation. The oiling apparatus consists of a reservoir, *g*, and a pump, *h*. The pump is actuated by a crank-pin on a worm-wheel, and injects the oil into channels provided for it, which carry the fluid to the working parts where it is required. The engine is particularly useful for electric lighting, as it goes into little space and can conveniently be coupled to the dynamo. A 7-inch engine will work a dynamo capable of supplying 200 incandescent lamps with the electric current.

Electric Light from the Seine.

The municipal council of Rouen are about to use the current of the Seine to drive a set of dynamo-electric machines, which will supply current to maintain a powerful electric lamp placed on the tower of the cathedral, and having its rays reflected downwards on the city

The Centre-Cycle.

A new roadster, combining the speed and simplicity of the ordinary bicycle with the safety and stability of the tricycle, has been devised by Mr. E. Burstow. It has one large wheel like a bicycle, but that is supplemented by four smaller wheels, two in front and two behind the driving-wheel. The action is similar to that of a roller-skate, and the steering is ingeniously effected. Moreover the apparatus is at will convertible into an ordinary bicycle.

A New Balloon.

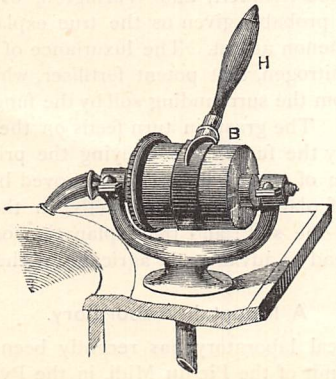
Mr. Charles F. Ritchel, an American, has invented a balloon which can be raised or lowered at pleasure, without either throwing out ballast or loosing gas. The balloon consists of a horizontal cylinder with square ends, to which is attached a netting six feet wide and as long as the balloon. Under this is a series of canvas shutters lapping over one another, and opened or closed by a screw propeller worked by hand. When the shutters are closed they offer resistance to the air, when open they allow the balloon to rise. The action of the propeller gives an upward or downward motion, according to the direction in which it is revolved.

Magnetised Watches.

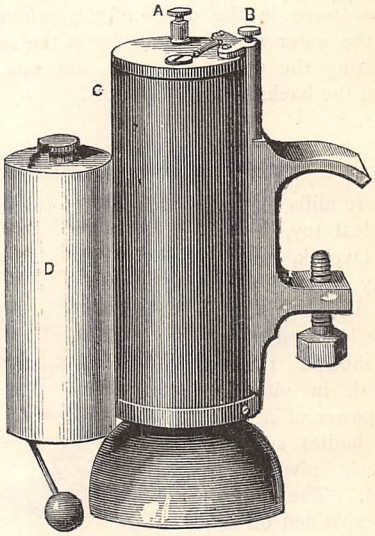
Since the introduction of the electric light, a great many good watches, especially those with English lever balances, have been ruined as time-keepers by magnetism induced in their steel parts, through the wearer going too near the poles of a dynamo machine. Professor G. Forbes, an electrician, had a gold chronometer watch, which formerly kept excellent time, so far destroyed as to lose several minutes a day; and we hear of watches actually losing twenty minutes in the hour. Mr. Forbes investigated the cause of the losing rate, and found it due to the bar of the lever being magnetised, and also some iron screws in the works. Probably, too, the hair-spring was magnetic. The chronometer has been cured by removing the balance, spring, and screws, and substituting others of non-magnetic metal. The balance is now of platinum-iridium (platinum-silver being too soft and subject to shocks) and the spring is of gold. Brass may be used for the screws, provided it is found to be non-magnetic, but some kinds of brass are magnetic, perhaps through admixture with iron. We may also mention that cases of soft iron were sold at the Vienna Electrical Exhibition, for the protection of existing watches; the iron shell forming a magnetic screen or shield.

A Pigmy Pump.

Our illustration represents the outside of a very useful little pump called the "Invincible," which weighs



only a few pounds. The working of the handle, H, up and down produces alternately a vacuum and displacement in each of two chambers into which the cylinder or barrel, B, is divided. There are four valves, two for suction and two for delivery. The figure illustrates the pump arranged to go on wash-bowl slabs, in places where the water does not rise to the bowl.



An Electric Bicycle-Bell.

The above figure illustrates an electric bell for bicycles, devised by Mr. Volk. The bell part of the apparatus is represented by D, the clapper showing below. The cell which actuates the bell is enclosed in the cylinder, C; and the terminals, A, B, are connected by a switch or key, which enables the cyclist to complete the circuit of the battery through the electro-magnet of the bell, thereby ringing the latter. The battery is a chloride of silver cell, such as we described in a recent GATHERER for use in producing electric "star" lights; but, as used for bell-work, it lasts a long time. The bell and battery are attached to the vehicle by the screw and clamp shown on the right-hand of the figure.

An Electric Microscope.

An interesting exhibition of microscopic views of objects projected on a screen by means of the electric light was recently introduced from Paris at the Crystal Palace. To show how much the views are enlarged, a section of a butterfly's wing occupied the whole screen which took up one side of the entertainment court. The eye of a fly is magnified no less than four million times its natural size.

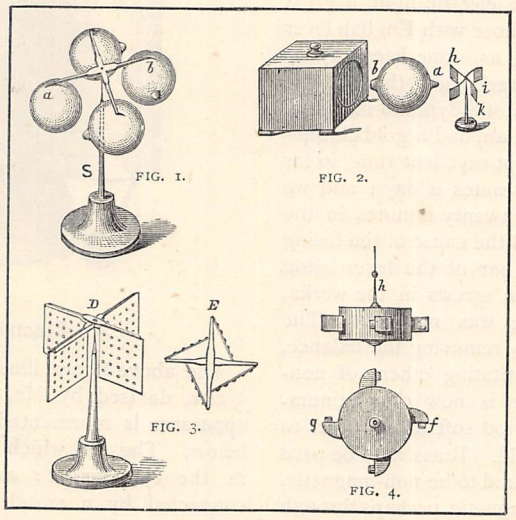
A Circular Rainbow.

Dr. Tyndall has recently described various ways of producing artificial rainbows by means of the electric light and artificial mist, the rainbows being quite

circular. Dr. Fleming recently witnessed a natural rainbow of circular form from the summit of the Glydr-Vach in Wales. Standing on the pinnacle and looking into the valley where lies the lakelet Llyn Idwal, spectators saw their shadows projected on the mists, and surrounding the head of each were two concentric rainbows completely circular. The colours of the inner bow were in the order of the primary bow, those of the outer were in the order of the secondary bow. During the whole time the sun was shining brightly at the backs of the spectators.

Sound-Mills.

Miniature mills driven by sound form a new kind of philosophical toy, devised by Dr. Dvorák, of the University of Agram in Croatia. Long ago Dr. F. Guthrie, following a French *savant*, showed that a tuning-fork in vibration had the power of attracting light bodies such as cards freely pivoted or suspended. The attraction was explained on difference of air-pressure, set up by the sound-waves issuing from the fork as a centre. One of Dr. Dvorák's apparatus (which are based on the same phenomenon) is shown in Fig. 1. It consists of a cluster of four glass balls, suspended from cross-arms, *a b*; each ball having a small nipple, pierced with a hole, blown into one side. The framework is pivoted on a needle-point which rises from a stem or support, S, as shown. Now, when this little mill is presented to the open mouth of a resonance box, on which is mounted a vibrating diapason, the balls begin to turn slowly round. The vibration of the fork is best kept up by means of electro-magnetism. Fig. 2 represents such a resonance box, the mouth being shown on the right. Another sort of mill with four vanes, *h i k*, in place of the balls, is shown before it. These vanes are represented on a larger scale in Fig. 3, where at D and E are shown light cardboard flags pierced with a number of needle-holes. The whirl of the flags is promoted by intervening a brass ball, *a b* (Fig. 2), with open nipples, between the resonator and the mill. The action of this hollow ball is to concentrate the wind on the flags, and the puff it makes is quite sensible to the bare hand, and will blow out a lighted match. Another form of mill or turbine is shown in Fig. 4. It consists of a hollow box of paper, with projecting ears, *f g*, open to the outside. The box is suspended by a silk thread, *h*, before the open mouth of the resonator, and begins to turn like the balls when the note of the tuning-fork is loud enough.



SOUND-MILLS.

A New Police Whistle.

The whistle recently supplied to the Metropolitan Police force, as a means of calling in the aid of brother officers to one in danger or need of help, may now be bought by the general public, to whom it is likely to prove useful. The note of the whistle is quite distinct from that of any other in use, and is very penetrating. If a policeman should be anywhere within range when the new whistle is sounded he would, for his own sake, we should think, make an effort to find the cause, for the noise is almost ear-splitting.

Sinking Shafts by Freezing.

An ingenious mode of sinking shafts in quicksand or other shifting ground has been devised by Herr Poetsch, and is being introduced into this country. It consists in freezing the soft ground hard by a freezing mixture and then excavating it in the ordinary way. The refrigerator is of the ammonia type by preference, but any sort will do; and the temperature employed is about 15° below zero Fahrenheit. When the quicksoil is frozen hard the excavation is carried on in the usual manner, and a masonry or iron-tube lining is given to the shaft-hole.

Fairy Rings.

The dark green circles of grass known as "fairy rings" have long attracted the notice of scientists, but Messrs. Lawes, Gilbert, and Warington, of Rothamstead, have probably given us the true explanation of the phenomenon at last. The luxuriance of the grass is due to nitrogen, that potent fertiliser, which is abstracted from the surrounding soil by the fungus plants in the ring. The grass in turn feeds on the minerals collected by the fungi, thus obeying the principles of the rotation of crops. It was not proved before that any kind of plant could feed directly on the organic nitrogen of the soil; and the explanation of the fairy ring may lead to advances in agricultural chemistry.

A Mountain Laboratory.

A chemical laboratory has recently been installed on the summit of the Pic du Midi, in the Pyrenees, at an altitude of nearly 9,500 feet above the sea. It stands between the dwelling-house and the well-known obser-

vatory of the summit. The chief object of this unique scientific step is to test the quality of the air from day to day in order to find the proportions of carbonic acid, ammonia, or other gases in it. The sal ammoniac formed by lightning, and carried down by rain-drops, is also examined; so is the amount of ozone present. The proportion of carbonic acid found at this altitude is ·000286, which is much the same as that found on the plains below. Ammonia, too, appears to be pretty evenly distributed in the proportion of 1·35 milligrams to 100 cubic metres of air.

Heat and Dust.

Recent experiments by Mr. Aiken and also Dr. O. J. Lodge prove that when a body is warmer than the air it tends to keep dust from settling on it. It was long ago observed by Dr. Tyndall that there is a dark space above a body when strongly illuminated. This dark space is now shown to extend all round the body when free in air, and to be due to the warmed body drawing away the dust from the layer of air immediately surrounding it. It follows from these researches that a room heated by a fire is likely to have its walls freer from dust than one heated by a stove, because in the one case the walls are hotter than the air, and in the other the air is hotter than the walls.

Cedar-Paper.

A strong aromatic paper is now made from cedar-bark at New Bedford, Massachusetts, United States. It is serviceable for putting on the floor under carpets, and the odour is found to keep away insects.

Electricity and Tunnelling.

The value of the dynamo-electric machine for use in tunnelling has recently been demonstrated. The drill is coupled to the spindle of the dynamo, and the electric power brought by wires into the tunnel. The same current serves to light the scene of operations and fire the blast. Moreover, it could be employed to draw out the trucks with earth and rock, and with economy, provided the power were supplied by some waterfall or stream in the neighbourhood.

Inoculating for Hydrophobia.

M. Pasteur, the celebrated French biologist, who has succeeded in vaccinating for chicken-pox, dog distemper, and other contagious diseases, has now added hydrophobia or rabies to the list of his triumphs. The experiments are still in progress, but he feels confident that the results already obtained are reliable. He has now in his keeping a number of dogs which are proof against hydrophobia from bites or inoculation, because they have been inoculated with the virus. The virus used is of a particular kind, and is in reality a mixture of virus obtained by a special process, which at present is not divulged. The dogs are inoculated under chloroform, so that the operation is painless. The discovery is important to mankind, for in Dr. Pasteur's opinion no case of hydrophobia in man or dog is spontaneous, but originates in the bite of an infected animal. Inoculation of dogs for rabies may yet become general, and the measure would practically root out the evil.

Vegetable Tallow.

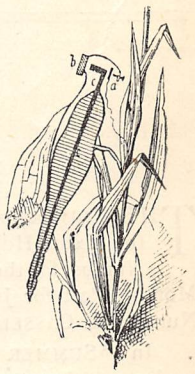
Vegetable tallow, which is obtained from a tree of the genus *Hopea*, growing in the south of Borneo, has been recently studied by Mr. Fielding, and found to keep solid at a temperature of 18·5° Centigrade, and melt at 44·4° Centigrade. It dissolves in cold ether and in hot acetone, alcohol, and turpentine. It is obtained from the fruits of the tree by germinating them in a humid place and then drying them in the sun, and boiling out the grease. The tallow thus made in Java and Sumatra is now used for greasing machines, and in the manufacture of candles. It also yields glycerine and soap.

A Handy Cork-Drawer.

It frequently happens that the whole of the contents of a bottle are not used when it is first opened. In such cases some new corks fitted with loops of strong twine, and which have lately been patented, will be very useful. The loop of twine is fastened to the cork by machinery and holds it very tightly. When the cork is in use, the loop hangs over the neck of the bottle, and a very slight pull will draw out the cork. The great advantage of this system is that no hole is made through the cork used for re-stopping the bottle, as must necessarily be the case when a corkscrew has been passed through it. In the case of ink and medicine bottles, as well as for sauces and pickles for table use, these new corks will be found of great service.

An Electric Insect.

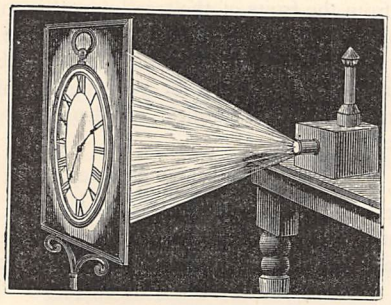
An amusing toy, in the shape of an artificial insect which moves by means of electricity, has been devised by a French mechanician. The internal arrangement of the fly is shown in the figure, which represents a cross-section through its body. The body of the insect is formed by a small electro-magnet with a core of soft iron, *c*, running through it. This core is bent up at the end as shown, and in front of it is a small armature of soft iron, *b*, forming the head of the insect. This armature is mounted on a spring under the back and wings of the creature, and when pulled towards the core of the electro-magnet, it agitates the wings.



The current in the electro-magnet is interrupted by the contact spring and screw at *a*, after the manner of an ordinary "trembler" electric bell; the iron spring vibrating between the pole of the electro-magnet and the contact screw. The current is led to the electro-magnet by fine silk-covered wires let into the artificial flowers on which the insect is mounted, and also by the legs of the latter. The flowers can be put into a vase, in the body of which is the battery cell which supplies the current.

Marbleising Glass.

Glass is now given the appearance of marble by applying a mixture of varnish and oil to the surface of a basin of water, and blowing or spraying it with dry coloured powders to represent the mottled or veined aspect of marble. The glass after being coated on one surface with varnish is placed face downwards on the water-film, which immediately adheres to the plate and is fixed by the varnish.



A Watch-Clock.

An ingenious way of turning an ordinary watch into an illuminated clock, for showing the time by night, has been arranged by M. Joyeux. As shown in the illustration, it consists in projecting an image of the clock-face on a screen, which may be semi-transparent. The lamp is an ordinary oil one, and it is placed in a small box fitted with an object-glass which can slide out and in a little, in telescopic fashion, to adjust the focus. The size of the reflected image of the watch, which is hung within the box behind the object-glass and illuminated by the lamp-light, is determined by the power of the lens and the distance of the screen.

A Pocket Coat and Hat Rack.

Our engraving illustrates a very compact and handy little device, which answers as a portable hat and coat rack. One hook carries the coat, and a spring clamp holds the hat, while the whole is suspended by a second hook as shown. The contrivance, which folds up in order to go into the pocket, will be very useful to cricketers and others when compelled to go to the ground in ordinary costume.

Manure from Slag.

A process has been recently introduced for making phosphoric acid and mineral phosphates from slag—especially the slags produced by the Bessemer and Siemens processes. These phosphates are of course valuable as manure, especially since guano is said to be becoming scarcer.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The announcement of a New Series of Prize Competitions, open to all readers of the Magazine, will be made in our next issue.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

The Debate upon the question, "Should the State Provide Healthy Homes for the Poor?" will be continued in our next issue.

"SUMMER DAYS."

TO OUR READERS.

THE EDITOR has much pleasure in announcing that, owing to the cordial reception of "PALMY DAYS," the Extra Holiday Number of the Magazine for last year, the Proprietors propose to issue a Holiday Number for the present year. On the 26th of May, therefore, will be published, together with the ordinary Monthly Part for June, but quite independently of that Part, and sold separately, the second Extra Holiday Number of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, under the very appropriate title of "SUMMER DAYS."

In "SUMMER DAYS" will be found repeated the varied attractions which secured the success of its predecessor last year. The Number will comprise several complete stories by well-known writers, pleasant papers descriptive of holiday tours, and of holiday amusements. A special feature of the Number will be an article on "Amateur Landscape Photography," by one who has achieved great proficiency in this art.

The Illustrations to "SUMMER DAYS" will be of the highest character, and will include a beautiful Frontispiece drawn by GEORGE L. SEYMOUR, and numerous other woodcuts by well-known and popular artists.

The opening chapters of a New Serial Story, entitled "**John Ford:** his Faults and Follies, and what Came of them," by FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Hidden Gold," &c., will appear in the next issue of the Magazine.

WITHIN THE CLASP.

A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE JET-HUNTERS.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "The Tenth Earl," "Lady Flavia," "Paul Knox, Pitman," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

A SURPRISE.

"WE are sorry to lose you, dear Miss Mowbray," the countess had said, with her sweetest smile and in her most dulcet accents, when her young guest left Thorsdale to return to Woodburn Parsonage. "One comfort is, that we shall be near neighbours still, and I hope you will not forget how glad Lord Thorsdale and myself will always be to see you among us again."

Lady Thorsdale was tolerably sincere in her polite expression of regret. She was sorry to lose Violet, for a pretty face, even if the owner of it be a timid and somewhat silent girl, does count for something in a country house. Of course Lady Paget or lively Mrs. Scoresby signified more than a dozen of quiet young ladies in the way of keeping the men in good humour and the house full, but still the countess would have preferred to keep Violet as an inmate of her hospitable mansion so long as her valetudinarian lord required to be amused by a miscellaneous company.

Miss Mowbray's visit at Thorsdale Park, however, had been already prolonged beyond the usual duration of such visits, and had at last to come to a close. She had no especial friends at Thorsdale. Perhaps of all who were there she had liked burly Lord David Todhunter, who was really kind when the kindness did not occasion any call upon his chronically empty pockets, the best. Lord David, who had no daughters of his own, was a fatherly sort of man in his bluff, jovial way, and it really did seem as if he had seen that Sir Richard Mortmain's attentions were not to Violet's taste, and as if, with apparent artlessness, he now and then interposed his jolly personality and hearty conversation, much to the baronet's annoyance, between him and the object of his interested suit.

Much to Violet's relief, Sir Richard had not been present at Thorsdale on the occasion of her departure. Don she had not seen since the memorable day of their betrothal. There were, indeed, few opportunities of meetings between a young lady guest beneath the earl's roof and a subordinate of Mr. Bartlett, the earl's land-agent, but none the less did the remembrance of Don's proud, handsome face, and the recollection of the rich tones of his musical voice, haunt the high-born orphan in her hours of solitude. She had not been neglected at Thorsdale. Charley Fitzgerald of the Hussars, who was a fourth son, and whose luckless position as a so-called detrimental was held to cut him off from married life, nevertheless had a warm, if shallow, heart, and had showed signs of a wish to abandon his frivolous ways, and to attach himself to Violet. But he had received no encouragement in that quarter, and had consoled himself by dangling after the handsomest of the three well-looking, stupid Piminy girls. And Mr. Tracker, the African traveller, had gone so far as to tell her how contentedly he could ascend the head-waters of the Congo, or plod through Elephant Swamp, or sail over the inland sea of Lake Nyanza, with her by his side. But Violet had no wish to become Mrs. Tracker, so the chance of sharing such joys of tropical travel was lost to her.

The carriage from Thorsdale Park, with its coroneted panels and high-stepping greys, which had brought Miss Mowbray back to the Parsonage on the conclusion of her visit, had but just driven off, when another and humbler vehicle drew up at the garden gate, and Don, springing from the dog-cart that he drove, gave the horse in charge to the weeding-boy who was within call, and briskly ascended the well-known road, with some books under his arm.

"Is Mr. Langton at home?" asked the young man of the housemaid who came, all smiles, to open the door. All the Woodburn household knew Don, and liked him, and rejoiced over his promotion.

"Sure, yes, Mr. Don," answered the handmaiden; "only please wait a minute, and I'll tell him you are here."

The rector was in the conservatory when Don's visit was announced. So was Mrs. Langton. So was Violet, newly returned from her sojourn with those whom the good clergyman's wife persisted in calling her grand friends. "I am very glad to come home!" Violet had said simply. Mrs. Langton had just received some new orchids of hitherto unknown shape and colour—gaudy vegetable butterflies they looked like, and all too dainty for a work-a-day world like ours—and Mrs. Langton was so busily fearful lest these delicate exotics should not adapt themselves to their new place of residence, that she had scarcely eyes or ears for anything else; while the rector, newspaper in hand, chatted cheerfully to Violet concerning the great house and the fashionable company which she had so lately left.

"Show him in, show him in," said the rector genially, when Don's name was mentioned; "my

young friend is no stranger here. We are always glad to see him."

Don came in, bright and frank as ever. He could scarcely repress a start and an exclamation of surprise as he caught sight of Violet, whom he believed to be still at Thorsdale Park, of his own Violet—she had given him the right to call her so—and whom he was yet bound to treat as a mere acquaintance of social position much higher than his own. But it did seem as though Don had gained a step, or a good many steps, of the social ladder, in becoming a clerk in the land-office of Lord Thorsdale. A jet-hunter is a mere beach-comber, to use the current expression of those South Sea Isles where ambergris, coral, pearl-oysters, and those *bêches de mer*, or sea-slugs, that Chinese epicures set such store by, are to be picked up. But a clerk may be of any degree, and remunerated by any amount of salary. Even Peers of England will condescend sometimes to be clerks and *précis* writers in the Foreign Office, and aristocratic wielders of the pen, and sitters at the desk, of dignified clerkdom, are numerous. Perhaps it was on this account that Mrs. Langton unhesitatingly shook hands with Don now, and therefore made it easier for Violet to put her little hand into his.

"I have brought back the books, Mr. Langton, which you were kind enough to lend me," said Don, after a few words had been exchanged; "I had a long drive to take on the outskirts of the earl's property, and it brought me so near to Woodburn itself that I chose the opportunity of bringing the books with me. I have some time for study still, although we lead an active life yonder."

"An active life always does leave time," answered the rector, with a smile, "for reading. Julius Cæsar bustled about a good deal, yet his librarians and his secretaries had no sinecure. What a devourer of books, too, was the First Napoleon, and on the very battle-field——"

"A clang—clanging of the doorbell, violently pulled, and the rat—tat of the rusty door-knocker, long disused, interrupted Mr. Langton's disquisition upon Napoleon the Grand's abnormal love of reading, even in the midst of all the cruel realities and hard struggles of European war.

"Who can it be?" asked Mrs. Langton, in surprise, not because of the vehemence with which the bell was rung, but on account of the fact that the obsolete knocker was so suddenly impressed into the service of notifying an arrival. "None of the neighbours, I am sure, would think of knocking, in the country here. And I think I hear the stamping of a horse's feet, too, on the gravel. Some fly from the railway station at Carstead, or Daneborough perhaps, but who——"

"Mr. Marsh!" announced the flurried housemaid, and in, with almost alarming suddenness, bolted the bachelor uncle of the clergyman's wife, his umbrella in his hand, and a bundle of railway rugs hanging from his left arm.

"Uncle—Uncle Marsh—so very glad to see you!" exclaimed Mrs. Langton, coming forward with both hands outstretched to greet the new-comer. Mr. Marsh did not take either of the offered hands, at least for the moment, because he was embarrassed by his rugs and umbrella.

"Very glad, Charlotte, I'm sure—How d'ye do, Langton?—Not forgotten me, Miss Violet? Bless me! how you've grown, and how the time does run! Now, if I could find a corner to put down these things—thank you—so now we can shake hands." And the hand-shaking ceremony was duly performed.

"I've run down from London," continued Mr. Marsh, rubbing his fat ungloved hands together, "just to spend a day or two with you here, Langton, in your Yorkshire home—if you can put me up, Niece Charlotte, without inconvenience to yourselves—and to renew my acquaintance with my ward, Miss Violet here. I am not," went on the merchant, "much of a visitor, nor, I am afraid, a very amusing inmate of a house; but, such as I am, here I am, if you will have me."

"We are only too delighted, my dear sir!" said the rector with his best smile of welcome, while Mrs. Langton first murmured some words expressive of hospitality, and then turned over in her mind the question as to whether the "best room," or guest-chamber, of the Parsonage was or was not quite ready for its new and unexpected occupant. She was quite sure, however, that Uncle Marsh must be starved. Country housewives of the old-world stamp, such as Mrs. Langton was, are apt to regard a traveller as a being who must by the very nature of things reach their dwellings in a famished condition. But Mr. Marsh denied that he was faint or hungry. He had had a sandwich at the Junction, so he said, and could very well await the regular hour of the family dinner. Nothing special need be prepared for him. All this time he was staring at Don, who had been for the time being forgotten both by the rector and his wife, and who had taken the opportunity of exchanging a few words, in a low voice, with Miss Mowbray. Very innocent, commonplace words they were, such as the merest acquaintances might have spoken. Violet had told Don how she had but just terminated her visit at Thorsdale, and the young man had mentioned his first surprise at seeing her at Woodburn.

Mr. Marsh was a little too far from the two young people to allow anything of what either said to reach his ears. All he knew was that a very handsome young man was talking to a lovely girl, and that the lovely girl in question was his ward, and the unconscious cause of his sudden journey to Yorkshire. The excellent Ephraim, in his capacity of guardian, fidgeted and looked uneasy. Following the direction of Mr. Marsh's eyes, the rector saw on whom his gaze was fixed, and at once proceeded to introduce "Mr. Don, his young friend."

The merchant made a stiff bow. The name of Don told him nothing as to the condition or antecedents of the young man, and nothing as to his being an eligible acquaintance for Violet. Mr. Marsh was not, in the every-day concerns of life, a suspicious man. But a tendency to suspicion was latent in his character, and

it had been, very excusably, stimulated into unwonted activity by the anonymous letter which had caused him so much disquiet. He bowed stiffly, then, and in a manner that was anything but friendly, in return to Don's graceful inclination of the head, and an awkward silence ensued.

Then Mrs. Langton slipped away to busy herself in household cares for the benefit of the freshly-arrived visitor, and Don about the same time took his leave.

"Who is that young gentleman?" asked the merchant abruptly, when Violet, some minutes later, had quitted the conservatory, and he and his clerical host were left alone.

"I scarcely know," answered the rector, smiling, "whether the verdict of the world would accord to Don, my young friend and pet pupil, the rank of gentleman. And yet hereabouts you would not find a living soul, from the village crones to gruff Lieutenant Simcox who commands the Coast-guard, who does not hold as a canon of faith that Don is of gentle birth. And yet, a few weeks ago, the lad was a jet-hunter."

"A what?" asked Mr. Marsh, in a tone of amazed disgust. Of course the merchant was acquainted with such a substance as jet, but of its natural history he knew nothing, while the idea of the hunter of such an article suggested nothing more dignified than the mudlarks of the Thames.

"A fine set of fellows, some of them, are our Yorkshire jet-seekers of the coast," explained the rector; "bold men and, for that matter, courageous boys and women, who earn a tolerable livelihood by much toil and some peril It is a romantic industry, with its certain risks, and its possible prizes, the like of which hardly exists in the prosaic England of to-day. It was by this very band of jet-hunters, then as now under the command of a remarkable man, old Captain Obadiah Jedson, that Don was found, years ago, a richly-dressed and beautiful child, lost or deserted on the sea-beach. Among them he grew up, a young hero, ever foremost where there was a life to be saved, or a danger to be confronted. I found it a pleasure, being, as you remember, an old schoolmaster, to teach a boy who outstripped the best and brightest of my former pupils. Don has lately become a clerk in our grand neighbour Lord Thorsdale's land-office. And Mr. Bartlett, my lord's land-agent, told me two days since, when I met with him at Daneborough, that he found his new clerk worth a dozen of his predecessor—a good young fellow, too, as I believe."

Mr. Marsh pursed up his lips again sourly. "Ah, well!" he remarked, "you know best, I dare say, Langton, about this *protégé* of yours. As for me, it will do me good to let me ramble about as I like, while I stay here, in my own independent way, as becomes a crusty old bachelor uncle like myself. I suppose I can find a fly, when I want one, at the neat little village inn I noticed down below."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

SUPERINTENDENT SWANN.

"CAN you tell me, sir, whereabouts is the Police Station?" Mr. Marsh it was who propounded this startling interrogation, and its subject was a burly elderly man, of farmer-like appearance, with a high-collared brown coat, and ample display of shirt-collar, solemnly walking arm-in-arm with a large-boned woman, some years younger than himself, draped in her shawl of state.

"Have ye been robbed of aught?" demanded the Yorkshire dame, with real curiosity. "My man's deaf, and doesn't heed ye."

"No, madam," retorted the London merchant tartly; "I have not been robbed."

"I thought it was a case for the Assizes," answered the farmer's wife, with manifest disappointment—"but," she added, "yonder blue-coat will point ye out which way to go." And, as she spoke, her thread-gloved finger indicated the portion of the mouldy pavement whereon a helmeted policeman, in his blue uniform, and with the arms of the town of Daneborough conspicuously displayed on his stiff coat-collar, was marching noisily, as a terror to evil-doers. From this constable Mr. Marsh easily learned the whereabouts of the Police Station of which he was in quest.

"It be up yon lane, and then, to the right, turn, and keep on till ye get to the Circus, or what used to be the Circus, and then turn sharp to the left, till ye see Salem Chapel, and beyond it the Station."

The Station, when reached, proved to be a mean-looking brick structure, damp and dingy withal. They do manage matters better abroad—best, perhaps, in France, but well in Germany too—as to the accommodation of those useful functionaries the police. Perhaps centralisation has something to do with it. Local assemblies, managing local funds, keep a tighter hold on the public purse-strings than there would be if the Right Honourable somebody in Downing Street could draw unlimited bills at sight upon Britannia at large. Anyhow, the guardians of order at Daneborough were squeezed, officially, into very narrow lodgings. Their quarters were small in space, and not over-well ventilated—a stale smell as of yesterday's fried beefsteak, and of the mutton broth or singed sheep's-head of the day before yesterday, clinging heavily to the premises.

"No detective, sir, just now," grudgingly admitted the grizzled sergeant whom Mr. Marsh found in the outer room of the Station—a cheerful apartment, the panelled walls of which were decorated with handbills in fat type, the respective headings of which—"Absconded," "Sheep-Stealing," "Burglary," and "£50 Reward for such information as may lead to the apprehension of the person, or persons, who," &c.—told their own tale.

"No detective, now," and really the policeman spoke in the tone of a conscientious showman who reluctantly confesses that his hyæna died the week before last, and that the Nubian lion which figures so conspicuously, with horrent mane and glaring eyes, on the painted canvas above his booth, is a mere stuffed effigy of a lion, having breathed its lamented last, under suspicion of poison administered by a rival keeper of a wild-beast show, at Stamford or at

Warrington Fair—"but you can see Superintendent Swann. Those gents of the Town Council did promise us another," added the sergeant, meaning another detective, not another Superintendent, "and we ought to have one, too, for the forgeries and fine jobs. Like to see Mr. Swann, sir?"

"Certainly," replied the drysalter.

Superintendent Swann, who probably had overheard most of the preceding colloquy through the chinks and crevices of the warped and ill-fitting door, was "discovered," according to old stage directions, seated at a tumbledown table, and with a blunt quill pen in his great hand, and several bundles of official documents on the ink-stained table before him. A very big Yorkshireman was the Superintendent, and one who looked ludicrously large by contrast with the cramped little den which he had for an office. Even his huge helmet, as it lay on a rush-bottomed chair, seemed portentous, and, as he half rose to greet the visitor, the Superintendent's fat neck and red ears were distressingly prominent above the strangling collar of his braided dark blue frock.

"Wished to see *me*, sir, as I understand?" said Superintendent Swann, waving his fleshy hand towards that one of the two spare rush-bottomed chairs on which the weighty helmet did not repose.

"Not exactly," Mr. Marsh began, with some embarrassment. "The truth is, I have a duty to discharge, and what I wished was to engage, with the permission of his superiors, the services of a detective, to be properly remunerated, of course, for his trouble. Here is my card—it bears my London address, as you see. I am just now on a visit to my nephew, or rather my niece's husband, at Woodburn—Mr. Langton, the rector, whose name you probably know."

Superintendent Swann made a military salute at mention of Mr. Langton's name. The rector was not himself in the county commission of the peace, nor assuredly was he a borough magistrate, but he had friends among these great ones of the earth, and had occasionally been seen at Sessions to occupy a seat upon the bench.

"Permission is always given," said the chief policeman blandly, "for private inquiries, for proper objects, and by parties of known respectability. For the moment, we have no detective, I am sorry to say. But I was myself a member of the London Detective Force, and came here direct from Scotland Yard to be promoted—I have a cousin in the Council, Alderman Swann, in High Street—to my present post. My time is largely poached upon," added the Superintendent, throwing a resentful glance at the bundles of documents on the rickety table, "by frivolous complaints, and by matters of routine that must be plodded through, but I am yet at leisure to undertake any investigation with which I may be entrusted, and which will not interfere with the regular discharge of my duty."

Mr. Marsh, rubbing up his grey hair at the sides of his pink head, cockatoo-wise, and looking eminently uncomfortable, hesitated for a moment. Of police matters, it so happened, he had been so lucky as to have no experience. He had, like so many of us, read of detectives in stories and in newspapers, but he had never seen one in the flesh. There was Superintendent Swann in the flesh, certainly, and of most substantial personality, but the Superintendent, with his fat face, and round dull eyes, by no means answered to Mr. Marsh's ideal of one of those human sleuthhounds who scent out concealed crimes, and follow every twist and double of a flying criminal. Still, there he was. And we cannot always pick and choose our instruments. It must be Swann, or nothing.

Mr. Marsh, then, rallying all his confidence in the great name of Scotland Yard, and in the halo of romance that surrounds the profession of a Government detective, resolved to put his trust in Superintendent Swann. He, therefore, briefly mentioned his own position, as guardian to the daughter of the late Major Mowbray, residing at Woodburn Parsonage, and went on to speak of the anonymous letter which he had received, and which was the cause of his sudden journey to Yorkshire.

"Allow me to see the letter, sir?" said the chief of the Daneborough police, interrogatively.

No request could have been more reasonable. Mr. Marsh produced from an inner pocket the pink letter which had occasioned him so much mental perturbation, and handed it to the policeman. Superintendent Swann put his fat forefinger upon the letter, read it rapidly over, then more slowly, and then, applying the fat forefinger to one of his own eyebrows, rubbed it thoughtfully for awhile.

"Any idea, sir, of your own as to identity of the writer?" asked the ex-detective, after a pause. The London merchant had no such suggestion to make. "And you don't know of any sum—se-venty thousand pounds—whew!—likely to have come, from any quarter, to the young lady in question?" was the next query.

"I can scarcely say," answered Mr. Marsh hesitatingly. "Both the major and Mrs. Mowbray had wealthy relatives, the latter particularly. Her uncle, General Yorke, who left her nothing by his will, and was on bad terms with her husband—the general was a petulant, overbearing old domestic despot—may very possibly have bequeathed, or left in trust, a part of his considerable fortune for the benefit of his niece's only child. The letter, as you perceive, speaks of fraud."

"So it does," returned the Superintendent, and with his blunt pen he made a note or two in a thick pocket-book bound in faded leather. "Any suspicion, sir, in your opinion, attaching to the other parties who took money under this old gentleman's will?"

"No," answered Mr. Marsh positively. "I have thought the matter over, and am convinced that there is no ground for any such suspicion. The general's heirs were distant kinsfolk—a quiet widow and her daughters, residing in Wales, a Bengal civilian, and two stay-at-home old ladies who lived at Bath, none of them capable, in any sense of the word, of such wrong-

doing as that which is implied in the accusation which this letter, this anonymous letter, conveys."

"I suppose not, sir," rejoined the Superintendent, regretfully, for it was his trade to be suspicious; "and yet the job has an ugly look. A woman wrote this, of course?"

And again he laid his corpulent finger on the pink paper.

"A woman did write it, no doubt," agreed Mr. Marsh, "but for what motive——"

"Oh, the old story!" interrupted the big Yorkshireman confidently. "Jealousy, always jealousy. We may be quite sure of that. 'A True Friend' she signs herself; 'A True Enemy' would have been more to the mark. They are like that. Last month we got back a plate-basket full of silver, just because a young woman got jealous, and peached upon the gang, and got 'em five years—she did. They *are* like that."

"'UNCLE—UNCLE MARSH—SO VERY GLAD TO SEE YOU!' EXCLAIMED MRS. LANGTON" (*p.* 386).

Mr. Marsh again ruffled his unoffending hair, and pursed up his lips. "The letter, as you see," he said, "bears the post-mark of Daneborough."

"It does," answered the Superintendent, glancing at the envelope; "but as for the thing itself, who wrote it remains, for the present, a mystery. I hardly believe this spruce pink paper was ever bought in our town;

but if you'll leave the letter with me, sir, I will go round to the stationery shops, and without showing a line of the writing, discover if any of the same quality remains in stock or has lately been purchased. If we could but find out that it had, we might trace the writer. A queer hand, too—disguised, I should say."

"To me," ventured Mr Marsh, "who am accustomed to correspondence from abroad, it appears like the penmanship of a foreigner, used to speak, but not to write, the English language."

Superintendent Swann negatived this idea with an emphatic shake of his head. "Not a foreigner in Daneborough, sir," he said, "except the French Vice-Consul and a French music-master, with the German waiter at the Imperial Hotel, and a black man that tells fortunes. It's a disguised hand, or my name is not Robert Swann. But we may get a clue to the business, I'm thinking, through finding out who it is who is making up to the young lady for the sake of her money. There, sir, you perhaps know more than me."

A look of pain crossed Mr. Marsh's face as a remembrance of Don, handsome and young, rose up before him. He somewhat constrainedly replied that he had not as yet been long enough at Woodburn to have been able to keep an eye on his ward and her supposed admirer, but should certainly do so, and would call in the course of a day or two to consult the Superintendent again. Then he put something which chinked golden in the policeman's ready palm, and went on his way.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

BAFFLED.

LEFT alone, Superintendent Swann, after a brief pause, opened his large hand, and contemplated with evident satisfaction the four golden sovereigns which lay in the fleshy palm. Then he swept the yellow coins into his pocket, and propping up his head with one massive arm, was for a time absorbed in deep thought.

"A four-pounder, is he?" soliloquised the chief of the Daneborough police presently, with reference to the absent Mr. Marsh. "Well and creditable of him, too, for the public do behave shabby to the force, as well as the authorities. Four sovs make up a tidy fee to begin. What would he give if I were to do the trick for him, I wonder?"

Apparently the contemplation of Mr. Marsh's prospective bounty opened out a large field of thought, for five minutes or more went by before the Superintendent opened the door that led into the outer station, to call out, "Who's there?"

"Serjeant Hammerton, sir, and one constable," was the prompt response.

"Barnum, is it?" asked the commanding officer.

"No, sir; Burns. Barnum's in Dean Street, looking after the pawnbroker's shop—burglarious entry," explained the sergeant, who acted as spokesman.

"Send for Barnum: I want him," curtly rejoined the head of the Daneborough guardians of law and order; and in less than a quarter of an hour Constable Barnum was in the inner office, and had respectfully touched the peak of his felt helmet, by way of salute to his superior officer.

"You may sit down," said the Superintendent, and the subordinate policeman accordingly seated himself with humility on the edge of one of the rickety rush-bottomed chairs.

Not a prepossessing man to look at was Constable Barnum. He was a lean little man, who seemed the slighter by contrast with the burly Yorkshiremen who were his comrades, and he had a brown, hairy face, and restless, rat-like eyes of a shifty colour, that seemed brown in one light and black in another. That he had been a thief was known; that he was by birth an American was suspected. But, oddly enough, though the man never tried to conceal the fact of his old illicit occupation, he always stoutly affirmed himself to be a native of Lancashire. He had been for five years in the police, and had made himself useful. To Superintendent Swann he was very useful. The big chief of the Daneborough police was by far too pompous and too self-sufficient to acknowledge the services of his right-hand man, or even that he had a right-hand man, but it was a fact that he acted very much as Constable Barnum, in his deferential way, advised.

"I have sent for you, Barnum," said the Superintendent condescendingly, "to talk to you over a new job—no sworn information, but a mere private inquiry matter—to which I have not time, with all the borough business on my shoulders, to devote sufficient attention."

"No doubt, Mr. Superintendent, no doubt," said the little lean man cringingly; and then he waited to hear more.

Nor was his expectation deceived, for Superintendent Swann soon gave him a tolerably correct summary of Mr. Marsh's statements, and laid before him the pink perfumed letter, which had been the occasion of the London merchant's hurried journey to Yorkshire. As the head policeman told his tale, the shifty, rat-like eyes of Constable Barnum darkened and brightened alternately, changing colour as swiftly as the chameleon of the poets. And when the letter was put into his hands, he peered at it as an Assyrian scholar investigates some lettered slab from Nineveh or Babylon, rich in the cuneiform records of the long-buried past. Holding the paper up between his eyes and the light, he sought to glean such intelligence as the water-mark on the texture might furnish him, then surveyed keenly the envelope, with its post-marks, and then meekly folded his thin brown hands, and waited.

"What do you say to that, Barnum?" the chief deigned to ask.

"I should call it, sir, as your practised mind, I feel sure, has already done, a tough job," modestly responded the rat-eyed policeman.

"But I thought, my man," said the Superintendent loftily, "that perhaps you, with your antecedents and so forth, might be able to suggest something about the missing money—seven-ty thousand pounds—and the authorship of the letter."

"Well, you see, sir," returned the policeman, rubbing his hands together in an apologetic manner, "I never *quite* forget—how should I?—that I was once on the other side of the hedge, and I humbly hope that I am all the more likely to be of use in my present capacity, because I was, as one may say, on the cross, whereas now I'm on the square. And that does give one an inkling where housebreaking, or faking-clys, or pepper-pot robberies, or thimblerig are up. But this, sir, as you are the first to perceive, is different."

"Yes," returned the Superintendent frowningly; "amateurs are the plague of the force, and very difficult to deal with!"

And Mr. Swann really did seem to smart under a sense of injustice in that crimes are not invariably committed by regular professionals, who follow traditional rules, and can be dealt with *secundum artem* by the equally professional police.

"The gentleman," observed Constable Barnum, coughing meekly behind his thin brown hand, "seems to have considered the handwriting, which, as you at once saw, sir, was that of a woman, to be that of a foreigner too. If that is really your opinion, sir——"

"I have a shrewd guess that way," boastfully interrupted his commanding officer; "but then, Barnum, we've got so few of 'em here. There's the French Vice-Consul, but *he* can't have anything to do with it; and there's that new waiter at the Imperial, but he hasn't been six months out of Germany; and then there's Mounseer Petit, in Flounce Lane, teaches music."

"Ye—yes, sir," assented the policeman; "but then foreign skippers and foreign sailors of the fishing fleet do come ashore, and hang about the French Consul's office; and as for Monsieur Petit, he has a discontented look about him, and might, music-master as he is, know something, or have some fancy in his head, as I am confident you reflected, sir, before I spoke. The Vice-Consul is a civil gentleman, and, as you are aware, sir, would render assistance if in his power."

"Just what I was saying," chimed in Superintendent Swann pompously. "After all, Mounseer Petit is only a music-master, and there's no certificate to character in teaching the schools to strum. Anyhow, Barnum, I shall wish you to come along with me, while I conduct the preliminary inquiries as I think best in this very important and delicate business. A young lady concerned, and a mercenary villain, and a case of fraud; and, dear me! se-ven-ty thousand pounds!"

And the Superintendent absolutely seemed to derive satisfaction from mouthing out the imposing sum-total of the occult fortune of which Mr. Marsh's ward was presumably deprived. Then, followed by his slinking acolyte, the large-limbed chief of the Daneborough police sallied out into the town to commence his investigations. The first steps taken were of a simple character. But neither Mr. Bennett, of the Royal Marine Circulating Library, nor the Misses Tiffin, who kept the opposition establishment for the diffusion of literature, nor any of the four proprietors of stationers' shops, would own to having sold the pink paper whereon the anonymous letter addressed to Mr. Marsh had been penned; nor did they by any means agree as to its origin.

"Berkshire-wove!" pronounced Mr. Bennett, the librarian.

"Some of their foreign trash, German belike!" grumbled patriotic Mr. Stock, the stationer.

Varley, the chemist, who sold stationery too, declared the paper to be London-made.

"Not English; Angoulême, *I* should say!" authoritatively pronounced another expert. At all events, no Daneborough dealer in writing materials had ever sold paper similar to this.

"I'll go straight to Flounce Lane," irritably remarked the Superintendent; and to Flounce Lane he went, followed by his blue shadow in the helmet. Monsieur Petit's little fiddle was heard wailing out some disconsolate air in a minor key before the Superintendent knocked at his tiny green door, a brass plate on which bore the inscription: "Monsieur Achille Petit, French Professor of Music."

Monsieur Petit, who was short and plump, and had an anxious face, opened the door himself, muttering some excuse about "zat girl, ze maid, always outside!" He had his fiddle tucked under his arm, but he wore carpet slippers and a faded dressing-gown, and looked poor and a trifle cross. Perhaps the professor's grievance was merely that he had not schools enough to teach to strum—to quote Mr. Swann's words—and found it hard to live. But he was furious, as some foreigners in England are, when the chief of the police began to exhibit the envelope of the letter, and to ask questions.

"Is this a land of liberty?" shrieked the little Frenchman. "Is this John Bull, your rosbif Englishman, so vaunted, in his castle, that you come, *vous autres*, to interrogate me—me? If I am rogue, arrest me on a warrant. If I am honest man, let me be, or I write to your *Times* newspaper, and I pillory you before the world civilised!" And he went into his house, and slammed the door.

Superintendent Swann and his follower looked somewhat blankly in one another's faces. Neither of them knew by experience how very much more sensitive to official interference a foreigner in England is apt to be than is a natural-born subject of Her Majesty. But while Constable Barnum felt quite sure that Monsieur Petit's very irritability proved him to be innocent of all knowledge of the letter and its contents, his superior officer considered the little Frenchman's wordy outburst as a very suspicious symptom indeed.

"Obstructing the police," growled out the Superintendent, "is a serious affair." And he looked, and perhaps felt, as if he would have liked to have tested the Gallic music-master's theory that a house is a castle by bursting in the frail door, and conducting the master of the tenement to durance vile in the lock-up of the Guildhall. But he was too prudent to let anger get the upper hand of discretion, so, again shaking his large head in a minatory manner, he trudged off, with his follower at his heels, to the

French Vice-Consulate. Here, under the shadow of the tricolour, he found the Vice-Consul in the act of signing the papers of a weather-beaten fishing skipper, with curly black locks, a furred sea-cap, and round gold rings in his ears.

"I am quite at your disposal, Monsieur le Surintendant," said the polite official, after a brief explanation, and the exhibition of the pink envelope; "but I fear that I can render no help. The handwriting is quite unknown to me. With you, I think that it is not insular—not English. But I cannot bring it to mind that ever did I see the similarity of it before."

"Do you happen to know, Mr. Consul, the hand of a countryman of yours here, Mounseer Petit, of Flounce Lane?" asked the Superintendent.

"Indeed, no!" answered the Vice-Consul, with a frank laugh; "that poor professor! No, I never saw any of his writing. Sometimes he waylays me in my walks, or on the pier-head does accost me as I saunter by the sea, to speak French, as he says, and to hear it after the fashion of that Paris from which we both are exiles. And I willingly consent, in complaisance to a compatriot, to this little tribute levied upon the time of one who, after all, is the representative of his country."

"Know anything of him, sir?" meaningly inquired Superintendent Swann.

"*Non, non!*" replied the French official. "A good sort of man, I dare say, but somewhat querulous and soured, because of the precarious nature of the livelihood he picks up here at your sea-port of Daneborough. If we could but persuade a few scores more of your Yorkshire young ladies and *jeunes gens* to study the musical art, then, I doubt not, Monsieur Petit would cease to complain, and be as mild as new milk, as you call it, you other English. Is there anything further for your service, Monsieur le Surintendant? since I am about to lock up the office, and intermit my duties for the day."

Superintendent Swann could but thank the Consul, and take his leave as graciously as he could in his then state of disappointment.

"You were speaking of the post office, sir?" suggested Constable Barnum.

"The post office next, of course," authoritatively echoed his superior officer.

The postmistress of Daneborough, a most respectable middle-aged lady, in a creased silk gown, and with a loud-ticking gold watch fastened conspicuously to her waist, came from an inner room on hearing who it was that desired to speak with her. She had a respect for Superintendent Swann, not merely as a functionary, but as own cousin to Alderman Swann, draper and grocer, in the High Street, and who was confidently expected to be the mayor elect at the November renewal of the municipal officers. But Mrs. Jarman did not know, neither did any of the young ladies in her office, any handwriting which tallied with that of the envelope of the anonymous letter.

"From information received," observed the Superintendent, sticking to the traditional formula, "I believe the letter to be in the handwriting of a foreigner: French, most likely."

The female clerks looked at one another.

"How very odd!" said one.

"There may be nothing in it," said another.

And then it came out that Monsieur Petit, the music-master, after purchasing a stamp for foreign postage, had dropped a letter into the box some quarter of an hour previously. It took some persuasion to induce Mrs. Jarman, with the fear of St. Martin's-le-Grand before her eyes, to allow the Superintendent to peep at, but not to touch, the letter in question, addressed to Monsieur A. Petit, père, 107, Rue St. Dénis, Paris. But, alas! the handwriting, even to the jaundiced eyes of the chief of the Daneborough police, was utterly unlike the specimen in his hand.

Crestfallen and sullen, he went out.

"Never mind, sir, we can't land a big fish like that always just at first, as you know so well," murmured, in consolatory accents, his useful follower.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

VIOLET'S GUARDIAN SPEAKS.

AT the cross-roads between Woodburn and Daneborough there stands a guide-post, pointing, with triple finger, towards three several goals, and planted, as such indicators often are, on a rising mound of greensward. There, at or about the hour of three, on a sultry afternoon in early August, a low open carriage, drawn by a pair of pretty white ponies, stood drawn up. The carriage, as every rustic of those parts well knew, came from Woodburn Parsonage, and the slight girlish figure that was its sole occupant was that of Violet Mowbray. The girl was sitting apparently in a deep reverie, unconscious almost of the present, when suddenly she heard the words—

"Violet, my sweet one!—you alone, here?" and turned, with a start and a blush, to see Don standing beside her.

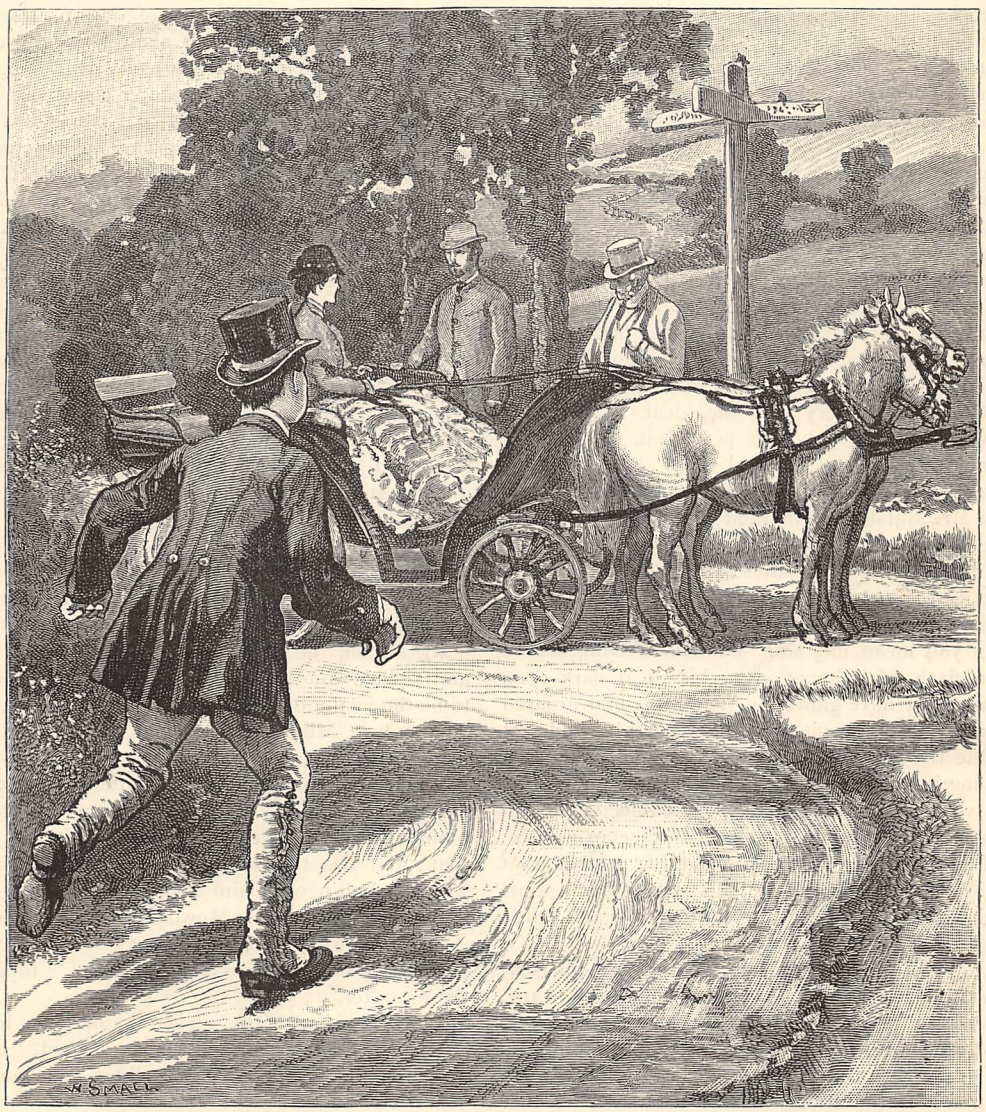
"I was thinking of you, dear," she said, as she put out her little hand to him. "I am very, very often thinking of you."

And then, as though ashamed of her innocent confession, Violet proceeded to explain how she came to be in Mrs. Langton's pony-carriage at the cross-roads, and alone. "James, the groom-lad, came out with me as usual," she said, "but I have sent him a quarter of a mile or so along the Deeping road, to Mr. Warburton's house. He is the bearer of a tiny note to a friend of mine, and a favourite with Mrs. Langton—Grace Warburton, whom I think you must have seen at the Parsonage—to ask if I shall call for her on my way back, after the drive, to spend the afternoon at Woodburn and dine. Grace is the dearest little thing, but she takes ages, absolute ages, to compose anything like a letter, so I had resigned myself to waiting patiently where I was for at least ten minutes more."

"Ten priceless minutes for me, my heart's darling!" answered Don, bending down to look into Violet's

eyes: "so few, so very few, are the opportunities that I now have of speaking to you."

Scarcely had the words been uttered before another voice, loud, gruff, and peremptory, exclaimed—



"AT THIS INSTANT, JAMES THE YOUTHFUL GROOM CAME RUNNING ALONG THE DEEPING ROAD" (*p.* 395.)

"Heyday! Upon my word! I am afraid I am interrupting you. The fact is, Mr.—ah—Don—you are just the very person whom I wanted to see. It was necessary to put a stop to this sort of thing, and I am not sorry to have a chance of doing so once for all."

The speaker, who, as may easily be conjectured, was no other than Mr. Marsh, had drawn near unperceived, but his presence on the scene was due to mere accident. He had sallied forth, intent upon securing what he was pleased to style a constitutional, and striking into a by-lane, had found himself unexpectedly landed in the Deeping road, in sight of the stationary carriage, with its long-tailed white ponies. The spectacle of Don and Violet together had proved too much for his equanimity, and there he stood, knitting his brows and snorting irritably, while he made vicious digs with the ferrule of his umbrella at a tuft of unoffending daisies within reach. Don reddened. "I am not sure that I quite comprehend your meaning, sir," he said quietly.

"I shall try to make my meaning sufficiently clear

before I am done," wrathfully burst out Mr. Marsh, severely punishing the daisies with his umbrella. "I am this young lady's guardian, as you probably have been informed, and it is my duty, and, I may add, my privilege, to protect her against the wiles of the unscrupulous."

"Dear Mr. Marsh—dear guardy!" pleaded Violet, with an imploring look, which was thrown away upon the London merchant in his then state of unwonted excitement. Violet could remember that when she was much younger the term of affectionate familiarity of which she had made use had been very potent with Ephraim Marsh, who really was, what we often see, a soft-hearted man with a rugged exterior, and a mulish obstinacy when thwarted or vexed. Don, on his part, looked with wondering eyes on the rich drysalter. He could see that Mr. Marsh was very angry, but for his very life he could not divine the reason for so much wrath. The words which he had heard were evidently meant to be offensive, but they had overshot their mark by reason of their very vehemence. He made no answer then, but waited to hear more.

"You are not angry with me, dear Mr. Marsh," said Violet, who was herself perplexed, "at least, I hope not, because——"

"Not angry with *you*, my dear young lady," interrupted Mr. Marsh, with marked emphasis. "You are simple and young, and of a confiding nature—too confiding; and it is for those who should love and protect your youth to interpose between you and the base designs of a wretched adventurer."

"Do you mean me, sir?" demanded Don, with a sudden flash of indignation in his great dark eyes, such as might have glowed in those of a lion aroused by some wanton insult. "If so——" He did not complete the sentence, but stood, flushed and angry, but doing his best to preserve an aspect of composure. Very, very rarely had Don been subjected to an affront—never, certainly, to one so outrageous as this; but after a moment of reflection he felt assured that Mr. Marsh was honest in his prejudice against himself, no matter how unjust his thoughts and words might be.

Mr. Marsh himself had thoroughly lost his self-command. He was not reckoned in Creek Lane, E.C., a harsh master. In Dagger Court he was regarded as a very mild master. Occasionally he was rough of tongue, in his place of business at least; and there had been times when he had sent some offender before the Lord Mayor, to be remanded, and tried at the Central Criminal Court, and sentenced to something exceedingly unpleasant, for a definite number of months or years, as a punishment for poaching on the petty cash, or the systematic purloining of costly parcels on their way to or from the rail or the ship. These were Mr. Marsh's draconian deeds. He was not ashamed of them—as why should a virtuous citizen have been?—but each appearance as a prosecutor, whether in the Guildhall Police Court or at the Old Bailey, had caused him a pang. And then, if people knew that he had sometimes pushed such matters to the bitter end, few but himself were aware how lenient he had been to sobbing apprentices and down-looking carmen, and how often he had tempered, perhaps over-tempered, justice with mercy. But he had quite lost his temper, and was in a towering rage now.

"You may swagger, young man, as young men will, and you may look resentful," cried out the effective partner in the great firm of Crump, Marsh, and Caxton, "but none the less shall I do my duty by my ward. Her poor dear parents—dead long ago—left her to my care; and, whatever comes, sir, I'll not be found sleeping at my post. I have had warnings. I have been told what underground plots were going on. That is why I am in Yorkshire now. The fact is, Mr. Don, that you have scented out this great fortune of Miss Mowbray's, and that such is the goal of your mercenary ambition."

"But—there is no such thing!" said bewildered Violet.

"There is, my dear young thing. You know nothing about it; but he does—miserable, grasping fortune-hunter that he is!" blurted out Mr. Marsh, looking at Don as though he would like to annihilate him with a glance. I never mince matters, Mr. Don, and so I have told you just what I think of you, and of the disinterested character of your attachment to Miss Mowbray."

"Don, my love, be calm!" said Violet, with sudden terror. But Don, though he grew white to the very lips, and trembled—he who had never flinched in the face of death and danger—gave no sign of anger. "Mr. Marsh," he said, "you are cruelly unjust; but I am fairer to you than you are to me, and I believe you to be the victim of a delusion, or the dupe of calumny. That I love Miss Mowbray you have forced me to own, earlier than I had meant to do so. I know that it is presumptuous in me, a jet-hunter some weeks ago, to lift my eyes towards one so far removed from the humble station I have had to fill. I am quite sure of that; and also that until I have raised myself in the world I shall never claim my promised bride. But I am sure, too, that Miss Mowbray's small income—"

"You call it a small income—seventy thousand pounds—ninety, perhaps, by this time!" rapped out the drysalter.

Violet laid her little gloved hand upon his arm "Guardy, dear old friend," she pleaded, "there is nothing of the sort. My poor little four hundred a year cannot——"

"I tell you, child, you *are* a rich heiress," broke out Mr. Marsh, flinging prudence to the winds; "and your precious so-called admirer, yonder, knows of it—by what insidious means I am not yet in a position to establish—and therefore he has profited by Mr. Langton's partiality, to approach you with his mercenary addresses."

"Guardy, you do him wrong. Even if this hateful money does belong to me, Don never knew of it, never cared for it!" exclaimed Violet, with tears in her eyes.

Don changed colour rapidly. When he spoke, it was in a hoarse and broken voice.

"You are the bringer of ill news, Mr. Marsh," he said. "Nothing that you could have done, no assertion of your authority, could so well have served to put a barrier between your ward and myself as this revelation. I love your ward very dearly, sir, but it is with unselfish love. Miss Violet is dearer to me than my life; but unless I were myself rich and famous, I should not venture to claim as my wife a great heiress."

"Don, my darling, what matters miserable money, between us two? Poor or rich, I shall always care for you alone, and for no one else; and it is cruel—cruel," sobbed Violet.

"The truest kindness is to be cruel, when it is right," said Mr. Marsh austerely, but somewhat in error as to the application of his ward's last words.

But Don stood erect, and pale, and calm, looking so noble and patient under suffering that even the prejudiced drysalter's heart smote him as he marked the gallant bearing of the young man.

"My Violet," said Don, with a strange, sorrowful tenderness in his voice, "I must bow my head to this stroke which has been dealt us, and bid you adieu, for a time at least. It seems as if my dearest hopes were rudely snatched from me. I have lately received promotion, and have the prospect of more. I am no longer the mere jet-hunter. In two years' time—in three perhaps—I might—but that is over now. Not even for the sake of you, dear, darling Violet, can I endure such an imputation as this. Honour must be obeyed, even before love. No, Mr. Marsh, I am no fortune-hunter; I will not wait for you to banish me from the side of her I love; but, if this property be really hers, I must go."

"Don—my own, I will refuse this odious money; I will give it up, and, whether you leave me or not, I will never, never care for—never marry—any one but you," protested Violet, almost oblivious of Mr. Marsh's presence.

"My darling!" cried the young man passionately, "I shall never forget you, never cease to love you, until my dying day. But I must leave you now."

By this time the white ponies had grown fretful, and fidgeted so much against the bit that Violet could hardly hold them. This of itself would have mattered little, but at this instant unconscious James, the youthful groom, came running, breathless, in his boots, along the Deeping road.

"Very sorry, miss, to have been so long," said James the breathless, "but all the family were out, seeing the hay got in, and I had to wait. And, please, Miss Grace Warburton is away at York for a few days, the old gentleman told me. And I left the note. Quiet, Lily! quiet, nags!" And he grasped the bridles of the white ponies.

There was an end, for the time, of private talk. Don took Violet's hand in his, and pressed it, and in a low voice murmured, not good-bye, but "farewell," which to our English ears has conventionally a sadder sound. Then he turned, and, springing over a stile that stood near, was lost to sight amidst the hazel boughs. Mr. Marsh wheeled abruptly round, and, grumbling to himself, trudged away; while Violet Mowbray, relinquishing the afternoon drive she no longer cared to take, turned the ponies' heads homewards, and slowly and sadly drove back to Woodburn Parsonage.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

ON LETTING OFF THE STEAM.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., ETC. ETC.

MONTAIGNE has an interesting essay on "How the Soul Discharges its Passions on False Objects when the True are Wanting." In point of fact, he mixes up two tendencies of the soul which are really separate. The one is the deliberate habit of giving the best affections of the heart to objects that are not worthy of them; and here he quotes the saying of Plutarch—"apropos of those who are fond of lap-dogs and monkeys, that the amorous part which is in us, for want of a right object, rather than lie idle, does in a manner forge in the fancy one that is false and frivolous." In other words, the instinct of love is eager to embrace something, and not caring for the higher and more suitable objects of affection, it embraces the lower. This is one branch of a great subject—the idolatrous tendency of the human heart. God is the only adequate object of human affection, the only Being who is worthy of all of it, who is capable of satisfying it, and who can expand, purify, and elevate the soul that thus attaches itself to Him. The history of the world shows the many different objects to which men give their hearts, rather than to the Supreme Good: some comparatively high and noble, others most mean and despicable. True religion shows us that if God has His true place, everything else will come in its proper order; even monkeys and lap-dogs will have a place in the heart of him who loves God first, and all God's creatures, as they are loved of Him.

> "He prayeth well who loveth well
> All things both great and small,
> For the dear Lord who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

But what Montaigne chiefly dwells on is, not a deliberate habit of the soul, but a way it has of expressing itself under sudden excitement and agitation. He recalls the story of Xerxes lashing the sea, and addressing a challenge to Mount Athos; of Augustus Cæsar revenging himself for a voyage where he was wretchedly sick, by throwing down the statue of Neptune; and afterwards, when he lost a

battle fought under Quintilius Varus in Germany, raving like a madman, running his head against the wall, and crying, "O Varus, give me back my legions!" There was another Roman Emperor, if we remember rightly, who, when anything went wrong, threw himself on the floor and kicked like a boy in a passion. Montaigne quotes from Livy an anecdote of the Roman army in Spain, when two brothers who were general favourites were killed, *flere omnes repente, et offensare capita*—all suddenly wept and beat their foreheads. He ridicules young ladies for tearing their hair and beating their breasts when they have unwittingly done some great mischief; recalls the frequent instances of gamesters biting and gnawing the cards, and swallowing the dice, in revenge for the loss of their money; and wonders at the folly of Caligula, who demolished a very beautiful palace because his mother had been imprisoned in it. This is evidently quite a different phase of human activity from the other. It belongs, not to the deliberate, but to the involuntary and instinctive class of our actions, and finds its explanation in causes entirely different.

That explanation is connected with a provision there is in our nature for distributing excitement, so as to prevent the evil that would ensue from its concentration at the great centre of nervous feeling. The brain being the great organ through which the spiritual part of our nature acts, any great and sudden mental excitement would naturally spend its whole force on that organ. Owing to the great sensitiveness and delicacy of the brain, this would often be accompanied with great danger. Hence the provision of nature for distributing the excitement, so that hands, feet, eyes, tongue, and other parts of the body, share the impression, and let it off in familiar ways. Impressions received on the brain spread over the whole nervous system, and find an outlet at different parts of the body, and by different forms of activity, often singular and grotesque. Even with this provision, the concentration of sudden excitement on the brain is sometimes so great that insanity ensues. A sudden and awful fright drives some persons mad. An ill-judged practical joke has sometimes had this sad effect, as in the case of a child on board ship, whom a young man, by way of frolic, suddenly caught up and held over the side of the vessel as if to drown her, making her imbecile for life.

We are all familiar with cases in which pent-up emotion threatens the very life of a sufferer:—

> "Home they brought her warrior dead.
> She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
> All her maidens watching said,
> 'She must weep, or she will die."

"A good greet," as they say in Scotland, is a great comfort; even poor little Miss La Creevy's "nice little weep" is not to be despised. The emotion relaxes its deadly grip upon the brain, and, pouring itself along the nerves that touch the lachrymal glands, gives real relief.

And so in various ways with other emotions. Rage seems to find some relief in gnashing the teeth, clenching the fists, coming down with heavy blows upon the table, or stamping with awful emphasis on the ground. Surprise relieves itself by an emphatic whistle. Pain resorts to howls and groans. Sorrow wrings the hands, or flings the head helplessly on the shoulder of a friend. Pity takes refuge in the tender look, the kindly word, and the gentle clap. Warm affection falls to hugging and kissing. Joy has its ready laugh, its shout of delight, and, in the case of the young, its dancing and its leaping. And these manifestations are not confined to the human animal. In proportion as the nervous structure of the inferior animals resembles man's, the outlets to emotion are similar. In some cases, indeed, they are rather mysterious. We should think it must be under considerable excitement that the bee parts with its sting, and that the cuttle-fish discharges its ink, and the skunk its odorous shower-bath; but whether these operations have in them anything of the nature of relief to vehement emotions of terror, or are simply devices for promoting the escape of the animal from its enemies, are points on which we do not feel ourselves competent to decide.

What we have touched on are general characteristics common to the race of man, or any other race affected by them. But the interest of the subject lies greatly in the strange manifestations of feeling that often occur in the case of individuals. The different ways men have of letting off the steam of emotion constitute some of the rarest manifestations of individuality and originality. Montaigne tells of a countryman of his, who was often tormented with gout, that, being ordered by his physicians to abstain from salt meats, he used to reply merrily that there was a necessity for his having something to quarrel with in the extremity of his pain, and that he fancied that sometimes railing at and cursing the Bologna sausages, and at other times the dried tongues and bacon, was some mitigation of it. Dean Ramsay has a story of a Scotch laird who got into such a state of excitement about something that enraged him, that his servant, afraid of a fit of apoplexy, came to him with the sly suggestion, "Wouldna an aith (oath) relieve you, sir?" Before the days of chloroform, surgeons used to have strange experiences of the exclamations in which their unfortunate patients would indulge amid their agonies; prayers from the pious and curses from the profane—texts of Scripture and lines of Shakespeare—fragments of hymns, psalms, and ballads—roars articulate and groans inarticulate, would make a strange medley in their memories. Those who have had the misfortune to be present at a flogging have, no doubt, similar recollections. In the case of chloroform operations, even amid the unconsciousness of the patient, nature will sometimes assert itself still. We believe that surgeons sometimes get odd revelations of character at such times, for the ruling passion is apt to assert itself—*In vino veritas*, holds of anæsthetics too.

We remember to have heard of an old Scotch earl (his race was somewhat insane) who, in sudden gusts of anger, would pull his watch from his pocket and dash it to the ground. Something like this was the revenge

of the farmer who, seeing that his barometer was pointing to Fair while the rain was deluging his fields, took his walking-stick and smashed it to pieces. In the early days of Queen Victoria, when there were rumours of a war with China, there was a story that, losing her temper when closeted with Lord Melbourne, the young Queen dragged the cover off the table, to the destruction of the china ornaments on it; and that the attendants entering in alarm to see what had happened, the imperturbable Premier coolly remarked that Her Majesty was only declaring war on China. *Si non e vero e bene trovato.* Montaigne speaks of gamblers gnawing the cards and swallowing the dice; it would be well if they put forth their feelings only on inanimate objects. So at least we should suppose thought the boy of whom it is told that, when tying his shoe-string at the foot of the stair of a gambling-hall, a gentleman coming down who had just been ruined, finding the boy in his way, administered to him an oath and a kick, because he was *always* tying that shoe-string.

There are more interesting cases, by far, in which excitable persons, knowing their own weakness, have provided themselves with some mode of exercise, on purpose to divert their excitement from a hurtful to an innocent channel. An instance of this we find in the life of Oberlin, pastor of the Ban de la Roche, in the High Alps, in the South of France. Oberlin was one of the best of men, and endeared himself to his people almost beyond example. Besides being an earnest pastor, he was a maker of roads, a builder of bridges, a reformer and philanthropist generally, who transformed his parish from a chaos of desolation into a beautiful abode of Christianity, civilisation, and comfort. It was not to be wondered at that a man with so many irons in the fire should be somewhat impatient, and have a little trouble with his temper. At such times Oberlin used to run backwards and forwards in his room, beating his hands together rapidly with a resounding noise, until his temper regained composure.* Those who are familiar with the history of the Brontës will remember what is told of their father, the eccentric and excitable incumbent of Haworth. "Even during his wife's lifetime he formed the habit of taking his meals alone; he constantly carried loaded pistols in his pockets, and, when excited, he would fire these at the doors of the out-houses, so that the villagers were quite accustomed to the sound of pistols at any hour of the day in their pastor's house."† If we are not mistaken, he had another outlet for his emotion, setting up a bolster and boxing it when he was angry; but of this we are not so sure.

We are sliding into a collateral, and in point of practical interest the most important, branch of our subject—the power we have of substituting a harmless excitement for one more serious and perilous. This reminds one of the practice of the doctors, when an internal organ is inflamed, to draw the inflammation outwards to a safer place by clapping a blister on the skin. We do not know if the very disagreeable practice which some persons have, while engaged in vehement debate, of tearing the points of their thumbs and fingers to the quick, making them all ragged and bleeding, has the effect of allaying any impetuous feeling, but surely so unseemly a practice would need a remarkable justification of some sort. We remember to have heard of the intense struggle of a young man of high connections, who had brought himself and his young wife and children to the edge of ruin by his love of drink. Having been induced to turn teetotaller, he once, at his own brother's dining-table, was seized with such a craving for the wine that was going freely and gaily round, that he tore the very nails from his fingers in his struggle with the passion that was so nearly over-mastering him. Happily, he was enabled to surmount what to him would have proved a fatal temptation, and we believe he continues to this day an estimable member of society. At his brother's table he ought never to have been exposed to such a snare.

It is, in fact, a part of religion to furnish wholesome outlets for emotion. The Apostle James says, "Is any afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms." He indicates the Christian method of dealing both with emotions of sorrow and of joy. For the stricken, depressed heart, prayer is the true relief —not merely saying prayers, however beautiful, or otherwise mimicking the fellowship of the heart with God; but praying as they do to whom the language of the Psalms is the true expression of their feelings, and who can say, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?" So also the Apostle urges that very joyful feelings should seek an outlet in devotional singing. This will ward off the tendency to resort to outlets of a more questionable kind. Nor will those who know the soothing, satisfying impression of true devotional singing, the calm, sweet repose of a heart that has been truly pouring itself out in words of holy love and longing, wonder at the Apostle's counsel. Such song leads to the gate of heaven, and there is not much to distress one there.

To substitute wholesome for unwholesome excitements in the case of the young is surely one of the most important parts of education. In this point of view there is no room for any feeling but satisfaction in the prominence given in our day to the cultivation of music; nor would there be any other in regard to the athletic sports now so common, were it not that these may be accompanied with an excitement of their own, which becomes, in its turn, a new source of danger. We refer to the matches, and the newspaper notices, and the betting, and perhaps, after an intense bodily strain, the drinking to which these sometimes give rise. But surely it is a good thing that suitable outlets should be provided for the animal spirits of boys, so that excitements of another kind that might be engendered by a too sedentary life, may, to say the least, be discouraged. One naturally asks, Would it not be well if there were more of this physical exercise for girls too? The free full exercise of the whole body in youth is surely a good preventative of morbid de-

* See "Life of Oberlin." By Mrs. Josephine Butler.

† See "Charlotte Brontë: a Monogram." By J. Wemyss Reid.

velopments, and a good preparation for a wholesome manhood and womanhood in future years.

Many of the more objectionable excitements to which we have referred, and their hurtful effects in early life, might be averted by more attention to that very useful branch of true education—self-control. Probably the most untoward exercise of the habit on which we have been commenting takes place when men let out in the privacy of their families some excitement which they have been obliged to bottle up at the time. A clerk in an office is put out of temper by his employer; unable to reply to him, he lets out his ill-temper on his wife and children. A merchant has just learned the ill-success of an important venture; pity the poor clerk who has to attend him next! Nay, pity the horse he drives, or the dog that follows him! Yet surely there is something very mean in the habit that thus makes a scapegoat of the innocent, that makes an Iphigenia suffer because of the wind over which she has no control. But who shall say that this form of vicarious suffering is uncommon? Anything that would screw up the self-control of the average human being a few points — what a wonderful improvement would it not make on the sum of human happiness! Probably there are few things that are more odious to the generality of the English people than the infliction of unjust suffering. Yet how many are continually inflicting it, and inflicting it because they are not careful to control themselves, and do not guard against the sin of making their own households miserable for things with which they have had nothing to do!

There are too many cases where the want of the needed self-control drives people to the bottle, in order by its help to relieve the pressure upon the brain. Here, however, the effect is not to distribute the pressure, or to divert it into better channels, but to deaden the brain itself, to weaken and destroy its power of feeling. The device is very handy, so to speak, but awfully fatal. You meddle here with God's most exquisite work, the brain, which is the finest structure of the body, the most delicate, the most worthy of our care. You drug this splendid product of the Divine mind, injuring its susceptibility, and diverting it from the purpose for which God designed it. Is it then wonderful that this should commonly be the first step in a sadly downward career, and that the ruin of soul and body should advance apace after a blow has been struck at the bodily organ which is in closest contact with the immortal soul of man?

There is another practice that shows how much evil comes from the want of self-control—suicide. What is this but a confession that the sense of evil presses so hard on the brain that it cannot be borne? It is said that if the suicide takes to cutting his throat, and does not at first cut into the carotid, the relief of the blood-letting cures his impulse; or if he tries to drown himself, the same effect is produced by the feeling of cold. Suicide must be held to be the devil's way of relieving an over-strained brain; that any should accept such a remedy shows the poverty of their resources. In the worst of all troubles, the God of love has surely some better prescription for us, if we would only apply to Him, than the father of lies.

THE REAL COST OF COAL.

BY J. W. STEEL.

THE "Pitman's Pay" is the best-known of the poems descriptive of the life of colliers; and it declares in homely but true words that few know—

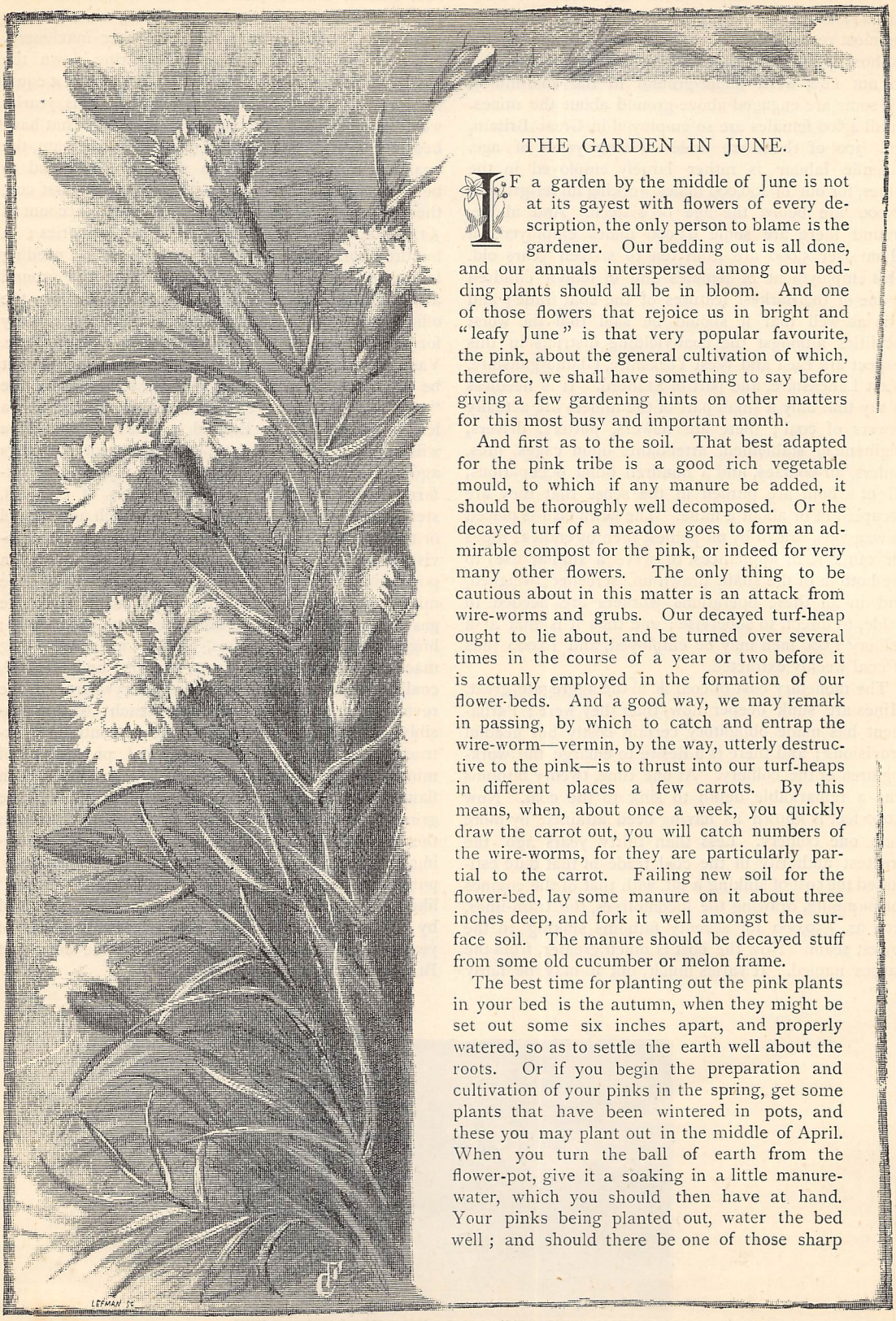
> "Of all the toils and tears it gives
> To warm the shins of London city."

The cost of the coal is rarely dreamt of—in life, in labour, and in money. That cost is increasing in some degree, even with the improved machinery; but it is gratifying to know that, ton for ton, coal causes, from decade to decade, the loss of fewer lives. Occasionally, the public is startled by some great explosion that engulfs its scores of miners, and in that year the loss of life thus and in the single fatalities is great; but it does not over a period advance, and as the tonnage of coal raised is enlarged yearly, the loss of life in proportion to the coal gained is less. In the past few years the loss of life in the mines registered under the Coal Mines Act in Great Britain and Ireland has been over one thousand yearly, but these mines include iron-mines in certain instances, and the loss of life in the coal-mines may be put at one thousand yearly. A quarter of these are often caused by explosions; and nearly one-half more are lives lost by falls in the mines—falls of the "roof," &c. Of the remainder the largest portion are lost in the mines, in ascending or descending the shaft, and on the inclined planes, and by the trams underground, the number lost on the surface being comparatively small. About 156,500,000 tons of coal are raised out of the mines, in addition to fireclay, &c.; and this is the return that is given for that loss. Roughly speaking, for every 156,500 tons of coal that we raise from our mines, one life is lost by accident, and there is an amount of non-fatal accidents that cannot be tabulated. But that cost of life is the toll that the mines take yearly, and there is an additional cost of lost limbs, and of maiming, and of bodily pain.

It is comparatively easy, too, to state the extent of the labour that is needed to raise the coal that is brought from the mines. Yearly the number of men,

women, and boys employed in and about the coal-mines is returned to the mining inspectors; and from the most recent return the official figures may be given as those, practically, that are now employed. Females do not now work under-ground in the coal-mines, but some are engaged above-ground about the mines. In all 4,600 females are so employed in Great Britain, and 300 of them are under sixteen years of age. Juvenile labour is rather largely employed in the mines, for out of 406,000 males working under-ground, 40,000 are below the age of sixteen. And above-ground there are some 93,000 males employed, of whom over 5,000 are from ten to sixteen years old. This employment of females and of tender children is one of the darkest features of the coal trade; and it is as well that it should be said that the worst localities amongst the coal-yielding districts in this respect are East and West Yorkshire, Glamorganshire, West Lancashire, and part of Stafford. It is needless to say that only a small part of the miners are actually hewers of coal; there are hewers, putters, drivers, enginemen, stablemen, attendants upon cages, fires, boilers, air-courses, and a hundred other occupations, all of whom are pitmen in the sense that they are occupied in or about a mine. The hewn coal is placed in waggons, drawn by pit-ponies, then by endless ropes (or other such appliances, to serve a similar use) to the bottom of the shaft, drawn up, screened, weighed, and in all these operations workers are needed to guide, to direct, to supervise; and thus it is that at a colliery 1,000 men may be employed, and 10,000 tons of coal weekly extracted.

The monetary cost of coal is, in the aggregate, great. Mines are sunk deeper now than they were; Parliament has made obligatory certain costly but needful provisions; and there is a desire to enlarge the working area of the colliery. At one time, twenty fathoms was a remarkable depth to sink to the coal. Now 2,000 feet is known as having been attained by more than one colliery. Less than thirty years ago, the greatest authority in the coal trade of that date estimated the cost of sinking a pit, with that of the engines for pumping, drawing the locomotives, the tram-lines, &c., as £50,000 for seventy fathoms sinking to the lowest seam. Now the cost is much greater, from the causes named. It varies much, but it may be fairly said that to sink a pair of shafts down to a depth of two hundred fathoms, to fit them with hauling, winding, ventilating, pumping, and other machinery, and starting at the surface, and putting down the shafts, and fitting up the colliery so as to make it equal to a production of a quarter of a million tons yearly, would cost probably £200,000. Sums above that have been spent, and even then, in one case in Durham, the coal whose seeking had been so costly was found to be not worth the extraction. To that vast first cost there is a great addition weekly. A wages account of £1,000 a week is exceeded at some collieries; a hundred horses and pit-ponies may be below, needing food, care, and veterinary visits; often the ground above needs farming; the miners need cottages; the officials, houses; and there may be a line of railway for a mile or two to a junction with a public line. Vast, therefore, is the monetary cost of coal, and if it be added to that of life and of labour some idea of the "toils and tears" that coal costs may be formed. If a less statistical idea be desired, a visit to a coal-mine will supply it. Here at a typical one, a score of years ago the grass grew where now the village, the pit-farm, and mine-shafts are; long rows of cottages, stereotyped and stony; a school, a church and chapel or two, a water supply improved of late, and the provisions for the housing, homing, and recreation of a population of 2,000 persons dependent upon one mine. At the pit-heaps, trains of coal; miniature gasworks, smiths', joiners', and other mechanics' shops; huge boilers for the engines, possibly air-compressing machines, weighing apparatus, screens; and over all, coal, in the air, on the ground, and everywhere. Huge revolving drums, steel wire-ropes—each costing possibly £80—for the winding engines; a continuous extraction of coal, and an occasional procession of miners from village to pit and back, men and lads in flannel, with the swinging lamps at times, and with the grimy look of their profession. And below, "deep in the dark dull mine," a mass of workers, hewing, harrying, driving, guarding horses, engines, air-courses, pumps, ventilators, furnaces—a work "never ending" like the Fall of Lodore—that is the cost of coal. And by vast capital, labour, and life, over many scores of years, we have recently extracted from the bowels of Britain the first cubic mile of coal.



THE GARDEN IN JUNE.

IF a garden by the middle of June is not at its gayest with flowers of every description, the only person to blame is the gardener. Our bedding out is all done, and our annuals interspersed among our bedding plants should all be in bloom. And one of those flowers that rejoice us in bright and "leafy June" is that very popular favourite, the pink, about the general cultivation of which, therefore, we shall have something to say before giving a few gardening hints on other matters for this most busy and important month.

And first as to the soil. That best adapted for the pink tribe is a good rich vegetable mould, to which if any manure be added, it should be thoroughly well decomposed. Or the decayed turf of a meadow goes to form an admirable compost for the pink, or indeed for very many other flowers. The only thing to be cautious about in this matter is an attack from wire-worms and grubs. Our decayed turf-heap ought to lie about, and be turned over several times in the course of a year or two before it is actually employed in the formation of our flower-beds. And a good way, we may remark in passing, by which to catch and entrap the wire-worm—vermin, by the way, utterly destructive to the pink—is to thrust into our turf-heaps in different places a few carrots. By this means, when, about once a week, you quickly draw the carrot out, you will catch numbers of the wire-worms, for they are particularly partial to the carrot. Failing new soil for the flower-bed, lay some manure on it about three inches deep, and fork it well amongst the surface soil. The manure should be decayed stuff from some old cucumber or melon frame.

The best time for planting out the pink plants in your bed is the autumn, when they might be set out some six inches apart, and properly watered, so as to settle the earth well about the roots. Or if you begin the preparation and cultivation of your pinks in the spring, get some plants that have been wintered in pots, and these you may plant out in the middle of April. When you turn the ball of earth from the flower-pot, give it a soaking in a little manure-water, which you should then have at hand. Your pinks being planted out, water the bed well; and should there be one of those sharp

spring frosts, it may be well to give to your newly planted-out flowers a little slight protection, such as that, for instance, afforded by peas-haulm. In a very short time there will, in this case, be no occasion for protection. As the early summer comes on, an occasional watering in very dry weather should be given, while those pinks that were planted out in the autumn might have a little top-dressing of decayed manure given to them, the soil being first stirred about with the hoe, and the hard lumps pulverised. This top-dressing of old manure had better be run through a large sieve, so that when rain comes the manure will get well and quickly to the roots. Pinks and all the carnation tribe want shading from excessive heat of the sun. And when our pinks have done blooming, we can readily propagate them by an interesting process, known as piping.

The "piping" of a pink, however, is in reality only another name for a cutting. All this comes about in this way: after blooming, the grass—which is what we call that little short foliage at the bottom of the flower-stalks—would, if allowed to remain on, send up shoots that would bloom in the following year. Now, these little pipings, or off-shoots, can readily be struck. They should not be pulled and torn ruthlessly off from the parent plant, as by this means we should certainly damage it. It is better to take off the shoots with a keen knife fairly close up to the stem, leaving on, of course, a certain number, so as not to injure the old plant.

Our little pipings, then, being taken off, remove the lower small leaves, and leave on only the few top ones, then stick them in the ordinary way into pots with plenty of sand in them, and place your pots in a frame with a little bottom heat. Some time after the grass or pipings have been taken from your old plant, you will very naturally find on this old plant that a second growth of grass has taken place. From this second growth, too, you can afterwards take some pipings; and indeed, with a little painstaking you can often rear them in pots for winter culture, only at first you will find that the second cuttings are not quite so hardy and strong as those taken earlier.

The general flower-garden, however, must have some notice this June. Our green-house we have by this time largely emptied out. Some like to have it painted at midsummer. The only objection perhaps is that the greatest heat of the sun has yet to come, which would probably blister up our fresh paint terribly. We prefer watching our opportunity, and getting our painting done in some fine and bright week of September. Every crevice should be filled with putty then, and all ought to be made snug for winter quarters, and there is a good chance of the paint well drying before Michaelmas; whereas in July, what with first violent heat, and then as violent thunderstorm rain, much of the expected benefit of our fresh paint is taken away.

And for our flowers we still look ahead, and begin to pay some attention to our autumn-flowering chrysanthemums. These in June should be growing freely, and should stand out of doors, where they will have plenty of light and air. Some liquid manure will do them good, but they had better not yet be placed in larger pots. The camellias and azaleas will yet be making their new growth, and if possible you should contrive to let them have the proper degree of temperature suited for them while in their new wood-making stage. The way to judge fairly well as to the state into which your camellias have got, is to notice carefully whether the young shoots have ceased to elongate. If they have, and are becoming by degrees firmer and more durable in their texture, then you may consider the new growth as established, and the plants can then be removed to a cooler place; and for the matter of that, both they and the azaleas can stand out on a plank in the open, until all are housed again with the new cuttings in the fresh-painted green-house by Michaelmas.

In the kitchen garden, keep up the weeding, the successional pea-sowing, as well as the salads, such as mustard and cress, &c. An enormous quantity sown at one time is simply a waste of energy and of seed. Parsley is always in demand, and when transplanted it is often thought to grow finer and more curled. When you notice a fine and luxuriant growth, be sure and save some for seed.

In the fruit garden, you should be very busy thinning the wall fruit, nailing and thinning young wood, watering strawberries, and perhaps taking off a few runners for new plants as well as the rest for the benefit of the fruit-bearing ones.

HOW TO FORM A TRICYCLE CLUB.

IT is not at all wonderful, considering the many decided advantages the wheel offers, that cycling has become during the last few years a popular pastime and healthy exercise. That the tricycle will eventually supersede the bicycle, there cannot be the least doubt, owing to the former being far safer, more comfortable, less fatiguing on a tour, and possessing as it does greater luggage-carrying capability than the latter. Nor is it a matter for doubt that the outcome of all this popularity has been the formation of an immense number of tricycling clubs in all parts of the kingdom.

Amongst the numerous advantages of membership of a club may be mentioned sociability, immediate assistance in case of accident or attack, and introduction to brother-wheelmen, which often leads to lasting friendships being formed, with those having congenial

tastes and pursuits to ourselves, but with whom we might never have become acquainted, had it not been through the medium of the club.

The first step in the formation of a club is of course to call a preliminary meeting, by sending out friendly invitations to local tricyclists, intimating to them our intentions. Having appointed a suitable chairman, the business of the evening can then be commenced.

It will be found that there are many matters to be discussed, and opinions taken from those who are present. In the first place, there are the officers of the club to be appointed—the president, vice-presidents, captain, secretary, treasurer, and committee—none of whom it will be wise to dispense with if the club is to be worked with anything like efficiency. Then there is a title to be found for the new venture, the subscription and entrance-fee to be fixed, whether uniform shall be compulsory or optional, and the design of the badge, if any, to be thought out. Having settled all these preliminary little matters, there remains the programme of weekly runs to be drawn up for the printer, with places of meeting, times of starting and returning, distances and directions, and last, though most essential of all, there are the rules of the road to be framed.

These need not be by any means lengthy or elaborate, if they are but clear and definite, and when once made they should be stringently enforced, otherwise they are worse than useless. The first rule should relate to the speed of the weekly runs. This on no account should be fixed too high, as the club may have amongst its number weak or lady riders. It is customary for the captain to lead the party in every excursion, and for him to exercise his own judgment as to the speed, but if this rule be adopted it is wise to have another to the effect that no member is under any circumstances to pass him without permission, but be requested to keep behind the member riding before him at a clear length of five yards.

Racing amongst the ambitious members should be strictly prohibited during the ordinary club ride, as well as fast riding through a town or crowded thoroughfare.

Of course, each club must frame its own conditions respecting the eligibility of members; and it will be found by experience that it is by no means the largest club which has the most successful or enjoyable runs. There are far more points to be considered than numbers. Whatever entrance rules, however, are drawn up, it would be a wise precaution to make one condition of membership—that the proposed member shall be the owner of a machine. The reason for this is obvious. If you allow a person to join the club, with the idea of swelling your number, simply because he can borrow or hire a machine for the weekly trip, you will be sacrificing the true interests of your club. Such a member, having no regular practice, would very probably be less skilful in managing a strange machine, besides being more careless in riding, since the machine was not his own.

Members at all times should be urged to keep to the left-hand side of the road, even if there be no vehicle of any sort in sight, whilst riding on the foot-path should be instantly checked, however strong at times the temptation may be to do so.

The customary rules of the road should be strictly adhered to, such as passing a vehicle on its right, or in overtaking a led horse to take that side of the road on which the man is, who is leading the animal. Before overtaking any foot-passenger a signal should always be given either by bell or whistle, at sufficient distance to afford the pedestrian ample time to look round before the rider passes. Neglect of this simple rule has created quite a strong prejudice amongst the nervous against the silent wheel.

When meeting any carriage or horses, members should invariably adopt single file, the right-hand man falling to the rear of his companions. Great care too should be taken by members in turning corners, in moderating speed and giving a signal—unless they can see sufficiently ahead—thus preventing the possibility of any unexpected collision. Whenever the club meets with a horse which shows the slightest signs of restiveness, members should dismount and speak gently to the horse, so as to bring back its confidence. In descending hills it is requisite to exercise the greatest caution by keeping the machines well under control, and members should be particularly requested not to rush past each other at such times, as the practice is highly dangerous.

A club governed by some such simple rules as the preceding cannot fail to prove a success.

J. EATON FEARN.

MR. BROWNE'S HEIRESS.

"IF you mean to go in for art, old fellow, you must make up your mind to travel by a veritable Via Dolorosa before you attain success, especially if you have to live by it," said my friend, Ted Ochre. "I have been through the whole business, and know all about it."

I have since proved his words to be true, although I have less cause to complain than many of my comrades of the brush, for a lucky accident provided my wife and myself with the means of living till I got a fair start. But I passed through some grievous experiences before that happened.

When I had begun to make a little progress, and had saved enough money to enable me to do so, I determined to give myself several weeks' stay in the country, where I hoped to recruit my health, at the same time that I pursued my studies.

I meant to live as cheaply as possible, and work hard all the time; yet it was with a host of pleasant

anticipations that I jumped into a third-class carriage at Liverpool Street, and, after a three hours' journey, arrived at the quiet little country station for W——. After having ascertained from one of the porters that there were good lodgings to be had at the village inn, I walked up the platform towards the place of exit. As I passed the first-class carriages, my attention was arrested by one of the windows being let down in a violent hurry.

"Eh, porter! Where are they all?" exclaimed an irritable voice, belonging to a stout elderly gentleman, who was struggling, with swollen gouty fingers, to turn the stiff handle of the door.

With some difficulty I managed to open it for him, just as the station-master had given the signal for the train to move on.

The porter, catching sight of me opening the door as the train was moving, shouted to me to "Stand back!" and ran up to enforce his command; but the irate passenger forced open the door, which the official had nearly re-shut, and jumped out, falling as he did so with one foot between the platform and the train.

Catching him as he fell, while the porter at the same moment signalled for the train to stop, I was fortunate enough to extricate the old gentleman from his perilous position.

"It's Mr. Browne! I hope you're not hurt, sir!" exclaimed the station-master, coming up.

"Hurt!" he replied, stuttering with rage. "I'll—I'll report every man jack of you. If it had not been for this gentleman——"

"He knows twarn't my fault," said the porter sulkily; "you would get out o' that train arter she'd started."

"In that case," began the station-master, very deferentially, "if Jones is correct——"

"Correct! The rascal—I—I——"

"The man is right enough so far," I interrupted; "but there was no one near to open the carriage door, and at the last moment, after some difficulty, I opened it myself."

"Gross neglect—ugh!" with a growl of pain; "and as sure as I'm a director—ugh!——"

"I am afraid you are severely hurt," I interrupted; "let me assist you to the waiting-room."

"No, no; straight home at once; my carriage is waiting," he replied, taking my arm; and, answering only by a fierce growl the sulky apologies of the porter, he limped painfully to his carriage. Just as I had helped him in, the station-master hurried up, and exclaimed—

"I trust you're not seriously hurt. I——"

"Hurt!" he growled, with renewed indignation. "I think I have only broken my leg; but that's nothing—nothing of any consequence!"

"You see, Mr. Browne, it's not your usual train, sir," replied the crestfallen official. "Will you let me send the doctor on?" he asked.

"No!" roared the old gentleman.

"I think that would be the wisest plan," I suggested; "for though I think it can be nothing more serious than a bad sprain——"

"Good gracious, sir! What can *you* know about it? I tell you I'm in agony. Well," to the station-master, who stood awaiting his instructions, "why d'ye stand gaping there?" Then to me, as I turned to go, "Get in, can't you? Get in!"

"Thank you, but I must find my way to the inn," I replied, rather stiffly, for I did not relish the tone of the request.

"Bother it all! Can't you see that I'm mad with pain?" he asked irritably. "Is it likely that I am going to let you go to a wretched country public-house—it's nothing better—after saving my life?"

Seeing that the kind-hearted but choleric old gentleman was really distressed at my refusal, I yielded to his wish, and after half an hour's drive found myself established as an honoured guest in his luxurious home. He insisted that I should take up my quarters there during my stay at W——. Every obstacle that I raised was surmounted by him with such perseverance that, in spite of myself, I was forced to yield to his desire.

It was certainly pleasant at Dalehurst. All that wealth could procure was to be found there, for its owner was rich, and allowed Geneviève, his daughter, *carte blanche* in the exercise of her cultivated and refined tastes. His daughter—ah! how can I describe her? Beautiful, intellectual, gracious, and an enthusiast about art, was it wonderful that I lost my heart long before I knew it? When I did discover it—but I must speak of the happy days that preceded the shock of that discovery.

As I had supposed, Mr. Browne's injury proved to be nothing more dangerous than a severe sprain, but it kept him prisoner for several days, and as I was always out and at work till dinner-time, he grew to look forward to my presence in the evening in quite a ridiculous manner.

He was very much interested in my pictures, although he knew nothing about art, but he thought he did, and his daughter's sympathetic appreciation atoned for his incomprehensible criticisms, and was dangerously delightful to me.

Of course I was mad, foolish, culpable, not to understand that it was something more than intellectual sympathy which made our intercourse such a happiness to us both; but I suppose I was feeling too intensely to analyse and define my feelings.

I think, too, that as he knew my position, Mr. Browne acted in a most thoughtless way, for he insisted that Geneviève should take lessons of me; and what could he expect when two young people, with so many sympathies and tastes in common, were so constantly thrown together? I can conscientiously declare that, had I realised my danger, I should have fled long before I did, for I believed at that time that Geneviève was her father's heiress, while I was a poor struggling artist.

When one morning my host announced that he expected his nephew, Reginald Vane, and some friends down for the shooting, I felt a vague presentiment that something unpleasant was in store for me, and insisted on taking up my quarters at the inn, for I

knew that with a house full of young people whose sole idea was amusement, while mine was work, I should be out of place, and at a disadvantage. Geneviève, however, would not hear of giving up her lessons, and whenever they took place it was invariably insisted upon that I should remain to dine at Dalehurst.

The moment I saw Reginald Vane I conceived an intense aversion to him, and he took no pains to hide the fact that the feeling was mutual.

The first evening I spent in his society he treated me with a supercilious affectation of superiority which made my blood boil. The fact that he was in love with his cousin, and madly jealous of every man that found the slightest favour in her eyes, restrained me from openly resenting his many impertinences; but there is a limit to forbearance, and when one evening, after I had been singing with Geneviève, he made some insulting allusion to fortune-hunters, pointing his remark with a look at me that no one could mistake, we came to an open quarrel.

The next morning I sought an interview with Mr. Browne, to bid him farewell.

"Tut, tut, man!" he answered cordially. "So that jealous idiot has been showing his airs to you, eh? He spoke to me last night, but I told him I knew you and could trust you."

But I knew that I could not trust *myself*, so begging him to make my excuses and adieux to Geneviève, I departed, with the intention of seeing her no more.

The old gentleman must have begun to suspect the truth during this interview, for despite my own agitation, I noticed how worried and anxious he was looking.

I was at the time at work on a landscape, which would keep me, as I reckoned, about a week longer in the neighbourhood, but for the next day or two my picture made little or no progress; work seemed an impossibility.

Then a feverish energy seized me; I was presumptuous enough to believe that Geneviève returned my love; a thousand significant trifles helped me to this conclusion. With such an incentive to spur me on, I told myself that I must quickly win the wealth and position which would give me a right to speak. With a rapidity which surprised even myself, I finished my picture, and began another to pair with it.

Day after day I worked, exposed to the sun, and scarcely stopping while the light lasted even to take necessary food.

About three o'clock one afternoon I had finished, and started to return to the inn. I was feeling triumphantly excited; heart and brain were full of Geneviève. "If I could only see her once more!" I thought, as I pounded through the wood with down-bent head.

As if in answer to my longing, on looking up suddenly I saw her. She was at some little distance from me, and as with eager steps I hurried forward, I perceived that she was not alone. I stopped, dizzy and confounded, for her companion was my rival, Vane! Her hands lay passively within his grasp, she seemed to be listening willingly to his eager words; but no—suddenly the down-cast eyes were raised—she spoke vehemently—she struggled to release herself. I rushed madly forward.

"It is a falsehood!" I heard her exclaim; "and *you* are a coward!"

Then her face was turned towards me in surprise, delighted recognition, fear, trouble, and the next moment her persecutor had measured his length on the ground, while I reeled and fell, for a great darkness swam before me, then all was blank.

* * * * *

A world peopled with many faces, in turn strange, familiar, compassionate, cruel, merry; events following one another with inconceivable rapidity, some joyful, some the reverse; a confused agonised struggle after comprehension of something cruelly puzzling, a gradual relinquishment of the effort, and at last I knew my mother's sweet worn face as it bent anxiously over me. At first her face was all that I recognised, and soothed by the consciousness of her presence, I slept. Gradually recollection returned, then followed the tedium of a long and weary convalescence, during which I learnt that they had sent every day from Dalehurst to inquire about me, and had also sent fruit and flowers continually till I was out of danger, and that they had now gone abroad.

* * * * *

"I beg pardon!" I exclaimed absently, for I had come into sudden and violent collision with a lady who, like myself, was turning the corner of a street in Hammersmith. There was a dense fog, and she was closely veiled, so it is not wonderful that I did not at first recognise her. "Miss Browne! is it possible, and alone? I have grown independent, you see," in slightly tremulous tones. "You must let me put you into a cab. Where are you going?" I asked, feeling like one who dreamt.

"Home—no, no, please!" as I took umbrella and music-roll from her hand, "indeed, I cannot let you;" but the words were weak and faltering, and I ventured to disobey.

Drawing her hand through my arm, I walked by her side in silence, for I could hear by her quick, irregular breathing that she was struggling with some painful emotion.

"What must you think of us?" she exclaimed at last—"our silence? It was not *my* fault. Are you quite strong again?" By degrees I drew from her that they were quite poor now, and that she was giving daily music lessons in order to support herself and her father, who was weak and ill, and terribly altered. Quite poor, indeed, they were, and living in apartments, to which, by her tasteful arrangement of the relics that remained to them of their prosperous days, Geneviève had nevertheless managed to impart an air of refinement and elegance. It was only just in time that I had found them, for poor old Mr. Browne was, as any one could see, quite broken up, and seemed to depend entirely upon his daughter.

She told me that when I had come upon them in the wood, her cousin had just been refused by her,

upon which he had taxed her with entertaining an affection for a penniless fortune-hunter, who had been kicked out of Dalehurst as soon as her father became aware of his presumptuous designs. Then followed her indignant words, and my interference and sudden faint. As a whole party had been pic-nicking there, help was not far off, and Mr. Browne would have had me carried to Dalehurst had it not been for his nephew's strenuous opposition.

had loved me from the first. So now that there was no money to come between us, I asked and obtained her father's consent to our union. We were married very quietly, both for the sake of economy, and also on account of her father's declining health.

Amongst the relics of his former grandeur, Mr. Browne had retained a picture which, in spite of everybody, he had always persisted in believing to be of great value. This he presented with much satisfac-

"AS WITH EAGER STEPS I HURRIED FORWARD, I PERCEIVED THAT SHE WAS NOT ALONE" (*p.* 404).

A few days afterwards her father had spoken to her, and begged her to receive Vane's attentions favourably. Gradually it came out that he had been speculating and was ruined, if she did not help him to retrieve his position by this marriage, but this he did not tell her till they had all quitted Dalehurst for the Continent, and she had again refused her cousin. From her mother she had inherited a sum which brought her fifty pounds a year. Upon this pittance, and what she could make by teaching, my brave girl had struggled to maintain herself and her father until now.

I had not been mistaken with regard to Geneviève's sentiments, for I won from her the confession that she

tion to his daughter on the occasion of her marriage. He was getting quite childish now, and she nursed and humoured him with unfailing sweetness and devotion.

One morning, on coming down into the kitchen, I found her busily engaged in cleaning her father's picture.

"What *are* you doing?" I asked.

"I am trying to make this 'old and valuable picture' look a little more decent," she replied, laughing gaily. "Poor papa has taken it into his head that I do not value it, so I am going to give it the place of honour in the dining-room."

Of course I grumbled, for it was really an awful

production, and, equally of course, my darling coaxed me into acquiescence.

"Look here, dear," she exclaimed very suddenly, "how oddly this paint has peeled off here in the corner! It looks as if there were another picture underneath."

I looked carelessly at first, then curiously.

"So it does," I replied, and taking the cloth from her hand, I carefully continued the process till about four square inches had been cleaned off, revealing part of a limb.

"My word!" I exclaimed, and Geneviève must have thought me mad, for catching up the picture, I hurried away with it to my studio, packed it up, tore out of the house, took a cab, and in half an hour's time was excitedly watching the operations of the restorer to whom I had taken it.

To make a long story short, it turned out to be a Correggio which some Goth had covered with his own infamous daub. It was sent to Christie and Manson's and sold for £2,500.

Mr. Browne's triumph may easily be imagined, but he would not allow that the money belonged to him. "It was his dear girl's dowry," he said.

"So you see you have married an heiress, after all, you mean fortune-hunter!" cried Geneviève, with glad tears in her eyes.

"Yes, and therefore I shall paint no more 'pot-boilers!'" I exclaimed. I kept to this resolve, and next year I had a picture in the Academy.

R. M.

THE STORY OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

BY JAMES C. HADDEN, AUTHOR OF "THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF SCOTLAND," ETC.

THE Lindsays have for many generations been known for their literary inclinations. From Sir David Lyndsay of poetical celebrity, down to the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, so well known as an astronomer, the family has never been without a representative in the world of literature.

One of the most cultured of this ancient house was James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres, and father of Lady Anne Lindsay, the subject of our present sketch. He had himself written an elaborate history of the Lindsays, and enjoined upon his family that the record should be kept up through succeeding generations. Earl James had seen service both by sea and by land, but having, along with his father, taken a considerable share in the Jacobite uprising of 1715, he never gained promotion, and the estate was in consequence greatly impoverished. He ultimately severed his connection with the army, and at the time of the '45 rebellion he was leading a bachelor life at Balcarres.

The result of this life of inaction upon one who had been always more or less of an invalid might have been foretold; the old earl became ill, and was advised to try the restorative powers of the waters at Moffat. He went to Moffat, where he at length regained his health, while he at the same time lost his heart. The object of his love was Miss Dalrymple, a blooming beauty of twenty-three, young enough to be his daughter. Apart from the great disparity of age, the earl does not appear to have possessed such personal charms as would readily engage the sympathies of a lady who was both young and handsome, and so his proposal of marriage was firmly declined. The disappointment so affected the old warrior that he became seriously ill, and went so far as to make his will. Having no near relatives, he left the half of his fortune to the obdurate young lady who had dealt so unkindly with him. The earl did not die, however, for Miss Dalrymple, hearing of his generous bequest, and being touched by his devotion, consented to become Countess of Balcarres. The union proved to be a happy one, and it was blessed with a family of eleven children, of whom Lady Anne was the eldest.

The countess proved herself to be an imperious mother, and it could not be said that any of her children were spoiled by being spared the rod. They were continually being shut up in dark closets, or compelled to go without food, according to the nature of their offences. Lady Anne seems to have been the hardest of all to punish; bread and water were to her no hardship, and close confinement did not check her high spirits. But the others bore their punishments less easily, and so one day a meeting was held, when it was unanimously resolved that they should all run away to the house of a friendly couple not many miles distant. The resolve was put into execution, but unhappily for the children they were arrested in their flight by Robin Gray, the old shepherd at Balcarres. The punishment for each was tincture of rhubarb, and Lady Anne, as the eldest of the delinquents, received the largest dose.

It was the memory of this incident which subsequently led to the adoption by Lady Anne of the name of Robin Gray for the principal character in her song. Like many of the popular ballads of Scotland, "Auld Robin Gray" was written to an old air, which was first associated with words of a coarse and vulgar nature. This melody, with its then accompanying words, was frequently sung in the castle by a female friend of the family, and it was in order to give it a more fitting setting that "Auld Robin Gray" was written. In a letter to Sir Walter Scott, Lady Anne gives the following account of the composition of the song:—"I longed to sing the air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting

to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes—I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one, I pray!' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the ballad completed."

"Auld Robin Gray" soon became popular at Balcarres and throughout the shire, but Lady Anne never betrayed the secret of its authorship. Her reticence does not seem to have been caused by the mere wish to avoid publicity, but, as she herself says, was owing "to the dread of being suspected of writing anything, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing." The matter was not allowed to rest, however, for as the song gained in popularity its authorship was more and more sought to be discovered, and a reward of twenty guineas was at length offered to any one who would definitely settle the point. Even the learned Society of Antiquaries took up the subject, and their secretary was instructed to wait upon Lady Anne for information. The secretary had but little success, his cross-questioning meeting with a reply which left him as ignorant as before regarding the authorship of the song. "The ballad in question," said Lady Anne, "has, in my opinion, met with attention beyond its deserts. It set off with having a very fine tune set to it by a doctor of music; was sung by youth and beauty for five years and more; had a romance composed from it by a man of eminence; was the subject of a play, of an opera, of a pantomime; was sung by the united armies of America, acted by Punch, and afterwards danced by dogs in the streets—but never more honoured than by the present investigation." Lady Anne subsequently explained to Sir Walter Scott, that had the secretary asked the question obligingly instead of trying to entrap the truth from her, she would have told him the fact distinctly but confidentially.

In compliment to her mother, Lady Anne many years later wrote a second part to "Auld Robin Gray." This continuation was of very inferior merit, and has been justly forgotten. Though the authoress carefully refrained from giving a copy of the second part to any one, her mother committed the verses to memory from Lady Anne's singing, and through her a copy of the song came into possession of Sir Walter Scott. The eminent novelist quoted one of the verses in the "Pirate," giving the name of Lady Anne Lindsay as the authoress. This was the first occasion on which the authorship of the song had been publicly announced, and it was this which prompted Lady Anne to furnish Scott with a detailed account of the composition. In her letter she thanks the author of "Waverley" for having "so distinguishedly noticed and by his powerful authority assigned the long-contested ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray' to its real author."

Lady Anne had written other songs besides "Auld Robin Gray," but none of these were possessed of sufficient merit to bring them into popular favour. The famous ballad by which alone her memory has been perpetuated, was one of those happy strokes of genius which come but once in a lifetime. Not even Burns himself has produced its superior in simplicity and homely phrase. Almost every writer on Scottish poetry and song has awarded it a tribute of commendation. "The elegant and accomplished authoress," says Ritson, "has, in this beautiful production, to all that tenderness and simplicity for which the Scottish song has been so much celebrated, united a delicacy of expression which it never before attained." Sir Walter Scott characterises it as "a real pastoral, which is worth all the dialogues Corydon and Phillis have had together, from the days of Theocritus downwards." "It is perfect; a ballad so tender, so homely, so pathetic, so tragic, that criticism is disarmed, and falls down in worship before it."

"Auld Robin Gray" has not been left exactly as it came from the pen of the authoress. The first verse is frequently omitted—for what reason we are unable to say, for it is certainly a most fitting introduction to the story:—

> "When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kyes a' at hame,
> And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
> The woes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
> Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me."

But besides this, several alterations have been made throughout the song, some of which called forth the remonstrance of Sir Walter Scott.

> "Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye *no* marry me?"

is frequently marred by the omission of the word "no," and in the fifth stanza the name "Jeanie" has most unwarrantably been substituted for "Jamie." Many other alterations in the text of the song have at one time or other taken place; but a genuine copy will be found in "Songstresses of Scotland."

The tune to which "Auld Robin Gray" is now sung is not the one for which Lady Lindsay wrote her verses. The old air, while not wanting in a certain kind of rugged beauty, was inferior to the present highly popular melody. The latter was composed by the Rev. William Leeves, Rector of Wrington, in Somersetshire, and cannot therefore be claimed as a Scottish melody. The popularity of the ballad is doubtless due, in a great measure, to this very beautiful air.

Lady Anne Lindsay married Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, and afterwards secretary to Lord Macartney, Governor of Cape Colony, and thus spent a considerable portion of her life far from the home of her ancestors. She died in 1825, at the family residence in Berkeley Square, London, leaving her fame to rest on the simple and touching ballad of "Auld Robin Gray."

The Shadows.

Words by the EARL OF CARLISLE. *Music by* W. R. COLBECK, Georgetown, British Guiana.

Andante non troppo.

PIANO.

p *cres.* *rall. e dim.*

Who has not felt, 'mid a - zure skies, At glow-ing noon or gold - en even, A

p *a tempo.* *p*

soft and mel-low sad - ness rise, And tinge with earth, with earth the hues of heaven? That

p

shadowing con-scious-ness will steal O'er ev - 'ry scene of fond de - sire— Lin - ger in laugh-ter's

cres - - - *cen* - *cres* - - - *cen* -

- - *do.* *dim - in - u - en - do.* *p* *poco rit.*

gay-est peal, And close each cadence, each cadence of the lyre, And close each cadence, each cadence of the lyre.

- - *do.* *dim - in - u - en - do.* *p* *colla voce.*

*** To this Song was awarded the prize of Five Pounds, offered by the proprietors of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, for the best setting of these words.

tempo. *mf*

In the most ra - diant land-scapes round Lurk the dim haunts of crime and

tempo.

p *rit.*

care; Man's toil must plough the teem - ing ground, His sigh must load, must load the perfumed air.

dim.

Con fervore. *mf* *cres.*

Oh for the suns that nev - er part, The fields with hues un -

mf

Basso 8va. ad lib.

cres.

- fad - ing drest; Th'un - fal - t'ring strain, th'un - cloud - ed heart, The joy,..... the

ff *pp* *f* *cres.* *rit.* *pp*

tri - umph, and the rest! The joy, the tri - umph, the tri-umph, and the rest!

rit.

ff *pp* *f* *cres.* *pp*

LITTLE LESSONS IN HOUSEHOLD SURGERY.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

THERE are a hundred and fifty little accidents liable to occur in a household, which a modicum of applied surgical skill would suffice to set right, thus obviating the necessity for calling in a surgeon or medical man.

It is about a few of the more common of these that I wish to give some useful hints.

Whether you have a medicine-chest in the house or not, there are several handy articles which should always be kept ready in a clean drawer in case of emergency. A little case containing a pair of ordinary surgical lancets of the old-fashioned bleeding pattern, surgical scissors, pins, needles, and thread—these are all the instruments required. Appliances will include one or two bandages, some lint and oiled silk, a bit of caustic silver in a case, and some strips of adhesive plaster. Then there should be a stimulant lotion, an eye lotion, a liniment for sprains, stiffness in joints, &c., and one or two kinds of ointment.

Poultices are handy to allay inflammations and to soothe pain. They are invaluable in swellings about the throat, in whitlows, abscesses, &c. A small bottle of turpentine, and one of carron oil, should also find a place in the family surgical drawer.

The lancets will be sometimes required to open small abscesses or gum-boils. Large swellings containing matter had better be seen to by the family physician. Many people have the greatest horror of the lancet, and will suffer excruciating pain for days from a trifling abscess rather than submit to have it opened. And yet in a case of this kind the relief that follows a simple and almost painless incision is instantaneous. Others, again, are willing to have an abscess opened when it "comes to a head." But it hardly wants opening then, as it will break of its own accord. The time to open an abscess is when there is a fluctuating baggy feel to the touch, giving indication of the presence of *pus*—in other words, of the formation of matter. If this matter cannot have vent it will eat through the tissues that lie immediately above it, and while doing so cause much pain and inconvenience.

When a gum-boil needs to be opened, the lancet should be rolled round with a piece of rag to within about half an inch of the point. It may then be freely used at that part of the boil which is softest. After a gum-boil has been opened, gentle pressure is needed to squeeze out the matter, and the mouth should be well rinsed with hot water.

I counsel the keeping of pins and needles and thread in the surgical drawer, in order that they may be always ready at hand. The pins should be of different sizes—they are handy for fastening bandages, &c. The thread should be strong and white, and the needles of a fair size—needles with good honest eyes in their heads, needles that even a man can thread.

As to bandages, they can either be bought or made. For economy's sake I think they should be made, and for this purpose old linen of any kind can be washed and utilised. Tear it into strips, and sew it neatly together. The bandages may be of two or even three different breadths—one about an inch and a half for finger purposes, another about two inches, and a third about three. These are called roller bandages. There are also various forms of tailed bandages for application to the scalp, for instance, and to parts of the body to which a roller bandage is not suited. The shapes of these will suggest themselves to a person of sense. The scalp bandage I may mention, however, is a broad one with four tails; this being laid upon the head and brow, the two foremost tails are carried backwards behind the head, crossed on the back of the neck, brought round and tied under the chin, while the two hindermost tails are brought forward and tied under the chin. In bandaging a leg the art lies in keeping the bandage flat, smooth, and moderately tight. Lay the end along the instep first, towards the toes, and bandage from the toes including all the foot except the heel, then swathe the ankle, and so upwards as far as the knee or above it. In ascending the calf of the leg, at every turn the bandage should be plaited half back over itself. This is not absolutely necessary, for, having bandaged the lower half of the leg, you may carry the roller right away up to under the knee and take a turn there, and so on down again to whatever position the bandage is found to lie best and flattest in.

Charpie is made by stretching or holding strips of old linen very tightly, and scraping it with a rough knife. Charpie is a useful application to wounds and may take the place of lint, but after all it is not so handy, it does not lie so flat, and you cannot spread ointment very well on it.

In cases of sores that we wish to take on a kindly healing action, or those that need stimulating, or soothing, water-dressing is invaluable. It is very simple and easy of application. You have only to dip a piece of lint in clean cold water, to which probably a few drops of pure carbolic acid have been added, then apply it to the sore, which it must more than cover. A piece of oiled silk is then applied over the lint to retain its moisture, and the whole is kept in position by means of a retaining bandage.

Water-dressing is also applied to wounds after they

have been properly strapped, and it may sometimes take the place of a poultice for swellings which we want to soothe and reduce.

The morsel of lunar caustic in a case can be bought at a chemist's shop for, I believe, threepence. It is used to cauterise dog or cat or skunk-bites, and also scratches that may be supposed poisonous. I have mentioned skunks merely because I know that CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE finds its way into every country where the English language is spoken.

It is a well-known fact that hydrophobia is much more likely to be caused by a skunk than a dog-bite, and I for one would never go into the woods, where there was a possibility of being bitten by one of these creatures, without carrying a morsel of caustic in my pocket in case of an accident.

It is a very foolish plan, not to say cruel, to have the dog that has bitten you destroyed. When this is done, it is obviously impossible to discover whether or not he was rabid at the time he made use of his teeth. Let him live by all means ; it will be a satisfaction to know that he is running about in the best of health. I cannot help saying that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred when a dog bites any one, the party bitten has been to blame and not the dog ; it is not only unjust, therefore, to punish him, but positively mean and cruel. Cats' bites are usually more dangerous than dogs'—that is, they are more apt to fester and take longer to heal, the reason being simply this—a cat's tooth makes a punctured wound, a dog's a more open one.

Adhesive plaster comes in handy. It ought to be the best procurable, and instead of keeping it in a roll in the drawer, it ought to be cut up into strips of different breadths. It is thus ready for immediate use, and there is no chance of its sticking together as it does if kept in bulk.

When it is necessary to use this plaster to keep the edges of a wound together, we must be careful, first and foremost, to see that the wound is perfectly clean, and no sand, glass, or grit in it, which would cause festering and prevent it from healing.

Never cover a wound wholly up with a piece of plaster ; whatever be its size, use long narrow strips. Warm the plaster by holding the back of it against a can of boiling water for a few seconds, then apply it across the wound, leaving a small space between each strip to give exit to the lymph. Remember that sticking-plaster has no healing action in itself, the benefits derived from its use are of a purely mechanical nature. Clean cuts are better bound up with the blood, simply with a linen rag, for sticking-plaster is no use until the bleeding stops. In cases of scalp wounds the hair must be shaved off before the plaster is applied.

A grain or two of nitrate of silver to an ounce of distilled water makes a very good stimulating lotion, for wounds or sores that need such an application, but if they are healing kindly, with even white edges and not much exudation, they do not want stimulating.

Languid, indolent sores, and flabby ulcers, want a stimulating lotion applied with lint, after the manner of water-dressing, and the support of a bandage. But I should like my readers to bear in mind that the healing of ulcers depends in a very great measure upon the state of the constitution. The blood must be strengthened by good food, else the sore will not heal. Why, it cannot heal, unless you supply it with flesh-forming material, and this material must come from the blood. But, in addition to the enrichment of the blood, if the ulcer be in the leg, this must be kept up as much as possible, and bandaged firmly but not too tightly from the toes upwards.

Four or five grains of powdered alum or sulphate of zinc to the ounce of water make another handy stimulating lotion. Goulard water is easily made : simply add a tea-spoonful of sugar of lead to a pint of water ; it is rendered more cooling by the addition of spirits of wine. It is an excellent application for painful swellings.

For wry or stiff neck, or in cases where you wish to redden the surface in order to relieve internal swelling and pain, a mixture of one part of hartshorn to two of olive oil is a capital liniment. Rub well in.

Carron oil is a mixture of lime-water and olive oil, and has been in repute for centuries as an application to burns. I know of nothing better, however, for instantaneously taking the heat out of a burn where the surface is not broken than turpentine. Soak the part well with it for a minute or two ; the relief is magical. I expect more than a thousand of my readers to be grateful to me for giving them this simple hint.

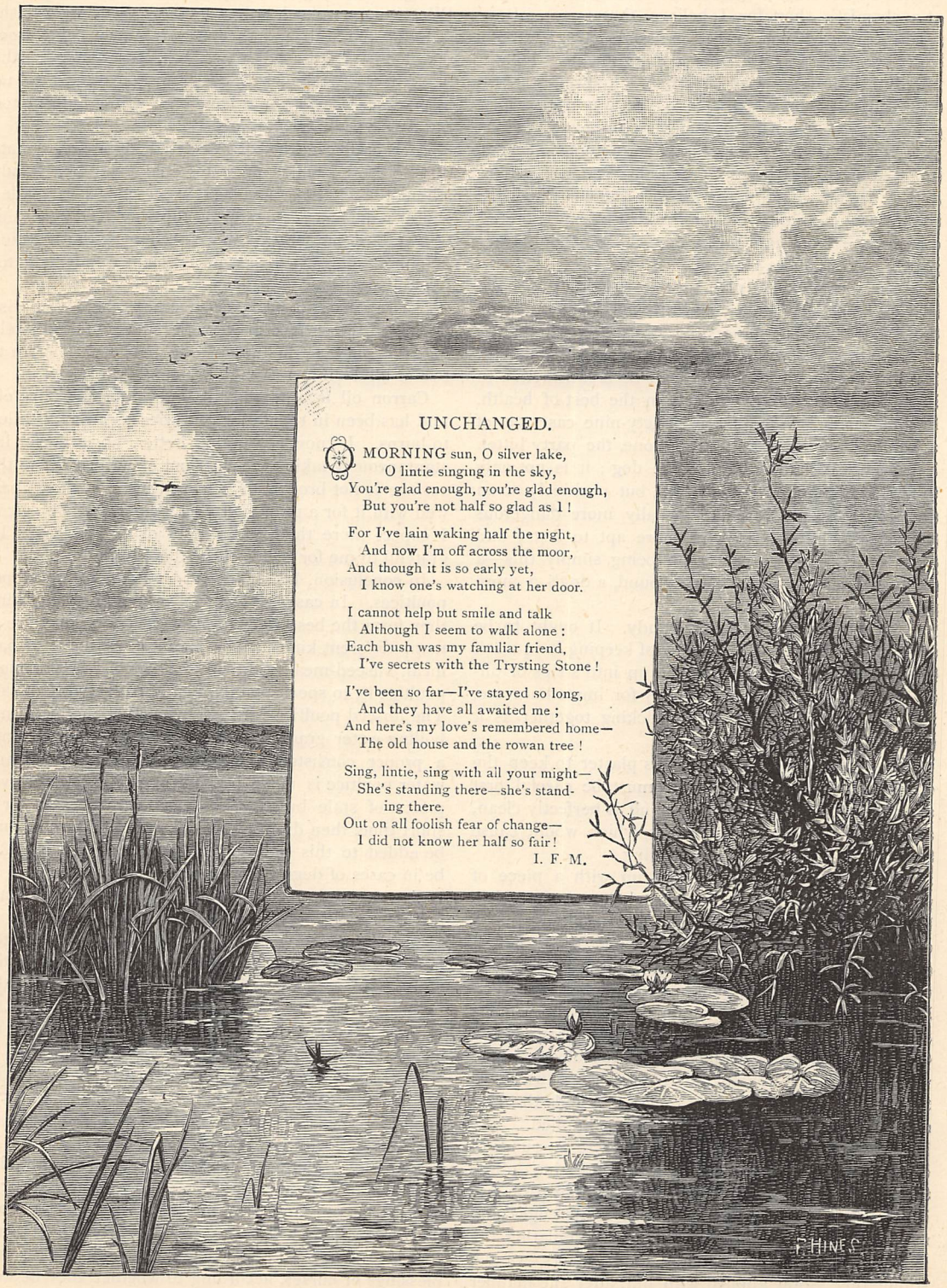
In conclusion, I have a word or two to say about poultices. In cases of local inflammation of any kind they form the best applications possible. They are of many different kinds. The simplest are made of oatmeal, linseed-meal, or bread and water. The oatmeal poultice is, to speak plainly, just porridge without salt. The linseed poultice is made by stirring the meal into boiling water gradually, and working it up well until a proper consistency is obtained. The bread and water poultice is made by pouring boiling water over pieces of stale bread, covering up with a plate for a short time, then draining off the water. Charcoal may be added to this if thought desirable, which it might be in cases of degenerate ulcers.

Carrots and turnips are sometimes made into poultices, and are very soothing.

Onion poultice is made by mashing up half-roasted onions and spreading them on a rag. It is a favourite application with some for colds in the chest. If the chest be previously reddened by rubbing in a little warm turpentine the effect will be better, but on no account should it be applied to an abraded surface.

The use of the mustard cataplasm is very well known. In pains in the chest from colds it is of great service, and also in cases of dyspepsia and pains in the stomach, with retching and vomiting.

Poultices to the neck, for sore throat and glandular swellings of a painful kind, do good ; but if you begin with them, you must keep on changing them, or more harm than good will result. Finally, remember what Dr. Abernethy said about poultices—"They are either blessings or curses, according to whether they be well or badly made."



UNCHANGED.

O MORNING sun, O silver lake,
O lintie singing in the sky,
You're glad enough, you're glad enough,
But you're not half so glad as I!

For I've lain waking half the night,
And now I'm off across the moor,
And though it is so early yet,
I know one's watching at her door.

I cannot help but smile and talk
Although I seem to walk alone:
Each bush was my familiar friend,
I've secrets with the Trysting Stone!

I've been so far—I've stayed so long,
And they have all awaited me;
And here's my love's remembered home—
The old house and the rowan tree!

Sing, lintie, sing with all your might—
She's standing there—she's standing there.
Out on all foolish fear of change—
I did not know her half so fair!

I. F. M.

THE FOLK-LORE OF COLOURS.

BY THE REV. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A.

THE association of colours with certain ideas may be considered a survival of one of those primitive fancies whereby the most curious theories were often started. Indeed, it has been frequently pointed out how, in the childhood of the world, our ancestors thought there was a deep meaning underlying the varied works of nature—a notion which, it may be remembered, gave rise in a great measure to those mythological conceptions, the meaning of which has in many cases been gradually lost. That this is specially true in the case of colours may be proved by the extensive folk-lore which, in the course of centuries, has clustered round them : most of which, too, can be easily traced to a very remote period.

Amongst other causes, also, which invested colours with an importance that they still retain, may be mentioned the old and well-known doctrine of signatures, which connected in some mysterious manner the properties of substances with their colour ; hence white was regarded as refrigerant, red as hot. This fanciful idea further gave origin to the belief that medicinal substances bore upon their external surfaces the qualities or virtues which they possessed —an opinion which, as Mr. Pettigrew remarks, in his "Medical Superstitions" (1844 : p. 18), "led to serious errors in practice." Thus, for disorders of the blood, burnt purple, pomegranate seeds, mulberries, and other red ingredients, were dissolved in the patient's drink ; and for liver complaints yellow substances were recommended.

Some of the savage theories relating to colours, also, are worthy of notice. Mr. Tylor, for instance, points out, in his "Researches into the Primitive History of Mankind" (1865 : p. 71), how "people wanting a sense often imagine to themselves a resemblance between it and one of the senses which they possess"—a remark which equally applies to savage tribes, who are in the habit of forming their conclusions relative to colours, not from what they have been taught, but from the promptings and imaginings of their own minds. That this is so may be deduced from the circumstance that uncultured tribes, although often located in different parts of the globe, and in no way connected with each other, have similar ideas about certain things, which is probably accounted for on the supposition that the same train of thought in each case has been accompanied by a like result. Again, in perusing the history of colours, it is noticeable that entirely opposite views are frequently assigned to the same colour, the luck or ill-luck supposed to be attaching to it depending on the nature of the object.

Animals, says Mr. Dalyell, in his "Darker Superstitions of Scotland," became mystical from colour, particularly white, red, or black. Thus a prejudice against white cows has long subsisted among the peasantry of Scotland, on account of the alleged inferiority of the milk. The true source of this superstition may have originated in the veneration paid to white cattle in the East. Anyhow, it is interesting to note the widespread respect paid to animals of this colour, even too among uncultured tribes. Thus, in Africa white chickens are offered to propitiate woodland spirits ; and the chiefs of that country are in the habit of presenting a stranger with a white horse as a mark of honour. The antiquity, also, of the importance attached to white as a colour is further illustrated by Herodotus, who informs us how Cyrus, provoked at losing a sacred white horse in the stream of the Gyndes, drew off the river by three hundred and sixty channels, declaring that it should not wet a woman to the knee. The same author, too, says that a single white hair disqualified cattle for a sacrifice to the god Iris in Egypt. Tacitus, in his "De Moribus Germanorum," speaks of the omens which were drawn from "white horses preserved in groves ;" and, indeed, the literature of ancient times abounds with similar illustrations. Survivals of this primitive notion still prevail in our own and other countries, it being considered unlucky in Northamptonshire to see a white mouse run across a room. In the Midland counties it is reckoned a bad omen to meet a white horse without spitting at it ; and many persons, without any apparent reason, have a strong aversion to buying a horse of this colour. Thus in Devonshire the following rhyme is current :—

"If you have a horse with four white legs,
Keep him not a day ;
If you have a horse with three white legs,
Send him far away ;
If you have a horse with two white legs,
Sell him to a friend ;
And if you have a horse with one white leg,
Keep him to his end."

In the same way, it is a popular fancy in Cornwall that it is unlucky to meet a white hare ; and according to the legend current in the district, when a maiden who has loved not wisely, but too well, dies forsaken and broken-hearted, she comes back to haunt her deceiver in the shape of a white hare. This phantom follows the false one everywhere, mostly invisible to all but himself. It saves him occasionally from danger, but invariably causes the death of the betrayer in the end.

In Devonshire, the appearance of a white-breasted bird has from time immemorial been regarded as a certain omen of death ; and in the Midland counties, if a white pigeon is observed to settle on a chimney,

misfortune of some kind is anticipated. Without multiplying further instances, it is evident that white has from primitive days been a mystic colour, the strange awe attached to it in connection with certain animals being probably traceable to the reverence once bestowed on it in its association with heathen worship.

Then, again, blue is another colour to which a mystic significance has been given, perhaps on account of its being the colour of the sky. Hence it was held sacred by the Druids, and it is curious to find the same regard for it existing abroad at the present day. Thus the Arabs of Egypt throw salt into the fire before loading their camels on a journey, under a belief that as the blue flame arises every evil spirit is suddenly banished. This belief in some mysterious sympathy between evil spirits and blue formerly existed in our own country.

At a memorable convention of sorcerers, held in the year 1590, it is related that the light of a candle "apperit blew." Shakespeare too, it may be remembered, alludes to this superstition in *Richard III.* (Act v., sc. 3):—

> "The lights burn blue—it is now dead midnight;
> Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
> * * * * *
> Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
> Came to my tent."

So in *Julius Cæsar* (Act IV., sc. 3), Brutus, on seeing the ghost of Cæsar, exclaims—

> "How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?"

This, however, was not the only way in which blue was supposed to be associated with evil. Dalyell, in his "Darker Superstitions of Scotland" (1834: p. 119), alluding to the theory that malevolent acts were effected by means of a thread, relates how a certain lady, having dismissed one of her servants, was the victim of the following malicious treatment. It appears that on leaving his situation the servant forthwith invoked the aid of a sorcerer, who gave him a "blue threid," which he laid before the house of his late mistress, the result being that in a very short time she and her eldest daughter "took sudden sickness, and were both bereft of their natural life thereby."

We learn too, from the same authority, how in the year 1635 a man living in the Orkney Islands was supposed to be completely ruined by nine knots cast on a blue thread and given to his sister. On the other hand, blue was not always connected with witchcraft, having been held in repute as a charm for healing.

Green has generally been regarded as an ominous colour, and on this account is unpopular in Scotland at weddings; one reason assigned being that it is the fairies' colour, who resent as a mark of disrespect its use by mortals. Hence nothing green must ever make its appearance at a Scotch marriage, a custom which is so strictly adhered to, that even kale and all other green vegetables are very carefully excluded from the nuptial feast. This antipathy to green does not seem confined, however, to Scotland, being found in the South of England. Thus, Mrs. Latham, in her "West Sussex Superstitions," says she has known "several instances of mothers absolutely forbidding it in articles of dress, or in the furniture of their houses." To be dressed in green and white, too, would, according to the popular rhyme, seem to be tantamount to wearing the willow, for

> "Those dressed in blue
> Have lovers true;
> In green and white,
> Forsaken quite."

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that green eyes have been praised by poets of nearly every land; and, according to Armado in *Love's Labour's Lost* (Act I., sc. 2), "Green indeed is the colour of lovers;" and the Nurse, in her description of Romeo's rival (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act III., sc. 5), says—

> "An eagle, madam,
> Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
> As Paris hath."

It has been suggested that as green is the colour most suggestive of freshness and spring-time, it may have been considered the most appropriate lover's badge.

Again, black is a mystical colour, being generally found in combination with witchcraft; persons supposed to possess the faculty of transforming themselves nearly always taking the shape of a black dog, a black cat, or some animal of a kindred colour, illustrations of which may be found in the folk-tales of most countries. It is easy to discover why this should be so, when we remember that black, from a very early period, has been reckoned as the type of darkness, which again has been held to be the embodiment of evil. Thus, even among uncultured tribes, black victims are offered to demons, and in certain parts of Africa a black offering is the recognised propitiatory oblation on any important occasion. Clapperton, in his "Journal of a Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa," tells us how, in a province on the east of the Niger, the inhabitants offer an annual sacrifice of a black bull, a black sheep, and a black dog, on a high hill. Among other instances may be mentioned one in Tartary, where Marco Polo informs us sheep with black heads were granted by the Khan for sacrifice. From the association of black with darkness may be traced the custom among us of using this colour as an emblem of mourning; for, as Mr. Dalyell has rightly observed, "Blackness is darkness, the place or picture of sorrow—the absence of joy and pleasure." To the same reason, also, may be assigned that ill-luck associated with black which in a variety of ways is witnessed in every-day life. It is a common saying in Scotland, for instance, when a man is ill and not likely to recover, or when he has lost one of his family or kindred by death, "The black ox has tramped upon him." To quote another example: we are told that in Sussex it is considered unlucky to take a piece of blackthorn in blossom into a house, this being regarded as a death-token.

Yellow is not without its folk-lore, being an epithet often applied to jealousy by our old writers. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act. I., sc. 3), Nym says he will possess Ford "with yellowness;" and in *Much Ado about Nothing* (Act III., sc. 1), Beatrice describes the Count as "civil as an orange, and something of

that jealous complexion;" and, once more, Violet tells the Duke, in *Twelfth Night* (Act II., sc. 4), how her father's daughter loved a man, but never told her love:—

> "She pined in thought,
> And with green and yellow melancholy,
> She sat like patience on a monument."

In China, we note, yellow is the mystical colour—one of the five recognised in the Chinese cosmogony. Charms, therefore, on yellow paper are very common; and we are told by Mr. Doolittle, in his "Social Life of the Chinese" (Vol. II., p. 308), how "sometimes a picture of an idol is printed or written on this coloured paper with red or black ink. It is then pasted up over a door or on a bed-curtain; or it is worn in the hair, or put into a red bag, and suspended from a button-hole; or it is burnt, and the ashes are mingled with tea or hot water, and drunk as a specific against bad influences or spirits."

Lastly, red seems to be the colour around which the most extensive folk-lore has clustered; there being a regard all over the world for things red. It was once held sacred to Thor, the god of Lightning, and Grimm suggests that the robin has been singled out for worship from among birds on account of its colours. In the same way the Highland women tie a piece of red worsted thread round their cows' tails previous to turning them out to grass for the first time in the spring. It secures their cattle, they say, like the red berries of the rowan or mountain ash, from an evil eye and all kinds of witchcraft; for, according to an old couplet—

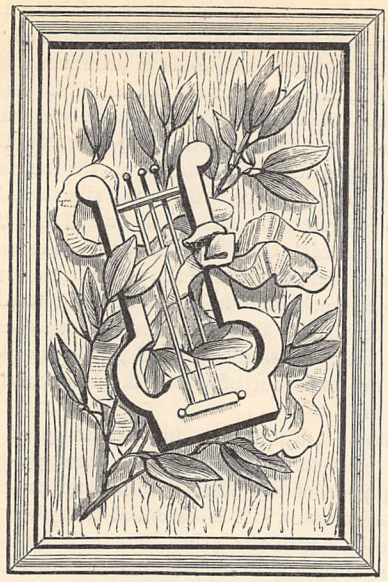
> "Rowan ash, and red thread,
> Keep the devils from their speed."

It is interesting, also, to trace the same superstition abroad, as in Esthonia, where mothers put some red thread in their babies' cradles as a preservative against danger. And in China, something red is tied round children's wrists as a safeguard against evil spirits. In the same country, red holds a prominent place in marriage ceremonies. Thus, red cloth is placed on the threshold of the bridegroom's house, over which the bride must pass; and at betrothals, says Mr. Dennys, "there are provided, in addition to the betrothment cards, four large needles and two red silk threads, and two of the former, threaded with one of the threads, are stuck into each card." The red thread is supposed to represent that with which the feet of all mortals are in the spirit-world tied to those who are fated to be husband and wife; in other words, it represents unalterable fate. A similar thread is employed to tie together the cups out of which the bride and bridegroom drink.

Sir Thomas Raffles, in his "History of Java," speaking of a certain tribe, tells us how, previous to the equipment of the bride and bridegroom for the nuptial ceremonies, "it is essential that their bodies be rubbed over with the ashes of a red dog's bones. Again, the antipathy to red hair may be traced to the fact that Thor's beard and hair were red: a circumstance which, it has been suggested, caused it to be regarded with extreme aversion in the early days of Christianity. Hence arose the tradition that Judas had red hair. In cases of sickness, too, red has from time immemorial been a popular colour. Thus, in small-pox, red bed-coverings were used with a view of bringing the pustules to the surface of the body. At the close of the last century, the Emperor Francis I., when suffering from this complaint, was wrapped up in a scarlet cloth. Even in the present day, a Scotch remedy for whooping-cough consists in covering the neck with a piece of red flannel; and for nose-bleeding persons in the Eastern counties are recommended to wear a skein of scarlet silk thread.

HOW TO PAINT DOOR-PANELS.

THAT "the present age is one of progress," is strikingly illustrated by the fact that art education has made, and is making, rapid strides in this country. Girls and boys at school are no longer taught merely to produce imitations of copies, representing highly-coloured and conventional groups of flowers and fruit, and verdant landscapes, to be carefully touched up by the drawing-master, and afterwards gazed upon in wondering admiration by parents and friends; but, thanks chiefly to the Kensington schools of drawing, they are encouraged to copy nature, to notice the growth of flowers and trees, and to aim at reproducing their exquisite tints. Even those students, however, who are real lovers of their art, are very often afraid to use it for what must surely be one of the highest purposes to which art can be applied, namely, the beautifying of the home. There are many reasons for this. They have not learnt to design, or to paint on wood; the paint of the woodwork is not delicate and pretty enough to decorate; it would cost so much to have it re-painted; the house has only been taken for a term, and it is not worth while to spend much money on another person's property. Such is the feeling, and the very natural feeling, of those who have never tried how wonderfully even a slight knowledge of art rightly applied, and only the small expenditure which a scantily-filled purse can supply, will brighten and improve our rooms. Natural, however, as it may be, it is after all a mistake, and in this paper we shall try to show one way in which any one who has a moderate amount of taste can greatly beautify our homes, at but an inconsiderable cost, by decorating the door-panels.



DESIGN FOR PANEL OF MUSIC-ROOM DOOR.

The first step required for the accomplishment of this purpose is to remedy the defect of paint utterly out of harmony with its surroundings. To do this, take some coarse sand-paper (No. 3 is best), and with it thoroughly rub the whole of the surface to be repainted, fill up any small holes which may be found in the wood with putty, then buy a pound of white lead paint, and with a large hog's-hair brush give the door one coat. When that is dry, which will be in about three days, with fine sand-paper (No. o) lightly rub over the surface again, after which give two coats of paint of the desired colour. In choosing your paint be very careful that it harmonises with the wall-paper. Pick out the beadings of the door with a darker colour than is used for the flat surface, or *vice versâ*, and paint first horizontally and then vertically, always leaving off *the way of the grain of the wood.* Paints of any colour may be bought in tins at about sixpence per pound, and to paint the door, skirting-board, and window-sash of an ordinary-sized room, between three and four pounds of paint will be required.

Having now prepared the panels of the door, the next thing is to decorate them. The materials required for this are some oil paints, a palette, sable and hog's-hair brushes, a tube of Mc Guilp, and—most important of all—a design. Now, really good designs for door-panels can rarely be met with. Ordinary copies of flowers are not suitable, as they are too small, and the flowers are not grouped in such a way as to look well when used in decorative work. Our advice, therefore, to each decorator is, that she should be also her own designer, and this is a far easier task than most amateurs suppose. There are, however, a few rules which it will be wise to follow with care. Only large specimens of flowers and foliage should be chosen. Mountain ash, Pyrus Japonica, Clematis Jacmani, black-thorn, Virginia creeper, ivy, and passion-flower are very useful for this. Take, if possible, accurate studies of the plants themselves, but if you cannot procure any, get a good copy of the flower chosen for the decoration, and make your design from that. It is a good plan to cut paper to fit in the panels, fix it with drawing-pins on to the door, and on that first draw and roughly paint the design; for it is extremely difficult for a beginner, when the work is on the easel, to tell what will be its effect when copied into its place.

One difficulty with which amateurs often have to contend when designing for decorative work is, that bold work, work that is large in design and treatment, is absolutely essential, whereas being accustomed to copy every leaf and flower minutely, they naturally incline rather towards delicacy and finish.

In copying the design upon the door, it is well to remember that if there should be any mistakes in the drawing, a soft rag soaked in turpentine will remove pencil-marks or wet paint without injuring the surface.

And always keep in mind whilst painting that it is *effect* and not delicate work that is wanted. A good plan is to go away from the door every few minutes and look at it from a distance. Be particular about back-ground leaves; they are valuable, but must on no account be obtrusive; paint them lightly of a dull colour, and do not let the flowers be too brilliant; the more delicate the ground paint, the softer should be the tints of the decorative work.

Water-plants, such as bullrushes and large reeds, or the common iris, look well growing from the lower into the upper panels, whilst from poppies and wheat, or a branch of apple blossom with convolvulus twining round and hanging down, good designs may be made. Birds, dragon-flies, a spider in its web, or butterflies can frequently also be introduced with effect. Avoid bringing pots or vases into the design; they are neither

DESIGN FOR DRAWING-ROOM DOOR IN LINCRUSTA.

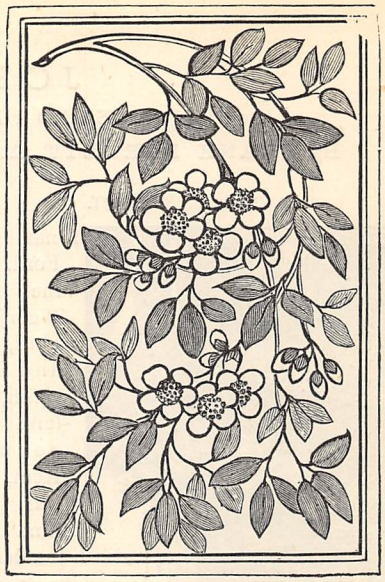
interesting nor artistic. One soon grows weary of seeing them, and the great thing to be aimed at in all house decoration, is the production of a result so perfectly in harmony with its surroundings, that the eye does not tire of it, but becomes more rested and pleased the longer it looks.

Paint on the wood as on canvas, using McGuilp for a medium, and do not varnish afterwards, unless the work has been done in water-colours instead of oils, in which case a coating of varnish will be necessary in order to fix the paint. Work, too, only *in* the panels of the door, leaving the raised part of the door-frame untouched, and never crowd too much on to one panel; a slight design is often far more effective than an elaborate one.

A suitable and very effective design for the door of a music-room, is a representation of musical figures, as for instance, Orpheus with his lute resting on a bank or rock, or Pan with his pipes, on the upper panels, and on the lower ones a composition of small musical instruments to complete the decoration. Small landscapes also make very beautiful panellings, but for these, of course, copies will be required, and a much greater knowledge of drawing and painting than is necessary for simple floral decoration.

For the panels of dining-room doors, several different methods of decoration might be suggested. On dark grained doors, a good freehand stencilled in rich brown or black looks well. For this a long sable brush (called an inliner), and very careful work are necessary, and the freehand must first be traced or drawn in pencil on the door. Should the room be furnished in leather, pieces of leather, or American leather-cloth, of the same colour as the furniture, cut to fit exactly into the panels, and painted with a bold and rather conventional design, make a suitable and handsome decoration. The plain lincrusta is also used for this

DESIGN FOR PANEL OF DINING-ROOM DOOR.



DESIGN FOR PANEL OF DRAWING-ROOM DOOR.

purpose. It is made in several colours, and may be had at almost any artists' colourman's at about one-and-sixpence per yard; it has a rough surface and takes paint well; the same materials are required for painting on it, and on leather, as for wood.

Panels of velvet are very effective, but are more suitable for drawing or morning rooms than for a dining-room. These should be painted before being put on to the door, oil paints being used with turpentine, and a little sacrum (sugar of lead) for medium. They should be fastened on to the panels with gimp nails, and a narrow gold beading glued in will conceal the edges and make a pretty finish; this beading can be obtained at a picture-dealer's at about one penny per foot.

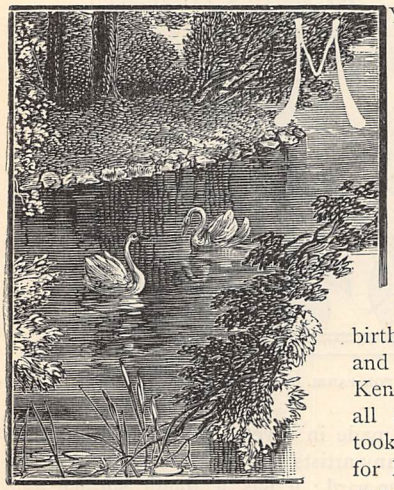
To those who wish to decorate their doors but have little artistic talent, the lustroleum paints are invaluable, as taste, but very little skill, is required in the use of them, and velvet, satin, and stuffs of all kinds can be painted with them. They are made in only a few colours, principally gold and greens, and are put on with a sable brush. The paints can be purchased separately, and are very easy to use, being simply laid on the material with a brush, much in the same way as gum. Designs for panels to be decorated with these paints require rather different treatment from those intended for oil paints; they should be more conventional, each panel containing a separate design. Handsome panels, too, are made with the raised lincrusta. It is to be had at about two shillings per yard, in several different colours and patterns, and is easily glued on to the door. Panels of this, grounded with gold paint, and having the flowers and patterns touched with any colours which may harmonise with the colours in the room, are particularly suitable for a dining-room, library, or study. Oil paints with as little medium as possible should be employed in painting on this material. H. C.

JOHN FORD:

HIS FAULTS AND FOLLIES, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Honest Davie," "Hidden Gold," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



MY name is John Ford. I am the son of Benjamin Ford, farrier and blacksmith, of Kitford, in the county of Kent, who was at the time of my birth the best smith and finest man in Kent, according to all accounts. He took the first prize for his work in the competitions at Maidstone, Tunbridge, and Sevenoaks; he measured six feet two inches in height, and was proportionately broad. He was the subject of a picture in the Royal Academy. I have a photograph of it now, representing my father with his short beard, his crisp, close, curling hair, and his strong manly features, standing beside his anvil, one hand resting on his long hammer, the forefinger of the other gripped in the tiny hand of an infant, held in the arms of a young woman, who is looking upon her child in pride and happiness. It is a wonderful picture of strength and gentleness.

My father was well-to-do at that time. He employed two men and a boy, and his forge fire was never out from six in the morning to six in the evening, except upon Sundays and holidays. There was not another smith within four miles, for none could hope to excel him or win his customers from him, my father being respected and loved by all the country round. The smithy stood next to the "Baldfaced Stag," the village ale-house, but his dwelling-house was about a stone's-throw distant, and facing Kitford Common—an old but well-built cottage, and as picturesque as any you could wish to see, with its long thatched gables, and the dark timbers thrown into relief by the white plaster between them. There was a paddock behind, and a long garden in front, kept neat and trim at that time, with a famous walnut-tree, abundance of good vegetables, and a border filled with bright flowers. It was the prettiest homestead in Kitford; and to my mind Kitford is the prettiest spot in the world, with its single row of quaint old houses, well kept; the pretty spire of the church rising amongst the dark yews and cedars; the avenue of magnificent elms beyond, leading up to Armstrong House; the sombre oaks of the park skirting the Sevenoaks road; and then the breezy common, tufted with gorse and furze, making it ablaze with golden light in the spring; the stretch of level sward close-cropped by the geese, where my father and his comrades once on a time played quoits in the evening, when his day's work was over; the big pond edged with rushes, half covered with bright green duckweed, and shaded on the west by the hawthorns, where in the heat of the afternoon cows would stand, with the water up to their udders, gazing sleepily at the passer-by, and whisking their heavy tails from one flank to the other; and the wide-expanded view of the Weald, with its hop-gardens and corn-fields and orchards diminishing as the eye travelled onward, until all detail was lost in the purple distance, save where a hop-kiln stood out, or a streak of milky-blue smoke marked where a hamlet was buried among the trees. It does one good to recall these things to mind.

My mother's name was Anne; she was lady's-maid to Miss Hilton, who lived at Shipbourne before she married. It was there my father courted her. My mother had been in Mrs. Hilton's service from childhood, and she was devotedly attached to her young mistress. There was only one person in the whole world she loved more than Miss Hilton, and that was my father. The day after Miss Hilton was married to Sir Andrew Armstrong, my mother married my father, and so it came about that I was born in the same week that Lady Armstrong gave birth to her son. My mother was up and about within a few days of her confinement, and finding that her beloved mistress was ill, and unable to nurse her child, she offered to suckle it with her own son; her proposal was accepted, with the doctor's advice, for the infant was weakly, and my mother was healthy and robust to an extraordinary degree.

The physician who was in constant attendance upon Lady Armstrong ordered that as soon as she could make the journey she should be removed to the south of France, whereupon Sir Andrew was for having my mother go abroad also. But my father would not consent to part with his wife thus, and she was averse from leaving him, much as she loved her mistress and sympathised with her in her unhappy position. On the other hand, the doctor would not permit the child, whose condition was only less precarious than his mother's, to be taken from my mother's breast, and so it was arranged that Mrs. Hilton should come to Armstrong House to reside during her daughter's absence, and that my mother should continue to nurse Lady Armstrong's son, under her surveillance. My mother was no less grieved to lose her mistress than Lady Armstrong was to leave her child; she promised to care as tenderly for her lady's child as for her own, and to

write as best she could every week, telling her of the little one's progress. "That will help me to get well," said Lady Armstrong, in parting. But the poor lady did not get stronger, despite the encouraging letters my mother wrote, and when she had been away two months Mrs. Hilton received a letter from her son-in-law, in which he no longer disguised the fact that his wife was sinking, and might die at any moment. Upon this Mrs. Hilton, having perfect confidence in my mother, left the house and her grandchild to her care, departing immediately, with the hope of hearing her daughter's voice once again. On the very day of her departure that accident occurred whose fatal consequences are wellnigh immeasurable.

It was natural that my mother should wish to see her husband, and take me to him, to tell him of the news from Nice and of Mrs. Hilton's sudden departure, and I know not who could blame her for gratifying that wish, which only an extravagant prudence would have forbidden. It was still daylight when she left Sir Andrew's child asleep in the cot. She looked round the room before leaving it, saw the child sleeping tranquilly, and closed the door carefully behind her. Her room was in a wing of the house, far removed from the servants' hall. She had the key of the door opening upon the terrace. No one saw her leave the house; she stayed an hour—perhaps longer—with her husband, and then returned. To her unspeakable horror, she found the child she had left asleep, dead. In the confession written by my mother she does not give particulars relative to the possible cause of death; she simply says: "I found my beloved mistress's child dead. If I had not left the darling, it would be living now." It is possible that the child would have died had she not neglected it: it is possible that my mother over-estimated her culpability. Be that as it may, she looked upon herself as guilty in the highest degree. She had taken Lady Armstrong's parting words to heart, and fostered a superstitious belief that the mother's life depended on the child's. It would have been a less terrible calamity perhaps had she lost her own son. She therefore believed that the news of her child's death would kill Lady Armstrong; and truly I think it was rather to evade that consequence than to escape the punishment of her fault that she concealed the child's death. In her confession my mother tells nothing of the agony she endured; she says simply: "I sat with the dead child in my lap, until my boy, frightened by the silence, began to cry;" she continued: "I wrapped the little body in my best shawl, and enclosed it in the satin-wood box my dear mistress gave me before she went away, and I laid the coral and bells he had played with in the morning beside him, and then, it being past midnight and quite still, I carried the box into the stable-yard, where I had seen the workmen engaged the day before filling up the well. I put the box on the edge, and falling upon my knees, prayed God as best I could to receive the little soul, and to forgive me; and my prayer seemed to be answered, for I was able to cry, and that took away much of the pain from my heart; and then, when I could pray no more, I took the box and dropped it in the well, putting my hands up to my ears quickly after that I might not hear the fall."

My mother's strength was not equal to the task she had set herself: she dared not confront the servants with the lie she had prepared. At eleven o'clock the following morning they bethought themselves that she had not rung for her breakfast at the usual hour, and one of them, going to ascertain the cause, found her standing in the middle of the room, her face livid, and her features distorted with agony. "Stolen! stolen!" she cried, and, unable to say more, she flung up her arms, and fell face downwards upon the floor.

The story of Sir Andrew's child being stolen was such as a servant might invent, and servants readily support. A dozen facts of beggars prowling about the estate, hop-pickers vowing to be revenged upon the baronet for supposed wrongs, of gipsy basket-makers camping on the common, and the like, were brought forward by domestics and the workmen occupied on the estate; but the more intelligent class, the neighbouring gentry and the police, doubted it from the first, and only accepted it reluctantly, for want of any better solution to the mystery.

My mother, thrown into a fever by the terrible agitation of that night, became delirious, and it seemed as though she would never recover her reason. No consistent explanation could be got from her. My father admitted that she had left the hall to visit him, and it was supposed that during her absence the child was taken, and my mother's statement confirmed the belief when at length she became capable of speaking at all rationally upon the subject. Lady Armstrong died before the news of the loss reached her, but no one could convince my mother of the fact, and to the last she charged herself not only with the loss of the child, but with the death of the lady she loved. She begged my father to take her away from Kitford; he removed her to Middenham, in Surrey, where her mother lived, and there she lingered between life and death for months, and then she died.

In the last days of her life my mother wrote an account of the fate of Sir Andrew's son. This "confession," as she called it, she gave to my father on her death-bed, but he made no mention of it to Sir Andrew, nor did he take any steps to prove the truth of her statement. He doubted it himself, and looked upon it as the result of that mental disorder which made my poor mother accuse herself of causing the death of Lady Armstrong; he saw that under any condition the inquiry would re-open the painful subject of his wife's culpability, and, in his belief, do harm rather than good: for, he argued, it was better for Sir Andrew to hope that his son lived than to know that he was dead.

My father was undoubtedly in the wrong; but the man must be strong indeed who, in the midst of tribulation and grief, preserves the moral fortitude to pierce for the sake of principle fresh sources of distress; and, as it will shortly be seen, my father was not morally strong. So he kept my mother's confession a secret, and allowed it to be generally believed that Sir Andrew's son was stolen. I, in

common with others, entertained this idea, and looked upon the finding of Sir Andrew's son as a romantic possibility, until quite recently; but I think it best to put the fact clearly before the reader at the very commencement of this history, in order that there may be no confusion or uncertainty.

They say that my father's grief was terrible to see; he was broken-hearted and inconsolable. It seemed as though he had lost all that there was to live for, and that there was henceforth no happiness in the world for him. After the funeral he went away, no one knew whither. He was absent for days, and his friends never found out where he had wandered, or where rested. One morning he came back to Kitford, and, without a word, took up his great hammer, and set to work like one possessed. His friends dared not go near him: they gathered in a little knot at some distance from the smithy, pretending not to see him, but looking at him with concealed awe from time to time. His hair was unkempt, his face was haggard and wan, he looked ten years older: he might have denied his identity and found believers. He worked on with desperate persistence the whole day, and then suddenly, as he was waiting, hammer in hand, for the iron he was holding with the tongs in water to cool, his endurance gave way, and, dropping the tools from his hands, he went out into the road, the tears tracing their course down his begrimed face.

The village folk marvelled that a man so strong as he should suffer to such a degree, but I see little in his prostration to wonder at; for is it not the old elms and oaks, and such hard-wooded trees, that lie broken, and the hazels and withies that stand uninjured after the storm?

My father would have gone abroad to America or New Zealand—anywhere for distraction; but from this project my grandmother dissuaded him, showing him that he could do nothing with a youngster like me in his arms, and that she might at any moment fall sick, and be unable to take care of me. So he stayed at Kitford, a lone, wretched man, whose sole object was to forget. Forgetfulness he found in work, but the day being gone, he had spare hours, all too long, for reflection. He could not read—in his youth education for children of his class was pretty generally disapproved of—and now that he had no taste for gossip and the amusements that had whiled away the hours before his bereavement, there was nothing to turn his thoughts from his misfortune. His friends in sympathy drew him into the ale-house, and made him drink, and fancied they had done kindly by him when they muddled his brain with liquor, and got him to smile inanely at their rude wit. That is how the mischief began; it grew rapidly. When he couldn't eat, couldn't work, couldn't sleep, couldn't get the dull weight off his heart, he sought a remedy at the ale-house next door.

It took a little less than a year to make a drunkard—a dull, stupid, querulous, quarrelsome, indolent sot—of the liveliest, best-tempered, most industrious man in Kitford.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

I STAYED with my grandmother at Middenham. At first my father used to come every Sunday to see me, but as he fell into dissolute habits his visits became irregular and less frequent, until finally they ceased altogether; for my grandmother was not ignorant of his fault, and as she had a sharp tongue, which she thought fit to exercise for his reproof, he found it more agreeable to sit about his beloved ale-house than to make a journey of a score of miles to be roundly scolded.

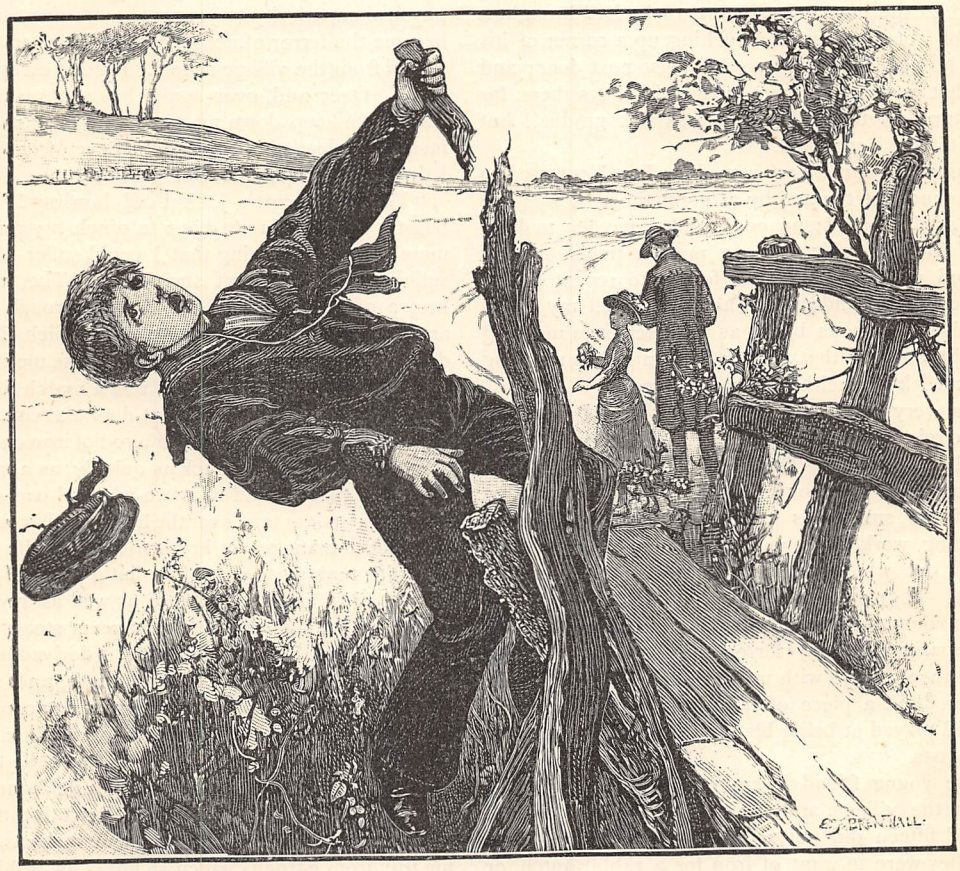
My grandmother gave me little enough in the way of education—for, poor body! she was as unlettered as the most ardent pessimist could wish a villager to be—but she taught me to say my prayers night and morning, to rehearse "The Sluggard," to take off my cap and make a bob in the presence of gentlefolks, and kept me neat and clean. I was six years old when she died; my father had come from Kitford in a cart—his walking days were over—and he took me back with him after the funeral. He shed a good many tears that day, for not only was he touched with remorse for his neglect of my grandmother and me, but the new grave was close beside the grassy mound which marked the last resting-place of his wife; but he consoled himself on the way home: I am sure that he stopped at every inn on the road. He was kind to me, but his great size frightened me, for he was inordinately large, and no longer in proportion. Though fairly grown for my age, I seemed like a dwarf sitting on the seat beside him, and when, towards the end of our journey, he fell asleep between the public-houses, and lurched from side to side, I expected every moment he would fall upon me and crush me, or tumble out of the cart and burst.

It was late when we reached Kitford. To my father's sorrow, the "Baldfaced Stag" was closed, and its landlord not to be wakened. I remember the look of the smithy as I saw it for the first time, when my father, having unlocked the door—he could leave his business for a whole day now without much pecuniary loss—scratched a lucifer, and groped about for a piece of candle. A smithy is fascinating to most children when the fire roars and the sparks fly upwards, and the hammers fall merrily on the white iron, with a "thud-clink, thud-clink, thud-clink" at every blow; but it chilled me with terror as I stood by the black forge to look around at the black walls, the bars of iron pointing down at me from the ceiling, the anvil turning its sharp spike towards me, the tongs and pincers gaping at me, the undefined distance, where hideous things might lurk, the blackness, made more terrible by the unsteady light, and the awful silence as my father steadied his hand to bring the wick of the candle in contact with the diminishing flame of his last match. We slept in a wooden shed at the back of the forge; my father no longer owned the dwelling-house facing the common. He had married a second wife, the worst woman in the village, unfortunately, and she, having induced him to sell the house and live in lodgings, ran away with the sum realised by the sale while he was drowning the regrets provoked by

comparing his present condition with the past in the tap-room of the "Baldfaced Stag."

I believe my father made many good resolutions about the time of my arrival, for I remember, on that first morning of my return to Kitford, his setting to work, after we had shared a pint of milk and a loaf, with such energy as I never saw afterwards. He began by sweeping up the smithy and setting things in their places; and surely such a clearing-up had not been for many long days, for it was late in the afternoon before the dust subsided and the place became orderly. Perhaps he thought that he could retrace his steps—that he would do good work, and buy back his house, and live soberly, and be commended for his work, and be a happy man again. He was my father, to be sure; but it seems to me that nothing could be more pathetic than the endeavour of this unhappy man to reform his life.

Some comrades, on their way to the ale-house, called in to see him in the evening, and looking at the shop in gaping wonderment, asked if he had sold it to Hedges. Hedges was the smith who had set up his business at the other end of the village, and taken all the customers that were worth having; and when my father refused to "take a glass" with them, they fell to jeering him, and offered to wager that he wouldn't say "No" to their offer at the end of the week. My father made no reply, but went on putting his tools in order, looking heartily ashamed of himself the while, until they were tired of bantering him, and went away. Then he sat down on the side of the forge, and looked at me for some moments with full eyes. Presently he brushed his wrist across his eyes, and beckoned me silently. I went to him. He put his great black hand round me tenderly, and kissed my forehead. It was the first sign of affection he had shown for me; he was perhaps thinking of my mother at the time.



"THE WOOD UNDER HIS LEFT HAND GAVE WAY" (*p.* 424).

I cannot forget my astonishment at the quantity of water he drank during those days of reform. He seemed to look upon it as a kind of medicine that was to cure him of intemperance. Unhappily, its only effect was to make him feel uncomfortable and cold. But he persevered with this severe regimen, keeping a

bucket of water with a tin can under the bench, where his friends couldn't see it, and taking a dose from time to time. He had little else to do. There was not enough work to keep him employed a couple of hours a day, and it seemed likely that before long he would have even less than that; for his reform was not sufficient to win back his good customers, and was rather too much for his bad ones. From joking him good-naturedly, his acquaintances got to jeering him spitefully; and it was pretty clear that if they had a horse to shoe or a bolt to mend, they would not employ him. So after about four days' abstention, he yielded to the proposal of a man who had brought a piece of iron to rivet, and tucking up a corner of his apron, he went blushing into the house next door; and from that moment he spent most of his days there, for his return to the old course was not gradual, but precipitate and complete.

I was not ill-content with my life when I got used to the blackness of the smithy at night-time. I was free to do as I pleased; no one scolded me for making myself dirty, or inflicted upon me the punishment of "a good wash;" I was not forced to repeat poetry that I could not understand, nor to take off my hat to anybody. I was as black as a tinker from morning till night, and, for that matter, from night to morning also, and I knew neither shame nor regret.

In a very short space of time I had a rather large circle of acquaintances. Boys who had long desired to examine the forge closely, but dared not cross the threshold for fear of my father, now entered the smithy as my friends and guests, felt everything, worked the vice, cut a hole in the bellows to find out what was inside, and stole some bits of iron. They induced me to light the fire, and half a dozen volunteered to blow the fire for me, in this manner preparing the way for escape if my father came in, and then, always with my solicited permission, they hammered out a piece of iron, getting red sparks out of it, and played at being blacksmiths to the content of their hearts.

These young friends were naturally the roughest boys in the village, and my seniors by many years. Boys of fifteen did not scorn to be friendly with me when they were in want of iron for a rabbit-hutch, or had a desire to make things at my father's expense; and under their guidance I made more progress towards manhood in a month than I might have compassed in half a dozen years had my grandmother lived, and kept me at her apron-strings.

In return for the little services I rendered them, they gave me gooseberries and green apples, the first-fruits of the season, and exceedingly sour; and further they permitted me to join them in robbing an orchard, in which exploit I earned the commendation of my companions by my swift flight, which drew off the pursuit from them—the burly farmer singling me out as the easiest to catch: though in that he was mistaken, for my light weight allowed me to get over a marshy bottom, in which a heavier lad would have stuck, as did the farmer. The praise of these big boys, a natural love of adventure, and the present of a pair of corduroy trousers—I was made heartily ashamed of the pinafores and petticoats in which my good grandmother had clothed me—made me eager for fresh depredations, and my desires were speedily gratified upon my promising solemnly not to divulge the names of my companions should I be caught. I was caught; I kept my word, took a thrashing, and rose still higher in the opinion of my comrades. My vanity, even at this early age, was a pronounced characteristic. I was proud to be seen in the company of big boys and to be thought manly. I could be led into any mischief by a word of praise. I took a delight in showing my physical superiority to youngsters of my own age, and became the terror of decent little fellows on their way to and from the village school. I didn't escape punishment. Over and over again I was thrashed; but I learned to keep down my tears, and bear my punishment with dogged silence, and so even from a flogging I drew a certain amount of gratification.

"You don't catch Jack Ford howling!" was my boast. I would invite boys to pinch my arm for the mere glory of showing that I could suffer—and I did suffer acutely—without showing it. The wholesome breeze of the common, simple fare, rough exercise, and the vigorous constitution with which I was endowed by birth—all contributed to make me strong and hardy. At twelve years old I was a match for any lad of eighteen at every sort of out-door exercise. I could lift a table with my teeth, bend a rod of iron on my knee, run to Sevenoaks and back as quickly as a man could drive over that ground in a two-wheeled cart—the hills gave me an advantage over the horse on that road—ride the most unmanageable horse without saddle or bridle, and with nothing to guide him but a piece of cord and a hazel stick, and shoe a horse as well as my father—ay, better, for his hand was now never steady, and his great arm had lost its strength. I derived one more advantage from my physical strength, and one only, that I can think of. It gave me a hearty contempt for cowardice of all kinds, whether of word or deed, so that I cannot recollect ever having told a lie to get out of a scrape, or shifted the blame of a delinquency from my own shoulders by concealing the truth; nor would I ever join in robbing unprotected hen-roosts, or stealing fruit from gardens which sickness, or feebleness, or poverty prevented the owner from guarding properly. Indeed, about that time I got to look upon orchard and hen-roost robbing as somewhat beneath me, and turned my attention to pillaging Sir Andrew Armstrong's woods. Here I had to match myself against men of cunning and strength, and I must confess that at first Sir Andrew's keepers got the best of it. The third hare that I succeeded in snaring made me acquainted with the interior of Armstrong House and Sir Andrew. A couple of keepers, bearing abundant evidence in their faces of the desperate struggle they had made to get me, carried me—I would not walk—into the library and set me before the awful baronet. He was a portly, handsome old gentleman, with silvery hair, and he seemed very pleased to see me.

"Ah, Jenkins! got one of them at last, hey?" he asked, rubbing his hands.

"Yes, sir," replied Jenkins, drawing the back of his hand along the tip of his nose, and looking first at me and then at the baronet ruefully; "and a precious tough 'en he is."

"Ha, ha! young fellow, you make resistance," Sir Andrew frowned at me. "Well, we shall see what the magistrates say to you. What's your name? Silence? What's your name? I ask."

"You won't get him to speak, sir," said the keeper, after waiting a moment for me to answer—"a stubborn, silent, determined young rascal. But we know him well enough, sir; he's Jack Ford, the son of the drunken smith in the village."

"Ford's son?" said Sir Andrew, dropping his voice, and regarding me with less severity—indeed, with an expression of pitying interest in his face as he seated himself slowly. "Ford's son?" he repeated, still looking at me earnestly. "I would rather see any other lad than you in this position," he added kindly. "It's a bad beginning, my boy. You can go," he said to the keepers; "I will call you when I want you."

The keepers reluctantly withdrew. I heard their steps on the marble floor of the hall, and their voices murmuring. From the corner of my eye I perceived one of the large windows open. There was a table with writing materials upon it under the sill of the window.

"I should be sorry to see a stout, handsome, well-made little fellow like you grow up a worthless man," Sir Andrew continued. I heard the low murmur of the keepers' voices in the hall at the same time. "Your father was just such a promising lad in his youth."

I waited to hear no more about my father, but with a short run, I put my hands on the table, and with a good vault threw my body clean through the open window, and after a fall of eight feet or thereabouts, came down on the terrace like a cat, my legs well bent and my fingers just touching the ground, and then away I went over flower-bed and lawn, and never looked behind me until I was in the thick of the wood.

I did not go near the village for a week. It was no hardship for me, but a real pleasure, to live in the woods, and I relished it the more, I believe, because of the danger of being taken again by the keepers. The weather was good, and I slept under a ledge of rock at Oldbury, with a bundle of hay for a pillow, which I took care to hide in a hole during the day, that my whereabouts might not be discovered by my natural enemies, the keepers. I had string, catgut, and a hank of horsehair in my pocket, and with these I could catch as many rabbits in an evening as came out of a warren; and there were labourers' wives over Sevenoaks way who were always willing to give sixpence for a rabbit, no matter how it was killed or come by. Even now I feel, as I write, the thrill of keen enjoyment as I made my way through the brake in the fresh morning, shaking the dew from the leaves, and keeping a vigilant eye and ear for indications of danger.

At the end of a week I felt I should like to see my father, so instead of going to sleep under my ledge, I made my way to the village through the corn-fields at the back, entered the smithy by the door, which was easy enough to unfasten at any time, and going into the little shed, awoke my father with some difficulty.

"What have you been keeping out of the way for all this while?" he asked, in a grumbling tone, when I had lit the candle, and seated myself on the foot of the bed. "It wasn't fair to leave all the work to me, and not a penny-piece in my pocket."

"There's half-a-crown," said I, fishing the money out of my pocket. "I suppose you know why I've been staying away?"

"Thank you, my boy," he said. "But you didn't need to keep away. Sir Andrew didn't mean you any harm. I warrant he's told the keepers to leave you alone for the future. I should think your grannum told you that all my misfortunes came through——" He stopped. When he was not drunk my father was easily moved to tears, and the recollection of my mother and of his former happiness was one that he avoided as much as possible.

My grandmother had told me a little concerning my mother's misfortunes.

"Not that it was his fault," continued my father. "Sir Andrew was always a good man; and it ain't the first time he's been here to see if he can put things straight."

"Has he been here during the week?" I asked.

"Yes; wanted me to let him have you. But I wouldn't hear of that, Jack. As I told him, there's ill luck betwixt him and us, and the further we keep asunder the better it'll be for all parties. But he made me promise to send you to school."

"I won't go."

"That's what I thought when I gave my promise," said my father, in a tone of satisfaction. "Reading and writing is no good to the likes of us. We know how many nails to put in a horse's shoe without ciphering up a sum about a yard and a half long. For lawyers and doctors, who have to make people believe that they've earnt all they ask for, it's another matter. However, Jack, one thing's pretty clear: you'll have to stick to something, and give up snaring and poaching. It ain't exactly stealing, but it's so plaguy like it that I don't know if I wouldn't rather see you going to school."

"I won't go to school, that's certain."

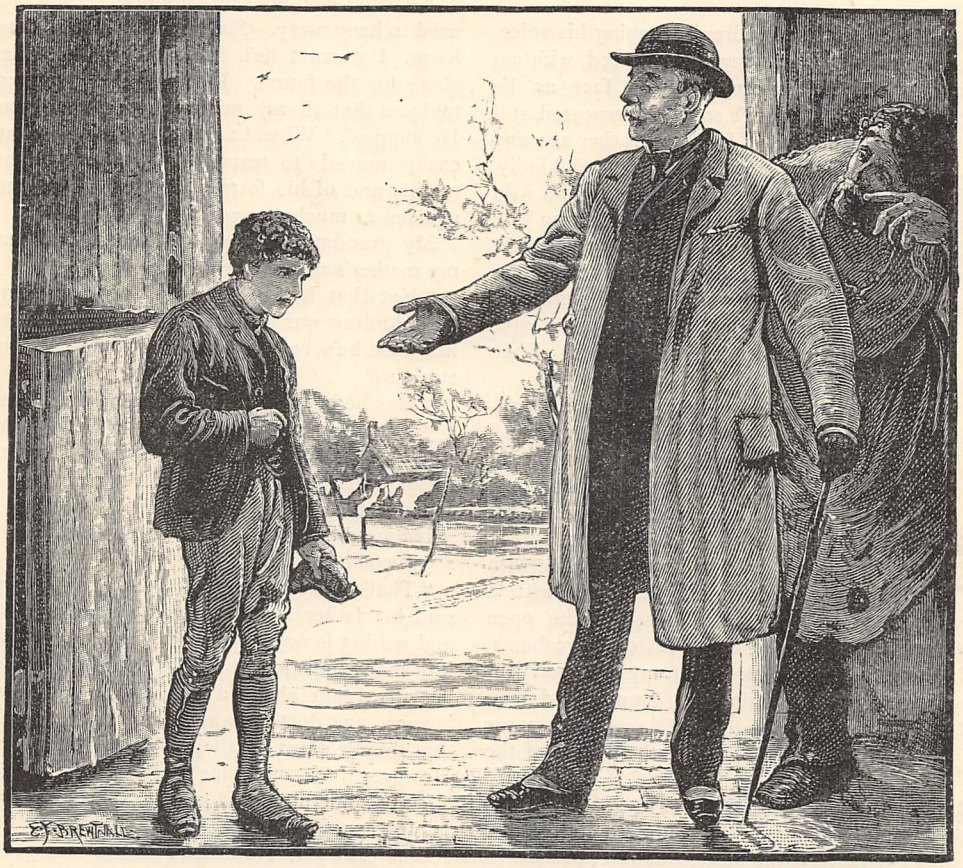
"Well, don't tell Sir Andrew that, or he won't pay me the money in advance, as he's promised. And look here, my boy, if he comes, and we are together, just you be a little respectful to me and him, for I undertook—I undertook to correct you."

Here I burst out laughing, and he joined in, for the idea of my father correcting me was a ludicrous one to both of us. My father was only quarrelsome when he was in his cups, and at those times I kept out of his way; when he was sober he was the softest, most merciful man in the world, and would, I believe, rather than strike a child, have let the child strike him a dozen times.

The next day, there being one or two jobs to do in the smithy, I did them while my father went next door

to spend the half-crown I had given him. But Sir Andrew, whom I expected to see at every instant, did not appear. There were visitors at the house, and probably he had forgotten me. Possibly he would not have thought of me again if it had not been for an accident that occurred the following week, and which happened in this wise.

The Kit—a stream from which the village takes its name—runs through Armstrong Park. Just before it runs under the Sevenoaks road it forms a tolerably wide pond. At the southern end it narrows, and passes with a fairly swift current under a bridge of rustic woodwork, and then with increasing rapidity flows under the road to Higdon's Mill, which is only a hundred yards further on the other side. From the side of the pond there is a long sweep of turf, and then the ground rises rapidly to the sandy warren under the firs. There I was on this particular afternoon, having nothing better to do, and preferring, of course, to be inside the park palings rather than outside, when I heard voices, and looking down from the crest of the hill, where I was lying sheltered from sight in the growing huckle, I perceived on the further side of the pond young Mr. Harry Armstrong, a lad about nine years of age (Sir Andrew married again two years after the death of his first wife), with his tutor, Mr. Spalding, and a little girl whom I did not know at that time. The tutor and the little girl were in advance. They crossed the bridge, and came slowly across the green space in my direction—the tutor, like a great girl, arranging a posy of wild flowers as he walked. I was just wondering whether I had better make myself scarce, or sit there in defiance of them if they got to the top of the hill, when I caught sight of young Mr. Harry crossing the bridge on the outside of the woodwork. I had done the feat myself when I was six years old, and I was curious to see if this gentleman's son of nine would have the pluck to pass the middle, where the passage was made difficult by a jagged projection. He had the pluck, but the woodwork caught his jacket, and as he was freeing it with his right hand the wood under his left gave way, and into the water he went with a splash. Up I started, like a hare at the sound of a breaking twig, jumped a



"I DOGGEDLY REFUSED TO ACCEPT SIR ANDREW'S OFFER" (*p.* 425).

ditch, vaulted over the park palings, and dashed down the road, knowing that if this boy didn't get to the bank he'd be carried under the road-bridge by the current towards the mill. I got to the water just as he came bobbing along under the bridge, gasping and knocking the water about with his arms—he had not the slightest notion of swimming properly. On the other side of the bridge the little girl was crying piteously, and stretching out her arms, while the tutor stood there like a great looby, holding her—otherwise she would have shamed him by throwing herself in the water, with the wild hope of saving the boy. I could swim and dive like a water-rat, so waiting until Mr. Harry got just below me, I plunged in, got hold of his collar, and striking out with all my strength, reached the bank half a dozen yards lower down, laid hold of a willow, and lugged the young gentleman out of the water. I had just got him upon the meadow—which was not an easy job, for the little fellow had no strength left, and was pretty nearly dead with fright and the shock—when the little girl and the lanky tutor, that ridiculous bunch of flowers in his hand still, came up.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!" cried the little girl earnestly.

I had not the good manners to make any reply, but just to show off, I turned about, plunged into the stream, swam to the other side, and walked off across the meadow with my hands in my wet pockets, never looking behind me.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

I WAS alone at the forge the next morning, pulling the bellows, the "phawh" of the fire sounding in my ears, when I felt my arm touched, and turning about, found myself face to face with Mr. Harry Armstrong. He was a tall, thin, aristocratic little gentleman, with a fair face and beautiful dark eyes. He held up his head well, and looked one full in the eyes when he spoke.

"Thank you for saving my life," he said, holding out his hand. I wiped my dirty fingers on my trousers, and shook his delicate little hand, with a feeling of humility which was altogether new to me. I felt that with all my strength and capability I was this little fellow's inferior. I stood there grinning sheepishly, and could say never a word, though I would have given the best thing I had to express my feelings as gracefully as he did. He had come alone to thank me, and that increased my admiration of him.

Sir Andrew came in the afternoon, and repeated the offer he had made to my father, pointing out the advantages of education, and the excellent career that was open to me if I gave up my present way of living, and accepted the service which he would find pleasure in rendering me. But I had made up my mind in the morning that I could never be like Mr. Harry; the idea of sitting in a close school-room, or being dictated to by such a contemptible individual as Mr. Spalding, was detestable to me, and I felt that it would be much better to be looked up to by all the folks in the village than to take, at best, a secondary place among people of education. So I doggedly refused to accept Sir Andrew's offer, though my father, with the prospect of getting into his hands the money intended for my education, did all he could in the way of argument before Sir Andrew's face, and by means of gesture behind his back, to induce me to a seeming compliance.

"Well," said Sir Andrew at length, "if you will not accept my help there is an end of the matter. However, though you will not let me be your friend, my boy, you shall not find me your enemy. From to-day you are free to go where you like upon my estate, and to take as much game as you can from it. The keepers will not interfere with your pleasure."

Sir Andrew could not have taken better means to preserve his game. It was not for the sake of a few rabbits I had taken to poaching, but for the excitement afforded by the risk I ran. From that day forward I never laid another snare on the Armstrong estate. The baronet troubled himself no further with my career, for his wife dying a few months later, from injuries received in a railway accident, he shut up the house and went abroad—to Germany, I believe, in order to be near his son Harry, who was being educated there.

My character underwent no change — certainly there was no alteration for the better— in the following years. I worked or idled, as caprice guided me. I was dexterous at the vice and anvil, and showed a fair amount of ingenuity in making a model for a young gentleman who had a turn for mechanics, in repairing clocks, and in contriving locks after my own notions. An engineer at Maidstone, seeing my work, offered to give me liberal wages if I would employ myself in his workshop.

I laughed at the idea. "Why should I work from seven in the morning until seven in the evening six days in seven?" I asked. "Why should I give up my independence? The greatest happiness I know is to go into the woods, and stay there while the weather is good, and solitude pleases me. Could I serve you honestly and be happy at the same time? I don't want to be rich. I can earn enough money by amusing myself for a few hours at the forge now and then to buy myself food, and provide my father also with as much cash as is good for him. I want no more. All the money in the world wouldn't make me happier than I am." He suggested that though I could satisfy my wants at present, it might be otherwise in a few years, when I began to think of marriage. At that I laughed again. "I'm too wide-awake to be caught in that trap," said I. "What advantage does a man get for saddling himself with a wife? Look at my father. The loss of the first broke his heart, and the loss of the second was the best thing that could happen to him, though she did rob him of all he had. Oh, no! I love my freedom too well to be tempted into marriage by the best woman that lives."

"Time will show," he responded.

My strength increased with my growth, and my vanity did not diminish. I was vain of my proportions—I had at eighteen attained my full growth—of my strength and vigour, of a certain capability I had of

doing anything I set my hands and wits to do, and of my superiority to other young men of my own class. Perhaps I was the only person in the world—my father excepted—who believed in this superiority; how little others were of my way of thinking, may be concluded from the fact that the cricket club refused to accept me as a member, though my play with bat and ball was of acknowledged excellence. The fact is, I was looked upon as a lawless, idle vagabond; and if wrong was done, I was the first accused, and though guilt could not be proved, the imputation rested. For this I myself was partly to blame, for my stubborn pride made me indifferent to public opinion. I made no attempt to rebut the charges brought against me, and left my accusers to draw what conclusions they pleased, even when it lay in my power to prove my innocence. I had literally no friends, except my father and my dog Ropey; the decent young fellows would have nothing to do with me, and I would have nothing to do with the rest; for though I had few good qualities of my own to boast of, I entertained a wholesome repugnance to the faults of others. I hated cruelty, as all strong men naturally must; I hated drinking for the sake of getting drunk; I hated lying and thieving—albeit I made no distinction between a partridge or a sparrow, and would as readily knock over a hare in a covert as a rabbit on the road. I never would look upon killing wild creatures for my own eating as an act of dishonesty. After my boyhood I ceased to poach for the love of doing wrong, though I retained the reputation of being an habitual poacher, and made but few depredations upon the surrounding preserves, and none at all, as I have said, upon Sir Andrew's.

I had a strong affection for my father; his weakness endeared him to me; I count it an instinct of our nature which we inherit from our mothers to feel tenderly towards them who rely upon us for support. By persuasion, and still more by limiting the supply of money, I contrived to keep him tolerably sober; but just as I, in popular opinion, was a poacher and nothing better, he was looked upon as a confirmed drunkard. In a small and ignorant community a man who has committed one fault is considered always in fault. I sometimes induced my father to go into the woods with me; but he had not my love for nature, and complained of the melancholy which certainly exists in the silence and shade of great trees. Who knows what memories of happier days were not mingled with his contemplation of flower and stream, woodland and meadow? He very seldom referred to the past, except when, after too much ale, he was in a state of maudlin sentiment. But one day, when I had drawn him out to Wrotham with me, and we were resting on a bank looking over the Weald, he said—

"I hope, Jack, you'll have better fortune than I've had."

"I couldn't well have worse, father," said I.

"No; that's true," he replied, with a melancholy shake of his head. "Many and many's the time I've trudged over this hill without wanting to sit down, with a heart as light as yours. It seems a good long while ago now, Jack." He touched his eyes with the back of his hand. "With misfortunes and my own follies together, I haven't turned out so well as I promised—all the worse for you! I think o' that sometimes, you know."

"I'd try and think of something else, if I were you."

"I don't think of it often enough. You're a fine fellow, Jack, handsomer 'an ever I was, and if you feel like going away, you know, Jack, you mustn't take me into account. You've stood by me long enough—too long for your own good—so just you go one fine morning without saying a word to me—I'd like that best—couldn't stand saying good-bye, you know, Jack." Here my father turned his head away, and his poor trembling fingers twitched as they lay on the thymy bank. I could find no word to say at the moment, and he continued, still looking away: "I shall manage to get along pretty well for the years that are yet to run. Can't go so very much out with the money I'm likely to earn with this arm." He held up his enfeebled arm as he spoke.

"Don't talk in that way, father," said I, hardly less moved than he by this unusual display of unselfishness. "I'm not going to leave you; I am well enough as I am. I wouldn't change places with the best man in Kitford."

"No, nor in all Kent neither, or you'd make a bad bargain," said he proudly. "But that's it, you know," he pursued: "a fine fellow like you will want to be marrying, and I don't know who'd take you with me hanging on."

I laughed heartily. "Why, you old stupid!" said I, giving his arm a shake, for he was once more shedding tears, "don't you know that every girl in the village has been setting her cap at me for a year past?"—this was the truth—"I could have any one of 'em if I chose to make myself a fool. Make your mind easy: I shall never want to marry."

* * * * * * *

Within a month I was over head and ears in love, and with whom, think you, reader? With Miss Westlake, the adopted daughter of Sir Andrew Armstrong.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THERE is certainly a good deal that is new in millinery. The shapes of the bonnets are quite altered. Untrimmed and seen in the hand they look like caps, for they are made of sprigged muslin and net, black and white, often transparent enough to show the foundation, which is gold wire. Square-crowned straw bonnets have been brought out, the crowns having four equal sides.

Embroidered crêpe de Chine is a favourite material in millinery, and écru canvas embroidered in gold, with Cupids and other curious devices. Many kinds of gold and écru gauzes are fashionable trimmed with bronze-green bearded wheat, mushrooms, or flowers of a mushroom colour, thistle-down, dandelions, blow-aways, clover, and other blooms not used much before. Bright-coloured flowers, except of the fashionable coquelicot or poppy red, have succumbed to thistle-down and mushroom shades, and the reedy browns you see on the banks of a river in autumn.

Feathers are placed very prominently above the forehead. The newest are shaded, and ostrich plumes are tipped with marabout. The osprey or fish-hawk is also used with all sorts of plumes, which, as a rule, are arranged in threes.

Pendant tassels of beads hang from many of the beaded crowns, and olive-shaped drops of jet. Butterflies, gadflies, and dragonflies hover over the flowers in natural and unnatural tones.

Beads and silver and gold trimmings are introduced into a vast number of bonnets. The beaded laces have padded flowers, and flowers formed of large hollow beads, and are very conspicuous and decided in their character. Brown and gold, and beige and gold, are favourite mixtures.

Strings are worn, made of either ribbon, lace, or net lappets. There are many novelties in ribbons: linen écru ribbon, for example, with silk edge and coloured silk spots, chiné and shot ribbons in every variety, some with silk and velvet stripes, or large patterns of velvet thrown upon them.

Terry plays a very important part in ribbons. Plain terry ribbons are used, and terry mixed with velvet and satin. Some of it has two reps of the weaving cut and two uncut, which makes a pretty variety. Ottoman ribbons with bright-coloured plaids, velvet ribbon lined with satin, and shot silk and satin ribbons are all fashionable. Then there is a three-inch-wide silk coarsely-plaited ribbon, with gold thread intermixed in many colours, and a great variety of ¼-inch ribbons, with satin edges, which are much used in a collection of wavy loops as a trimming on all kinds of laces and millinery. A new check ribbon of very small design has a velvet border; brocaded velvet ribbons are likewise used.

Hats are either small and cap-like or very large and decided, with stiff, hard, high crowns and broad brims, displaying innumerable feathers. Caps are only worn by those who cannot do without them. They are small and trimmed with narrow ribbon for day wear, and with flowers or marabout tips for evening.

Many pretty evening dresses for girls are made in plain and figured nun's cloth, mounted in accordion plaits. Spotted and plain muslins, with many yards of lace, are also worn; sometimes entire skirts of lace with satin bodices. Swiss bodices are coming in, and velvet bodices of this form look well with barege skirts, which are about the most useful wear, or with the printed mousselines-de-laine, mostly in floral patterns.

Quite new are the écru muslin and net embroideries covering the fronts of dresses. These have often three flat flounces which, with the upper portion, are a mass of embroidery; many of the leaves and calyxes standing out in bold relief and distinctly raised. Sometimes the front is covered with marquise lace, having large appliqués of velvet for the design, which is specially beautiful in cream, as well as black, and the Persian laces of cashmerienne mixtures are of great beauty.

Mantles made of the new terry brocades and velvet gauzes are of exceptional elegance. French lace, both narrow and in the piece, has superseded Spanish.

Mantelettes are the order of the day, with scarf-like draperies of lace, and sometimes Albanian blouses of lace, and long lace sleeves, all glittering with jet drops, jetted passementerie, and beaded gauzes. Shot silk is the prevailing lining, and some have a waistcoat bordered with chenille. These are all an expensive class of mantle, but there are many dressy kinds with sling sleeves, long, and just coming below the waist. They generally fit into the back, and feather trimming and ribbon bows are employed for trimming them. Some close-fitting stockingnette jackets are very pretty, with braidings of fleur-de-lis all over, and feather borderings.

At last we have a pretty waterproof made in self-coloured tweed—light, soft, and thoroughly waterproof—in one or two shapes, after the circular and Dolman order.

Capes are well worn again, and red plush cloaks for evening. A pretty, useful mantelette for every-day wear, especially in the country, is made of cashmere, either black, grey, or red, or matching the dress. It forms a cape at the back just below the waist, and has long ends in front, being trimmed all round with a plaited

flounce of the material, hemmed at both edges, and having a slight heading.

I feel sure you will like to have described to you some of the many hundreds of delightful additions to a dress which come from Paris, such as ties, fichus, waistcoats, and the like. I have in my hand now a necktie, I must call it so for want of a better name, but it is a mere airy trifle of Sicilienne and Mauresque lace, forming a sort of jabot. Another is made of coral gauze and lace, while a wider make of this same Mauresque lace forms a long Steinkirk tie. An entire waistcoat is composed of gauze embroidered with rosebuds in chenille; another of a gauze printed with forget-me-nots.

Mauresque lace is perhaps more fashionable just now for these purposes and dress-trimmings than any other. It is a sort of needle-run lace or embroidery on net, in patterns taken from those designed for muslin. Like most of the fashionable laces, it is tinted beige-colour. Large shields of shot silk or brocaded velvet are bordered with lace ruchings and tufts of narrow ribbon, and attached to plaitings to go round the neck. Soft silks are plaited and folded into waistcoats, which fall below the waist. Crusade lace, with the square ground and darned pattern of guipure d'art, is made into ties. Linen collars have ties and turn-down frillings of lace, and many collarettes are made of a dark twine-coloured lace, with the design in white: a durable make, keeping clean a long time. Velvet bands and collars look well with soft crape and lisse. Double fichus of the same delicate fabrics cover the shoulders; and silk waistcoats are supplemented by lace.

Valenciennes lace flounces are much worn, and piece-net of the same design is sold with them, making excellent evening dresses. Alençon is well imitated, the design in white thread thrown on a tinted silk ground. Black Chantilly lace and blonde are superseding Spanish; and a beautiful white lace, needle-run, has been brought out in Brussels. Point de Ségonie has a satin flower on a guipure ground, and is wonderfully rich-looking in black, on dresses and mantles; and Point d'Orléans, with a wire ground and shaded leaves, the shading produced by the pattern being thick and thin.

There has never been such a large assortment of beadings and embroideries for the fronts of dresses as at present. Some of the twine-coloured nets have sets of three flounces, all a mass of embroidery, flat and in relief. A make of heavy-patterned lace has appliqués of velvet, while the appliqués in jet are a solid mass of beads, with pendant tassels of beads all over. These can be had as deep as a skirt, not only in black, but in peacock, red, beige, and other coloured beads; and they form the fronts of many of the most costly dresses.

I am inclined to think, to many women, dress-making is one of the chief plagues of life. Perhaps it is on this account that the woven elastic silk and cashmere bodices have found such favour. They can be slipped on in a minute, fit the generality of figures, and are pretty. They are made with several kinds of basques, and braided in gold on the cuffs and collar, and sometimes in straight lines, like a vest. A novelty is of cream-coloured cashmere bodices, with a braided pattern interwoven in colours, so that they want no further trimming. Some of these are heavily braided and bordered with feather trimming, forming an out-door jacket which adheres to the figure.

There are very few novelties in gloves; but one will, I think, be warmly welcomed—viz., scented Suèdes. The scent lasts as long as the gloves, and it can only be applied to the best skins. Dressed kid is a good deal worn, but not so much as Suèdes, especially tan-colour, matching the universal beige. Long gloves are in fashion up to sixteen buttons, or sixteen-button length, for one's patience will hardly hold out if thirty-two buttons have to be fastened each time a pair of gloves are put on. Sometimes they are trimmed with a double row of chenille and lace. Grey is a favourite tone, and many shades can be had to match dresses. Long buttonless silk gloves are worn.

Gauntlets are fashionable even in London, and they have brought in lace gauntlets and mittens embroidered in gold and silver.

To be fashionable, stockings must be striped from toe to top; and they are sold in all colours, to match dresses, while the more costly ones are embroidered. For summer wear there is a choice of silk, spun silk, cotton, and thread. This year manufacturers have brought out Lisle thread with coloured silk stripes, and open-work Lisle thread, as well as ribbed.

A new under-vest in spun silk, really woven, looks as if it were knitted, and is ribbed and elastic. It is most comfortable wear. These vests can be had in this make with high or low neck, and in pink, blue, grey, and cream tones. They are certainly pretty and useful.

It is said nowadays there are no children, and very certainly their fashions and their fabrics are difficult to distinguish from those of their elders. The woollen brocaded stuffs and the spotted stuffs make the most useful frocks.

The foundation shape of all frocks would seem to be the Princess, with varieties, such as scarf tunics crossing in front over box-plaits. Velvet appears mostly in vandykes, and a dark blue velvet shows off well against a dark blue stuff, covered with a brocade in Oriental colouring. Occasionally the bodices open on one side, and plastrons of silk or velvet are introduced. Newer, however, are the large capes of écru embroidery.

The full blouse bibs of soft silk are still in vogue, and coat bodices, the little skirts puffed beneath and fastened with metal clasps in front. Tucks are run in the flounces and lower skirts, and on the tunic, and there is no other trimming. There is nothing newer than jackets and short mantles for out-door wear for children. Marabout and braidings are the fashionable trimmings.

High hats with ostrich plumes, variations in the Beefeater, and large poke bonnets are worn by little girls.

CONTINENTAL TOURISTS.

The best introduction for English wear I have heard of, of late, is the useful blue linen overall French children wear. It covers the entire dress, and has long sleeves, does not easily soil, and is not ugly. These pinafores have been imported into England by hundreds, and are eagerly bought by English mothers.

The fichu that forms the initial to our Chit-chat is admirably adapted to smartening up a summer dress, as it can be substituted for the popular bag plastron and, it desired, it can be gracefully curved to the left hip. It is made of cream crêpe, and imitation Alençon lace, the ground of which is a deep-tinted net, while the design is worked with two lighter shades of thread —the result being a perfect imitation of genuine hand-made lace tinted by time. Any flower taste dictates can be used for fastening it at the throat.

Our group of summer wanderers illustrates three distinct seasonable costumes. The first figure is attired for walking, and her costume is mushroom veiling and velvet, but shot silk or summer cashmere could be substituted ; the waistcoat, cuffs, and high collar are red velvet, and so are the flowers in the beige straw bonnet. The centre figure wears a pretty costume of pale lemon or straw Surah, trimmed with muslin embroidery of the same colour. The corslet, throat-band, and dainty head-dress are of deep green velvet ; tinted net, embroidered in tinsel and spangled, trims the last. The parasol, with its fashionable stick and handle, matches the costume. The third figure illustrates one of those useful gowns that can be made up in any popular material. The skirt may be either tucked, or trimmed with velvet bands

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in our April issue. The Editor's duty will be to act as "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

✱ *placed before a speaker's name denotes distinction in a former debate.*

OUGHT THE STATE TO PROVIDE HEALTHY HOMES FOR THE POOR?

(*Debate continued.*)

J. EATON FEARN :—Mr. Speaker—The question, Sir, brought before the attention of this honourable House is one of the highest national importance, and I cannot help thinking that it has been nothing but gross negligence on the part of our State to have allowed such a disgraceful state of things to have existed so long. We boast of our civilisation, of our education, of our Christianity, and yet at the same time we have regarded with utter indifference as a nation, until quite recently, our fellow-creatures living in dirty, unhealthy hovels, that we should rightly deem unfit for even our pigs. The State considers it her duty to look after the education of the children belonging to the poorer classes, to levy a poor rate on behalf of the destitute in every parish, to provide a "house" in every fair-sized town for the aged and infirm; and, surely, if these things form part of her duty, she *ought* to provide, or at least assist in providing, respectable, healthy houses, for the accommodation of those people with large families whose earnings are but small, but yet who strive their very utmost to gain a livelihood. Money-grasping landlords, if the correspondence in our daily papers is to be credited, have charged exorbitant rents for wretched dens, and it is quite high time for the State to awake out of its lethargy and deal with the question in earnest. The honourable Opponent in this debate has asserted that such a scheme as the honourable Opener wisely suggested "would induce thousands of families in all our large towns to linger on in poverty, without any prospect of work, merely because they were allowed to live practically rent-free at the expense of others." I fail to see it. I contend, Sir, that the State would render help to the deserving alone, and those thus assisted would be compelled to be under the constant supervision of "house-officers." Neither would they live in the houses "practically rent-free." They would be expected to pay a *low* rental for a decent, healthy, and what, with a little pains, might be made into a comfortable home. If they abused their privileges they would be ejected—but not to return to their former haunts, which are undoubtedly the nursery-beds of crime and lawlessness. It is true that the State, or the respective parishes, would be losers in a pecuniary sense, but they would have for their money the satisfaction of knowing that they had not allowed their deserving poor to perish like brutes. And this to most would be compensation sufficient.

W. KING :—Mr. Speaker—The principle of State interference in the matter of dwellings for the poor needs no apology, being based on the first law of nature—self-preservation. While freely recognising, however, that the poor are a component part of the nation, and as such are entitled to their share of "preservation," I fail to see that as a whole the State would be the better for the adoption of the scheme promulgated by the hon. Opener. The object at which he aims will meet—is now, indeed, meeting—its fruition, not from a wholesale State-landlordism, but from the enforcement of present stipulations by local authorities. If these authorities shirk their responsibilities, I would say to the poor—the struggling multitudes we have been told of—"You have the *making* of your local authorities: make them of men who will carry out your wishes."

Another mode of relieving the pressure on space from which we suffer is daily gaining ground, but has not, perhaps, received the attention it deserves. I mean the establishment of branches in the country by great "houses" in the congested centres of population. Where carried out, this plan has generally proved a success—financially to employers, physically to workmen. Wages are, perhaps, nominally lower, but means of living—especially house-room—are certainly correspondingly as low.

We have then, I think, good ground for hoping that the forces now at work will prove sufficient to cope with the evil, without extinguishing private enterprise by adopting the dangerous expedient of State-landlordism; remembering that gradual growth has always been better for *the State as a whole* than revolution, and "Rome was not built in a day."

H. NICHOLSON :—Mr. Opponent relies on improved education, increased industry, thrift, and sobriety, as fit agencies to remedy existing evils; but I would ask, what is to prompt, nay, what is to create, such agencies? I hold, Sir, that education must fail in its great end and aim, the formation of character, if home associations do not supplement school studies in the good work; and if home associations are degrading, and filth, dirt, and squalor supreme in the household, the greatest efforts of School Boards cannot be thoroughly successful, and children under such home influences must be demoralised. The case of the Peabody Trustees shows that it is not private enterprise or charitable effort that is needed, but prompt action by the State, which is a duty towards the nation.

T. P. GARBUTT :—The idea of the homes in the country is a grand one, and one that I should like to see carried out. No need, Sir, for me to paint the difference between a town and country life. No need to draw attention to the chubby faces and rosy cheeks of the country children, or to harrow the feelings by depicting the pale shrunken features of those reared in the towns. Alas! the difference is too well known. There are few parents but are yearning to remove their children from the demoralising influences of squalid courts and wretched hovels, where debauchery in all its hideous forms takes early hold of their young hearts—hearts strong and lusty, and heads and arms that would under other circumstances be a credit and a power to the country. Surely, these alone are worth trying to save, and would be a grand set-off against any little increase in our rates. It is a libel to say that the working classes cling to the town. Give them a chance to get away. For instance, provide them with cottages, the rent of which, and the railway travelling, shall not exceed the cost of rooms in an overcrowded court, and I am certain that thousands will avail themselves of the privilege. I am, however, of opinion—and I am not speaking without some authority—that the cost would be very much less, and that a small garden might also be included.

F. DOLMAN :—There is one remark made by the Opponent in this debate which may well be said to contain the whole gist of the matter under discussion. He declared that the agencies employed should be private enterprise, assisted by charitable efforts and improved education; and I am sure none can take exception to the statement. But would education itself ever have reached the present state of efficiency had not private agencies been very considerably augmented by the action of the State? And should we, as a nation, be feeling now the immeasurable benefits accruing from popular education had not that action been taken? I do not think there are many who will impugn the negation of this query.

JOHN C. BROWN :—The Government has already gone as far in this matter as considerations of prudence will permit. What is now required is a more rigid enforcement of the present law; greater facilities for emigration; increase of education; and more extensive operations on the part of the Christian churches and of the Christian and benevolent societies. The first can be done, as the leader on the negative side has pointed out, with far less expense than most people think, and provides powers for pulling down and re-building, and for the abatement or the removal of all nuisances. The second would obtain better wages, and, consequently, better means of improving their whole condition, both for those who emigrate and for those who remain. Education would give the people larger and more correct views of their social and economic duties; and the last requirement would increase their contentment, improve their moral tone, and thus guarantee a proper expenditure of all their resources.

✶ CHARLOTTE A. PRITCHARD :—Our honourable Opponent, in his very able and learned speech, says: "It is, I trust, altogether unnecessary for me to state that I sympathise quite as fully as the Opener of this debate with the woes of those who are forced to herd together in our large cities, like pigs in a sty;" and he goes on to say that his heart has often bled when he has witnessed their poverty and their sorrows. And yet, on the same page, he tells us that "the present evil will find its own remedy," and that "the State has gone as far as is safe in the matter." I can hardly conceive it possible that the same honourable gentleman could have put forth these contradictory statements; for, whether we admire his first sentiments, excusing the latter, or believe the latter, sublimely pitying the former, the fact remains the same: his arguments *are* contradictory, and therefore—worthless. "As far as is safe," indeed! What a generous, noble, unselfish State ours must be if it can consistently carry out this very generous, noble, and unselfish maxim—as far as is safe! when hundreds of our poor suffering fellow-creatures are daily dying in "poverty, hunger, and dirt," for lack of that very assistance which the State, perhaps, alone can give. And would England's sons and daughters—the mothers, wives, and husbands of this Heaven-favoured isle—would they begrudge the paltry tax which would raise so many of their less-favoured brethren from a state of degradation and distress to one of comparative peace and respectability? Ah, no! a thousand times, no! We already pay taxes for other things, which ought to be far less important to us than the sacred cause I am now pleading, viz., the healthy housing of our poor. The State alone has supreme authority. It is she, and she only, who can insist, firmly and irrevocably, on what shall or shall not be. And will she shrink from the task that lies before her? Will she, because the dangers seem many, the road all up-hill, the conquest uncertain, will she turn from that ever-beckoning goal on which she sees written in ineffaceable characters of warning this one word—"Duty"? Will she turn from her task? Ah, no! We believe better things of her. We believe she will follow out that which she knows to be right. We believe she will try her very utmost to relieve the fearful distress with which some of her proudest and fairest cities are teeming. And how can this be done? Simply by following out our enlightened Opener's suggestion that "the State proper, together with the various local authorities, who form part of the governing machinery of the State, should be bound to provide a healthy home for every wage-earning inhabitant of the country, at a rental in fair proportion to his wage-earning power."

ROBERT WALKER :—Who are the poor? Where will you draw the line between poverty and bare competency, seeing that it is quite as possible to be honestly poor on £100 a year, as it is to be comfortable comparatively on £25? It would astound us to know what are the incredibly small self-earned incomes of thousands of widows, who keep the semblance of absolute poverty away from their homes, as may be witnessed by the air of comfort and the cleanliness and order which pervade their surroundings. On the other hand, how many persons there are (City clerks, say) whose incomes, if judged by figures only, would be deemed ample, and yet poverty pinches them hard, because the exigencies of their position compel them to make their surroundings smack of "respectability." If space afforded, other conditions might be stated to justify my assumption. Ah, Sir! poverty has many garbs—some strangely deceptive, but poverty for all that. There is a "bitter cry" elsewhere than in London slums, but it holds its handkerchief to its mouth!

ROBERT HIGGS :—Individual citizens may, and have already, done much to alleviate the condition of the poor, but they lack the power to carry on the work successfully, and call on the State to support them.

FANNCHEN.—If the duty to provide good homes for the working classes lies anywhere, it would seem to be rather with those who have the benefit of their services than with the State. If every employer were compelled, or could feel it to be his duty, to see all his workmen comfortably and decently housed, a great part of the evil would be removed. Supervision is certainly needful, both as to over-crowding and to building and sanitary arrangements; without it, good homes would in many cases be of no use, as was shown in a case in my own neighbourhood, where a house was improved to increase the comfort of a large family, and soon after it was found that two lodgers had been taken in, and the family huddled together as before. I feel with the Opponent that the State has gone as far as it can, and that it is not its duty to provide homes for the poor, and I think that more lasting good will be done by private effort, and the progress of public opinion in these matters.

J. J. HELLIAR :—In my mind there is only one method of doing away with the existing evil, and that is in compelling the local authorities to see that all dwellings are put into proper sanitary order, and houses too far gone for repairs pulled down; if they did this—and they are empowered to do so by two Acts of Parliament—there would be an end to the evil at once, and at a far less cost than it would be if the State were to provide the dwellings.

H. K. JORDAN :—I venture, Sir, to submit that it would be impolitic for the State to enter into competition with private owners of existing sanitary industrial dwellings. For the purposes of debate let it be assumed that "State homes" were erected; they would of course be of a superior character, possessing comforts and conveniences which present dwellings of the poor have not, and the cost would necessarily be great. If the rent of these homes be fixed so as to yield a fair return upon the capital expended, it is obvious that the poor could not pay such rent, and the homes would be tenanted by a class of persons other than that for which they were erected. If, on the other hand, the rent was fixed at present current rates, the "State homes" would command a preference; in other words, being endowed and let for less than their value, unfair competition with, and grave injustice to, existing private interests would result.

The Editor has pleasure in announcing that the Honorarium of ONE GUINEA offered for the best short speech on this subject has been awarded to Miss A. M. BRUNSDON, Southernbank, Hereford, whose speech, together with the Opener's reply, concluding the debate, will be given in our next issue.

Other speeches supporting the Opener's argument, that the State *ought* to provide healthy homes for the poor, received from:—F. Maitland; W. C. Price; Aletheia; James Alexander; R. Burleigh Campbell. Total, 12.

Other speeches supporting Opponent's argument received from:—F. J. Steward; Alfred Crabtree; F. M. Holmes; P. A. Berrisford; Alfred C. Atkins; Callum Beg; J. Warren; M. Slade; Charles Reid; Kate Mellersh; John Corris; C. G. Huntly; Francis Ernest Wallin; Frances Mary Lowe; Jessie Donisthorpe; John Stewart; C. Moore; J. H. S.; W. T.; A. J. Jakeman; James Cromar; W. S. K.; J. T. Woodward; J. Stanton; J. Baker, junr.; Annie Laurie; John Brook; W. Walker. Total, 33.

"THE ITALIAN DOCTOR WAS BY HER SIDE" (*p.* 435).

MADDALENA'S LOVERS.

I WAS wandering by our river a few days ago, seeking for a likely place to cast a fly, when I came upon a familiar nook. It was the second day of my holidays, the first I have spent for many years in the home of my childhood. On the previous day I had been disappointed to find that I remembered so little of the scenery: now, in this most memorable of all our haunts, everything flashed back upon me. Giving way gladly to the dreamy mood, I flung myself down on a moss-covered rock that overhung the river, and began to watch the clear brown waters as they rippled over the stones and through the rushes. In a few moments I was deep in memories of the past.

For several reasons, some of which may appear as I go on, I think I shall write down the little history of which my mind is full, and let some of my friends see it. Perhaps then they will understand more clearly how it is that things are as they are with us; perhaps they will believe me when I say that, even in this prosaic nineteenth century, heroic lives are possible.

Though my twin-brother and I had something to say to the story I am about to relate, neither of us was its hero. The honours belong to Maddalena, and to explain how Maddalena came to be what she was, I shall have to refer to certain events that happened some years before we were born.

Mr. Seymour, an elderly and somewhat eccentric Englishman, was travelling one year through the north of Italy. He came to Florence, which with its treasures of art so bewitched him that he could not tear himself away. He was alone, having left his wife and grown-up daughter at Mentone. As was his custom upon these occasions of solitary travel, he avoided the finely-appointed hotels, which English people love to frequent, and put up at a small, unpretending inn, visited principally by Italians.

He had not been more than two days at the hotel, before he was attracted by his neighbour at the table-d'hôte. She was a child, probably about seven years of age, a quick, clever, vivacious little Italian, with small, round, olive-tinted face, expressive brown eyes, and dark, curly hair. She had for companion a pale-faced, worn-looking woman, who, although she

treated the child with the most perfect indifference, appeared to be her mother.

The sharp child, discovering the impression she had made on the grave-faced Englishman, began to play off all her little airs and graces upon him. She must have been delightfully comic as she smiled and made eyes at her neighbour, or shocked him by flying into mimic rage, or bewildered him by rattling nonsense-music on the piano. Being a serious man, Mr. Seymour did not see the comic side of the little maiden's performances. It grieved him to the heart to think what the child's future would be, and, shy as he was, he introduced himself to Maddalena's mother, and ventured on a few words of remonstrance.

She listened politely, expressed her regret that her Lena should have annoyed him, and said that owing to her occupation—she was a concert-singer—she could not look after her child as she would wish to do. The sole consequence of Mr. Seymour's interference was, that on the next occasion when the mother went out to sing, Lena was tied up in her room to keep her quiet. He heard her weeping and lamenting, ventured on the bold step of releasing her, and, from that day, the two became fast friends.

In the spring of the following year Mr. Seymour visited Florence again, this time in the company of his wife and daughter. The place reminded him of Maddalena, and he determined to find out whether she and her mother were still in the hotel where he had left them. It was evening when he started on his quest, which led him through the oldest part of the city. The inn he sought was close to a concert-room. In front of this, and completely choking up the narrow roadway, there was a dense throng of people. Supposing some popular entertainment to be about to take place, Mr. Seymour pushed his way through the crowd. He was in the midst of it, when a shrill sound of cries and lamentations fell upon his ear. He was a pitiful man, and he stopped to see what had happened. In the next instant the child of whom he had been thinking, the little black-browed Italian girl, had sprung up from under his feet, and, grasping his hand, was dragging him forward. Under the arc of flashing light that spanned the door of the building, there was a heap of something dark. Mr. Seymour touched it, but it did not move. Then he took it up in his arms, and, followed by the weeping child, carried it reverently to the inn, which was close at hand.

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Nothing was known in Florence of the dead singer; and although Mr. Seymour made the case, with all its attendant circumstances, widely known through the Italian press, no one appeared to claim the child. She stayed in the meanwhile with his wife and daughter, both of whom were charmed by her quaintness and beauty. They lingered for some time in Florence, hoping to find out something of her friends. Finally, to the delight of Mary Seymour, the daughter, who was beautiful and tender-hearted, it was decided that Lena should go back with them to their country home in Devonshire.

There, for some time, Maddalena was as happy as any child could be. Mary Seymour was her constant companion and teacher, and she repaid her with the most passionate affection. Mary understood her. Her songs and wild antics, her outbursts of passion or sorrow, her romances, her curious thoughts and brooding fancies, could all be poured out to this dear friend, who, even if she disapproved of what she heard and saw, did it far too gently to hurt the sensitive child.

There came a dark day for Lena and her guardians. Mary Seymour, who had for some time been suffering from depression, which arose from her parents' repeated refusals to allow her to ally herself with the man she loved, left home suddenly and secretly. Being of more than full age, she had determined to take her future into her own hands. She went to some friends abroad, and was married from their house.

To Maddalena the consequences were very bitter. At first she refused to believe that Mary had left her for ever. She had gone, but she would certainly send for her soon. She would not be able to live without her Lena. But no summons came, only a little letter, telling her that Mary was happy, and begging her to be patient and good.

She tried, poor child! but it was hard work, for she was terribly solitary now. She drew a little comfort from her vivid fancies, but even these she could not indulge in the house. When she laughed or played or sang, or poured out the imaginary dialogues she had been composing, some one would be sure to hear her, and questions which she could not answer would be asked. And so it became her habit to take refuge in the woods and by the river-banks, where she had little haunts of her own, which she peopled with imaginary friends.

It was whispered, meantime, in the neighbourhood that the foreign child at the Seymours' was not quite like other people. She had been heard talking to herself and capering wildly about her nursery; she was said to indulge in ungovernable fits of fury and meaningless ecstasies. Mr. Seymour had been seen to look at her gravely. Mrs. Seymour had openly lamented, in the presence of several of her neighbours, that they had ever undertaken to provide for her future.

This mischievous talk, when it came to Lena's ears, filled her with the saddest and bitterest feelings. Everything was mysterious to her. Why did people whom she knew hurry by her without speaking? What was the meaning of the stray words that fell upon her ear? "Poor little Maddalena!" That was what they called her. Why was it? What had she done that even the very children whom she adored should be afraid of her?

Thinking of these things in her green parlour by the river, Lena found a great dread taking possession of her soul. It was all true, she said to herself. She was really a creature apart from others. Her joys and sorrows were not those of her friends; they never would be. She was destined all her life to live alone. As the days went by, a horror of darkness seemed to envelop her. She was fast drifting

into a state of mental insensibility. What the consequences might have been, if nothing had changed, in is terrible to think.

But our Father in heaven, without whose will not so much as a sparrow falls to the ground, had been watching over Lena through the sad years of her childhood, and the day came when she was brought back to the gentle sympathies of human life.

She was about fifteen years of age when the summons, for which she had never ceased to look, arrived. She carried it at once to her guardian, and laid it before him. It was a strange letter; only a few words, written hastily on a crumpled piece of paper:—

"I want Lena, and she will wish to come to me, I know. In memory of old times I entreat my father and mother to send her.
"MARY."

No other signature; only an address in Florence.

Mr. Seymour was in bed with a lung-attack when Lena brought this to him. He read it, and looked at her doubtfully.

"You will let me go?" she cried passionately.

"If this is Mary's writing——" he began.

"It is; it is. See!" and she put in his hand the last she had received. "The trembling of the hand makes the difference. My darling is ill—dying, perhaps. I *must* go to her."

Her passionate desire won the victory. She started for Florence that day, and before the week was out she and her Mary were together.

I have found, in an old writing-desk of my grandfather's, the letter written by Lena on the morning after her arrival in Florence:—

"Mary is terribly changed" (she writes). "I think even you would scarcely recognise her. I was so shocked when I first saw her that I could not speak, but now I have found my own Mary again, and we are all the world to one another. She is alone. Whether her husband is dead, or whether he has deserted her, I cannot tell. She does not speak at all about the past, but I am certain, from her face and manner, that she has gone through terrible sufferings. Mary has two boys—twins. If you could once see them I think you would forgive her everything. They are the grandest, the most beautiful little creatures in the world, and they love me already. I hope you will see them soon, for I am persuading Mary to come home with me as soon as she is stronger."

Poor Mary, alas! was never stronger in this world. She lingered a few months after Lena joined her, and then, without one word about her past, or one reference to the children's father, she fell asleep. The only direction she left behind her was, that Lena should take her boys to her old home.

* * * * * *

When Lena reappeared in the English village, bringing with her two little boys, whom she stated to be the children of Mary Seymour (no one would call Mary by her foreign name, which was unpronounceable amongst the villagers), there were many remarks made. Unfortunately, the children took after their foreign father, and not their English mother. Mr. Seymour himself could find scarcely a trace of his lost daughter in their faces. Mrs. Seymour refused to believe that they were Mary's at all. But they were taken in, probably because no other course could be pursued; and inquiries were set on foot to discover their father, or to ascertain the fact of his death.

All this affected the children very little. They had the open air, and their play-room, and the garden, and the fields. Above all they had Maddalena—their Maddalena—who played with them, and petted them, and told them stories; and what did they want besides?

For Maddalena, also—it makes me glad to remember this—a new life began. With her two little lovers—that was what she always called us—beside her, she held her head high, and went about joyfully. While her Lucius and her Ambrose adored her, she could never be a creature apart.

I come now to the time when our troubles began. Our grandfather died suddenly. He left everything he possessed to his wife, with reversion to his daughter. If his daughter died without children the property was to go to a distant relative, in whom both he and his wife were interested. In the body of the will no mention was made of Maddalena; but in a codicil, signed but unwitnessed, it was entreated that Mrs. Seymour would provide suitably for their adopted daughter.

Our grandfather's death brought many changes to us. Mrs. Seymour, who had never professed to believe that we were her daughter's children, now showed her feelings openly. We were banished from the sitting-rooms, and our play-room was taken away from us. But for Maddalena, who clung to her little lovers courageously, we should have been banished altogether to the kitchen and stables. Worse, however, was to come. The relative mentioned in Mr. Seymour's will, who was to have been the heir had Mary died childless, paid us a visit, and gained a strong influence over our grandmother's mind. He confirmed her in her suspicion that we were no kin of hers, and advised that we should be sent to our own country, and brought up in the position to which, he was pleased to say, we undoubtedly belonged.

I remember poor Lena's agony when she heard of the mischief that was being hatched against us, and saw how powerless she was to avert it; for the ground upon which our enemy went was her inability to think and act as a reasonable being. She had not meant, he said, to deceive Mr. and Mrs. Seymour; but she herself had been deceived. It was not Mary who had sent the summons to Lena: it was one of her own Italian relatives, who, having heard of her good prospects, had wished to make provision, through her, for other members of the family. She had gone to Italy in an excited frame of mind, and she had believed everything that was told her.

This, at least, was the conclusion arrived at by Mrs. Seymour, who now sent for Maddalena, and sternly bade her make her choice. The Italian boys, being no kin of the Seymours, were to go back to their own country: she might remain where she was, and enjoy the provision promised to her by her late benefactor. In such case, however, she must promise to have nothing further to do with the little aliens.

It did not take long for Maddalena to decide. Desert her little lovers? Not for the world: not for a hundred worlds. If they went, she would go too.

On that very day we left England together, on our way to Florence. Lena had a little ready money and so had we, and we lived on that for a time. Acting on the advice of her only friend in the world, the Florentine doctor who had attended our mother in her last illness, Lena wrote to an English solicitor for advice about us. She was told that we had no rights whatever against Mrs. Seymour. After her death, if we could establish our identity with the persons we professed to be, our claims to the property might be put forward. Nothing daunted, Lena set herself to work. She kissed her little lovers, who were not in the least uneasy either about the future or the present, told them to be of good heart, for though all the world might desert them she never would, and began to consider how she could make money for them.

Lena had inherited her mother's beautiful voice, and Mr. Seymour, who loved music, had procured some good instruction for her. With a little more training, given to her freely by an Italian master who admired her for her independence, she became a finished concert-singer, and managed, for some time, to support herself and educate us by singing in concert-halls and private drawing-rooms. In the meantime her clever brain, which never rested for a moment, was busy in other ways. "You are English boys," she said to us, "and I mean, if I can afford it, to send you both to a good English school, but I can't do it yet."

She was, in fact, at that very moment fitting herself for another career. We did not know then what she was to us. When, before she was twenty, people said she looked as worn as a woman of forty—when that Italian doctor, of whom we were both desperately jealous, came to our little home and entreated our Maddalena not to kill herself, we had but a small idea of what was going on. We did not know that for our sakes—to educate us, and feed us, and keep us as gentlemen—she was working early in the morning and late at night, working her beautiful youth away. Yet so it was, for, while Lena was perfecting her voice, she was making for herself that exquisite style of English composition through which, a few years later, the romances that had been her delight when she was a lonely child in the Devonshire woods, became known to hundreds and thousands of children all over the world.

Her full meed of fame did not come until much later; but in the meantime she gained her wish, for her little lovers were sent by her to one of the first of the English public schools.

No one now could have ventured to speak of Maddalena as different from others, save as by her genius, her industry, and her noble faithfulness to a trust committed to her by a dying friend, she excelled all other women upon earth. When, therefore, after several years of our school life had gone by, our grandmother died, and the question of our right to our grandfather's property had to be tried, this (his surest ground for contention of our claim) was cut from under the feet of our adversary.

As it turned out, however, the question of Maddalena's capacity or incapacity to think and act reasonably did not require to be entered into, for an unexpected champion appeared. While she was battling with the world for us, the Italian doctor, to whom reference has been made, had been busy gathering together evidence in support of our claim. He brought it forward now, and it proved so complete that the case was not even taken into court.

My brother and I stepped into our inheritance, and Maddalena, at our earnest entreaty, assumed the management of our old home, where we spent the first summer that followed the events I have narrated. We were then nearly twenty, and we had been for some time at the University of Oxford. It will be imagined that we were perfectly happy, but I am forced to confess that we were not quite so happy as we had been. Lena indeed had not changed. But this, I think, was the principal source of our discontent. We would have liked her to change a little. We would have liked (at least, so we both persuaded ourselves) to see her show some small preference to one of us over the other. There were two of us, and we were provokingly alike; but there was only one Lena, and she had no right, we thought, to think of us in exactly the same way.

Such was the state of our feelings when, one day, we missed Maddalena. We knew her love for the riverside, and we sought for her along the banks, Lucius taking one direction and I another.

It was I who found her. She was in the nook which she loved beyond all others, where, under overarching trees—the mountain-ash, the birch, and the willow—our river sweeps round a mass of rock, covered with moss and ferns, and harbouring in its crevices the loveliest of flowers. Lena was seated on the moss-covered rock. Her face was in shadow, and her eyes were cast down; but her lips were parted in a smile of deep content.

Feeling an indescribable pang at my heart, I pressed forward. It was as I thought. Our Maddalena was not alone. The friend who had sustained and helped her through these long years—the Italian doctor—was by her side, and one glimpse of his face was enough to show me what had happened. I stole away as softly as I could and left them to themselves.

Presently I met Lucius. He looked at me suspiciously and asked if I had found Maddalena.

"Yes," I answered, "I have found her. She does not want us."

"Us?" he echoed angrily. "What do you mean?"

I put my hand on his arm, for he was on the point of rushing to find her. "Lucius," I said, "the Signor Dottore is with her."

"What!" he cried, "here!"

"Yes, here! in Maddalena's green parlour. They look very happy. I think we ought not to disturb them."

From that moment Lucius and I were friends, and we never fell out again.

C. DESPARD.

A PILGRIMAGE TO HOLY ISLAND.

BY ONE OF THE PILGRIMS.

ON the north coast of England there is a spot little frequented, because perhaps little known.

This is Bamborough, a grand, secluded, solitary place, surrounded by the hills rich in Northumberland tradition and story on one side, and the ocean on the other, and far enough from the rattling of engines and from unpoetical railways to satisfy the most ardent followers of the great art critics' theories.

A grey Norman castle stands over-looking the sea, and the village street straggles up to it on its landward side. Entering the village at one end, the visitor comes upon the parish churchyard, holding within its stone enclosures the grave of Grace Darling, which is surrounded by many other mementoes of lives lost on that treacherous coast—lives that had no Grace Darling near to bring succour and deliverance from the angry waters. Half-way down the village street is a little shop, containing most things which go to make up the necessities of life in a simple sea-side existence; and any one caring much about Grace Darling's history, after obtaining the permission of the kind lady who stands behind the counter, may mount the stairs, and see the room—ay, even the bed—where the girl, at the early age of twenty-six, ebbed out the life she had sacrificed to the rescue of a drowning crew.

In a pretty house on the other side of the village still dwells Grace Darling's elder sister—an old lady now of over seventy, who likes to talk of the days so long gone by, of her parents' life in the Longstone Light-house on the Farne Islands; and exhibits, with much pride, the presents and testimonials which showered in upon her heroic sister from high and low, from prince and peasant, after the wreck of the *Forfarshire* in 1838.

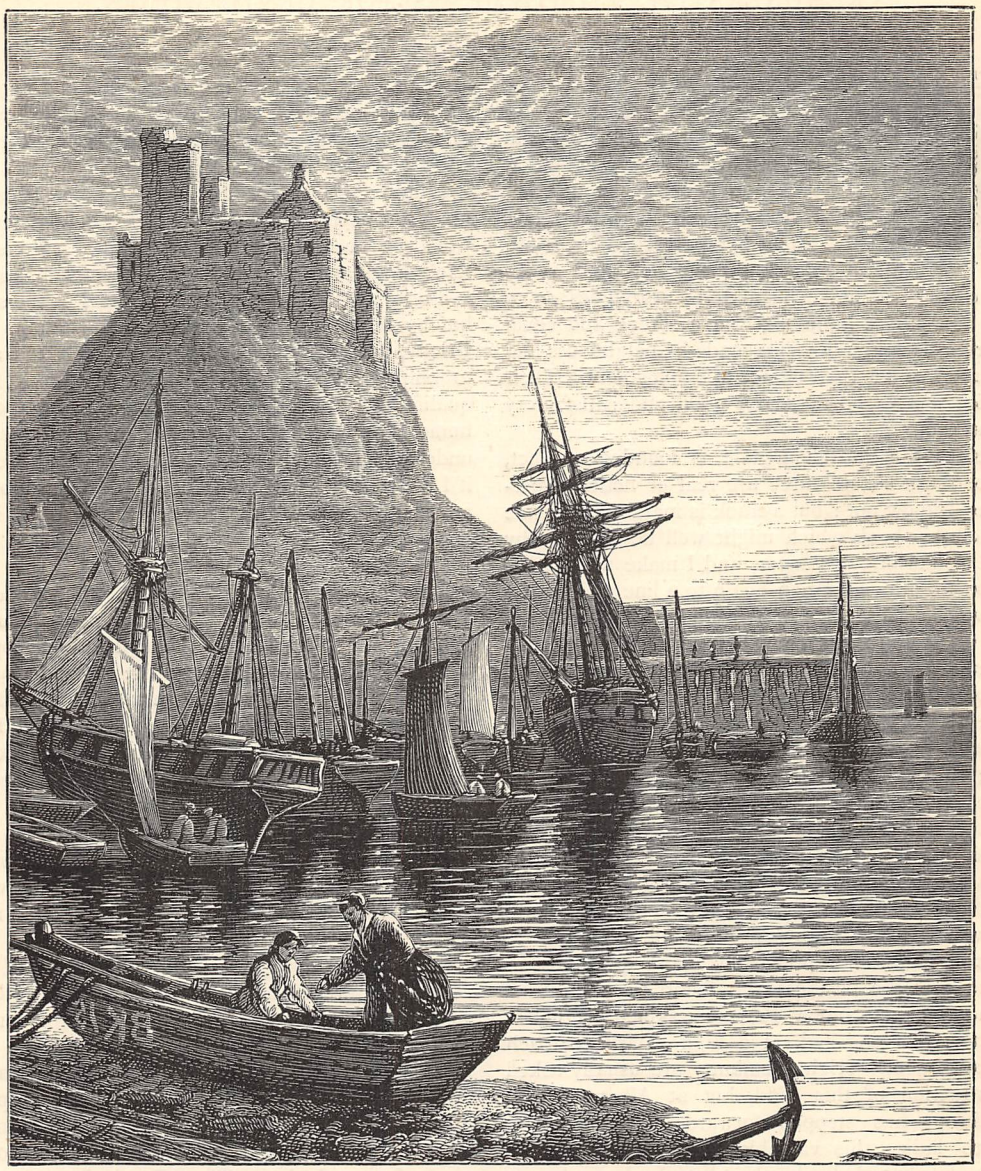
Grace Darling's name is inscribed on that banner which floats over our island, bidding those who dwell beneath it to look upward, and gather strength from the reminder of the golden deeds inscribed upon it, to fight a good fight while yet it lies in their power. The fishermen on the coast are prone to speak disparagingly of the village maiden's heroism, and say that the accounts of it are much exaggerated; but it is possible they are jealous of the fame that a woman has earned, especially as the quality she exercised is one of those that men claim as their particular property.

It was an autumn night when three travellers arrived at the little inn at Bamborough, and by the light of a glorious harvest moon took an evening walk along the shore, watching the revolving lights from the light-houses on the Farne Islands, noting with special interest the one from the rock made historic by the Bamborough girl's courage forty years ago. The sea-birds screamed wild cries as of human creatures in distress; the rocks looked unearthly and great in the moon-light; the sea, with its ceaseless roar, and wild monotonous break, lent a weird charm to the scene, and filled the hearts of the wanderers on the solitary shore with unutterable feelings of awe and wonder.

But the next day's sunshine dispelled any moonlight fancies. The sun shone out with all his autumn strength; the waves danced in his rays, when the three modern pilgrims set out on their pilgrimage to Holy Island. Like the monks of old, they bared their feet, and walked shoeless over the sand, and through the streams of water. One stream wider than the rest brought the party to a halt. With dismay they viewed the rapid current, the depth of water, and the distance from one side to the other; with still greater dismay they viewed the long track of sand they would have to traverse to avoid crossing the stream. At length two of the party summoned up courage, and plunged boldly into the water, but the strong current forced them to return. Nothing daunted, again they ventured, this time in company with the third and most timorous member of the pilgrim band; and though their experience much resembled the worthy Dr. Foster's, of Gloucester, they emerged without any very serious misadventure on the other side. Damped in body, but not in spirit, they gaily pursued their way, reaching, after several miles of journeying, the ferry-boat, by means of which the coast-guardsmen ferried them over to the island of their search.

There they found the ruins of the Norman abbey, built on the site of the wooden wicker church where St. Aidan, the monk from Iona, first planted the flag of Christianity. There they thought upon the life of the sainted Cuthbert, and in imagination saw him in his hermitage by the sea—now called Cuddie's Cove. Standing amongst the ruins, and looking out towards the sea, they almost saw the slow procession of chanting monks, bearing with them the body of their beloved master; and it did not require a great stretch of the imagination to fancy the torch-lights from the Farne Islands signalling the sad news to the brethren at Lindisfarne.

Waking from their reverie, the pilgrims passed through the church-yard, rich in records of those who had sunk "unknelled and uncoffined" into the depths, and then entered the little church. It was decorated for the harvest thanksgiving; and in addi-



HOLY ISLAND.

tion to the usual sheafs of corn, the simple-minded fisher-folk had hung herrings and nets upon the walls, as emblems of their thank-offering. It was a touching sight, especially with the known fact that the fisheries that year had barely yielded enough to keep the nets in repair, let alone anything to store away for the coming winter.

But the sun had signalled to the pilgrims to retrace their steps, and they were again ferried to the mainland, being borne to shore on a coast-guardsman's back. The return walk was wearying: the sand was soft, the tide was rapidly rushing in; the heavens, before so bright and glad, had changed to gloom, and a high wind betokened storm.

The fordable stream of the morning had developed into a surging lake, and a man was waiting to row them over; then climbing the rocks—those rocks which have worked such fearful destruction to mariners and seafarers—weary and foot-sore, they reached their inn. But never will that day be effaced from their memories; and when things and places fade away into an indistinct maze, one of the pilgrims, at least, hopes that the pilgrimage to Holy Island may retain some feeling of individuality.

S. M. F.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

A STORY has lately been written and published, which relates how three sisters, who had seen better days, honestly feeling that they were perfectly incompetent to be governesses and quite competent to be dressmakers, chose the latter function, and established themselves as such; and the story goes on to depict how these ladies showed a serene and equal indifference to the criticisms made by neighbours and acquaintances on their choice of employment. Their sole aim was to be noted for good and satisfactory workmanship.

Whether this particular tale is founded on fact, whether these sisters three are real or fictitious personages, I know not; but a track is marked out in the pages of this book which might well be followed by others in like circumstances, and I make mention of the story to draw attention again to a line of employment which I have once or twice advocated in former papers as having a pecuniary value. I will now speak of several means of assistance available to those who wish to follow this line.

Last year an establishment was opened for this very purpose of giving gentlewomen the opportunity of acquiring skill in the art of dressmaking. A lady who was anxious to help gentlewomen to help themselves, organised and set on foot an establishment for this purpose. Albany House, 259, Vauxhall Bridge Road (within a few minutes' walk of Victoria Station), was taken, and its doors were thrown open to those gentlewomen who desire instruction of this kind. A gentlewoman, who had previously acquired a thorough knowledge of the business, was found to superintend the undertaking; and a Parisian, skilled as cutter and fitter, was engaged, at a high salary, to teach that department. High premiums are usually asked for instruction of this kind, but at Albany House philanthropy has stepped forward, and generously gives to ladies this valuable help free of charge. When a fair knowledge has been attained, a salary is given. As a matter of course, this is small at the outset: its increase depends upon the ability shown and the progress made by the recipient.

Albany House is not to be considered in the light of a charitable institution. It is not to be regarded as an establishment where gentlewomen are employed purely from motives of pity or compassion, and where others in better plight are requested to order dresses from these same motives of pity and compassion. Far from this are the views of the originator and the superintender. Philanthropy set it on foot, certainly, but with the aim that business principles, strict and sound, should govern the undertaking. Ladies are asked to give it their custom, in the same way that they might be invited by any ordinary dressmaking firm, and they need have no fear, for competent heads and hands are in charge of the enterprise, and here, as in any other business house, learners advance by stages, and have to master the simpler forms before they are entrusted with the more difficult.

I desire to be very clear on this point, because an idea has been promulgated which would deter many would-be customers; this mistaken idea has most likely originated by the use of the word "institution"—a term applied, not by the promoters of the scheme, but by those imperfectly acquainted with its object. Briefly, the real aim of Albany House is to train and to employ gentlewomen so that they may become qualified to conduct work of this kind in their own homes, to superintend branch establishments, or to undertake Colonial engagements. I was asked lately if I knew of any lady who was competent to form and to superintend a workroom of this description in connection with a country depôt, and I passed on the request to Albany House, but the reply was that at present no lady had the requisite proficiency for such a post. I must add that the head of the house told me that she is constantly daunted and disappointed with the faint-heartedness, and the easily discouraged, easily dissatisfied spirits and minds of many of those who have asked for these privileges. Small difficulties and trifling inconveniences are very often sufficient to make them relinquish their pursuit, though frequently they have none other to which to turn.

But I have not yet finished what I have to say on the subject of dressmaking. I wish to tell of what, it seems to me, must be a great help to those who are anxious to learn and to earn, and who have not the means within reach.

A method of taking a reliable pattern and of cutting it out, both processes executed in a marvellously short space of time, has been invented and patented—a method which I consider deserves mention for its cleverness combined with its simplicity. It is called the "Eureka dress-cutting system," and as possibly it is still unknown to some of my readers, and as I think I shall confer a benefit on them if I do so, I will give a few particulars. The "Eureka" consists of one piece of millboard, which is by no means large or cumbersome, its length being nineteen inches, and its widest part but five inches. So cleverly is this scale shaped and marked out, that every measurement, each line and curve of each and every human figure, can be drawn by its guidance. Moreover, patterns which will fit the figure can be cut from measurements, and thus the tiresome part of trying on, and of pinning and unpinning, cutting and snipping, is done away with. I will relate my experiences.

Measurements only of my figure were taken (a figure which, although it has not any deformity, yet is not an easy one to fit, judging from the many misfits made by town and country dressmakers); from these measurements, a pattern was drawn on paper by the help of the Eureka scale, and then traced by a wheel on calico.

I took it away and tacked the pieces together, and the verdict passed by a dressmaker on the result was highly favourable. There were no wrinkles, no superfluity of material to be pinned up here or there, no tacking-threads strained apart. The curves and the lines, the form and the style, were graceful and correct. So far, the result was satisfactory. There remained another test as to the efficiency of the patent.

Be it known that I am especially awkward at pattern-drawing of any description. My fingers will never guide aright pencil or brush, be the design ever so simple. I am, too, a dullard and a dunce in all dressmaking matters, never having been initiated into the mysteries of that art; therefore, when it was proposed that I myself should learn to cut out bodices of different sizes by the help of the Eureka system, I felt alarmed, and afraid of showing my extreme awkwardness, but my first attempt showed me that I could overcome the difficulty with ease. By the help of the scale, a few hours' practice at home, with the instruction-book before me, sufficed, together with a couple of visits to the patentee, to make me fully acquainted with my undertaking. To those who had previous knowledge of the construction of a bodice, the acquirement of this system would be still more rapid than for one ignorant like myself.

If success is not attained, the fault will not lie with the Eureka scale, but with the measurements taken; and practice in taking these properly and correctly is certainly needful. I must not omit to mention where the Eureka scale is to be obtained. The school is to be found at 225, Regent Street, W., where lessons can be taken of the patentee, Mrs. Tait. The charge made for the Eureka scale, together with a book of instructions, is a guinea; if lessons are desired, an extra guinea is charged.

I have mentioned this because I believe a remunerative employment can be gained by those who have no wish to make dresses, by imparting instruction to others, and also by taking patterns from measurements for ladies who have their sewing done at home.

To turn from the needle to another subject: for very many years it seemed as if there was but one resort for all gentlewomen who had to depend upon their own exertions, and that resort was to become a governess either in a school or a private family. Comparatively few, out of the vast number who entered the lists, had any special training for posts of this kind; in many instances it was not demanded. During the past ten years, matters in this respect have greatly changed, and now examinations have to be passed, and certificates to be gained, and a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of teaching has to be shown before public appointments or first-class private engagements can be secured. Gentlewomen who heretofore could easily find employment of this kind can find it no longer, unless armed with certificates.

Appointments at elementary schools, at middle-class, and at high-grade schools and colleges, of which there are now so many scattered over the country, and also established in other European countries, are, I should imagine from all I hear, very remunerative—I think I may use the term very lucrative, as contrasted with the remuneration gained by gentlewomen in other branches of work. I will mention where training and instruction for such appointments can be obtained.

There is a training college under Government at Chichester, where ladies are trained as elementary school-mistresses; it is known as the Bishop Otter Memorial College. Here great advantages are offered to those gentlewomen whose means preclude great expenditure. An examination, known as the Queen's Scholarship Examination, is held annually in July, and those who pass this have the privilege of residing two years in the college for instruction for the small payment of £20 per annum. The charge made to those who wish to reside previously, to prepare for this examination, is £3 a month. Pupils who wish to obtain certificates after two years' residence pay £40 per annum. Exhibitions of the value of £10 are offered by the committee of this college to students who gain a first-class in the above examination; there are also other exhibitions given through private liberality to orphans. The vacations occupy ten to twelve weeks in the year. Ladies are eligible for admission at any age over eighteen; those in authority do not advise any one to take up the work who is more than twenty-six or twenty-eight; but ladies over thirty have entered and have taken high places, but these, be it noted, have been *exceptions*.

There is a training college in Skinner Street, Bishopsgate Street, London, where those anxious to gain posts in high and middle-class schools have a good opportunity of gaining the requisite knowledge. During the five years this college has been opened, more than sixty of the students have obtained good posts in schools, colleges, and private families, in England and abroad. The cost of this professional training is £24 yearly; and a charge of five shillings per term is made for stationery. The fees for examinations amount to about £5. About ten scholarships have been annually awarded, in value from £10 to £24. Students do not reside in the college. The hours of attendance are from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. The average length of the college year is thirty-eight weeks. One entrance examination is held each year in the month of September. Applicants for admission must be above eighteen years of age. This college is under University inspection, and the students have a full course of instruction in the theory and practice of teaching without engaging in elementary school work. They spend some hours weekly in teaching and observing lessons given in the practising school; for this purpose they have the privilege of making use of the Bishopsgate Middle-class Girls' School, the Maria Grey School in Fitzroy Square, and also the advantage of learning the Kindergarten system of instruction, as well as that of imparting the knowledge. I must add that those students who finished their course at the close of the last college year readily found appointments; and further, that the demand for trained teachers is still in excess of the supply.

A. S. P.

HOW WE ENTERTAINED OUR ELDERS.

"THAT a funny idea, Dorrit!" "All Dorrit's ideas *are* funny, but this is not a bad one, and *I* am agreeable if a boys' party is to follow suit," was the response of Eric, our fifteen-year-old brother.

The funny idea referred to arose from a discussion on parties generally, to several of which we had been invited, and in Dorrit's opinion it would be a novel and pleasant experience to entertain guests entirely composed of elderly people—old friends of father's—who would appreciate the feeling which prompted the readiness on our part to devote ourselves entirely to them, by taking the place of our servant in waiting upon them, and providing amusement, to the best of our ability, for the remainder of the evening. As to the trouble and expense of catering, I knew that a little advice and help from our old friend, Nora Graham, would soon obviate difficulties in that direction, so after a chat with father, who fell in delightedly with the proposal, and at once issued invitations, I sought her immediately.

After a preliminary talk, Nora advised that "high tea" should be on the table at six o'clock punctually, few people caring for a heavy late meal, and those who preferred anything in place of tea or coffee could be accommodated.

"And after what will doubtless prove a pleasant evening, your friends will be ready for departure about twelve o'clock, so light refreshments, such as biscuits and fruit, will be the only necessaries after tea, and that shall be as nice as possible," said Nora; "and if any of the number have whims and fancies, we will try to indulge them."

I replied that of the nine invited I felt sure all would accept, which they did; and with the exception of Mrs. Malcolm, who had a weakness for shortbread, and Uncle Bob, who disliked even the smell of onions, I knew of no one for whom we need cater especially; though it was decided that everything should be of a kind suited to the digestive powers of people on the shady side of fifty, and that there should be no carving for anybody; the hot dishes being handed round, and the cold ones, in small quantities, plentifully dotted about the table.

The following was the menu decided upon:—

Scotch Woodcocks. Oyster Loaves.
Neapolitan Medallions. Chicken Sandwiches.
Almond Shortbread
Compôte of Figs. Apples in Syrup.
Ginger Cakes.

In addition, there would be brown and white bread and butter, tiny dishes of whipped cream to accompany the fruits, besides biscuits, both plain and sweet, and small plates of grapes and other fruits placed the whole length of the table at each side; the centre-piece which one so often sees being voted a bore, as it obstructs the sight, and is always difficult to reach at times when "help yourself" is the order of the day.

When *the* day arrived, the cold dishes were prepared in the morning by Nora and myself, and Nora cooked the hot ones while Dorrit and I waited at table.

The *Oyster Loaves* were similar in appearance to Dresden patties, except that the bread was cut an inch and a half in thickness with a round cutter the size of a claret-glass. The inside was scooped out, leaving a wall just thick enough to hold the mince. These cases were dipped into a mixture of two eggs, a wine-glassful of milk, and a table-spoonful of bread-crumbs, beaten together; they were then fried a pale brown, and filled with a mixture prepared as follows:—A score of large oysters were put into a small sieve and set over a saucepan of boiling water for a minute or two, to make them firm, and render the "bearding" process more easy. The beards were then removed, and put into a saucepan with the oyster liquor (strained) and a strip of lemon-rind, and simmered very gently for half an hour. This was again strained, the beards thrown away, and the liquor mixed with a table-spoonful of flour, two table-spoonfuls of cream, an ounce of butter, nearly a tea-spoonful of anchovy essence, and a little cayenne and nutmeg. The whole was stirred until it boiled, and poured into a basin *over* the oysters, which had been cut into small pieces.

"There!" said Nora, "those will be enjoyed, I know; I might have made *Patties* with the same mince, but some people are afraid to eat pastry." The only garnish needed for the dish was a few sprigs of parsley.

For *Scotch Woodcocks*, three rounds from a two-pound loaf were toasted and buttered, then thinly spread with anchovy paste. Nine eggs were boiled rather hard, cut into slices, and laid evenly over the pieces of toast, each round being cut into four; a sprinkling of pepper, and a few drops of cream, followed by a minute's heating in the oven, finished them. "For any one who objected to the anchovy flavour, you might substitute another fish paste; but it would not then be Scotch Woodcock proper," said Nora.

Neapolitan Medallions proved new to everybody; they were exceedingly pretty, as well as delicious. To make them, a fowl was rubbed over with lemon-juice, tied in a buttered paper, then in a cloth, and boiled until very tender. The flesh was removed, and the bones returned to the saucepan with a pint of the liquor, and simmered until reduced to a quarter-pint. An equal measure of cream was brought to the boil, and mixed with it, together with all the whitest meat of the fowl, and a few slices of ham, both finely minced; the whole being seasoned with salt, pepper, a dash of nutmeg, a salt-spoonful of grated lemon-rind, a table-spoonful of *scalded* chopped parsley, and a sprig of thyme. This, while hot, was poured into a large meat-

dish, making a layer half an inch thick, and set aside to cool. When cold, a dozen rounds were cut from the layer, with the cutter used for the oyster loaves; each was laid on to a slice of cold fried bread, the same shape and thickness. Just before serving, each medallion was decorated in the centre with tiny bits of pickled gherkins, beetroot, and chopped capers.

HOW WE ENTERTAINED OUR ELDERS.

The trimmings left from the rounds were pounded in a mortar with the dark meat of the fowl (all the skin being carefully removed), and an ounce or two of butter, nicely seasoned, and spread thickly on the bread and butter for the *sandwiches*, for which we used a small *round* tinned loaf, so there was no waste in the way of crust, as the rounds, when cut into four, formed triangular-shaped sandwiches.

The *Almond Shortbread* was a speciality of Nora's, and fully sustained her reputation, being universally appreciated. The recipe was: a pound of fine white flour, well dried and sifted; half a pound of fresh butter, a quarter-pound of pounded white sugar, two ounces of candied peel in thin shreds, three ounces of ground almonds, and half a tea-spoonful of salt—all rubbed together until as fine as bread-crumbs, then mixed lightly to a stiff paste with a quarter-pint of milk and one egg, a spoonful being reserved for brushing over the top. This quantity made a round cake half an inch thick; the top was covered with blanched almonds, roughly chopped, and coarsely-pounded sugar, previous to baking for half an hour in a gentle oven.

A pound of figs, the very best obtainable, was bought for the *Fig Compôte;* dry, hard fruit being useless for the purpose. They were put whole into a jar, with half a

pint of water, the juice of half a lemon, and two ounces of sugar, and cooked in the oven for an hour; Nora remarking that, had the oven been fierce, she would have simmered them on the range, as they would not "plump" if cooked quickly, but would become hard and shrivelled. They were laid in small dishes when cool.

For *Apples in Syrup:* a dozen American pippins, rosy in colour and uniform in size, were wiped and cored, without being peeled or divided. A syrup of half a pint of water and half a pound of sugar was then made, into which the apples were dropped, with a few cloves, a piece of ginger, and the rind of half a lemon. An hour's gentle boiling was sufficient to make them tender and shiny-looking, the stew-pan having been covered the whole time. These were served in deep glass dishes, the syrup poured round them, and a spoonful of whipped cream placed on the top of each.

The *Ginger Cakes* required a pound of flour—dried as for the shortbread—into which Nora rubbed six ounces of butter and two ounces of lard, six ounces of sugar, four ounces of crystallised ginger (not that in syrup) cut small, a pinch of ground ginger, and a suspicion of salt. This was mixed stiffly with three eggs and *about* their measure in milk, Nora informing us that cakes into which the fat is rubbed dry must be mixed less soft than when it is beaten to a cream. The mixture was poured into well-greased patty-pans, and the top of the cakes coated with roughly-pounded loaf-sugar. Twenty minutes in a moderate oven baked them beautifully.

After the meal, which was thoroughly enjoyed if empty plates are a fair test, some of our friends indulged in chess and draughts, and others in round games, followed by music, vocal and instrumental, each gentleman competent to play having been asked to bring his pet instrument; and as Uncle Bob had a weakness for the flute, and Mr. Skidmore was passionately fond of the fiddle, while any one could tell from Mr. Carter's round cheeks that he was in the habit of blowing the cornet, we had a pretty fair orchestra. Our brother Rupert and Hugh Flynn (to whom Nora was engaged) possessed respectively very good bass and tenor voices, and as we girls each tried to sing a little, I need hardly say that there was plenty of vocal music to the fore.

Acting upon a brilliant suggestion made by Eric, we had decided to wind up the evening by having a couple of *tableaux;* the lively youth aforesaid was stage-manager and overseer in general, and for the past few days had been indefatigable in turning his artistic ability to account by manipulating pieces of cardboard, tinsel paper, &c., into grand scenic effects, and providing a truly gorgeous costume for himself.

We had screened off one end of the room for the purpose, and our first *tableau* represented that well-known scene taken from the favourite fairy-tale of our childhood, illustrating the triumph of Cinderella over her wicked sisters. Dorrit posed as the heroine, and, when the curtains were drawn, was just proudly pointing to the perfect fit of the slipper. Eric, as the herald, had on a properly-interested expression; and Nora and myself, as the two sisters, assumed the most vinegary aspect of which we were capable.

Our second *tableau* was rather more ambitious—we had chosen the casket scene at Belmont in *The Merchant of Venice.* I must say that I think our characters were very effectively grouped, although I was not one of them, but performed softly at the piano (which was placed behind the curtain), and sang snatches of song to represent the "music in the distance." Hugh Flynn was Bassanio; Rupert, Gratiano; and Eric, as an attendant, was still able to wear his gorgeous herald's dress. Nora, as Portia, looked very stately, and yet expressed the right amount of anxiety, while Bassanio's consideration of the caskets was capitally rendered, and Dorrit made a very nice Nerissa. The curtains were drawn amid rapturous applause, and we were fully repaid for the little trouble we had taken in getting up the *tableaux* by the pleasure which they had given to our friends.

At length—and very quickly the time had passed—we had to "speed the parting guests," one and all declaring that they had spent a most enjoyable evening. Even Eric, who had certainly rendered us much assistance, and had in consequence been promised that, all being well, he should receive *his* friends on his birthday a couple of months later, was bound to confess that should the same success attend our efforts then he would vote us "jolly good girls."

L. HERITAGE.

FAIR MARGARET.

NATURE had treasures unseen yet;
For flowers all
We can recall,
Of garden trim or rivulet;
How you outvie them, Margaret!
Even at their best, when dewdrops make
Them sweeter, fresher, for your sake
With heedless eye
We'd pass all by
And all their loveliness forget,
Which vainly by your side were set,
Fair Margaret.

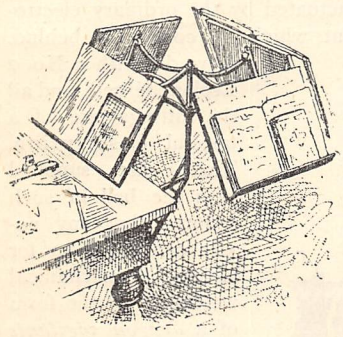
FAIR MARGARET.

(*See p.* 442.)

THE GATHERER.

A Useful Book-Rest.

Those who have frequently to make use of heavy works of reference, such as dictionaries or atlases, will find the handy American device which we illustrate of great service. It consists, as the figure shows, of a bracket which can be attached to the corner of a table or reading-desk, and which supports a spindle on which turns a frame, at the ends of whose arms are shelves for holding books. The advantage of this reading-desk when several books have to be consulted at the same time, or compared with one another, is evident, especially as the number of shelves and the length of the arms carrying them are unlimited.



Ailsa Craig Fog-Siren.

Ailsa Craig, the rocky boss which rises out of the sea at the entrance to the Frith of Clyde, is very dangerous to mariners, especially in foggy weather, and the Commissioners of Northern Lights have recently erected a powerful air-siren with self-acting apparatus on the island. The machinery consists of five eight-horse-power Crossley gas-engines, which actuate two sets of double-cylinder air-pumps, compressing the air to a pressure of five pounds per square inch, and deliver it to receivers connected with the north and south signal sirens. The communications between the siren and holders are closed by valves, which are opened once every three minutes by the action of cams. The air thus delivered blows a blast on the fog-horns or sirens, which is different for the north and south horns.

Is there a Magnetic Sense?

Sir W. Thomson, the eminent physicist, recently delivered a lecture before the Midland Institute on the six gateways of knowledge, using the word "six" as a supposed improvement on the old phrase, "five gateways of knowledge." The sixth or additional gateway was the sense of heat as distinguished from the sense of touch; but in reality the sense of heat is probably only another function of the sense of touch, and there was no absolute need to add another to the conventional five senses. Sir William also suggested that there was probably a "magnetic sense," that is to say, he believed that some people might be found who could tell the presence of magnetism acting on their person. The idea is an old one; but it is not so well known that recent experiments have been made under the auspices of the Physical Society on this very subject, and persons have been found who, when their heads were placed between the poles of a strong electro-magnet, could tell when the magnet was excited, by a peculiar unpleasant sensation in the head, all danger of collusion or guess-work being removed. A person suffering from neuralgia also felt the pain increase in the magnetic field. Whether this fact indicates a "magnetic sense," or merely a strain produced in the head on the ordinary sense of touch, is however a very doubtful point.

A Miniature Sun.

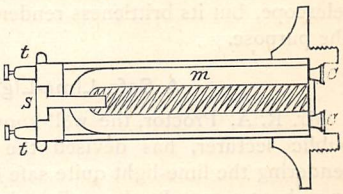
The passage through Hell Gate connecting Long Island Sound with the East River, at New York, is difficult and dangerous owing to whirlpools and rocks, and for the last fifteen years the work of blasting these rocks has been going on. The illumination of the Sound by night is now to be undertaken, and a gigantic iron lattice-tower or mast 250 feet high is to be erected, and fitted on the top with a powerful electric light, or miniature sun, which will not only light the whole passage, but miles of the approach on either side. The light will be shed downwards by reflectors.

An Air-Filter.

It is of high importance to breathe pure air, especially during sleep or in sickness, and the air-filter or purifier of Mr. Maitland Tate, which can be readily applied to the ordinary chimney-board or other openings admitting fresh air from without, will be found of great value. It is kept in action by the heat of a lighted candle, lamp, or gas-jet, or by the heat of the fire in the room, and it provides a constant change of air.

The Telephonograph.

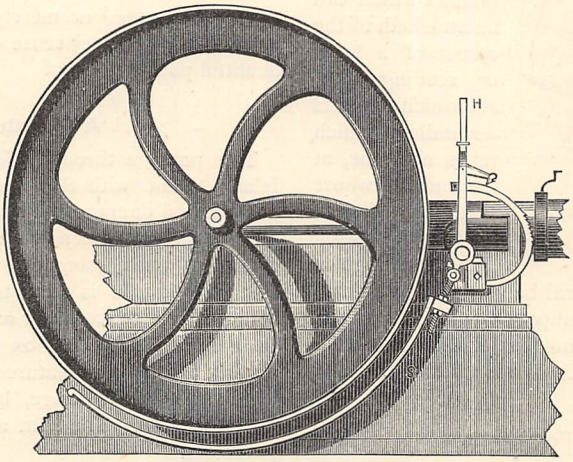
Mr. T. W. Giltay has succeeded in performing the curious experiment of recording a telephone message in the phonograph, as it was received, and reproducing the message by that instrument at a later time. Mr. Giltay used a skeleton telephone, such as is shown in our figure, where *m* is a horse-shoe magnet, having small coils of wire, *c c*, on its poles; these coils being connected to the terminals, *t t*, for connection in circuit with the telephone line. A regulating screw, *s*, was added to bring the coils very close to the metal diaphragm of a phonograph, and when the sonorific currents passed through them, the poles of the magnet attracted the iron diaphragm of the phonograph, more or less, thus setting it into vibrations corresponding to the original speech or sounds delivered to the tele-



phone transmitter at the other end of the line. The vibrations of the diaphragm were, of course, impressed on the yielding tin-foil of the phonograph by the stylus attached to the diaphragm, and the message thus printed could be reproduced afterwards.

A Finger-Power Brake.

A brake designed to bring all kinds of gas and steam-engine machinery to a standstill on short notice, in case of accidents in factories or workshops, has been devised by Mr. J. G. Rockhill. It is so constructed as to be adjustable to any required power, and its action is so simple that a boy can work it with ease. The handle, H (see the figure) is pressed, and the brake locks itself by means of a ratchet attached. The brake is also useful in case of bands or belts breaking. The principle is obvious from the illustration, the wheel being stopped by the friction-strap, S, which is brought to bear against its rim.



A FINGER-POWER BRAKE.

Invisible Wire.

Platinum wire has been drawn out so fine by Mr. H. F. Read, of Brooklyn, New York, that the unaided eye cannot perceive it, though the touch detects it if it be laid on a smooth card. A small No. 18 gauge platinum wire was enclosed in a close-fitting tube of silver, made by folding silver-foil $\frac{1}{20}$ inch thick closely over it. This was then drawn out, and a short length cut off, which was also drawn out, then cut, and the drawing repeated. The last result of this process was treated with dilute acid to remove the silver. The invisible wire was intended for the cross-wires of a telescope, but its brittleness rendered it quite unfit for the purpose.

A Safe Lime-Light.

Mr. R. A. Proctor, the well-known astronomer and public lecturer, has devised the following plan of rendering the lime-light quite safe from explosion with or without care. In the ordinary unsafe arrangement the reservoirs containing the oxygen and hydrogen gases under pressure have a jet in common, from which the mingled gases issue to play upon the cylinder of lime, and produce the brilliant white flame. The improvement consists in having the jet made double, so that each gas issues separately, and there is no danger of one gas diffusing into the other, and thereby producing an explosion on being ignited.

Artistic Alarms.

Now that electricity is in a fair way of coming into our homes, an attempt has been made to produce an artistic electric bell, which deserves some praise; for, as a rule, no attention has hitherto been paid to this aspect of electric household appliances, if we except the pretty designs for electric illumination. In the "Owl" bell, the clapper has a crescent shape, and hits the bell when actuated by the ordinary electro-magnetic arrangement which is concealed behind. It works with a No. 2 Leclanché cell, and all the fittings are of a tasteful description. These are supplied with the bell in such a form that any novice can fit it up for himself. A mechanical watchman in the form of a *dragon vigilante* has also been brought out in France. The opening of a door or window in its vicinity actuates a clockwork, which rings an alarm-bell and wakes the house. The principle of the apparatus is similar to the bell above described, but a bronze dragon takes the place of the owl.

An Electrified Lounge.

Not very long ago it was discovered in a New York sitting-room that a lounge was electrified, and several ladies experienced a smart shock on making use of it. Investigation showed that the belts of a small motor near the lounge generated frictional electricity by rubbing on their pulley, and this communicated itself to the couch.

Effects of Pressure on Life.

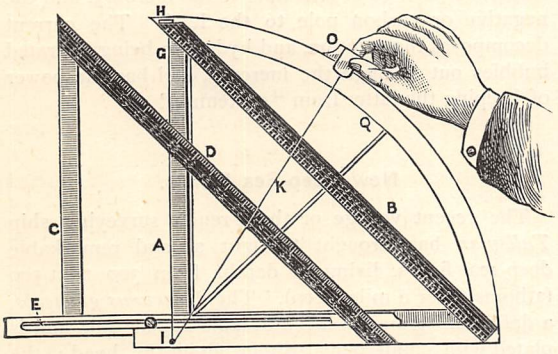
M. Regnard, a French physiologist, has made some very interesting experiments on the effects on life of a high water-pressure. The experiments were carried out by means of a water-press of MM. Cailletet and Ducretet, giving a pressure of 1,000 atmospheres, that is to say, such a pressure as would exist at a point 10,000 metres below the surface of the sea. Yeast subjected to this pressure for an hour fell into a state of sleep or latent life, and on being withdrawn from the press it was only after an hour that active life returned and the yeast operated as a ferment. Vegetable algæ, and seeds of the garden cress, also fell into sleep and only recovered slowly. The same may be said of leeches at a pressure of 600 atmospheres, molluscs, and infusoria. The leeches, indeed, only awoke some hours afterwards. Fishes deprived of their swimming bladders were submitted to a pressure of 100 atmospheres with impunity; at 200

atmospheres they fell into the same sleepy state, but quickly recovered; at 300 atmospheres they died; at 400 they became rigid, and remained so even when putrefaction set in. This rigidity was accompanied by increase of weight, as was proved by fixing and weighing the limbs of frogs.

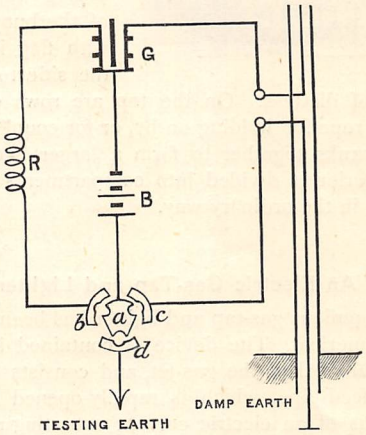
The Percentograph.

Our engraving represents a device for reducing common fractions to decimals, and is particularly designed for use by railway and other traffic companies, to determine the percentages and proportions in dividing rates, revenues, or expenses on the basis of mileage; but its general usefulness is extensive.

A stationary triangle, A, has a percentage scale, B, arranged along its hypothenuse or longest side; a similar triangle, C, is fitted to slide in the fixed triangle, and is likewise furnished with a scale, D, along its hypothenuse, which represents the series of numbers whose percentages are to be obtained. The numbers in the scales B and D increase from the right upward to the left, the former extending from 0 to 100, and the latter from 0 to 1,000, or from 0 to any number higher than 1,000, according to the value given to the graduations. Thus if each graduation is made to count 2 instead of 1, the scale D would indicate 2,000 as the highest number. In the illustration the scale D is marked off to indicate both 1,000 and 2,000 at the end, two sets of numbers being used, one double the other, to mark the graduations. When the scale D is moved against the scale B, the graduations will exactly register with each other, and the percentage number will correspond with the numbers whose percentage of 1,000 or 2,000 they represent. The base of the movable triangle is provided with a slot, E, and a set-screw, by means of which it may be adjusted and held in any position. The vertical side of the stationary triangle is provided with a cord, G, which serves as



a marker on the scale D. This cord is connected to set-screws, H I, and is arranged at right angles to the base of the instrument. A second cord, K, is attached to a collar loosely mounted on the pin I, and its other end is attached by a set-screw, O, to a slide which moves on a segmental bar, Q, the circle of which is drawn from the pin I. This cord is used to mark the percentages on the scale B, and also to mark the numbers on both scales. Suppose we wish to ascertain the relative proportion of railway lines in interest aggregating say 1,400 miles: move the scale D until 1,400 intersects cord G on its upper edge, then tighten the set-screw. The cord K is then moved till it intersects the number of miles forming a part of the 1,400, when the relative proportion will be shown on the stationary scale B. Thus if cord K be moved till it cuts 490 miles, the scale B will indicate 35 per cent.



A Lightning-Rod Tester.

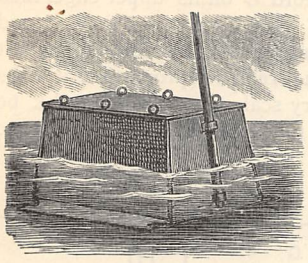
Mr. Samuel Vyle has devised the following plan for testing lightning-rods, which is a very necessary precaution. Inside the rod run wires to the top and bottom, the latter carrying the testing current through the "earth" connection, which is the part most liable to fail. The testing apparatus consists of a galvanometer, G (see figure); a battery, B; a resistance coil, R; and a "switch," *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, consisting of four brass pieces. This apparatus is seen to be in good order by inserting a brass plug between *a* and *b*, then between *a* and *c*; and the lightning-rod itself is tested by inserting plugs between *a* and *b*, and *a* and *c*; the earth connection being tested by inserting them between *a* and *b*, and *a* and *d*. While upon this subject, we may mention a recent proposal to connect the telegraph-posts on a line of railway with the rails by means of a lightning-wire. The idea is to discharge the atmosphere by this means, and thereby prevent lightning-strokes.

A Station Indicator.

The names of stations are now indicated inside the cars on the New York elevated railways, by an ingenious pneumatic contrivance which enables the driver to display the name of the coming station, and ring a warning bell, by means of a small lever on his engine. The lever admits air from the reservoir of a Westinghouse brake to pipes connected with the indicators, and the names are in this way changed at will.

A Trunk Life-Buoy.

The trunk shown in the engraving can be used to save lives at sea. It is made of light wood or cork, and covered with waterproofing. The sides slope upwards from the bottom, which is therefore heaviest in the water, and a wing or keel of cork is fitted along the bottom edges to further increase the stability of the buoy. A staff with flag is fitted at the side to act as a signal of distress. On the top are rows of eyes to sling a rope for holding on by, or for coupling two or more trunks together to form a larger buoy or raft. The interior is divided into compartments for useful articles, in the ordinary way.

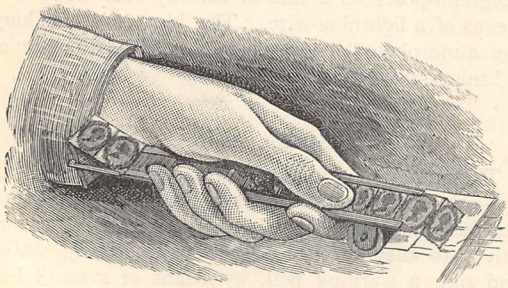


An Electric Gas-Tap and Lighter.

An ingenious gas-tap and lighter has been imported from America. The device is contained in a small brass bulb below the gas-jet, and consists of a valve in the feed-pipe, which is rapidly opened or closed by means of an electric current actuating an electro-magnet. At the same time as the valve is opened, an electric spark passes and ignites the gas. All this is done by pressing down a finger-key, which may be let into the wall. On letting the key spring up the valve closes, the gas is cut off, and the light is extinguished. This device is the most complete of its kind yet brought out, and does not require that the gas should be separately turned on by hand before the spark lights it.

A New Mode of Stamping Letters.

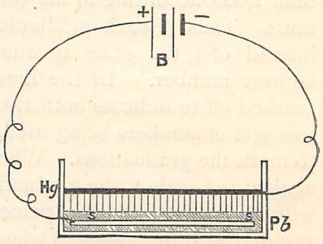
Business men who have to send out large numbers of letters or packets by one mail, have hitherto often had resort to pads of blotting-paper, or roller stamp moisteners, but a great improvement on these methods has recently been introduced, which will obviate much inconvenience and loss of time. We illustrate the new



invention, and from the figure it will be seen to consist of a strip of metal whose edges are bent to form guides for a row of stamps. Near one end of this strip is a slit, through which the surface of a flannel-covered cylinder projects. This cylinder is perforated slightly, and as it contains water the flannel surface is kept constantly moist. The cylinder is so arranged that it can readily be detached and re-filled with water when necessary. The method of using this machine is very simple. The row of stamps, being introduced to the metal strip, is pushed along by the thumb over the roller, which thus moistens each stamp as it passes, and the stamp need then only be pressed on to the letter or packet. The position of the roller below the stamp prevents the over-damping which is so objectionable a feature of many of the old stamp moisteners. Another and larger variety of this machine is also made, which will be useful for the application of gummed labels, &c.

Hydrogen Amalgam.

It is well known that mercury is used as an amalgam in extracting gold from its ores; the gold amalgamating with the mercury, which is afterwards driven off by heating, so as to leave the gold pure. Mercury used in this way is apt to "sicken," as it is termed, and lose its power of abstracting the gold. To get over this drawback a new "hydrogen" amalgam has been introduced by Mr. Bernard C. Molloy, M.P. His arrangement for amalgamating is shown in the figure, where S S is a layer of sand, saturated with a dilute acid or alkaline solution, having a lead plate, Pb, embedded in it. A porous diaphragm or plate separates a layer of mercury, Hg, from the sand. A voltaic battery, B, is connected through this arrangement, the positive or zinc pole to the mercury, and the negative or carbon pole to the lead. The current decomposes the solution, and hydrogen being liberated bubbles out through the mercury, and has the power of keeping the latter from "sickening."

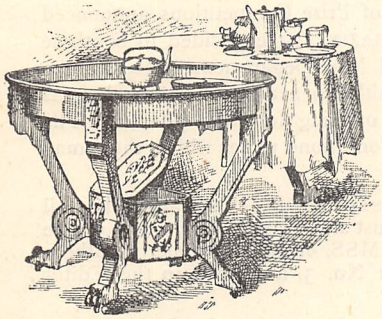


New Deep-Sea Fishes.

The recent voyage of the French surveying ship *Talisman* has brought to light several remarkable deep-sea fishes, living in depths from 300 to 1,500 fathoms (over a mile deep). The *Macrurus globiceps*, a deep-sea "ganoid," has a tadpole appearance, and is plated with small bony armour about the head; the *Rustomius obscurus* resembles an eel, but has a long tactile organ or filament under the lower jaw, which gleams with phosphorescent light. These deep-sea fishes are frequently provided with eyes at different parts of their bodies—for example, along the sides and back—as well as in the head; and such eyes also produce light, acting the part of bull's-eye lanterns.

A Novel Table.

A piece of furniture which combines in itself table, cooking-stove, and pantry is a decided novelty, and one which is likely to be useful to many people, especially to men of business who find it necessary—as many do—to make their tea or other light meals in their offices. The arrangement of this remarkable



article will be understood from a reference to our illustration. The frame-work of the table is made rather deeper than usual, and is provided with a bottom, between which and the top of the table is a considerable space. The centre of this space is occupied by the stove, which may be had to burn either gas or oil. Round the lamp may be stored the various articles of table-ware. The top of the table is pivoted so that when moved it forms an independent table, supported by the main frame and a leg which is attached directly to it, and which closes up flush with one of the other legs when the top is covering the frame. Between the legs of the table is a box which serves to keep bread and other provisions in.

The Hand as a Telephone.

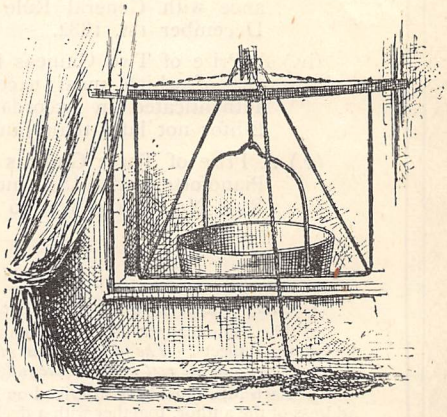
M. Dunand, a Frenchman, found that a "condenser," that is an apparatus made by separating two or more sheets of tin-foil by an insulating material such as paraffined paper, would receive telephone currents and give out speech, especially if the condenser were charged by another source of electricity before the telephone currents entered it. Reflecting that two living persons standing a little apart made a condenser—the bodies being, as it were, the tin-foil, the air the insulator, Mr. J. W. Giltay, of Delft, has succeeded in getting the person, and particularly the hand, to act as a telephone receiver. His arrangement was an Ader microphone forming the transmitter of the sounds, and two men for the receiver. The Ader microphone has an induction coil used in connection with it, the primary wire of the coil being in circuit with the carbons of the microphone and a battery. Mr. Giltay used three Bunsen cells for the latter. The secondary wire of the coil was in circuit with a battery of nine Leclanché cells, which charged up the two men, whom we will call A and B. Now, when music and speech were sent into the Ader microphone or transmitter, they were heard by B when A put his gloved hand over B's ear. The glove was a common kid one. Singing and whistling came best; but Mr. Giltay thinks that speech, which came imperfectly, would be received very well with an induction coil of greater power. It is probable that had the two persons simply "laid their heads together," they would have mutually heard the words and songs—that is, provided their hair was dry and non-conducting.

A Marine Station.

The new marine station at Granton, Edinburgh, will be fitted with a floating laboratory having an abundance of sea-water at its service; a steamer fitted with modern dredging and sounding appliances, and biological apparatus; and a fine library of the latest works on marine life and philosophy. The staff has been appointed; and British and foreign naturalists are invited to make use of the station.

A New Fire-Escape.

During the past few years, many domestic fire-escapes have been invented, but for several reasons—cost, danger, cumbersomeness, amongst others—numbers of them have not long survived their intro-



duction. Recently a new window fire-escape has come into the field, it being the invention of a London merchant, Mr. Thomas Hale. The escape itself consists of a large bucket, made of strong sail-cloth, with a wooden bottom, and it is spacious enough to hold two adults or three or four children. The supporting apparatus comprises two upright iron rods, which rest upon the outside of the window-sill, and which are kept in position by a parallel bar placed against the inside of the window-frame. The rope to which the bucket is fastened runs through a pulley attached to the rods. The bucket can be let down from either inside or outside the window, and a person may let himself down in it unaided, and without danger. The escape can be carried and placed in position by one person, and it can be fixed ready for use in less than a minute. When not in use the entire apparatus can be folded up so as to occupy a very small space.

NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS, 1884.

THE EDITOR has much pleasure in announcing to his Readers that, owing to the great success which attended the series of Prize Competitions announced last year, the Proprietors of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE have decided to continue this feature. The scheme for 1884 includes several New Departments, in which the Editor trusts many of his Readers who have not hitherto availed themselves of his invitations to become Competitors, may find an opening for their powers. The following are the various Prizes offered, and the Conditions under which they may be competed for :—

(i.) A Prize of Five Pounds for the best DOMESTIC STORY, illustrating the evil of vacillation. The length of the story must not exceed three pages of the Magazine (*i.e.*, about 3,000 words). All MSS. must be properly authenticated in acccordance with General Rule No. 3, and sent to the Editor not later than September 1st, 1884.

(ii.) A Prize of Three Guineas for the best SONG, *i.e.*, words suitable for Music. No poem must exceed thirty lines in length. All MSS. must be properly authenticated in accordance with General Rule No. 3, and sent to the Editor not later than November 1st, 1884.

(iii.) A Prize of One Guinea for the best SHORT SPEECH in proposing the toast of "The Bridesmaids" at a wedding-breakfast. No speech may exceed 750 words in length. All MSS. must be authenticated in accordance with General Rule No. 3, and sent to the Editor not later than December 1st, 1884.

(iv.) A Prize of Two Guineas for the best set of SIX ORIGINAL FABLES, no one of which must exceed 250 words in length. All MSS. must be authenticated in accordance with General Rule No. 3, and sent to the Editor not later than January 1st, 1885.

(v.) A Prize of Three Guineas for the best ORIGINAL GAVOTTE for Violin and Pianoforte. All MSS. must be authenticated in accordance with General Rule No. 3, and sent to the Editor not later than February 2nd, 1885.

GENERAL RULES.

1. Every Reader of the Magazine is eligible to compete for all or any of the Prizes offered.

2. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment in detail of the above subjects. *The descriptions given under each head are sufficient for the purposes of the Competition, and the rest is left to the judgment and discretion of the Competitors.*

3. Each MS. must have inscribed on it, or otherwise securely attached to it, the name and postal address of the author, together with a declaration that the work is *original and entirely the sender's own*, to be signed by the author and countersigned by some other trustworthy person, *i.e.*, a magistrate, minister of religion, or householder, with the postal address in both cases.

4. In all cases the copyright of the successful works will become the property of the Proprietors of this Magazine.

5. In cases where the two best works in any one Competition are of equal merit, the Prize may be divided at the discretion of the Editor. The Prize in any of the Competitions may be withheld in the event of no composition being thought worthy of that distinction.

6. The Editor will not be responsible for loss or miscarriage of any work during transmission, and all letters or packets must be *prepaid*. *The Editor cannot undertake to return unsuccessful MSS.* —copies should therefore be retained by the sender.

7. Every MS. must be sent before the date named above as the latest day in each section, addressed—The Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, La Belle Sauvage Yard, London, E.C., and must have the words "Prize Competition" in the top left-hand corner of the envelope or wrapper.

"*SUMMER DAYS.*"—*The Editor begs to inform his Readers that the Extra Holiday Number, entitled* "SUMMER DAYS," *will be published simultaneously with the next Number*, i.e., *on June* 25.

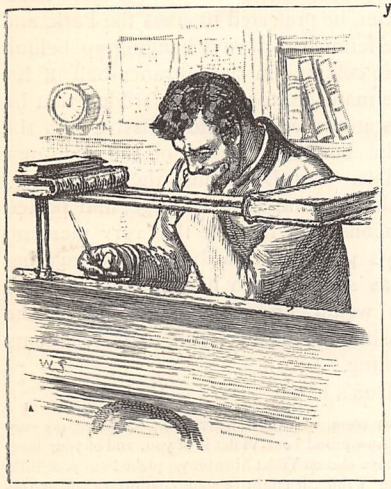
WITHIN THE CLASP.

A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE JET-HUNTERS.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "The Tenth Earl," "Lady Flavia," "Paul Knox, Pitman," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

TWO LETTERS.



THE land-office at Thorsdale Park was not only spacious enough for the transaction of business, but sufficiently large to have accommodated, in case of need, the whole staff of those who were entrusted with the practical charge of the earl's great Yorkshire property. Ancient retainers and hangers-on of the Thorsdale family yet preferred calling it the "Old Steward's House," to using the new-fangled name of the "Land-office." It had been, in truth, a steward's residence, built in perhaps the second of the Georgian reigns, and under the eye of an intendant who probably was careful for the comfort of himself and his olive-branches. Worm-eaten as were its timbers, and mellowed its bricks, it was yet warm, snug, and spacious to an extent that would have moved the envy of Mr. Superintendent Swann, squeezed into his narrow official premises at Daneborough. Mr. Bartlett, the manager, had rooms there, which he could, and did, occupy at pleasure. There was, besides the clerks' room and the manager's office, a parlour that the clerks shared in common. Don had a bed-room, and so had Tom Scott, the raw junior; and there would have been one for Mr. Screedle, the feeble senior, had he not preferred the farmhouse lodgings that he had dwelt in for five-and-thirty years. An old woman and her grandchild, in pattens, furnished the kitchen contingent; while there were horses, gigs, and dog-carts, always at the service of the land-agent or of his subordinates. For a great estate is like a kingdom on a small scale, and exacts much locomotion on the part of those to whom is deputed the management of it.

The clerks' room was a queer, but not comfortless apartment, long and low, with massive beams, each thick enough for a Roman battering-ram of the pre-gunpowder days, spanning the blackened ceiling. The windows were broad and low, with deep recesses, and those quaint old window-seats under the lids of which books could be stored as a solace for rainy days, and wherein such standard works as "Pamela," the "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Robinson Crusoe," perhaps heirlooms handed over from one steward to another, yet lurked. There were modern desks and tables, but there was an oaken buffet gorgeously carved, and a clock, older than the house itself, as its dial-plate averred, since it had been constructed in 1683, by Simon Levett, "Horologer of His Sacred Majesty Charles II.," at Westminster. But this clock, although preserved in its huge brass-mounted case as a dignified memorial of the past, had not ticked within living memory.

Mr. Screedle, with a green shade over his weak eyes, was at his desk, blinkingly adding up columns of figures, and, perhaps, meditating on the probable amount of the retiring pension which his growing infirmities must soon compel him to sue for, on the ground of long service. And Tom Scott, the raw junior, in whom there was no guile indeed, but who belonged to that unfortunate category of boys who are born blunderers, was at *his* desk, too, wretched because he had made some capital error in the books that had been given over to him to post up, and he was not arithmetician enough to discover and rectify the blunder. Poor Tom Scott! Mr. Bartlett had chidden him but yesterday, as "not worth his salt;" and, as likely as not, the manager would be over at Thorsdale again on the morrow, and would expect to find the task-work of his subalterns complete. Don, who was an excellent accountant, and good-natured withal, might yet set the problem at rest and save his office companion a scolding; but somehow, Tom, glancing at Don's face, grave and stern and sad, as he sat with his pen in his hand, did not like to disturb him just then with a petition for aid in his dilemma.

Although Don had a pen in his hand, he was not, just then, plying it in the earl's service. No better clerk—no clerk, indeed, so good—had earned his salary in the land-office, during the viziership of Mr. Bartlett, or that of his father. There had been young clerks who could cipher well and conduct a correspondence neatly, and there had been others who scoured the braes like the galloping hero of some Scottish ballad. But, as a rule, the lads that could write could not ride, and the lads that were untiring in the saddle made provoking mistakes in their accounts. But Don was a model. Through mist and rain, over boggy moorland or along an ill-kept bridle-path, he made his way, swiftly and smoothly, as commonly happens when horse and horseman are in tune, so to speak, with one another. In lone farms, where the solitary household had contracted manners morose and rugged, Don's frank, bright mien and address won all hearts, and "Bless ye, my bonny bairn—a born gentle, if ever there was one!"

was the verdict at house-doors where strangers were seldom well received or approved of. And in the office, Screedle himself, who had learned to look on Don as his probable successor, owned that the new recruit had mastered with incredible quickness every detail of the routine.

Don was engaged just then in writing a letter. Here it is :—

"DEAR, DEAREST VIOLET,—This is the first letter I have ever written to you, and, sad to say, I fear it must also be the last. I shall never cease to love you, sweet one, but I have had a rude reminder of the high barrier which stands between us two. There it is, like some cruel wall that shuts in a prisoner. In the first joy of my love—of our love, dear Violet—I forgot, almost, the inequality of our condition; I forgot that you were the young lady, and I the jet-hunter—or, if I remembered it, it was but in the hope that I might one day be deemed worthy of you. But now that your guardian tells me you are a great heiress, I feel the news to be a death-blow to my hopes, unless indeed a fortune, in some strange and unexpected manner, should come to me. It is as though you had been suddenly lifted up, on golden wings, out of my reach.

"That you do not believe in the mistaken accusation which Mr. Marsh has made against me, I am, my love, quite sure—as sure as I am of my own honour and my own faith. But others may believe it; though few, I trust, of those who have known me would credit me with baseness such as that. It is needful that I should be careful to keep my good name—that is all I have—from being sullied by malicious tongues. If I were certain that I had really lost you, Violet, my darling, I think the blow would break my heart. As it is, the thought of you must nerve me to do all I can to win a higher station in life—not from mere ambition, but because in winning it I may win that dearest prize, yourself. I do not think I shall long remain at Thorsdale, or indeed in England, but my plans cannot yet be settled. In any case, I love you, dear, with every fibre of my heart. Never, come weal or woe, my Violet, cease to believe in the faith and fondness of

"DON—YOUR DON."

Don was not much of a letter-writer—he had indeed, fond as he was of books, led a life of action—nor had he often had occasion to conduct a correspondence of any sort. Two or three young fellows, sons of dalesmen—who belonged to that class of poor and proud yeomanry who are most plentiful in Yorkshire and Northumberland, and who had been jet-hunters for awhile—had gone off to seek their fortunes in one or other of the two Americas, or beneath the starry skies of Australia, and had begged Don to write to them, always in the hope, they severally said, that he would be again a comrade, "out there." But this was his first letter to her he loved, and a sorrowful one it was. He folded it, and placed it in its envelope, already directed. Then he rose.

"I wanted to ask you, Mr. Don, to help me out of this muddle, if you would be so kind," called out Tom Scott, who had been watching his opportunity.

Don's own sorrows had not, as sometimes happens in maturer age, produced the effect of rendering him callous to the woes of other people. He came, smiling, to draw a chair up to where bewildered Tom sat before his desk, asked where the shoe pinched, and in a quarter of an hour had thrown light upon the darkling labyrinth of young Mr. Scott's disordered accounts.

"It's all right, you see, now that the confusion between the debit and the credit is over, and the general expenses are got clear from the capital account," said Don, as he laid aside the pen. "Write it out clearly, and keep each item distinct, and I think there will be no further difficulty with Mr. Bartlett."

And Don went out to post his letter. There was a post-office in Thorsdale village, newly set up, although at the earl's residence they adhered to old usage and the institution of the post-bag sent over from Daneborough. It was but three-quarters of a mile, across the Park, from the Old Steward's House to the Hall, but it was a mile and a half round by the deer-palings and the stone-walled pleasaunce to the village of Thorsdale. Commonly, then, when a clerk in the earl's land-office wrote a letter, he preferred to cross the Park, and entrust it to the letter-bag always hanging up behind one of the marble columns in the entrance-hall of his noble employer's mansion, to a longer trudge that he might drop the stamped and directed missive into the narrow slit in the boarded window of the span-new office at Thorsdale. But Don chose the latter alternative. He walked round to the village, and posted his letter, all unconscious that, at that very moment, Violet Mowbray's pen was, now flying, now lingering over the paper as she wrote to himself, and that the two love-letters would cross one another, as the phrase is, and simultaneously reach their recipients on the next morning.

I have given Don's letter. Here is Violet's :—

"MY DARLING—MY POOR, DEAR, DEAREST DON,—My own, my very own, if you could tell how proud your Violet is of you, and of your love, and that you should have chosen Violet Mowbray—picked out poor little me—from all the world, I think it might be some comfort to you at this present time. Believe me, Don dear, that when I saw you bearing with such noble patience every angry word of an old man—who is good, too, and I am sure meant to do his duty, cruelly unjust as his speech was—my heart bled for you. But you knew, did you not, that your Violet was grieved for your grief, and hurt by your pain? Dearest, under what unfortunate impression Mr. Marsh, my guardian, was acting when he addressed you as he did, I do not know, and cannot learn. He will tell me nothing, except that he had his reasons for what he said. I am sure that he will one day learn to do you justice. As for that miserable money, I hate the very mention of it. If it really is mine, Don, my love, I will renounce it if I can; and if they will not let me do that—I am but a girl, and know nothing of the law—why not let it be used to help you to become great and famous, as you deserve to be, and to rise in life?

"My guardian has spoken to Mr. Langton, and to Mrs. Langton, his niece, concerning you, and they have both said some words to me. They were both of them good and kind, my darling, and are your friends yet, and certain, though they do not speak out, that Mr. Marsh, worthy man, is the victim of some extraordinary delusion. But my guardian has an authority which will last till I am twenty-one, and which he threatens to exert unless his wishes are attended to. He talks of taking me away from Yorkshire, and shutting me up in Dagger Court, in the City. He does not mean to be unkind, he says, but it is his duty to act thus, if—if you and I are to be thrown together. Those are his words, dear, not mine. And Mr. Langton has reasoned with him, but to no purpose, and so, he bids me say, it will be wiser for you not to come to Woodburn for the present.

"But I love you, Don, my dear, dear boy. You are all the world to poor little Violet. And remember, if we are parted now, it is not for ever. If it were, I could not endure it, however much submission may become a girl's nature. But it is not so, you know. At twenty-one, my darling, I shall be free, and then we can be happy; and if there really is this hateful fortune, why, it shall be for my husband to choose whether we will have it or not. But what I fear, Don, is lest you should form some rash resolve—something that would make me unhappy, and take you from me—perhaps for ever, who knows?—because of scruples that you need not feel; indeed you need not, because, rich or poor, Violet loves her Don—her own dear chosen. Pray be patient, love; pray try to be patient and to wait, as I will do. I know that waiting comes easier to a girl than to a man; but still, for my sake, Don, try to bear this. And remember, darling, that, come what will, your poor little Vi will love no one, care for no one, marry no one, except her Don, whom she thinks of night and day. So please be patient for the sake of your own

"VIOLET MOWBRAY."

To say that Don pressed this letter to his lips and to his heart, that he read it, and re-read it a hundred

times, always finding out in it some new well-spring of tenderness and fond affection, is to repeat the veriest commonplace. But not the less did he feel as if it behoved him to leave England, and to seek out for himself a more adventurous career than that of a clerk in Lord Thorsdale's land-office, if he were to feel himself worthy of Violet Mowbray for his wife.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

ON THE TRAIL.

CONSTABLE BARNUM, on his round of daily duty in the dull streets of sleepy Daneborough, with his sharp eyes intent on tramps, beggars, and miscellaneous vagrants, had yet time to busy his sharp brains on what his superior officer, Superintendent Swann, in moments of confidential intercourse was wont to designate as "the anonymous letter job." Nature had gifted the humble constable with better brains than had fallen to the lot of his commander. Of course he was not so well connected as was Mr. Swann, who was linked by the ties of close consanguinity with the aldermanic purple, and might soon justly boast of being cousin to the Worshipful the Mayor. Nor had his antecedents been so respectable.

Mention has been made in a previous chapter of the fact that Constable Barnum had once been a member of the light-fingered fraternity. He was, to use his own expression, on the right side of the hedge now, and he was aware that, oddly enough, he owed a portion of the respect which his pompous chief secretly entertained for him, to the circumstance of his having in his day picked pockets and cracked cribs. "Set a thief to catch a thief" is, in police affairs, a time-honoured axiom, which has been acted on in more countries than our own.

The rat-eyed policeman, as he patrolled the streets of the quiet Yorkshire sea-port, kept puzzling himself about the solution of the riddle which had been professionally propounded to him. Constable Barnum was, as the saying is, on his promotion. And his best way to promotion, as he instinctively felt, would be to hang on to the skirts of his corpulent patron, and rise in virtue of the Superintendent's good wishes. He was, and knew himself to be, in point of brains superior, but inferior as to muscle, to the stalwart Yorkshiremen around him. And town councillors are prone to choose a policeman as they would a cart-horse, according to his thews and sinews. Barnum was not strong, nor had he, as Superintendent Swann had, an imposing appearance. He felt that he must worm his way upwards. Already he had been mentioned in the *Daneborough Vigilant*, and the *Daneborough Mercury*, as "that zealous and efficient officer," acting as *fidus Achates* to that bulky and belauded Hector of Troy, "our admirable and energetic Superintendent of Borough Police." Before long, Alderman Swann would be Mayor of Daneborough, and, who knew! Ichabod Barnum installed as serjeant detective at the station, thence to be transferred to Leeds, Birmingham, Liverpool, London itself.

Constable Barnum, then, kept his restless, slanting black eyes continually at work, and his plotting brain too, for the elucidation of the puzzle. He had seen foreign handwritings, and he had heard, at second-hand, Mr. Marsh's opinion as to the authorship of the pink and perfumed letter. It seemed, then, an especially fortunate circumstance when he spied, at the corner of the High Street, a well-dressed young woman, with dark, flashing eyes, well-cut features, and a sallow complexion, like gold-bronze—in short, undoubtedly a foreigner. She had a letter in her hand, and in a moment more she had dropped it into the lion's mouth of the Daneborough Post-office, which stands, or then stood, quite at the upper end of High Street.

Constable Barnum's own rat-like eyes sparkled. Places vary, and what in London would signify nothing, might be of portentous importance in a provincial town like Daneborough of the drowsy streets. The policeman affected to be engaged in buttoning one of his stiff white buckskin gloves—they like to see their protectors gloved, as well as braceleted, belted, and with helmed heads, in quiet boroughs such as the one I am depicting—but he had acquired, perhaps while on the wrong side of the legal hedge, the art of seeing without looking, which is commonly supposed to be a gift exclusively feminine. That this girl was handsome, though probably less so than she had been, that she was proud and fierce and shrewd, and that, although neatly and even handsomely dressed, she was not a lady, he could easily discern. She had some books in her left hand, three volumes, bound in green cloth, and with a square of printed paper pasted upon each, which Constable Barnum readily guessed to be the address of some circulating library.

The girl passed the policeman without taking any more notice of him than if he had been a lamp-post, and he very slowly and cautiously followed the girl, much as a hunting spider pursues an unwitting fly along a window-ledge. The object of Constable Barnum's pursuit tripped daintily down the flagstones, until she disappeared within the doorway over which stood, resplendent with gold-leaf somewhat tarnished, the Lion and the Unicorn, while above the shop-window was inscribed "Bennett's Royal Library." Constable Barnum immediately began to take a deep interest, first in the joints of meat and dangling carcases of sheep displayed by Bridger, the butcher, opposite, and then in the printed announcements that filled the window of Mr. Flashman, auctioneer and appraiser, on his own side of the street.

But none the less did he watch the door of the Royal Library with as unrelaxing a scrutiny as ever a weasel bestowed upon a rabbit-hole.

Presently the girl came out. She brought no books with her. She had, however, in her gloved hand a slip of paper, probably some memorandum or list of commissions, after consulting which she tripped daintily forward again, and entered a Berlin wool shop a few doors lower down. After an instant's hesitation Constable Barnum entered the library.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said deferentially, to Mrs. Bennett behind the counter, "but might I ask you, on Superintendent Swann's account, if that young

lady who just called in here with books—I see 'em, bound in green—is a stranger, and a foreigner?"

Mrs. Bennett did not know the policeman, and perhaps would have resented his questioning; but she was mollified by the name of his superior officer, connected as that superior officer was with the lofty ones of the earth. She was herself a customer of her neighbour, Alderman Swann, as he was of her. So she made answer, "A foreigner she is, but not exactly a stranger, here at least. Mademoiselle, as they call her, has been here, a dozen times or more, on errands from the countess. She is her ladyship's new foreign maid, not French, but something more outlandish still, and a prime favourite, so the other Thorsdale servants say, with my lady. No, I don't know her name. Mademoiselle is what she's called. Books? yes, she chose a lot, and there they lie, till the carriage comes round. She's gone now, Mademoiselle has, to a lot of other shops, and she'll go back presently in the carriage, with the parcels for my lady at Thorsdale."

Taking a polite leave of Mrs. Bennett, so soon as he was sure that no further information was to be gleaned from her garrulity, Constable Barnum walked with quick steps up the street again, and entered the post-office. The postmistress was at first disposed to demur to his petition that he might be allowed to look at the last letter which had been dropped into the box. But again the well-known name of Superintendent Swann produced a talismanic effect, and the fact, too, of a previous relaxation of official discipline disposed the postmistress to yield a reluctant consent.

"I hope it is not against the rules," muttered the postmistress; "I do hope so."

"Surely not, ma'am," suggested the tempter, "so long as you don't let anything go out of your own hands. A peep at the outsides might be had, mightn't it, by any chance customer that dropped in while one of these young ladies happened to be sorting or stamping at the table there. And in this case it will very much oblige my superior officer, and further the ends of justice."

The postmistress gave way. Had she not given way before, she would have been inexorable now; but, as it was, she yielded so far as, with unwilling fingers, to take out from the box some half-score of the uppermost letters, and to hold them up, one by one, asking, in a dry perfunctory manner, "Is it this?" and then again, "Is this the one?"

At last between the postmistress's finger and thumb there did appear a letter, pink, stamped in accordance with the regulations of the Postal Union of Nations, and directed to some person residing in the town of Arad, in Hungary. There could be no mistake about the identity of the stationery, or of the foreign handwriting, with the handwriting, or the stationery, of the anonymous epistle received in Creek Lane, E.C., by Violet's guardian.

"May I trouble you, ma'am, to hold that pink letter up half a minute? Thank you," said Constable Barnum; "yes, that is quite sufficient for Mr. Superintendent Swann, and in his name, ma'am, I beg to express my sense of your kindness."

Ten minutes later, in the small inner den of the cramped police station of Daneborough, Superintendent Swann, looming, as usual, all too large for the narrow apartment allotted to him, was listening to the report of his zealous subordinate. It was beautiful to see with what marked respect the clever policeman, who had been a thief, addressed his dull superior officer, who owed his present position to the fact that he was born a Swann, and that Swann had always been a name of note in the municipal annals of that seaside borough in Yorkshire. There were those among the strong, solid members of the borough police, who whispered that "Yankee Barnum had found the length of the governor's foot." It may—nay, it must have been so; but then it must be owned that Constable Barnum was a very serviceable satellite to that luminary, the chief of the Daneborough guardians of order.

"I acted, sir, as I feel sure you would have desired me to do; and my only regret was, since there was no time to be lost, that you had not been there yourself, sir, to manage the rest of it, as you know so well how to do," humbly remarked the private constable.

"You did the trick pretty well, Barnum—pretty well," said Superintendent Swann condescendingly. "But it is lucky I was here, for somebody has set a light to farmer Moggs's ricks, within the limits of the borough, and I was intending to walk out, and report whether malice or accident. But I'll send the serjeant." He rose as he spoke, and opening the door which led into the outer office, gave the necessary orders. Then he came back.

"You feel sure, my man, as to the identity of the handwriting?" demanded the chief authoritatively.

"Smack calf-skin to it, Mr. Superintendent," replied the policeman, thereby intimating his willingness to give legal testimony with the customary formalities.

"It is very remarkable," philosophically observed Mr. Swann, "how often the same idea, or rather the bud of it, comes into your head, Barnum, which is already full-blown, so to speak, in mine. 'Foreign lady's-maid!' says I to myself when I went to bed last night, and 'Foreign lady's-maid!' I exclaimed on waking, so loud that Mrs. Swann heard me, and inquired what I meant by it. And I prove to be right."

"It's very extraordinary, sir, how your active brains do reach the very marrow of a thing!" admiringly returned the rat-eyed policeman on his promotion. "And now, Mr. Superintendent, unless I am very much mistaken I calculate that, since the opportunity is too good a one to be lost, you will prefer to see what can be made of Mademoiselle, as they call her, before she leaves the town."

"Again, the very remark which I was about to make. You improve, Barnum, you do. But now," complacently replied the Superintendent, "I propose to strike, as I call it, while the iron is hot."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

MADEMOISELLE GLITKA.

LADIES such as the Countess of Thorsdale, handsome, rich, and almost young, have many requirements.

Their caprices are manifold, their purses capacious; hence new whims are vehemently welcomed, and almost idly forgotten. And English ladies of rank like to have a foreign maid, just as English ladies'-maids are in high demand among the aristocracy of Paris. Perhaps we all of us see the merits, and are blind to the faults, of the native of another country. Lady Thorsdale thought that in Glitka, deft, lithe, bold, and quick to comprehend, she had found perfection. Every now and then she despatched Mademoiselle, as the English servants called her, to execute a string of commissions in Daneborough. Glitka forgot nothing; Glitka deemed nothing impossible—matched unlikely shades, hunted out improbable fabrics from recondite shelves, and, in short, was very adroit as Iris to the Juno whom she served. On this particular occasion Glitka's list was a long one, and the carriage which had brought her from Thorsdale Park to Daneborough, and which had been "put up" at the "King's Arms" inn, and posting-house of pre-railway celebrity, had some time to wait. But the fare at the "King's Arms" is good, and the coachman, though an under-coachman, found in the stable-yard and the common room admiring listeners. Coroneted buttons on a livery coat do produce the effect, in a certain stratum of society, which stars and crosses and jewelled decorations bring about else-

"'MAY I TROUBLE YOU, MA'AM, TO HOLD THAT PINK LETTER UP HALF A MINUTE?'" (*p.* 452).

where. The under-coachman from Thorsdale Park was quite content to wait.

Mademoiselle Glitka, gliding, tripping, with her well-fitting boots, over the Daneborough pavement, entered shop after shop, creating, generally, a little flutter among the inmates of each emporium, partly due to the importance of such a customer as her noble mistress, partly also to the energetic and impatient manner in which she conducted her shopping. She did not wait, as an English lady's-maid would have done, to be supplied in accordance with her demand, but, as indignant tradespeople declared, "drove people about, in her foreign way, asking if it isn't here, or isn't there, as if she knew more about the shelves and drawers of folks' shops, or what they'd got in stock, than the folks knew themselves."

Had Mademoiselle been purchasing on her own account, doubtless the favour of her future custom would have been declined by many a resentful purveyor of feminine wares. But the Earl of Thorsdale was a very great magnate in those parts, and Glitka was merely the emissary of the earl's countess, so that, in homely parlance, to affront the confidential maid of such a lady as Lady Thorsdale, would have been indeed to quarrel with one's bread-and-butter.

Glitka, as she darted to and fro, like a kingfisher on the wing above the reed-beds and sedgy shallows of a river, never noticed the two helmeted figures that watched her from the corner of Tontine Street, which, as every native of Daneborough knows, crosses High Street at its lower extremity, at right angles.

"There is an awkwardness about it, Barnum," the Superintendent condescended to observe, much as a general on the battle-field imparts his feelings to a trusty staff-officer, "because of her ladyship at Thorsdale."

Certainly, the name of a lord is yet strangely influential in England. The old power that once attached to patrician rank may have dwindled to a shadow, but the prestige remains. And, after all, a great landowner, deputy lieutenant of the county, and with much house property in Daneborough, was a potentate not lightly to be angered. Yet Superintendent Swann's palm hungered for more of Mr. Marsh's money, and his vanity longed to be titillated by newspaper encomiums. And he had an idea that he was hired on the side of truth, and against the wrong-doers, which lent him boldness.

"There she goes again!" presently ejaculated the chief policeman, as, just when he had made up his mind to accost the foreign damsel, Glitka dived into a shop where beads, and trimmings, and miscellaneous fripperies were sold.

"Perhaps, sir, it would be better to make sure of her now," suggested Constable Barnum, who feared lest the Thorsdale carriage should suddenly appear upon the scene. If it did so, the opportunity would be lost. But the carriage did not appear, and by-and-by Glitka, with sundry small parcels, emerged from the repository of miscellaneous fripperies. Superintendent Swann plucked up courage, and strode forward.

"Mademoiselle," he said, and then came to a dead stop.

Glitka did not start, but she halted, turned her face towards the tall policeman-in-chief, and cast a snake-like glance at him, a glance that showed repugnance, but no alarm.

"You speak to me?" she asked deliberately.

"I beg your pardon, I am sure, Mademoiselle," apologised the big Superintendent; "but then, you see, we of the Force are obliged sometimes, in the execution of our duties, to ask a question or two."

"Have I broken your laws?" the girl asked defiantly.

The Superintendent coughed, awkwardly, behind his white-gloved hand. The question was, indeed, one hard to answer. The police, and in especial our own police, delight in Delphic utterances. They love a bit of mystery. The law gives them a certain—or rather, an uncertain power over evil-doers, but nobody seems quite to know how far that power extends. Sir William Blackstone—sturdy stem on which so many a graft of legal erudition has taken root—declared the bounds between royal authority and the freedom of the subject to have remained unmeted. So, in our own time, the stipendiary magistrates and the writers of leading articles in the principal London newspapers, with some assistance from the Home Office and the Supreme Court of Justice, settle in rough-and-ready fashion what the police may, and what they may not, do. On the one hand, we have a zealous executive, caring nothing for, and knowing nothing of, the Great Charter, the Bill of Rights, or any other palladium; on the other, a mass of public opinion antagonistic, in a dull, vague way, to being dragooned, coerced, or spied upon.

And then Superintendent Swann really did not know whether the foreign lady's-maid had broken the law, or had not broken it. All that he positively knew, or pertinently surmised, was that she had written and sent an anonymous letter. The penning of such letters is not a statutory offence. Libels, and letters intended to annoy, do indeed bring their authors to punishment, when caught. But the mere fact that a volunteer correspondent prefers to remain shrouded in darkness is not as yet in contravention of any Act of Parliament.

"I hope no offence," said the chief of the Daneborough police, with a meekness that was unusual with him. "The fact is, we want information. And from what we have learned, Mademoiselle, you are in a position to tell us what we want to know."

"You stop me in your streets as if I were some poor Zigana—some miserable gipsy from Wallachia, or the Banat—whom any one may question, and whose passport is tattered with the thumbing of gendarme and village beadle," angrily exclaimed the foreign girl, with all a Hungarian's resentful scorn of that police interference to which a German submits so stolidly. "What is your information to me, sir? Or by what right do you molest me? I live at Thorsdale Park. Come there, if you dare."

And Glitka, disdainful and resolute, put out her

little hand, as if to brush away the intruders, with a quick, imperious gesture.

Superintendent Swann, with his mouth open, and his big hands hanging helplessly by his side, knew not what to say, but his acolyte had quicker wits than he.

"You see, miss," said the rat-eyed policeman, speaking with a marked deference, and touching the peak of his helmet as he spoke, "this is no charge, no accusation, but a delicate matter, concerning a letter, which Mr. Marsh, who is our employer—or rather that of my superior officer, Mr. Superintendent Swann, of the borough police, here—has got us to make inquiries about. Mr. Marsh, I can assure you, miss, has no hostile feeling towards the writer of that letter; but is now in Yorkshire, anxious to see the lady who wrote it, since he fancies she might be as anxious as he is to prevent a marriage between a certain mercenary party, and a certain young lady who shall be nameless. And Mr. Marsh has found, since he came down from London, that the duty he had set before him is not quite so easy as he had hoped. But this, Mr. Superintendent Swann could tell you better than myself."

"You mean," said Glitka, in an altered tone, while her dark eyes alternately dilated and contracted, "that the traitor presses his suit, in spite of the guardian you mean."

She said no more, but stood hesitating. She had said enough, however, for her words were equivalent to a confession, so far as the authorship of the anonymous letter was concerned. Even Superintendent Swann's slow-working brain perceived that. He longed to take her into custody, then and there. But it was necessary to speak her fair, and so he said, as smoothly as he could—

"If you would do us the favour, Mademoiselle, to give us five minutes' conversation, away from this public place, where, as you see, we are attracting notice already, it would be a very great obligation, besides helping on to the object we both have, mutually, in view."

The Superintendent may have been a little involved in his grammar, and obscure in his diction, but Glitka understood him well enough. And there was no denying the fact that, even in Daneborough, and somnolent places of that stamp, there are prying eyes, and tongues that wag whenever pabulum for gossip can be found. Already, a little dull curiosity had been awakened by the unaccustomed spectacle of two police officers in full uniform, in conversation with a dark and handsome young person with flashing eyes, and whom some of the starers knew to be Lady Thorsdale's foreign maid.

"But where am I to go?" asked the girl impatiently. "Is your bureau—office, you call it, or station, near to hand?"

"Why, not exactly so, Mademoiselle," replied the perplexed Superintendent, wishing, with all his heart, that the Daneborough municipality had provided himself and his satellites with less narrow lodgings. It would never do to give audience there, in that tiny den at the station, to a vehement foreigner of the fair sex. To talk with Mr. Marsh had been possible, if inconvenient, but he trembled at the idea of Mademoiselle's shrill voice reverberating through those cramped premises, and every policeman turned into an unwilling eavesdropper.

In this emergency, Constable Barnum, as often happened, came to the rescue of his embarrassed chief.

"The Imperial Hotel, sir," he said in a low voice, "is very near, just round the corner of Tontine Street, and very respectable, as I dare say this lady knows. I think, if you were to select a quiet place——"

"Why, just so!" broke in the Superintendent, loudly and confidently. "It has come into my head, Mademoiselle, that we couldn't do better than talk the affair over in one of the private sitting-rooms at the Imperial Hotel, which is what I call handy to here, only one minute's walk, and where Mr. and Mrs. Larding know me well. So, if you'll walk in front of us, that far——"

Glitka, with a slight inclination of her proud head, notified her assent to this proposal. Then she walked on, with no appearance of hurry or confusion, though by this time heads were thrust forth from shop-doors and first-floor windows. She turned the corner of Tontine Street, and came to a stop in front of the Imperial Hotel, which had nothing imperial about it, except that it was big, a great overbuilt barrack of an inn, which had ruined the company that constructed it, which did little business, but needed much repair, and about which, even now, a savour of bankruptcy clung. Superintendent Swann went in, bustling, and, having presumably obtained the consent of the hotel-keeper or his wife, respectfully invited Mademoiselle to enter.

Mademoiselle complied, but, once in a damp little sitting-room, furnished in Honduras mahogany and horsehair, she turned on the Superintendent like a wild cat at bay.

"Are you an enemy, or are you a friend?" she asked, showing her white teeth, tigerishly.

"I'd much prefer, Mademoiselle, to be a friend," said the Superintendent, doing his best to be diplomatic. "What we both desire, I am sure, is to protect a certain young lady, and to prevent a certain designing person from——"

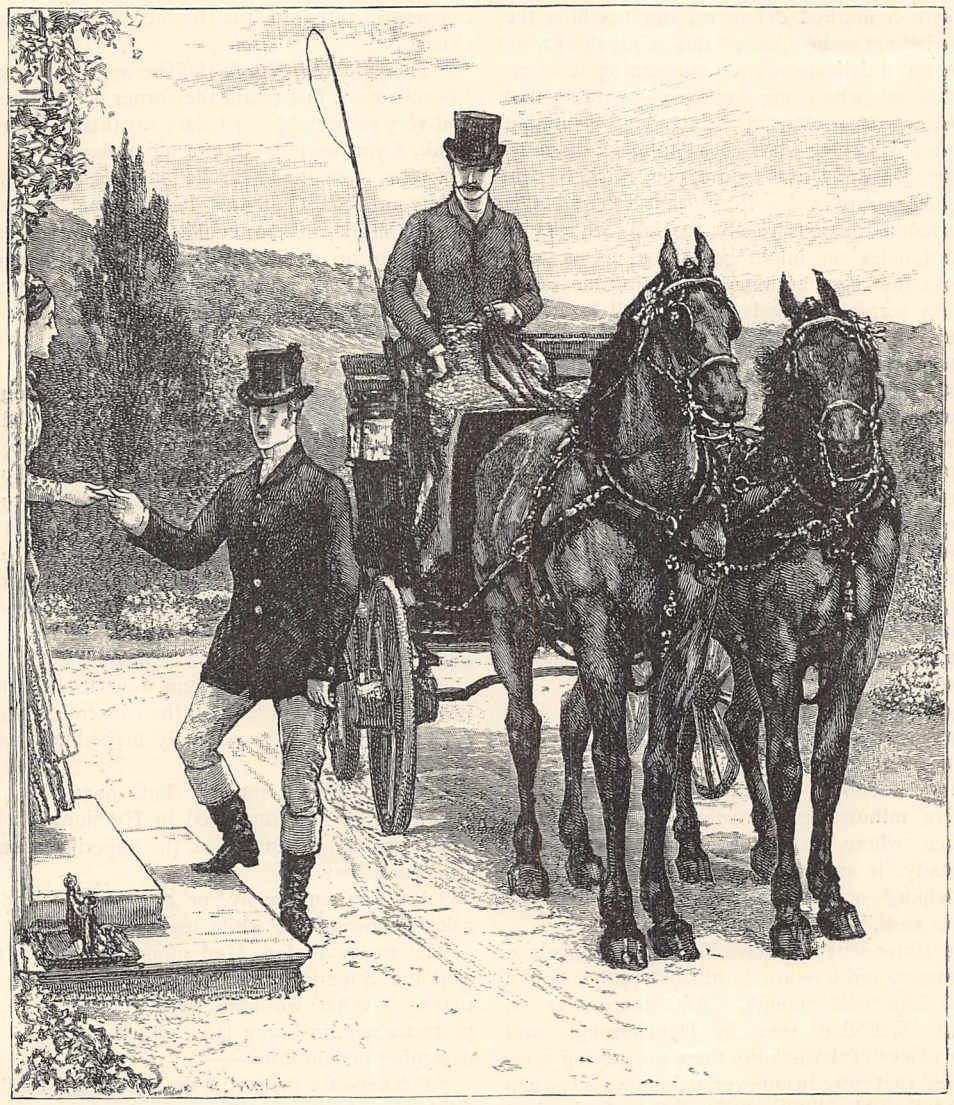
"For her—for the girl, I care nothing!" flashed out Glitka scornfully. "What matters to me your Miss Violet, one of your English dolls, pink and white, and always as if moulded in the wax? But he—the false chevalier—the traitor—he shall not marry her because she has money. No, I will stab him before he does!"

Superintendent Swann was too much amazed at this fresh outburst to be ready with his reply. But Constable Barnum was up to the situation.

"What my superior officer and myself wish for, miss," he said glibly, "is to make things comfortable, and to put a stopper on the plans of a certain gentleman that wants a rich wife, while the guardian of young Miss Mowbray remains in Yorkshire. Now,

miss. Mr. Marsh is a business man. He is wasting his time here, and of course cannot afford to loiter always at Woodburn. And he, and he alone, as Superintendent Swann has impressed upon me, over and over again, in that clear-sighted way he has, has authority to put an end to this gentleman's little game. Perhaps, miss, if you and he—meaning Mr. Marsh—would have a chat over things, as my superior officer has often suggested, and agree to pull together——"

"You are right!" responded Glitka decisively—"Yes, I will do it. Tell your employer, your Mr. Marsh, that he has only to write to me, and I will meet him, and give him proofs, to enable him to act. That I live at Thorsdale Park—that I am maid to Milady the Countess, you know. Give me a piece of paper—I have a pencil—and I will write my name."



"SENDING IN HIS CARD, ACCOMPANIED BY A REQUEST THAT HE MIGHT SEE MR. MARSH FROM LONDON" (*p.* 457).

The piece of paper was brought. The foreign maid, in a bold free hand, wrote down the words—

"*Mademoiselle Glitka Eberganyi.*"

"Good-bye!" she said shortly, and, with a nod, went out. Superintendent Swann stalked in contemplative fashion back to the police station, while his shrewd acolyte returned to his dull beat amid the tranquil streets.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

A PROPOSAL IN FORM.

SIR RICHARD MORTMAIN had one advantage over some others of his compeers. Whatever part he desired to play, he knew the attire that would befit the occasion, and could, at any rate, dress according to the character. On the morning of the same day that witnessed the interview between Glitka Eberganyi and the two Daneborough officials, the master of Mortmain drove from his house at Helston to Woodburn Parsonage. He drove his mail phaeton, with the silver-mounted harness, and the two splendid bright bays, with black points, and faultless manes, and tempers as free from fault, matched to a quarter of an inch, and as perfect as carriage-horses can be. The very servant behind him was a model groom. As for the baronet himself, he wore a frock coat, exactly buttoned, and his gloves, and his boots, and his hat were just what gloves, and boots, and a hat ought to be.

"Master be going a-courting!" was the verdict of the servants' hall.

"Not he," sardonically rejoined the testy under-butler, who repined at his exile from London. "If he'd been bent on spooning, he'd have had a flower in his buttonhole, wouldn't he? You girls cotton to a chap with a rosebud stuck in his coat. But Sir Richard has got none, and, besides, he looks as serious as if he were going to be hanged, or, anyhow, judged. Most likely he wants to coax a loan out of an attorney."

Sir Richard drove across to Woodburn, and to the Parsonage, the bright bays keeping step admirably well, and their owner pondering in his mind, as with his whip he lightly touched their silken manes, on what they would fetch at an auction or how much he could get for them in dealing with a friend.

He reined up the high-stepping bays in front of the ivy-covered Parsonage, and, sending in his card, accompanied the scrap of pasteboard by a request that he might see, not Mr. Langton, but Mr. Marsh from London, if that gentleman would kindly accord him ten minutes for a brief conversation.

This message sent in, Sir Richard sat quite still and impassive, with the reins in his well-gloved hand. He had often been at the Parsonage before, as we know, and was no stranger there, but on this occasion he did not choose to presume upon his former acquaintance, and almost intimacy, with Mr. and Mrs. Langton, but remained without, in his carriage, waiting for a reply. That the rector and his wife were surprised is not wonderful. In houses of the calibre of Woodburn Parsonage, members of the family sometimes permit themselves the pardonable indiscretion of peeping from windows when hoofs and wheels are heard without, and, no doubt, it was known that Sir Richard Mortmain was outside, with his best horses, and dressed with unusual care, and grave of aspect. Then, too, he would not come in, but in ceremonious style craved an interview with Mr. Marsh.

"At all events, the visit, sir, is to you,' said the rector genially. "Perhaps you would like to see him in my study?'

No arrangement could have been better. Mr. Marsh stepped into the clergyman's cosy book-room, with its well-stored shelves and littered tables, and into the study Sir Richard Mortmain was promptly shown. The master of Mortmain was urbane, and almost deferential, in the tone which he had chosen to adopt.

"Mr. Marsh," he said blandly, as soon as he had accepted the chair that was offered to him, "you will be surprised, I fear, at my calling upon you without the honour of an introduction; nor is it probable that I am known to you, even by report. But I was informed that Miss Mowbray's guardian, whose name is familiar to me through my intercourse with our kind friends at the Parsonage here, was on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Langton. And it is because you are Miss Mowbray's guardian that I have ventured to trouble you to-day."

Mr. Marsh made a sort of bow, and grunted assent, pricking up his ears the while. He had not, as yet, divined the nature of the baronet's possible business with him.

"The fact is, sir," said Sir Richard, with a frank smile, "that—though it costs me something to make the avowal to a gentleman who, unfortunately, is a total stranger to me—I am in love with Miss Violet Mowbray, your beautiful young ward, and I have considered that the most straightforward course of proceeding was to go direct to the guardian, who, in her case, represents the authority of a parent, and tell him so, leaving him to decide, as to the eligibility of my proposals, as his sense of duty and his knowledge of the world shall dictate. I am aware," ingenuously added the master of Mortmain, "that the course I have thought it right to adopt is an old-fashioned one, and perhaps unusual in these days; but I hope, dear sir, that you will forgive me if my honest wish to deal fairly by Miss Mowbray has led me to deviate from modern practice."

Mr. Marsh nodded approval, and gave his grey hair a rub upwards. He thought the better of Sir Richard for his regard for antique fashions, especially when it was a question of a point so delicate as this. The working partner in the firm of Crump, Marsh, and Caxton, confirmed old bachelor though he was, had yet a lofty idea of courtship and matrimony, and had all his life cherished the ancient theory that an offer of marriage should be preceded by a formal application to parents for permission to be a suitor. This wholesome rule is a little out of date in a hasty and irreverent age like ours, but there seemed to be something chivalrous, something Grandisonian, so to speak, in the baronet's conduct. And then he *was* a baronet, and the name of Mortmain sounded well.

"You have taken me somewhat by surprise," said Mr. Marsh hesitatingly. "Nothing, you see, Sir Richard, had prepared me for this application, or for the notion that you had formed a deep attachment to my ward. Miss Mowbray is still very young."

"She is, indeed," rejoined the baronet earnestly, but almost humbly. "But would she not be happier,

sir, with an assured position, and under a husband's care, than fatherless and motherless in such a world as that which we see around us? But perhaps you may consider me as too old for Miss Mowbray?—There *is* a disparity of age, as I am aware."

"No, no, by no means!" exclaimed Mr. Marsh, as the image of Don in his youthful beauty rose up before his mental vision; "I think a husband should be older than his wife. There would be no objection on that score."

"And, I hope, not on any other," chimed in the baronet fervently. "There has been a long friendship, Mr. Marsh, between Mr. Langton, your nephew here, and my late father, and I was glad to renew the acquaintance some weeks ago, before I knew that Miss Mowbray, whom I have since learned to love, was an inmate of the Parsonage. I know, and I am glad to know, that Miss Mowbray has no fortune."

As Sir Richard said this, the London merchant could not repress a chuckle, while he rubbed his hair vehemently in an upward direction. The baronet for a moment eyed him with surprise, and then went on, as smoothly as before—

"When I say no fortune, I merely speak in the common acceptation of the term. I am myself, as Mr. Langton is aware, a large landowner, so that the three or four hundred pounds a year which I believe to belong to the young lady can scarcely present any temptation to me. Let it, by all means, be strictly tied up, for her separate use. Quite independently of that small income, I could make a handsome settlement upon my wife, if only I could hope to hail your ward as Lady Mortmain."

Again Mr. Marsh chuckled at his own thoughts, and that audibly, although he blushed at his own apparent rudeness. He had been drawing a comparison between the disinterested behaviour of this titled and estated gentleman, and the shameful conduct of him whom he was in the habit of branding as that miserable fortune-hunter, Don.

"I beg your pardon, I am sure," said Mr. Marsh, somewhat confusedly; "but your sentiments, Sir Richard, do you much honour, and I esteem them at their worth, I can assure you."

Sir Richard flinched a little. He looked in uneasy alarm at the drysalter. Could it be possible that Mr. Marsh's praise was ironical—that Mr. Marsh, instead of being his dupe, was an astute observer, who read the baronet's character aright, and saw what lurked beneath the fair-seeming mask? No, it was not possible. Violet's guardian was neither an eccentric humourist, nor a man of preternatural sagacity and knowledge of the world. He was sensible enough, perhaps, in his own groove of business life, but he had no Ithuriel spear to use as an unerring test of perfidy. Wherefore Sir Richard felt at ease again.

"You have taken a load from my heart, Mr. Marsh," said the baronet, quite as if he meant it. "With you on my side, I shall feel almost confident of winning the fair prize I long for. Hitherto, I may own to you, I have been doubtful as to the view that you might entertain of my pretensions."

"Your pretensions, Sir Richard, are well-founded, I am sure," Mr. Marsh responded graciously. "I am, as you perhaps know, a quiet City man, leading a life very unfashionable, but I can quite realise the truth that men of rank and fortune—men like you, Sir Richard—are apt to look for money, as well as pedigree, or instead of pedigree, with their wives. And I can appreciate your conduct, indeed I can, as well as if my own experiences had been as modern as your own. May I ask if you have ever spoken, on this topic I mean, to my ward?"

"I have spoken," answered the baronet, with an ingenuous sort of embarrassment which won him the immediate sympathy of Mr. Marsh, himself a shy man, and therefore alive to all the sufferings to which bashful humanity is heir, "I have spoken, not in direct terms, but in language which many young ladies would have comprehended, if not approved. But Miss Mowbray's timidity and candour, the dearest of her charms in my eyes, seem to hedge her in, like a crystal wall, alike from compliment and from a half-avowal of affection. And it was only in an unguarded moment that I ventured to express the admiration that I have never ceased to feel. Had Miss Mowbray had a father—but, as it is, I come to you, sir, as her guardian, and you will send me from hence a happy and a hopeful man, if I can only feel sure that you consider favourably of my suit."

"Certainly, I'll speak to Violet, and that without delay;" said Mr. Marsh encouragingly. "That much to further your purpose, Sir Richard, I can do. Of course the girl must choose for herself. Girls always do, now-a-days. But advice, if not authority, may still count for something in shaping and moulding the decisions of the fair sex And, Sir Richard, my best wishes are for your success."

When Sir Richard Mortmain had driven off, his well-stepping bays and silver-mounted harness producing quite a sensation in the village street, Mr. Marsh remained vacantly gazing out of the window of the clergyman's study, but taking no cognisance of the plants and flowers without, of the smooth-shaven lawn, or of the gravel dinted by fresh hoof-prints and furrowed by recent wheels.

"That will do!" muttered Mr. Marsh, with an air of satisfaction. "Yes, that will do. Sir Richard Mortmain would be just the husband for that delicate, shrinking little snowdrop of a girl. I'll do my best."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

TAME SNAKES: A TRUE STORY.

BY WALTER SEVERN.

ON a dull afternoon during the Easter recess of 1872, I went out for a holiday stroll towards the river at Chelsea, and on finding myself near to that Dutch-looking quarter, Cheyne Walk, I determined to discover the abode of an old friend, who I had reason to know lodged in the locality. As I knew he was an inveterate smoker, I inquired about him at a tobacconist's, who told me that he had apartments in one of the quaint old houses with ornamental iron gates.

On passing through the gate and ringing the bell, the door was opened by an individual in shirt-sleeves, who informed me that my friend was away. Attracted by the gentlemanly bearing of the coatless individual, whom I had at first taken for a carpenter, I remained talking to him about the quaintness of the old hall and its paintings. I am sure we both felt that there was something sympathetic in our natures—perhaps this consisted in a touch of æsthetic Bohemianism—at all events, he pressed me to stay and smoke with him.

We sat in the front parlour, and chatted pleasantly over a log fire which was burning in a fire-place from which the grate had been removed. Of course we soon discovered that we had mutual friends—where did I ever go, or whom did I ever meet, without making this discovery? After a time, I began to look round the room: no carpet, an old table, a dilapidated sofa, and a few chairs—an impression of curious untidiness was left on my mind.

While looking at some small pictures hanging crooked on the wall, I noticed, what struck me as being very odd, a red blanket protruding from a hole in the wainscoting, near the mantel-piece. In reply to my inquiry as to what this meant, my host said, "Oh! that is where we keep our snakes; are you afraid of snakes?" Before I could stammer out a reply, and while I was trying to steady my nerves, he thrust in his arm, and pulled out with the blanket a lot of serpents, which tumbled on to the ground and the table. Another dive brought out the rest of the blanket, and with it *two large snakes*, which he informed me were special favourites—a python and a boa constrictor. These at once coiled themselves all round my host's body, in and out of his arms, and about his neck.

Dazed with astonishment and shaking with fear, I tried to retreat, but he assured me, in winning accents and soft words, that the "dear things" were quite tame; and for some minutes we stood, I close to the window—which I thought might afford a means of escape—and he between me and the door. Suddenly my eccentric host, who had very large excited eyes, called out that he must really fetch down his wife, and shovelling off the two monsters on to the floor (which he did not do without some difficulty), he darted from the room, closing the door behind him.

* * * * * *

I leave you, kind readers, to imagine my feelings! I experienced a creepy sensation in my hair, and strange feelings of fascination, faintness, and fear stole over me, as I stood rooted to the floor, afraid even to look round at my possible window-escape. The two huge monsters crawled stealthily up the sofa, and kept stretching out their necks to gaze at me, their forked tongues jerking in and out, and their eyes staring with what seemed to me a devilish inquisitiveness. Dante's Inferno, the Laocoon group, and other horrors, filled my brain.

The silence was only disturbed by the beating of my poor heart, and I knew not how long it was before the door opened, and my host reappeared with a pretty lady, who, after a smiling curtsey to me, lifted the snakes from the sofa, or rather, leaning towards them, allowed them to entwine themselves quickly round her comely figure. Although still frightened, I began to heave sighs of relief, and I could not help being impressed by the picturesqueness of the scene. The lady's black velvet bodice showed off to great advantage the large snake-coils, with their curious markings, and her rich brown hair was soon charmingly ruffled by the caresses of the snakes as they poked their noses through it. In a few minutes two little girls appeared, and tripping up to their mother, began playing with the snakes, calling the boa "Cleopatra dear," and actually kissing its nose, until the snake tried impatiently to withdraw its neck from their fond little hands.

Mrs. M., who seemed overweighted with the two snakes, asked her husband to relieve her of the python, and she then proposed that we should have some coffee, which was brought in by the little girls. By this time I had regained my self-possession, and watched her with the keen interest of an artist as she poured out the coffee, and tapped occasionally the head of the boa, which was inquisitively stretched out towards me. During this time the smaller snakes were all about the room, a green one half hidden in the blotting-book and others hanging from the table and chairs, and from Mr. M.'s pockets.

Several months after this adventure, I happened to be at a rather smart wedding, and meeting Lord Arthur Russell (who I knew was a lover of snakes), I narrated the circumstances to him, and was rather taken aback by his proposal that we should go away, there and then, in a hansom cab to Chelsea. "Surely,"

I exclaimed, "you don't propose to leave this goodly company" (Mr. Gladstone was there, among many other celebrities) "and this goodly cheer, to see the snakes?

"'The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mays't hear the merry din.'"

But he was evidently determined. So off we drove to Cheyne Walk, where we fortunately found the snake-charmers at home, and saw much the same scene that I have already described. Lord Arthur was more venturesome than I was, and got one of the smaller reptiles up his sleeve, and Mr. M. had to come to the rescue, and draw it forth through his shirt-cuff. We were shown a very perfect skin, apparently about three yards long, which Mr. M. coolly told us the boa had cast while in bed with him one cold night. He felt "the poor thing fretting about," and kept telling it to be quiet, but it would persist in squeezing between his legs and feet, and in the morning he found that it had shed its skin!

Mr. and Mrs. M. informed us that once, when they were away for two months, they left the two big snakes in charge of a keeper at the Zoo. On their return, the keeper said that if they had delayed much longer the boa might have died, as it was refusing food; and when he produced the snake, it recognised Mrs. M.'s voice, and sprang at her with such vehement affection as nearly to upset her, coiling itself closely round her until they reached home in a cab. Our hosts also informed us that one summer's evening, when the family (including all the snakes) were having tea in the garden, Cleopatra kept swinging from a tree by its tail, and Mr. M., thinking it a good opportunity to gauge the strength of the boa, placed himself under the tree, and allowed the snake to coil itself round his waist. He then found that he could lift his feet from the ground. We were also informed that if the big snakes once made pets of live animals given for food—which they were apt to do when not hungry—they would never eat them, but would wait until fresh beasts or birds were provided.

I must now narrate, in his own language, an incident about these snakes written out for me by an Italian friend, who says—"*Ecco il racconto dell annedoto dei serpenti;* but please correct the English and clean it up. I cannot do better in your language, so much in hurry as you are for it. Mr. M. he was a composer of music; he was very fond of serpents or snakes, and he made a very particular study in the natural history about such kind of fearful reptiles. He very often spoke to me, desirous to show me these animals, which he nursered with care, and brooded the eggs to generate the little ones.

"At the back of his appartement there was a small garden, and next a kind of orchard court, where a merchant of chickens and fowls had a nursery of these domestic animals, which he keeped for trade. At that time Mr. M. had in his bed-room two enormous boa constrictors, which sleeped with him as two little babies, as Mr. M. was confident that not traison or mischief could come from them, so beloved and well trained by him. So he took his sleep confidently every night. But the wild ibrid animals, with a natural bad instinct for rapine and murder, would smell often their prey, the poor innocent chickens, and when Mr. M. peacefully sleeped, the horrid reptiles oozed from the bed, and silently creeped to the gardens where the chickens were, killing and eating often of them. During this assault the chickens begun to *crock*, and some time the proprietor was awaked and visited the garden, and when he discovered a chicken dying and others destroyed, he began for to watch during many nights, till, what was the horror and fright of the master when, at the feeble light of the break of the day, he discovered a sterminate serpent with a large chicken strangled in its coils! At sudden he gave the alarm and called the police; all the neighbours' houses were also frightened; at last he discovers that Mr. M. was the keeper of such extraordinary nuisible things, and went to the court, where the magistrate summoned Mr. M.; but, strange to say, there was not a slight intention found on the part of the unconscious Mr. M. to give harm to anybody, and he was not at all punished for it, but only warned to take measures as to assure that the two serpents would have not in future to make so romantic assays in like excursions nightly to the mild and useful race of bipeds so good for human food."

Some years later, while I was abroad, I noticed in the English newspapers an account of a Chancery suit affecting my friends and their beloved snakes, and on my return, finding that they were likely to be turned out of their house, owing to a stray snake having frightened a neighbour's servant into a fit, I wrote a letter to the *Times*, in defence of the snakes, which will be found quoted in Dr. Romanes' book on "Animal Intelligence." In spite of my protestations, the serpents were declared to be a dangerous nuisance, and my friends were turned out, nearly broken-hearted and ruined.

After a long interval I heard of them again from the late Frank Buckland, who was a kind friend to the family. They were living quietly with their snakes in small lodgings near Leicester Square. One day Mr. M., who was a delicate man, was seized with a fainting-fit, and remained on his bed insensible while Mrs. M. hastened out for the doctor. On her return with Buckland, they found Mr. M. still on the bed, but regaining his consciousness. He was weeping over the prostrate body of his beloved Cleopatra. The snake, suspecting something wrong, had evidently crept up-stairs, and when it found its beloved master insensible had experienced some kind of shock. Partly on the bed and partly trailing on the ground, the poor boa was found *stone-dead!*

LOUIS SPOHR.

A MUSICAL GENIUS.

LOUIS SPOHR, the great composer and violinist, was born at Brunswick on the 25th of April, 1784.

His father and mother were both musical, though not by profession; the former, a physician, excelled as a flute player, while his mother was devoted to the piano and to singing.

Like so many eminent musicians, the young Spohr showed his talent at a very early age. When but four years old he would sing duets with his mother, at five he began the violin, and by the time he was six he could take part in a difficult trio. It was not long before he began to try his powers as a composer, and wrote several duets for the violin. His father had so strongly impressed on the boy the importance of accuracy, and of not leaving unfinished anything that he began, allowing no alterations or corrections in his work, that care and decision became a habit, and the discipline of early years a life-long benefit.

His teachers at Brunswick, however, could not do much for the young prodigy; but he studied on his own account the scores of the great masters—especially Mozart; and thus gained a practical knowledge of the science of music from the most perfect models.

Spohr made his first public appearance at a school concert, where he played with so much fire and skill a concerto of his own composition, that he was requested to repeat it at one of the ducal concerts, and in this way the young Louis, then less than fourteen years old, was launched into public life, and shortly after, with a few letters of introduction in his pocket, set off to try his fortune in Hamburg.

Here, however, disappointment awaited him. Ham-

burg refused to be electrified, or even to give him a hearing; and he returned crestfallen, with his modest funds so nearly exhausted that he was forced to make the journey on foot.

Almost driven to despair, and unwilling to draw on the slender purse of his father, the young Louis formed the bold project of appealing directly to the Duke of Brunswick for means to continue his musical studies, and not without success, for the duke was so pleased with the boy's trustfulness and simple bearing that he gave him a post among the violins of the royal band, and eventually the means of obtaining lessons from Franz Eck, one of the leading violinists of the time, whom he was to accompany on his travels, receiving his instruction, while the duke paid half the travelling expenses, and a salary in addition.

Master and pupil set off for Russia in the spring of 1802—Spohr being by this time eighteen years of age; but although Eck was a first-rate violin player, he was but an indifferent master, and Spohr learnt more by hearing him play, and closely observing his method, than by any more direct instructions.

For the pupil it was, however, a time of great activity, for besides composing several concertos for the violin, he practised for ten hours daily—an amount of work which was only rendered possible by the great strength and health with which he was happily gifted.

A projected visit to Paris, undertaken some time after, on his own account, was most tragically interrupted by a loss irreparable to the young musician. His violin, his precious Guarnerius, the gift of an enthusiastic Russian admirer, and the very apple of his eye, was lost on the journey—stolen, together with his portmanteau, from the carriage, and never heard of again.

Poor Spohr returned heartbroken to Brunswick, and being presented by his ever-kind patron the duke with another, though, alas! less perfect instrument, he once more set out on his travels, this time through the principal cities of Germany.

Here his success was rapid and unmistakable, and his reputation at once established. It is interesting to know that at his Berlin concert he was assisted by Meyerbeer, then a youthful genius of thirteen, but as brilliant and gifted on the piano as was Spohr on the violin.

In the year 1805 the young musician, now established in fame and fortune, is equally successful in love, and at the age of twenty-one marries Dorette Scheidler, herself no mean musician, and a charming performer on the harp.

This marriage was a very happy one, Madame Spohr proving a true helpmate, not only in domestic, but in public life, sharing his labours and triumphs, and appearing with her husband at all his concerts, and accompanying his violin with her harp, for which two instruments he composed many charming duets.

It is pretty to read in Spohr's autobiography his artless pride in his wife's accomplishments, and the sensation invariably made by the "Artist Pair." Indeed an innocent vanity was most characteristic of Spohr, and crops up unconsciously but perpetually in this same autobiography, which is very pleasant and amusing reading. At a later period, when his presence was eagerly sought at the most aristocratic and courtly réunions in London and elsewhere, he is careful to let us know that, however it may fare with other artists, the "Artist Pair" were invariably received as invited and honoured guests, and indeed that it was only upon these conditions, and as a "Pair," that he would accept any engagements.

The year 1808 was a time of stirring public events, and it was then that Napoleon held his celebrated congress at Erfurt, where a company of French actors performed nightly at the theatre before the great conqueror and a "pitful of kings."

Spohr was anxious to see something of these grand doings, and paid a visit to Erfurt, when, to his great disappointment, he found there was no admittance to the theatre except for the privileged few. Determined, however, not to be beaten, he was visited with a happy thought, and by some means he persuaded the horn player to allow him (Spohr) to take his place for one night in the orchestra. There was, unluckily, one drawback to this arrangement, namely, that the great violinist had never touched a horn in his life; but "where there's a will there's a way," and so taking a lesson from the friendly bandsman, he practised busily all day, in order to be ready for his part in the overture.

Behold our friend Spohr, no longer the fêted and honoured guest of the great, but the humble horn player; indeed—must we confess it?—the *second* horn player of a provincial band. With lips swollen and blackened by their unaccustomed labours, he takes his seat, when he is overwhelmed by the discovery that strict orders have been given that all the band should keep their faces to the stage, nor dare to cast a curious and sacrilegious eye upon the assembled potentates! This was indeed a blow, but Spohr was still equal to the occasion, for, taking from his pocket a little hand-mirror, he placed it on his music-desk, and when not absorbed in his new accomplishment, he was able to satisfy his curiosity with perfect ease. Like the "Lady of Shalott" he watched the shadows in his looking-glass—shadows of princes, shadows of kings, and Napoleon, the arch-shadow of all, so soon to fade into nothingness!

Spohr was now at the height of his fame as a violinist, and doing good work as a composer. While at Vienna he became acquainted with Beethoven; but the two men were so different in mind and temperament, that Spohr seems never to have been able to appreciate the genius of the greater master.

The critical faculty, indeed, which requires "a mind at leisure from itself," was almost entirely wanting in Spohr, and this is probably to be accounted for by the vanity which was his characteristic. In his eyes the music of Louis Spohr was all-important, and beyond that everything was somewhat vague.

An amusing and authentic story is told in illustration of this. A pupil of Spohr's paid, one day, a visit to his old master, who begged he would play something to him. The pupil sat down and played Beethoven's

sonata in E minor, with which Spohr appeared much struck, and when he had finished, observed, with an air of pleased surprise, "Pray, Mr. So-and-So, have you composed much more in that style?"

In 1820 he received an invitation from the Philharmonic Society, accepting which, he made his first appearance in England, and opened with a violin concerto of his own.

It is curious to note that at these concerts Spohr first succeeded in introducing the use of the conductor's bâton, the leader hitherto simply presiding at the piano and directing from thence.

At the farewell concert of the season, Madame Spohr made her last appearance as a harpist, being forced, in consequence of failing health, to give up that instrument.

In the winter of 1824 Spohr passed some time in Berlin, in pleasant intimacy with Mendelssohn and his family; but the following year he had the great misfortune to lose his wife, after a most happy union of eight-and-twenty years.

His second visit to England was a still greater triumph than the first, the Philharmonic Society giving an extra concert by the especial desire of the Queen and Prince Albert, at which the programme was composed almost exclusively of the works of Spohr.

His last appearance in this country was in 1853, to fulfil an engagement at the New Philharmonic concerts, when was produced his lovely symphony for two orchestras, and at the same time he also superintended the preparation of his opera, *Jessonda*, at Covent Garden.

From this time, however, Spohr's health and powers were on the decline, till in the year 1857 he was pensioned off by the Elector, though rather against his own wish, and shortly after had the misfortune to break his arm, which, of course, rendered him unable to play the violin, and probably this forced separation from his beloved instrument went far to hasten the end, for he died quietly at Cassel the next year, on the 19th of October, 1859, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Spohr was a man of great industry and energy, and left behind him more than 200 compositions, including nine great symphonies, several overtures, concertos, a great mass of violin music, and many lovely songs, sacred and secular. He was also the author of a valuable manual, the "Violin School," which holds its place as a first-rate authority on violin-playing.

Among his best-known works in this country are the oratorio of the *Last Judgment*, his symphony for two orchestras, the *Weihe der Töne*, or "Consecration of Sound" (commonly known by the falsely translated title of the "Power of Sound"), and some of his violin music. Most popular of all is the exquisitely melodious "Barcarolle," lately given so perfectly at the Popular Concerts by Joachim, and frequently performed—alas! less perfectly—by almost every violin amateur.

Spohr had pre-eminently the gift of melody, and among his songs may be quoted "The Bird and the Maiden," as one of the best-known and the most tuneful.

In character, Spohr was remarkable throughout his life for a child-like purity and openness. Even his vanity had something so simple and harmless in it that one smiled, as at the open disguises of a child.

He was extremely independent and mindful of his own dignity, and rather silent in society, forming few close friendships, but remaining very faithful and loyal to those few.

He was the greatest violin executant of his day, and was assisted by the peculiar size and strength of his hand, which enabled him to stretch with facility the longest and most difficult chords.

He was also eminent as a conductor, owing to his fine ear, his feeling for time and rhythm, the fire and energy of his leading, and, not a little, by the dignity and grandeur of his person and manner, which at once commanded obedience and respect.

MINNA LOVELL.

MY JOHNNY.

MY Johnny is a sailor,
And a-sailing he would go.
I said, "Oh, Johnny-lad, take me,"
But Johnny-lad said, "No."

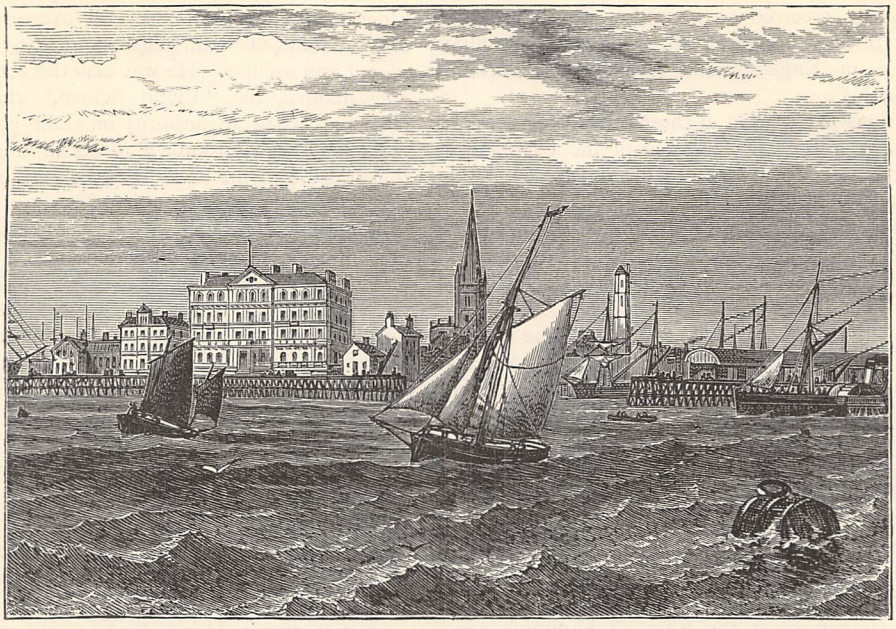
So I stayed with the childer,
And the childer stayed with me;
There's little Sal, she's just turned five,
And Molly's nearly three;
And Johnny went aboard his ship,
And sailed away to sea.
I cried, "Dear lad, come quickly home,
Come quickly home to me"

The winter passed so slowly,
The summer came so sweet;
I watched and watched for Johnny,
And longed again to meet.

And still and still I'm watching—
I'm watching by the sea;
And little Sal and Molly, too,
They stand and watch by me;
And when we see him coming,
A happy day 'twill be—
The happiest, oh! the happiest
There e'er can dawn for me.

REA.

CONTINENTAL TRIPS AS A MEANS OF EDUCATION.



HARWICH.

YES, a very pleasant means, but a pretty expensive one," may be the exclamation of many who read the title of this short article. But my intention is to attempt to prove that many a young man whose education has been neglected, or whose "people were too poor to pay much for my schooling," may, without extravagance, enjoy the pleasure of a Continental trip, and be well repaid — at first by knowledge, and in the long run by a fund of information that shall be of such monetary value, that it will soon repay all the money spent in gaining it.

I can imagine *soi-disant* aristocratic tourists exclaiming in horror at such a suggestion, "Why, the Continent will be more overrun than ever. Where shall we be able to go?" But as this article is addressed to none but those who are eager for knowledge, all who avail themselves of its hints will hardly be unpleasant people to meet with.

"Is a Continental trip within my means?" is of course the first question, and to this may be asked, Can you save two shillings a week throughout the year? Even the young clerk on thirty shillings a week may easily do this, and thus he has a Continental trip of a fortnight at his disposal.

Those living in the South or East of England have an advantage over those living in the Midlands or the West, as they have no expensive preliminary railway journey to carry away part of their funds. But starting from the ports, such as London, Southampton, Weymouth, Harwich, &c., the return fare to the Continent may be put down at about £1, of course a deck passage; and a night at sea, or rather a few hours on the deck of a steamer, will scarcely harm any young Englishman.

Before starting upon a tour, the district about to be visited should be well read up from all points of view. A quarter of the pleasure of a trip is the preparation for it, and a quarter of the remaining portion the reminiscences that float through the mind after its completion.

The history of the district should be studied, and this will generally bring up the contemporary history of our own country. A slight insight should be gained of architecture and of archæology; for how greatly the pleasure of looking upon some ruin or cathedral is enhanced by knowing from the stones themselves the date at which they were laid one upon the other, and so marvellously wrought! But very slight study will give an insight into these matters, and every step on the tour will impress them upon the mind and enlarge the knowledge of the subject.

Not only should the ordinary guide-books be read, and the history of the district, but also the higher works of fiction, where the authors have led their characters through the scenes about to be visited. Who would care to wander through the Ardennes without having read "Quentin Durward," or down the Rhine without the thoughts in Longfellow's "Hyperion" being present to the mind, or through Brussels without having read "Villette"? Guide-books are but useful

as indicating the literature of a district, although only too often tourists accept them as being *the* literature itself.

The names of great authors who have lived within the circle of the town open up another pleasant field for reading, and as he journeys on the tourist will find pleasure upon pleasure growing before him. The art galleries will introduce him to the names of great artists, and thus to their lives; and the pleasant concerts will tell him of musicians and their works, and train his ear to a more acute and intense enjoyment of glorious music, and an abhorrence of discordant attempts at music.

Upon the steamboat the educational advantages commence. Eyes and ears should be kept alive to all incidents passing around them. Scraps of a foreign tongue are heard, and the mere listening to these is slowly assisting the ear to more readily grasp the language. Curious characters are met with, and if calmly looked upon from the standpoint of an observant mind, they may be of much service in after-years as teaching traits of character.

Upon landing for the first time on a foreign shore, every peculiarity forcibly strikes the eye, but unless these peculiarities are noted, gradually the eye becomes accustomed to them, and they at last merge themselves into a general idea that there are no peculiarities worthy of note.

And this leads up to that important little item to an inquiring tourist, a note-book. Never mind the chaff of companions or the sneers of highly-cultured reviewers at other people's note-books. If you would remember and enjoy in after-years the pleasures of first foreign trips, take a note-book, and use it frequently; fill it with notes and if possible with sketches.

Before starting, the tour should be mapped out, putting each day in a margin, and the work to be done and the pleasure enjoyed by its side; but leaving a day or two, according to the length of the tour, free for any pleasurable incident which may turn up; or to allow for the visiting of some adjacent spot which perhaps has been unnoted.

A useful addendum to the note-book will be a tiny account-book, in which to note daily expenses, making the young tourist accustomed to accounts in foreign currency. If he has but the slightest acquaintance with the language, let him air that little acquaintance as much as possible; he will at any rate amuse his fellow-travellers, and they will be quite ready to assist him; and in but a few days he will find the foreign tongue becoming stronger within him and of more value.

Perhaps some objections may be made to the statement of the amount with which a foreign tour may be accomplished; but, as the reader will see by the following examples of various days' expenditure, the sum mentioned is quite sufficient to have an enjoyable tour. But to live at these rates, all fashionable towns must be shunned; or when in them, use the business hotels, which are quite as comfortable, and where far more attention will be shown to the traveller than in the noted tourist hotels.

In walking, the tourist can generally put up at a village near a town, and so will save immensely, see far more of the people, and fare well. Near Dinant in Belgium the following was a day's expense:—Breakfast, 1·09; dinner, 2·45; supper, 1·50; bed and

FLUSHING.

attendance, 2·25 : equal to 6f. 29c., or 5s. On the Rhine:—Breakfast, 1s. 2d. ; dinner, 2s. ; tea, 1s. 3d. ; bed and service, 2s. 6d. : equal to 6s. 11d. At Avranches:—Breakfast, 1 franc; dinner, 2 francs; tea, 0·75; bed and service, 2·50: equal to 6f. 25c., that is, 5s. The dinner in this case, it being Sunday, was a remarkably good one, with an excellent dessert of the choicest fruits.

The above three instances might be multiplied from cases in all parts of Europe, it always being understood that the hotels are good ones, but in quiet towns or villages. At Neumagen on the Moselle, we had once (at the postmaster's — the inns being all full with visitors to a church fête) an excellent family dinner, breakfast in the morning, and a double-bedded room with attendance, for 4s. 6d. ; that is including two dinners and two breakfasts. And this will give the tourist the hint that, if the regular inns are all full, it may even be an advantage, and that he should look about him and not think of going further afield.

In using the railways no one who wishes to know a country and its people should travel above third-class. Here will be found brisker conversation, and a general wish to aid a foreign traveller ; frequently many a good subject for the sketch-book will be met with, and many a touching little incident be observed of the homely life of the people.

In Belgium the third-class fares are excessively low ; for example, one can travel from Ostend to Yprès, Yprès to Courtrai, Courtrai to Tournai, Tournai to Brussels, and Brussels to Antwerp, for eight shillings. A glance at a map will show the distance covered, and what a wealth of knowledge may be gained in such a run! Architecture, language, music, painting, history, all may be studied ; and from such a trip the young tourist will return, if he but have the true yearning for knowledge, a more cultured man ; of more value in society, and in business ; and he will have experienced far truer enjoyment, than if he had spent double the amount in a sojourn at some slangy English watering-place, where the only change from his ordinary life would be a little more laziness, a little more smoking ; or if he be superior to these matters, where he will have learnt but little to advance him in life, nor experienced such an entire change of life as to so largely benefit him in health.

In the words of Longfellow, "To the young, travelling is a boundless delight ; to the old, a pleasant memory and a tender regret," but never will any young beginner in life regret time or money spent in Continental trips, if but they are undertaken as a source of education ; and so undertaken they will be the greatest source of pure and highest pleasure.

J. B.

VINCENT ROMNEY'S RECOMPENSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BRAVE DEED," ETC.

I.

THE test of friendship is self-sacrifice. He who for his comrade's happiness will not lay down his own—ay, and do it cheerfully, uncomplainingly, with no blazoning of the circumstance from the house-tops—has but little real claim to the sacred denomination of 'friend.'"

The words were Vincent Romney's own. He was reading, with a strange sense of a dual consciousness, an essay of his salad days which had been compiled in a sudden access of literary fervour, and sent to half a dozen hard-hearted (or hard-headed) magazine editors in turn. It had come back, politely, and even affectionately, declined by all, had found shelter in a rarely-disturbed drawer of an old bureau for several years, and at last had reappeared to fulfil its mission.

That mission was to present in a compact, concrete form an idea which had been floating in a nebulous condition in Vincent Romney's mind for weeks, if not for months.

He read the high-flown sentiments of his one bid for literary fame over and over again, as though the key to some enigma were there and might escape any but the most patient and microscopic scrutiny. Ultimately he tossed the dingy and disfigured manuscript back into its corner with something between a sigh and a groan, rose from his seat, and began pacing the narrow parlour in a mood sadly at variance with the bright July sunshine which was flooding the Holbury landscape without, and would also have made this room a very palace of the enchanter but for Mrs. Cringle's solicitude for the glories of her carpets and curtains.

"Making practice square with precept has always been an awkward task in this world, I suppose," he soliloquised bitterly. "I fancy there have been a good many failures in that line up to now. I didn't think that paragraph yonder was ever going to have a direct and individual message for me—for its writer! But it is so. I scribbled it jauntily enough. I recollect the very day and hour. And I believed then every syllable I put upon the paper. The question is, do I *now* believe them? and am I prepared to act up to the conviction?"

He paused both in his monologue and in his slow turning to and fro on the line of frayed oil-cloth. He was regarding, half whimsically, the full-length portrait of himself that confronted him in the opposite mirror. He beheld there a tall, well-built young fellow of, perhaps, six-and-twenty, with features that would have passed as handsome even with a jury of fastidious critics of his own sex. He was noting, sardonically,

the look of haggard unhappiness those features now wore, and the incipient storm-curve across his brow.

"It's about time a decision was reached one way or the other," he continued, "or else my city friends will think country air very detrimental to the complexion, and—I'll stand by my own assertion; I'll make the sacrifice. Roger shall have the battle in his own hands."

The resolution to which Vincent Romney had so painfully attained was a Quixotic one. With the whole strength of a noble nature he loved Gertrude Wynn. And up to the beginning of the past May he had hoped that his passion was on the fair road to be reciprocated. Then Vincent's oldest and dearest friend, Roger Berring, had come back from a lengthened stay at a German university, and apparently had signalised his return by falling headlong in love with the same young lady. If Vincent had taken him earlier into confidence it might have been different; he might have resisted the temptation. But now it would have been amusing, if to the observer the situation had been less serious, to see with what innocent abandonment Roger sought Gertrude's society to the exclusion of his elder from that gracious presence.

And watching the progress of this idyl day by day, Vincent had arrived at the determination of a self-abnegating surrender. He was helped to the conclusion by the knowledge that his friend was richer than himself, and in the eyes of local wiseacres a better match. Even for Gertrude's sake it might be well that he—Vincent—should withdraw.

Yes; withdraw was the word. To stay in Holbury and suffer keen pangs from the continual and emphasised recollection of his loss, was more than even Vincent's philosophy could brace itself to bear. Luckily (in one sense) he had no special home ties to hamper his footsteps. He would wander, see the world, very possibly turn colonist and settle for life on an Australian sheep farm. In action—the excitement of abundant and rapid change—must lie the cure for his melancholy. Had not his father, for the offence of a *mésalliance*, been cut off with the proverbial shilling by old Squire Romney, of Holbury Manor, how different the prospect might have been! But to repine was vain, and would not dispossess his cousin of the family acres.

Vincent made precipitate arrangements for his proposed exodus, and was at first minded to forsake Holbury without any formal farewell of the maiden who had won his heart. But on reflection it seemed that an atmosphere of meanness, of cowardice, must of necessity linger about such a flight. To avoid this he snatched an hour from the inevitable business of packing on the eve of departure, for a visit to Derby Villa.

"And you are going to America—at once! You have kept your intentions a secret even from—" "me," the girl was about to add, but instinctively she changed the monosyllable to "us."

Gertrude looked more beautiful than ever, Vincent thought, with the shy, startled surprise, stealing the colour from her countenance and replacing the first smile of welcome with an indefinite expression of alarm and—was it possible?—of pain. Queenly of figure, lovely of feature, with cultured tastes and disposition sweet and gracious, Gertrude Wynn was a bride worthy of a prince in more than one man's opinion.

"I certainly owe you an apology for so abrupt an announcement, Miss Wynn," Vincent stammered, feeling his courage sadly deserting him, "but in truth the decision was taken in some haste, and I have naturally had many exceedingly prosaic matters to attend to since. I hope you will forgive me."

"Of course I can understand the preoccupation," Gertrude answered, "but—" and there she hesitated.

Love is a bold and faithful diviner, and Vincent correctly translated the maiden's thought.

"You do not see the reason for my journey?" he said.

A great wave of crimson went up to the roots of Gertrude's auburn hair, and ebbed anew with equal fickleness. Her dreamy blue eyes momentarily met her lover's and then fell. It was a crisis in two lives, when a single word of vibrating manly passion might have prevented weeks and months of anxiety. But the word was not spoken, and Gertrude slowly and spasmodically continued.

"That is scarcely for me to suggest, Mr. Romney," she said. "To attempt it would be an impertinence."

"Pardon! *That* word can never be linked with Miss Wynn's name," murmured Vincent, in a tone of subdued gallantry.

The girl acknowledged the compliment by a curt little bow. By a mighty effort she had regained at least her outward equanimity. Only in her voice was there still a lingering *timbre* of agitation.

"Thank you," she said with some hauteur.

"And to return to the subject-matter of our discussion, Miss Wynn, I am actually leaving Holbury tomorrow, and when I may see the dear old village again—if ever—it is impossible to say. I have come to wish you good-bye."

Mechanically she suffered him to take her cold, nerveless fingers into his tight grasp; mechanically she echoed his "farewell." And then Vincent Romney was descending the steps on to the lawn—lifting his hat with easy, familiar gesture—and all the sunshine died out of Gertrude Wynn's sky.

II.

"There, you're better now; it was a severe blow, but you will soon come round completely, and be none the worse, I hope. What name did you say?"

"Romney—Vincent Romney."

"Not of Holbury, in Westshire, England?"

"Yes. I was not born there, it is true, but my father was, and I have lived there myself for several years."

"At Holbury Manor, I suppose."

"No, that——"

"Ah! exactly! I recollect perfectly; there was an unfortunate family difference, and old Squire Romney—obstinate old man he was—practically outlawed his

son—left his estate to a stranger. I quite remember the circumstances. No, no, my dear sir, you mustn't talk any more this afternoon, *please*. I want to see you thoroughly convalescent before you either exert or excite yourself. When you are well enough call at No. 96, Fifteenth Avenue, if you're minded for a chat over old days." And the voluble little physician skipped briskly away into another department of the accident-ward.

This conversation had taken place in a New York hospital. Fortune seemed to be frowning on Vincent Romney in a variety of ways. He had lost the inheritance which should rightfully have been his own. He had been (so he supposed) supplanted in the affections of the dearest girl on earth. And now no sooner had he landed on a strange shore than physical disaster had overtaken him. He had been knocked down in one of the most crowded New York thoroughfares by a runaway cab-horse. At first it was feared that his injuries included contusion of the brain. But this proved an error, and by the latest medical report a few hours' rest and quiet would probably restore the patient to full vigour.

"AN EXAMINATION WITH A STRONG MAGNIFYING-GLASS FOLLOWED" (*p.* 469).

The world is not so wide after all. How frequently in this era of steam and electricity this truth is practically taught! Here, amongst his Western cousins, almost the first person with whom Vincent Romney had been brought into close personal contact proved

to be of English birth, a native of Vincent's own county and village.

Without the least unnecessary delay Vincent availed himself of Dr. Maple's cheery invitation.

"And so you are really my old friend Hastings Romney's son! I begin to see the likeness now—especially when your face is in profile. Ah! it was an awkward thing for your father to be disinherited. I hoped the squire would think better of his passion; but, as I said before, he was terribly self-willed. I fear the quarrel hastened your father's death?"

"It did. He only survived my grandfather three years."

"And his narrow income—pardon my inquisitiveness—is now your own?"

"All at present I am proprietor of."

"Just so. I left Holbury in the very year of the old squire's decease, and came to America. I well remember going to the manor sale the week before I quitted the village. I brought a trifling memento away with me. That inkstand yonder was your grandfather's."

Vincent's eyes followed the gesture of his companion's finger across the luxuriously furnished apartment. On a table in a recess stood a carved ebony desk-ornament of antique workmanship.

"May I look at it?" Vincent asked.

"Certainly! With the greatest pleasure."

In another second Vincent was inspecting the relic of his proud and vindictive grandparent.

"I have seen one very much like this—with a panelled pedestal of the same design precisely—in a friend's house in London," the young man remarked. "Frank Norrells picked it up at some store in Wardour Street, and vows he had a bargain. I'm never so lucky when I go *bric-à-brac* hunting."

"No doubt its age would make it valuable."

"Yes; and in my friend's ornament you touch a spring and the panel slides back. There is a hidden aperture behind. Is it so here?"

"I cannot say, I am sure. I have rarely used the toy. And a surgeon's time is too precious to spend on gratuitous and useless experiments. Hah! Hah! But we can quickly decide the point."

An examination with a strong magnifying-glass followed.

Click! Back shot the centre division of the tested panel, and a dusty secret receptacle was in truth revealed. It was not empty!

"What is this? 'Last will and testament of Philip Romney!'" read Dr. Maple, in a startled, bewildered tone. Then he clapped the equally astounded listener on the back.

"It was not as we and everybody thought, after all," he said; "your grandfather did justice at last, in spite of his anger. By this document—so strangely hidden and so unexpectedly discovered—the manor is yours, as your father's successor; let me with all my heart congratulate you, Mr. Romney."

A further scrutiny, comparison of names and dates, sifting of evidence of one kind and another, left no ground for reasonable doubt. Vincent was indeed the heir to the alienated family estate. In a fortnight and three days he was again in England. And the first home-news that saluted his ears was that his friend, Roger Berring, was married. The event had come about very suddenly, and had surprised many.

"I hope he will be happy," gasped Vincent.

"Ay, the leddy's rich, and maybe that'll help him," replied the gossip. Now Gertrude Wynn's prospects of a large dowry had always been understood as dubious in the extreme. Here was a fresh mystery.

"Rich! Miss Wynn——"

"Roger Berring hasna married Miss Wynn, Mr. Romney. His wife, as is now, was some Lancashire lady—a friend of Miss Wynn's, folk say."

A novel dimness touched Vincent's eyes. The relief of this revelation was so great as to almost stun him. He only felt that his pulses were madly beating as with a flood of new life. His sacrifice had been needless, then! Yet not without its recompense.

* * * * *

"And you were as dear to me when you left—that dull day—as now, Vincent," ruby lips murmured, after a certain inevitable question had received its answer, "money could not possibly make any difference in my regard for you."

"I am very grateful, dearest," Vincent softly replied.

Somehow the young squire of Holbury has never told his wife the complete history of his strangely recovered inheritance. The reasons for his Quixotic flight she knows but in part. But from that loving, faithful heart he has no other secret.

W. J. L.

FROM RAW FLAX TO FINISHED THREAD.

FLAX was probably the first fibre spun by man. It is mentioned in the Bible; it is found in the form of linen wrappings covering the embalmed dust of the Egyptian mummies, and fragments of it are still in existence which show association with neolithic implements of much earlier date. It is not, however, my intention to place before the readers of this Magazine an archæological treatise on this subject, and I shall content myself with mentioning these few facts; my object being to show that thread manufacture can boast of "claims to long descent," and that it is one of the industries of man to which a pedigree is attached sufficiently lengthy to satisfy the proudest Lady Vere de Vere.

Flax is grown in many parts of the world, the finest being produced in France; Russia, Belgium, Holland, and Ireland are also countries where this useful plant is largely cultivated. The flax plant grows rather shorter than wheat; its stem or stalk is not quite

so thick. It is the outside or bark of this stem or stalk which furnishes fibre for spinning; the inner portion being a hard woody pith, which has to be threshed out, great care being taken that in so doing the fibre or bark is not damaged. When freed from its pith, the flax is sold to the mills to be converted into thread. Its price varies from £40 to over £200 a ton, yet the difference in the quality of the fibre is scarcely perceptible to an outsider; so it is very evident that any one who was not a connoisseur might make but a very sorry bargain. None but the best and most perfect flax is fit for thread-making.

The manufacture of thread is not confined to any town, district, or country, but in this particular industry we certainly hold our own, for in this "tight little island" are to be found the largest and finest thread-mills in the world.

In the production of the best thread it is not easy to say which is the most essential, the selection of the flax, the perfection of machinery employed, or careful manipulation in the many and various processes through which it passes. It is certain, however, that one machine not in perfect order, one careless worker, or even one imperfect roller, will in a short time do as much damage as any obstreperous bull in a china shop; for most assuredly a very considerable quantity of the most carefully prepared materials would be ruined, and passed on in such a state that it would be condemned when coming under the eye of the all-seeing overlooker, as not being up to the necessarily high standard.

To begin at the beginning, the first process that the flax undergoes, after making its *entrée* into the mill, is that of "hackling," by which the broken, tangled, or imperfect fibres are combed out. The operation is very similar to that of a lady combing out her hair, when it has become very knotty and entangled, only that in place of one comb there are hundreds, the teeth being of steel, and steam-power instead of hand performs the necessary operation. I could safely recommend the "hackling" machines to any lady as capable of combing out the knottiest tresses, but I would not guarantee that after the operation was finished there would be much hair left to adorn the head. The next operation takes place in a "sorting room," where the flax, now called "line," is still further relieved of any impurities by men who carefully look it over and then sort it into the "numbers" into which it will spin.

"Preparing" is the next process of manufacture, which is one of the greatest importance in the production of a perfect and regular yarn. The small locks of the "line" are laid by girls on a slowly-moving strap of leather, each lock overlapping the one before it so as to form a continuous ribbon one or two inches wide, which is carried by the motion of the strap into the first "drawing-frame." The principle of the drawing-frame is this: the ribbon of material passes between a pair of slowly-revolving rollers, which hold it while they pass it forward, and it is then taken by another pair of rollers, which, revolving at a higher speed, draw the ribbon out to a greater length, and in consequence make it thinner. But since a long fibre when pulled away by the drawing-rollers might catch and entangle the fibres near it, a beautiful mechanism (which must be seen to be understood) was invented by flax-spinners, and afterwards adopted for spinning silk, worsted, and other long staples, by which a number of fine needles are pushed through the ribbon of fibre between the first and second pair of rollers, and travel along with it, giving it a support and preventing the fibres from being snatched away prematurely.

The ribbon, or "sliver," as it is called, when it emerges from the drawing-rollers is smaller than that made by hand, but is far too irregular in size to be spun into yarn, so four or more of these are wound together into a can, a receptacle not unlike the milk-cans that we see on railway platforms. And the sliver thus produced goes through a series of similar drawing processes, at each of which a number of slivers are laid together and drawn out to a smaller size, that is, more nearly to the size of the yarn required. As many as 50,000 slivers are thus laid together, and all the irregularities of the first hand-made ribbon equalised, before a first-class thread-yarn can be produced.

The next process is "roving," which is the first twisting of the sliver, or band which has been formed out of the flax. Previous to the twisting, the sliver, or very thin narrow ribbon as it now looks like, has no strength; the slightest pull would break it asunder. It is, therefore, twisted and wound on a large bobbin, and is then ready for the spinning-frame. There are two kinds of spinning, hot-water spinning and dry spinning. In the former, the "rove" of flax, as it is now called, is made to pass through a trough of hot water, the object being to moisten the gum natural to flax. Thread-yarns vary in size from 3,000 to 30,000 yards to the pound, and some small quantity is spun as fine as 60,000 yards to the pound.

The utmost scrutiny is given to the yarn in order that all flaws or knots may be detected. Men examine these yarns, which are hung on a pole in front of a window. They hunt for knots as though their very life depended on it—indeed to a certain extent it does, for if they allowed any to pass them undetected, they would at the end of the week be unpleasantly reminded of that fact, by finding that a fine had made their wages rather shorter than usual. But they are sharp eyed men, and it is very seldom they are caught napping. If, however, they detect any fault, the girls who have passed it on are of course fined. This strict system of fining is most necessary, as a knot in a thread, as our readers well know, would often snap a sewing machine needle.

The hanks of yarn are next taken to the dye-house, and are first boiled in water to which has been added an alkaloid. This process is to cleanse the yarn of its gummy matter, and leave nothing behind but pure fibre. Were it not for this process, the yarn would ferment and rot. The hanks of yarn are next washed by being hung on a revolving bar of wood, with their ends dipping in the water, and the bar slowly revolving. Next follows a machine somewhat resembling a huge

wringing and mangling machine, which squeezes out all the water from the hanks, even more effectually than the hardy muscles of our grandmothers wrung dry the family washing.

After being duly washed, the hanks do not get their hair combed like good little boys—for that has been done previously—but are treated to a dip in the dye. In a huge cauldron, round which the witches of *Macbeth* might have felt quite at home, is brewed a liquor which, if not composed of such odd and varied ingredients, has sufficient in it to impart to the hanks a good clear colour. The liquid contents of the cauldron are conveyed along little wooden troughs to the receptacles in which the hanks are placed. They are made to turn as in washing on a revolving beam, their ends only dipping in the dye, and it is owing to this continuous movement that an evenness of colour is obtained. Those who dye articles at home would do well to note this fact.

Having been dyed the required colour, the hanks are next taken to the "drying-room"—a not very enviable place to be in, in sultry weather, as it is usually kept at a temperature of about 220° Fahr. Different colours require different temperatures; some will stand great heat, while others would run were the air too hot. After the hanks have become well dried, they have to undergo an important process—that of finishing. The hank is wound on to a bobbin, and then passes through a polishing solution: different threads requiring different polishes. Before being polished the thread is dull, but when it has passed through the machine it is glazed, smooth, and firmer to the touch. In the machine which polishes are small brushes, and fine plush rollers, the material covering the latter being more costly than any worn by Belgravian belle. In some cases the thread is polished in hanks. When such is the case, they are dipped in the solution, and polished with flannel-covered rollers.

Some hanks are polished simply by the friction gained by twisting or wringing. Youths with large iron hooks, and suitable machinery, twist and wring them about in tortuous positions as eagerly as if they were officers of the Inquisition bent on extracting a secret from the luckless being in their hands. Other threads, such as those used for boot-sewing, and all that are waxed by the user, would be ruined by being polished, and are therefore, "finished" in other ways, the secrets of which are only known to the initiated.

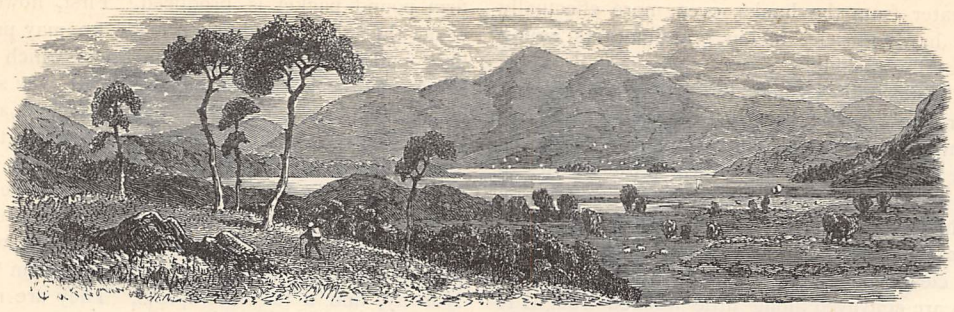
The old-fashioned skein threads in pound packets are put up by boys. These young gentlemen sit at wooden benches, each one having in front of him small wooden pegs, fixed upright into the bench. Between them they arrange the skeins in layers, and tie them round tightly with another skein. With a little skill with the fingers, and by the aid of sundry taps given constantly with a wooden stick, a nice firm pound packet is produced. First, however, in order that the thread when made up may present a neat and tidy appearance, the knots which tie the skein are arranged by little girls so that they shall be all in one place. The skeins are stretched across a frame, and the children pull the knots round till they are all of a row. The skeins are next made up into pounds by girls and papered up. Of course a large quantity of thread is not sold in packets, but on reels or spools. These, which have to be turned with the utmost regularity, are generally imported from Canada, Norway, and a few other parts. They are made in many shapes and many sizes.

Perhaps the "last stage of all that ends this eventful history" is that of winding the thread on to the spools, or reels, as they are called in every-day parlance. This operation is of course done by machines. In order that every reel may have its exact length, a system of checking is adopted, and every morning two or three reels or spools are taken at hazard from those wound by each girl during the previous day, and having a private number affixed, they are taken to the overseers to test the measurement. "Balling" is also done on machines which are self-measuring, and the balls too are constantly weighed by the attendants, each one of whom has her scales as a check on the machine.

Referring to threads for sewing boots and shoes, we may mention that hemp is sometimes used instead of flax. The fibre is very similar to flax, though the plant is botanically very different. The finest hemp is grown in Italy, and is used for coarse shoe-threads. The finishing of wax threads is different from that of ordinary threads; they are not glazed, and are so finished that they will readily absorb the wax.

The labels for the spools or reels, which are ready gummed, are stuck on by little girls; and instead of making the tongue perform the damping operation, as is customary when affixing a postage stamp, the child damps the label on a narrow brass cylinder, which is made to revolve slowly while the lower half of it is in water. Strange to say, the children have in many cases a strong prejudice against this useful little machine, and prefer the far more injurious plan of moistening the gummed labels with the tongue.

A journey through a thread-mill—for indeed it is a journey, so large and extensive are such places—is most instructive and interesting. The ear of the visitor is no doubt subject to a continuous hum, whir, and buzz of machinery; but he quickly becomes so wrapt in amazement at the marvellous mechanical appliances used—which are the most ingenious the human brain could invent—that the discomfiture of the ear is soon unnoticed. When at length one reaches the open air, the quiet is such a contrast to the interior of the mill, that at first it seems unnatural.



"He Loves Me Not!"

Words by GEORGE WEATHERLY. *Music by* HUMPHREY J. STARK.

VOICE.

PIANO.

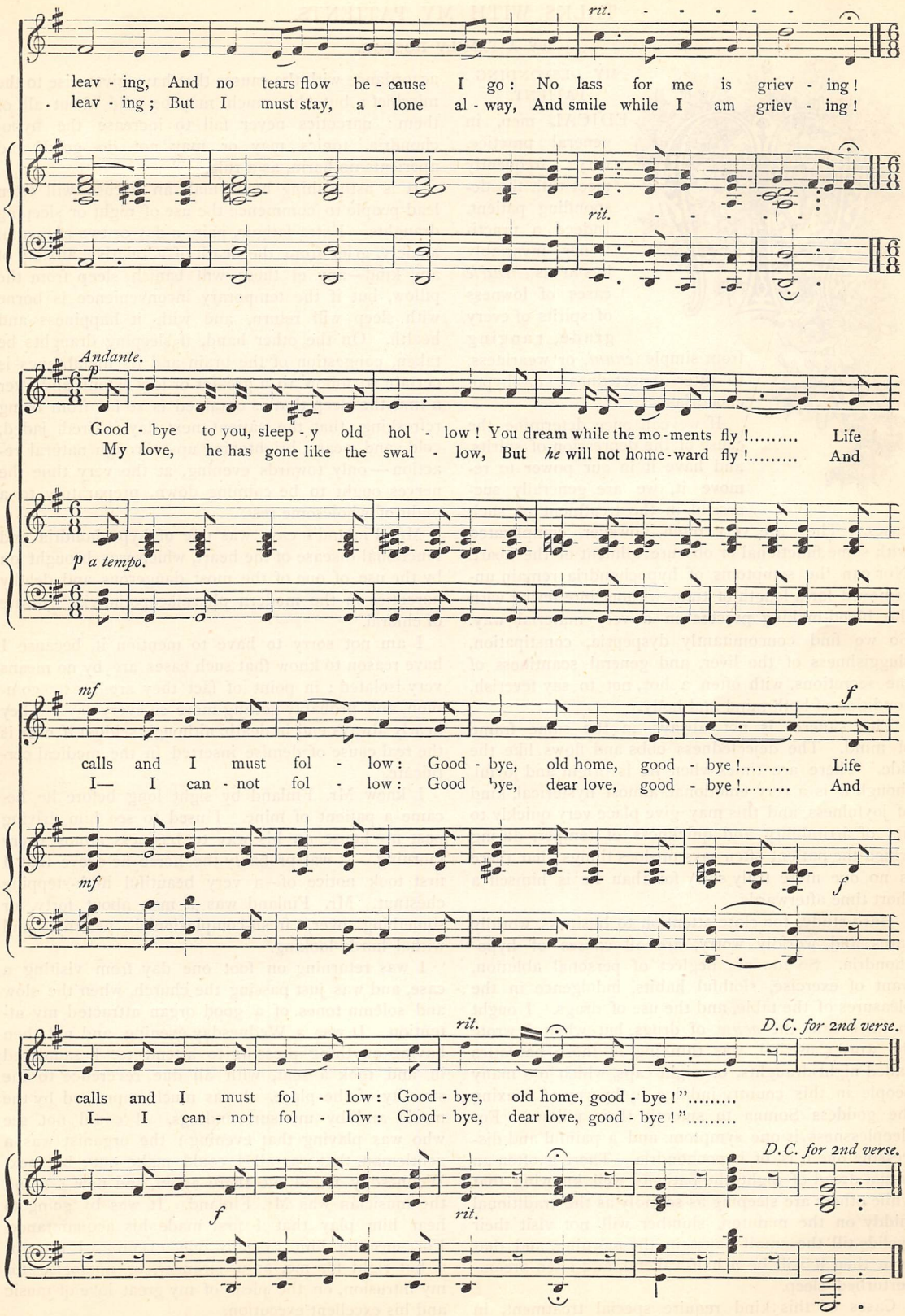
Allegro moderato.

f

1. He left his home, a-
2. She watched him pass, a

far to roam, One joy - ous sum - mer morn - ing, And marched a - long, with mer - ry song, All
lit - tle lass, And cried that sum - mer morn - ing—"He must not know I love him so: I

doubts and dan - gers scorn - ing; "For lo!" he cried, "the world is wide Be - yond the home I'm
could not bear his scorn - ing. With glad - some heart, let him de - part, Old scenes, old neigh-bours


rit.
leav - ing, And no tears flow be - cause I go: No lass for me is griev - ing!
leav - ing; But I must stay, a - lone al - way, And smile while I am griev - ing!
rit.
Andante.
p
Good - bye to you, sleep - y old hol - low! You dream while the mo - ments fly!..... Life
My love, he has gone like the swal - low, But he will not home - ward fly!..... And
p a tempo.
mf
f
calls and I must fol - low: Good - bye, old home, good - bye!..... Life
I— I can - not fol - low: Good bye, dear love, good - bye!..... And
mf
f
rit.
D.C. for 2nd verse.
calls and I must fol - low: Good - bye, old home, good - bye!"
I— I can - not fol - low: Good - bye, dear love, good - bye!"
D.C. for 2nd verse.
f
rit.

TALKS WITH MY PATIENTS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

MY DESPONDING PATIENT.

MEDICAL men, in general practice, very frequently meet with the desponding patient. Indeed a practitioner invariably has in his *clientèle* cases of lowness of spirits of every grade, ranging from simple *ennui*, or weariness, to utter dejectedness, or hypochondriasis.

If we can once determine the cause of the depression of spirits, and have it in our power to remove it, we are generally successful in the treatment of such cases. They are very often, however, complicated with some functional or obscure ailment of the heart. Nor can the symptoms of hypochondria remain unremoved for a length of time, without interfering with the blood-making process in a very material way. So we find concomitantly dyspepsia, constipation, sluggishness of the liver, and general scantiness of the secretions, with often a hot, not to say feverish, condition of both mind and body.

The sufferer is not always in the same frame of mind. The dejectedness ebbs and flows like the tide. There are times when he is bright and joyful, though it is a very emotional, almost hysterical, kind of joyfulness, and this may give place very quickly to fits of irritability and quickness of temper, during which the patient often says or does things that there is no one more truly sorry for than he is himself a short time afterwards.

Hard study, too close attention to business, worldly cares and worldly worry, are all causes of hypochondria. So too are neglect of personal ablution, want of exercise, slothful habits, indulgence in the pleasures of the table, and the use of drugs. I ought to have said the *abuse* of drugs, but when I wrote the word "use" I was thinking of those narcotics called night-draughts, or night-caps, which too many people in this country indulge in by way of coaxing the goddess Somna to smooth their pillows. For sleeplessness is one symptom, and a painful and distressing one it is, of hypochondria. There is often an actual dread of night, the patients well knowing that while others are sleeping as soundly as the traditional middy on the maintop, slumber will not visit their eyelids till the small hours in the morning, and that even then it will be a half-wakeful, and often dream-perturbed, sleep.

Cases of this kind require special treatment, in accordance with the causes that have given rise to the mischief; but this much may be said about all of them: narcotics never fail to increase the hypochondria, tonics may or may not do good, and aperients do harm, as a rule.

It is astonishing how small an excuse will often lead people to commence the use of night or sleeping draughts. Extra fatigue, pain, a day or two of mental anxiety, grief from the death of a relative, anxiety of any kind—any of these will banish sleep from the pillow, but if the temporary inconvenience is borne with sleep will return, and with it happiness and health. On the other hand, if sleeping draughts be taken, congestion of the brain and its membranes is certain to follow to a greater or less extent, and after a time the sleep that is obtained is so far from being refreshing, that the patient next day is tired, jaded, cold, and weary, brightening up—through natural reaction—only towards evening, at the very time the nerves ought to be calming down, preparatory to a night of wholesome rest.

Mr. Finland's case was one of hypochondria and functional disease of the heart, which was brought on by the use of one of the most dangerous and deadly narcotics in the modern pharmacopœia, viz., hydrate of chloral.

I am not sorry to have to mention it, because I have reason to know that such cases are by no means very isolated; in point of fact they are far too common, and probably getting more so every day. They nearly always end in death, although seldom if ever is the real cause of demise inserted in the medical certificate.

I knew Mr. Finland by sight long before he became a patient of mine. I used to see him driving past my house on his way to business almost every morning. It was probably the horse he drove that I first took notice of—a very beautiful high-stepping chestnut. Mr. Finland was a man about forty, or something over, fresh-complexioned, healthy, and withal hardy-looking.

I was returning on foot one day from visiting a case, and was just passing the church, when the slow and solemn tones of a good organ attracted my attention. It was a Wednesday evening, and not then having anything pressing to attend to, I sauntered in and took a seat, with all due reverence to the sanctity of the place. I was much impressed by the music and by my surroundings. I could not see who was playing that evening; the organist was a gentleman, that was all I could make out; but next Wednesday found me there again, and now I found the musician was Mr. Finland. It was by going to hear him play that I first made his acquaintance. For, meeting him casually one evening, I thought it but right for me, as a stranger, to apologise for my intrusion, on the pleas of my great love of music and his excellent execution.

His reply had the words "right welcome" in it, and ever after that we were on bowing terms with each other when we met.

My summer holiday came round, and after I returned I missed Mr. Finland.

I naturally supposed he had gone away, perhaps abroad, and was not a little surprised, six months after, to receive a message requesting me to visit him.

"A decided case of phthisis," I said to myself as soon as I entered the room, and saw my patient lying on his back in bed. "Advanced stage, too."

"Sit down, doctor," he said.

I did not sit down, because the bed was a very high one, and I wanted to see him well.

"Do you cough very much?" I asked.

"I don't cough at all," he replied. "But I am dying by inches for all that. I don't know that I shall ever leave this bed alive, and it is perhaps for the best, for I suffer fearfully. You do not see me at my worst now, but at my best. It is towards evening my dreadful distress begins—the restlessness, the indescribable gnawing, tearing, and dragging at my heart. And this continues till nine o'clock, when I take my draught, then it is all over; I sink into a sleep, and I am as dead as a stone until morning."

"Your draught?" I said, feeling the pulse, which was soft, feeble, and slow. "What draught?"

He merely motioned with his head to a table that stood handy to the bed.

I took a bottle up. It contained some white crystalline substance in large scales. I smelt it.

"Why," I said, "this is chloral. You surely don't take much of this? It will kill you."

He smiled faintly and sadly. "It has already done its work. I take two drachms a night (!) If I have a ray of hope, doctor, it is centred in you. I've heard you are a practical man. Do with me as you will."

"I *am* a practical man," I replied, "*very*."

I put the bottle of chloral into my pocket as I spoke, and buttoned my coat.

I shall never forget the despairing look he gave me.

"I must not give it up all at once. Surely, doctor, you do not know what I shall suffer! Pain will be no name for it; torture, torment, no name."

"Yes, all at *once*," I insisted. "It is your *only* chance. Choose that or death."

"It seems to me," he murmured, "it *is* life or death."

"It *is*, indeed, life or death," I replied. "Do as I wish you to, submit yourself entirely to me, and, with God's help, I will raise you again, and soon, from that bed of sickness, and you will be once more a man."

From that very moment I had hopes of the case. For if a chloralist can once give up the habit, he has no desire to resume it.

All that night I sat up with my unhappy patient. His sufferings were dreadful to witness. It was the tearing and gnawing at the heart that he complained of most. It was like an immense crab eating his very vitals, he said. How he tossed and moaned and raved, sometimes hanging with head down out of the bed for a little relief, pitifully moaning all the night!

He slept a little during next day, and took a little nourishment. A salutary diarrhœa took place, and he was reduced in every way to a mere shadow.

On the fifth evening I offered him a dose of chloral.

"Not if I were to be made a prince of the realm," he said, "would I swallow one grain of the dreadful poison."

"What made you commence the habit?" I asked one day.

"I had a bad tooth," was the answer.

The reply only shows the truth of what I have already said, that the most trifling excuse is often sufficient to induce people to meddle with death-dealing narcotics.

Do not imagine, reader, that my patient got better all at once after giving up the use of the chloral. No, nor did he soon. During the first few weeks, the state of his mind was one of what I might term morbid joyfulness. He had escaped out of the jaws of death, and there was mental elatedness in consequence. But this soon gave place to fits of the greatest and darkest despondency. They did not last very long, seldom more than a day, and in this lay my hope of being able to thoroughly restore him to at least a fair state of healthfulness. This condition of mind lasted for months, but, although weak in body, he was able to take a considerable amount of exercise in the open air, and he was able to read at home. During the latter stages of the chloralism, he could neither read nor write without the greatest suffering. His exercise was walking, and I took pains to see that he always went somewhere with some special object in view, for I do not believe in what I call circular walking exercise, simply going out a certain distance and coming back again; paying a visit of ceremony to a distant milestone does not constitute a healthful walk!

The first real sign of returning health in my desponding patient was his ability to sleep tolerably well; the second, the desire he began to evince to be once more engaged in active pursuits.

This desire he evinced in a singular way. He supplied himself with a box of mysteriously small tools, and I often found him, day after day, working at the table, with a magnifying-glass stuck in one eye.

He was making a kind of fairy music-box, and when completed the whole thing was no bigger than a thimble.

"It is playing now," he said to me one day.

"Indeed!" I replied, "I can hear nothing."

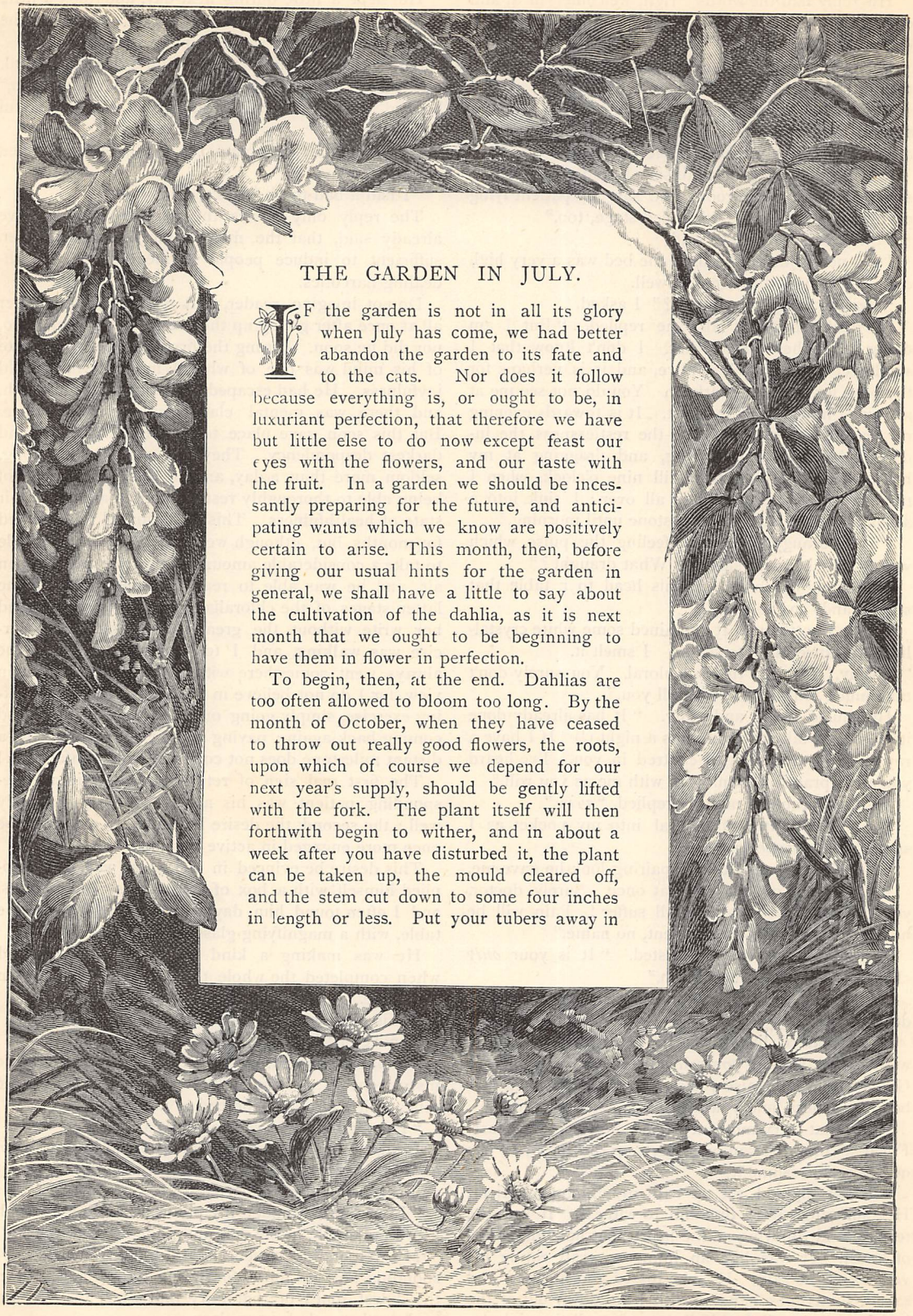
My patient smiled, and enclosed his wonderful little instrument in a worsted ball. From this an elastic tube, with a nipple at the end of it, extended.

"Put the nipple in your ear," he said.

I did so, and was astonished. I could hear it now, as loud apparently as a church organ, but as sweet and soft as an Æolian harp.

"I put the ball under my pillow at night," he said, "and the nipple in my ear, and go to sleep to music."

My desponding patient is still alive and well—desponding now no more, for he no longer needs even the dulcet tones of that fairy music-box to woo him to dreamless, wholesome sleep.



THE GARDEN IN JULY.

IF the garden is not in all its glory when July has come, we had better abandon the garden to its fate and to the cats. Nor does it follow because everything is, or ought to be, in luxuriant perfection, that therefore we have but little else to do now except feast our eyes with the flowers, and our taste with the fruit. In a garden we should be incessantly preparing for the future, and anticipating wants which we know are positively certain to arise. This month, then, before giving our usual hints for the garden in general, we shall have a little to say about the cultivation of the dahlia, as it is next month that we ought to be beginning to have them in flower in perfection.

To begin, then, at the end. Dahlias are too often allowed to bloom too long. By the month of October, when they have ceased to throw out really good flowers, the roots, upon which of course we depend for our next year's supply, should be gently lifted with the fork. The plant itself will then forthwith begin to wither, and in about a week after you have disturbed it, the plant can be taken up, the mould cleared off, and the stem cut down to some four inches in length or less. Put your tubers away in

a place accessible neither to frost nor great heat, but merely in a good dry place; indeed, all bulbs we should similarly stow away. Let the label of your plant be fastened with wire, as string is nearly certain to rot, and cause you some inconvenience. Stow away your tubers also stem downwards, as they dry more readily by this means.

From this time—that is, October—until early in the month of February, examine your tubers at intervals, as any that seem disposed to shrivel up or to rot ought to be potted off, the decayed part having been first of all removed. Quite small pots will suffice for this purpose. Sometimes, however, the tubers are planted out in the soil of a hotbed in order to start them. Or let us suppose that you are not very rich in general garden appliances, such for example as greenhouses and hotbeds, you might keep your roots simply in a basket in the kitchen, when, in course of time, an occasional sprinkling will cause what we call the eyes of the plant to start. Now, these young shoots that spring from the tubers make admirable cuttings, and, if properly managed afterwards, are sure to succeed. When they get some two or three inches long, they can be potted off, and at first ought certainly to be struck in heat. A cooler frame will do for them after awhile, but not until the third week in May should they be planted out, for young dahlias would not at all approve of that by no means uncommon May duet—a frost and an east wind. As soon as your plants are fairly off, the next thing to be on your guard against is that enemy of the dahlia, the ear-wig, and these vermin should be trapped in every way that you can devise.

Or if you would raise from seed, be sure, in the first place, only to preserve the seed of flowers that have been of the very finest and most perfect. It is a great mistake to suppose that any sort of imperfect flower will do from which to preserve seed. You will strengthen your whole plant, too, and get finer seed, if you make up your mind when the dahlia is putting forth its buds to pick off all poor and imperfect buds. Sow about the middle of March in a hotbed, or else in pans in your greenhouse. In your hotbed the seed will very soon be up, and will require a little air at times, and a little water too. And, by the way, we should remark that the dahlia, especially when once planted out in May, requires good and pretty frequent watering. Give the water freely at a little distance all round the plant. Your young seedlings will require the same attention, and must be treated in the same way as those raised from cuttings, until all are planted out in their final quarters towards the end of May.

Turning to other and equally interesting parts of the flower garden, we naturally find ourselves busy among the roses which we bud this month. Choose the evening of a thundery day, and avoid commencing the operation in the noontide glare of a broiling-hot one. Any annuals that you have sown in the open you could perhaps plant out now in blank places in your borders, or where failures have taken place. And then your China asters, stocks, marigolds, &c., ought to keep you well supplied with a succession of blooms until the return of the first frost.

Your pansies you may still propagate from young side-shoots, for it is these that make the best plants. The seed of biennials, such as sweet-williams, for instance, and of perennials too, may be sown, unless you did this last month. And, when they have grown large enough, they will, when planted out, bloom even the next season; and a good sound supply of these useful and much-trouble-saving flowers it is essential to have in all gardens.

And then there are the chrysanthemums. If you want some nice dwarf plants of these, take off some top cuttings and strike them under a hand-glass, shading them carefully from a hot sun, while your old plants of the chrysanthemum tribe you can turn out into the borders, where they will make fresh shoots.

In the kitchen garden, a sowing of peas this month may yet be made, for they will grow rapidly, and the winter spinach may now be sown. The onion-bed should have a final thinning out, and the whole carefully weeded. The principal onion-sowing, however, for winter and spring use should be next month, and on a good rich soil.

In the fruit garden let us hope we are busy enough, strawberry gathering being, of course, a constant and satisfactory operation. If for preserving, they must only be gathered when dry, or your preserve will soon be worthless, for it will not keep if the fruit be gathered wet. It is worth while, where there is a fine show of strawberries, to pay them a visit at night with a lantern; you will by this means surprise some giant slugs and snails in the act of commencing their supper on the best of your fruit.

And next, as to the cucumbers in frames. To keep them in vigour, give them, if you can, a little clear manure-water, but very much diluted, and do not let the vine exhaust itself by having on too many cucumbers at once. Towards the end of their bearing season—and it is the same with the melons also—you will perhaps notice, where they have been carelessly kept, a quantity of half-developed fruit, which, nearly all of it, ought never to have been allowed to advance as far as it has. None of it will now ripen—we are speaking not of July, but of later on—but *some* could if the plant had not become exhausted by the great demands made upon it. The birds, too, will be making a raid on the Morella cherries, which will therefore require the protection of a net.

ERIC'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

A SEQUEL TO "HOW WE ENTERTAINED OUR ELDERS."

BY LIZZIE HERITAGE.

ERIC having been promised, by Dorrit and me, that we would do our best to provide an evening's recreation and refreshment on the occasion of his birthday, it will readily be believed that, for once at least, his memory did not fail him, and that for us to forget *the* day—so long as he was near—was an impossibility.

The question whether he preferred a party of the youthful "lords of creation" only, or a few of the fair sex as well, was jokingly put by Dorrit, who once heard him vote "all girls a bore." The answer that it would look odd not to have "a few of the fellows' sisters," was sufficiently affirmative to justify us in sending invitations to the favoured few. A discussion then followed on the relative merits of a sit-down supper, and the arranging of the refreshments on a long table, so that all might help themselves in the intervals between the performances—but I am premature in mentioning performances just yet. The result was, all the gentlemen present at the discussion promised to do their duty in ministering to the creature comforts of the fair sex, so the "refreshment table" proposal was carried unanimously.

"Don't spare the drinks, girls," was the boys' request; "we shall be thirsty after all the work mapped out for us;" so I purchased a supply of "fruit syrups," clove, pineapple, ginger, lemon, orange, raspberry, lime, and currant, all being included in the assorted dozen, the remains of which would be consumed by us during the warm weather. I also laid in a stock of aërated waters—soda, seltzer, &c.—for mixing with the syrups; but my particular little luxury was a block of ice, which I knew would render the afore-mentioned beverages still more refreshing; tea and coffee, and some home-made wines, making up the drinkables.

The savoury edibles consisted of *Lamb-Sandwiches*—a change from the cold lamb one so often meets with—*Lobster Salads*, and *Marbled Chickens*.

For the first-named, thin slices of meat were cut from a leg which had been roasted and left until cold; the slices divided into dice before being laid on the bread and butter. A little *thick* mint sauce was spread on the fellow-slice, and the sandwiches were completed.

The *Lobster Salads* were made very small, in tiny glass dishes the size of the top of a tea-cup, and plentifully dotted about the table. Lettuces, radishes, cucumber, and beet-root, cut small, were dressed with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper, then mixed with the flesh of the lobster, also finely cut; this three-parts filled the little dishes. Some mayonnaise sauce was then poured over, and sprinkled with lobster coral, run through a sieve; the whites of the eggs—left from those boiled for the dressing—were cut into rings and laid in the centre of each, and very pretty they looked.

For *Marbled Chickens*, two were boned, laid upon the table, and spread first with a layer of boiled tongue in slices, then with nicely-seasoned veal forcement, and lastly with slices of boiled ham. Each was rolled up, tied with tape, and simmered—with the bones, herbs and vegetables to flavour nicely, and sufficient water to cover—until tender. The gravy was well seasoned, and reduced to a pint by longer simmering; it then received the addition of an ounce of dissolved gelatine, and, when *nearly* set, was poured over the chickens, which had been unbound and cut into slices ready for serving, though they were placed together as if uncut, so as to present a nice appearance. The dishes were garnished with parsley, sliced lemon, and beet-root.

I took care that there should be various kinds of cheese, besides salad, and brown and white bread and butter.

The sweets were fresh fruits in season, as many as my purse would allow, and that old-fashioned, delicious dish, *Gooseberry Fool;* but instead of all cream for mixing with the fruit after cooking, and rubbing it through a sieve, I used half cream and half milk, sweetening with condensed milk, which gave it a very rich taste.

The indispensable *Birthday Cake* was a moderately rich one, with citron, cherries, and chopped almonds, instead of raisins or currants. The top, too, was coated with rough sugar and chopped almonds, prior to baking in a shallow square tin, so that the cake could be cut into fingers.

Would a birthday be a birthday without a *pudding?* I thought not; so, as the weather was too warm for the rich plum-pudding generally served on such occasions, I made two *Festive Puddings* from a recipe given to me by Nora Graham, that young lady being unable to help me to prepare the supper, though she and Hugh promised to join us in the evening. And in my heart I felt I had profited by her previous instruction sufficiently to enable me to manage on this occasion with Dorrit's help only. The mode was as follows:—Two moulds, holding a pint and a half each, were lined with sliced sponge-cake, next a layer of fresh ripe strawberries, and a layer of hot custard, and so on, cake, fruit, and custard, until the moulds were full. The ingredients for the custard were a pint of milk, an ounce and a half of gelatine, the yolks of four eggs, and four ounces of sugar; half a pint of cream, and the juice of a lemon, being stirred in *off* the fire. These, when set firm and turned out, resembled moulded creams in appearance, and were much appreciated, as, for this occasion, sugar and cream were served with them.

Small dishes of pastry, some "fingers" with a layer of jam, and tartlets filled with stewed fruit, together with biscuits, sweet and plain, interspersed among the larger dishes completed the *menu*.

I must mention my plan for keeping the ice from melting, as it created no little amusement. I knew that *the* thing was to exclude the warm air, so, as we possessed a large eider-down tea-cosy, I used it for covering the ice, which was divided into small pieces and put into an oval dish. "The idea of keeping ice warm!" said one, and a general laugh followed; but when I explained that in some hospitals it is customary to set the vessel containing ice on a feather pillow and lay a second pillow over the top, my little device was praised rather than ridiculed.

As we knew we could not accommodate more than eighteen, we had decided to send invitations to fourteen outsiders, there being four of ourselves (Rupert, Eric, Dorrit, and myself) to make up the number. At a family conclave held three weeks previous to the all-important event, we voted that we would try to strike out in a new direction for providing entertainment for the evening. Eric was inclined to have nothing but games, but Rupert protested that it would not answer unless we had "singing or something of that." However, on one point we were determined, we would *not* have the usual excuses from guests who, when asked to sing or play, invariably say that they are unprepared, that they have not brought their music, that they have colds, &c. &c, all of which may or may not be true.

We thought it would do if we arranged a programme, and let each guest know beforehand what he or she was expected to do towards the general entertainment. We knew that this could be done very easily, as all whom we intended to invite were intimate friends of ours, and would be perfectly willing to fall in with our scheme; the songs, recitations, &c., would be far more appreciated in the intervals between the round games than they would be if listened to in monotonous succession, as is so often the case; and, by winding up with a charade, we felt sure the evening would not want in "go."

Having ascertained from our friends that they were willing to take part, Nora, Dorrit, and I, after much deliberation, drew up the programme, which consisted of music and popular readings and recitations.

For a charade, Dorrit had suggested that we should use a composition of her own, which some unappreciative editor had returned some years before. Eric grumbled at first, saying that it was too easy, and "he wasn't going to learn that stuff" (poor Dorrit's effusion being written in a kind of doggrel rhyme), but when it was pointed out that our object was to amuse rather than puzzle our guests, and that the characters could easily introduce impromptu scraps of conversation throughout the charade, he graciously fell in with the idea.

So at twelve precisely the curtain rose on the first act, which was easily guessed by our audience to represent "Arm." We had altered this slightly from my sister's original effort, as we brought in the word in every conceivable way, not forgetting to put the "h" before it in one instance. *The* hit was when Hugh, Rupert, and Eric posed as three raw rifle volunteers, endeavouring to shoulder arms. The second act represented "Chair," and we did it as follows:—Hugh, got up as a pompous elderly gentleman, was discovered seated with his family around him; said family being represented by Nora (who made a splendid matron), Rupert, Dorrit, and myself. Our supposed father then informed us, as he flourished a roll of paper, that he would rehearse the speech which he intended to deliver at the next local Science Meeting, where he was to take the chair; so he began, "Ladies and Gentlemen," when he was interrupted by Eric, dressed as a regular Sairy Gamp, who entered in a truly inconsistent stage-fashion, and, with a bob, introduced herself—

> "Please, sir, my name is Betsy Gam,
> And I goes out a charing;
> A poor hard-working soul I am,
> As seldom gets a airing"—

and went on to vociferously demand employment. We had hard work to get rid of Betsy, who stated her wants in a very spirited fashion, and, as Eric was very good in putting in bits of his own, the curtain was drawn amid much laughter. Space forbids me to give the third act, "Arm-chair," in detail; suffice it that a young couple are surprised by the damsel's outraged father, who, on hearing that the young man has come into a fortune, bestows his blessing on them, and his arm-chair! Nora singing Eliza Cook's well-known song completed the scene.

After a slight refection, our friends departed—thoroughly satisfied with their evening; and if any doubts as to the success of our party *aid* remain, they were dispelled when Eric announced, with a gratified sigh, that "he didn't care how soon he had another birthday."

OUR AMATEUR ART EXHIBITION.

WHY should we — that is, our small town — not have our own Amateur Exhibition, as well as larger towns? It was presumptuous to undertake such a thing, which to succeed well ought to be carried out on a large scale, our readers will exclaim. Nevertheless it was planned, a local committee was formed, and the exhibition was carried out not many months after the scheme was first started. The members of the committee consisted of local artists, and a meeting was called to decide the preliminaries of the undertaking. Circulars were issued, and sent round to the different residents in the neighbourhood, each member of the committee undertaking a certain district in which to circulate them. Rules of the simplest description were drawn up, the chief of which were that the exhibition was to consist of paintings in oil and water-colours, on glass, china, and terra-cotta, &c.; etchings, carving, and modelling, &c.; and decorative needlework was also to be admitted, *if original.* By this means it was hoped to exclude antimacassars and such-like, and to confine the entries to good decorative work. A small commission was agreed on, to be charged on all work sold; but exhibitors were not obliged to put a price upon the things entered for exhibition.

Before the day of opening, large placards were posted up everywhere about the town and neighbourhood, announcing the date of the opening, the name of the public room at which the exhibition was to be held, and the charge for admission. For nearly a week before the opening day, members of the committee were busily employed in unpacking, hanging the pictures, drawing up the catalogue, and arranging the room generally. What between the confusion, the noise of the hammering, and the excitement displayed as each new work arrived, the scene was a lively and busy one.

During a lull in the proceedings, the committee escaped for luncheon, and then went back to their work. The oil-colours were hung on one side of the room, and the water-colours on the opposite side. All the works sent had to be numbered, and the labels taken off and put by for the return journey. The business of drawing up the catalogue was somewhat a fatiguing one; however it was all accomplished at last and sent to the printers.

A large screen was erected in the middle of the room, with a shelf on each side of it, on which were placed the china, wood-carving, and smaller things.

And now we will take a walk round the room, and see what our amateur artists have accomplished.

Amongst the water-colours, there were some very good interiors, landscapes, and studies of fruit and flowers.

The oil-colours were on the whole inferior to the water-colours, but there were some very good pictures; a particularly good one was some cart-horses at work in a field; they almost seemed to move with the harrow, and the whole scene was life-like. There were one or two pretty flower-pieces, a view of Venice, and some lively-looking puppies, which were all well drawn and painted. The pictures, taken on the whole, were better than might have been expected, and testified to the skill of the artists.

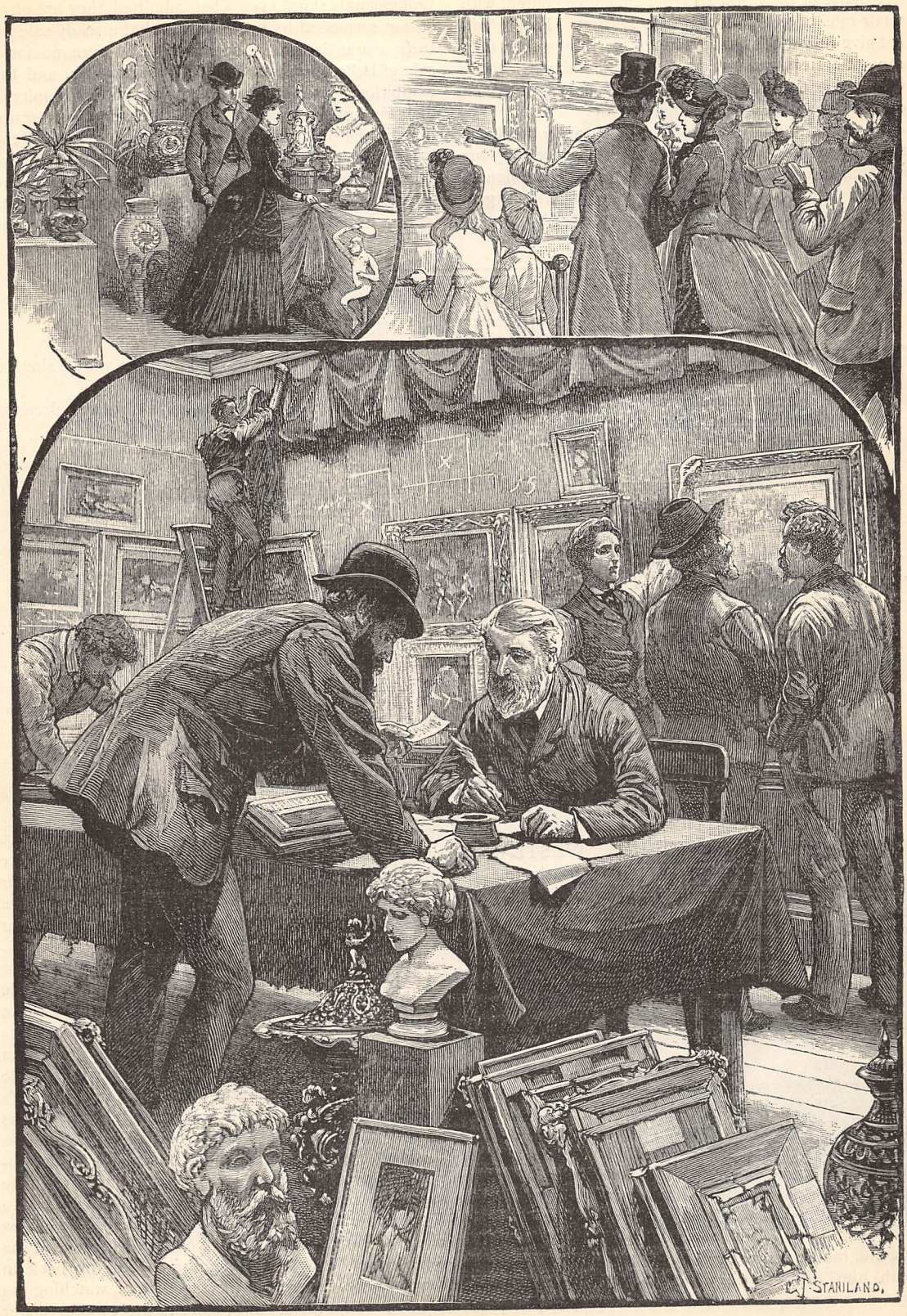
Next came the screens, three and four-fold, six and seven feet high. One, a very handsome one, well suited to stand in a large hall, was painted with flamingoes and other foreign birds; some were in the act of flying, and the others were resting on the ground. The whole scene was most life-like, and full of animation. Another very pretty screen was painted on pale blue American cloth, with delicate white fox-glove, and the beautiful white arum lily. The entire screen had nothing but white flowers on one side, whilst the other side was almost equally pretty, being painted on a gold back-ground formed of American cloth. Smaller three-fold screens were painted with sun-flowers, pampas grass, the blue iris, *Lilium auratum*, and other flowers. There were a good many crystoleums, but they looked to my mind somewhat unreal, and wanting in tone in the colouring. A great many photographs had been sent of views taken in India.

Amongst the china, some of the simplest designs were almost the most effective, such as jugs and jars painted in green, with a bright yellow chrysanthemum or white daisy painted upon them.

I must not weary my readers with a description of all the works at the exhibition, but should any one think of starting a local exhibition, our experience may be of use to them.

To make an exhibition successful, it stands to reason that the neighbourhood should be an artistic one, in order that there should be plenty of contributors. Next, it should be in a large and populous town, if possible, at some distance from London, in order that there may be plenty of people to visit the exhibition, and to buy if need be, when it is opened. Lastly, the exhibition should not be open for more than three days (unless the visitors continue to be *very* numerous, when it might be kept open an extra day or two), and the whole time the admission fee should be as low as possible.

To make it pay its expenses, the secretary and the committee should do as far as possible all the office work, and the unpacking and packing of the works for exhibition. But expense should not be spared in the first instance, in making the exhibition well known by means of notices in the papers, &c. A fault which it may be well to mention, is the absurd prices amateurs are apt to place upon their works, pricing them at a fictitious value, and all the time they appear to be confident that their work will sell; whereas, if the object is



OUR AMATEUR ART EXHIBITION.

to dispose of the work, an artist should be content with a fair rate of profit, at any rate at first. People will not give now-a-days fancy prices for things that they can get better done by a professional hand, particularly when such things are not decidedly useful, or which can be done without altogether.

An exhibition, if well managed, certainly conduces to the encouragement of art, and besides increasing our appreciation of the beautiful, opens a field for honest labour. Amateurs experience great difficulty in getting their works admitted side by side with those of professionals; and even when admitted, they are often so far surpassed by professionals that a ready sale for their works is almost hopeless. The demand for a sale of ladies' work is constantly increasing, and the exhibition, if well managed, supplies an opportunity of disposing of their work, without the annual subscription or the high commission charged by many of the local societies. At the same time it leads them to reflect what will be really suitable for exhibition, and the comparison of their work with that of other artists gives a useful stimulus to emulation.

WHEN WILL THE SONGS BE OLD?

WHEN will the songs be old that tell of spring?
Of buttercups that blow and birds that sing?
Ah! never may my losses or my gains
Make common things to me of fields and lanes!

When I behold the new year sunbeams fall,
And light the chilly moss upon the wall,
May I be moved to think of hedges green,
And lilacs with laburnum boughs between;

Of clouds in starlight, and of changing moons;
Of shiny, breezy morns, and idle noons;
Of paths o'ergrown, where stray winds sing to streams
The sweet songs of our youngest, dearest dreams.

Now, I remember many a pleasant rhyme,
Born of the joy that comes in budding-time,
And made for love in simple days of ease,
When mortals had more leisure for the trees.

When will the songs be old that always bring
In wildest days some music of the spring,
And make us smile to think what will be soon,
When garden roses breathe below the moon?

GUY ROSLYN.

JOHN FORD:

HIS FAULTS AND FOLLIES, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Honest Davie," "Hidden Gold," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

MISS WESTLAKE was cousin to the second Lady Armstrong. She had neither parents nor fortune. Sir Andrew adopted her soon after his marriage, and it was she who — then a child—had thanked me for saving the life of Harry Armstrong. Soon after that event, as I have said, Lady Armstrong died, and Sir Andrew went abroad, taking his own son and his adopted daughter with him. Eight years had passed since then; I was now a man, and she a woman. We were about the same age, that is to say, between twenty and twenty-one, though people took me to be older than that by three or four years, by reason of my stature and the hair about my face. I saw her soon after Sir Andrew came back to re-inhabit Armstrong House, which was in the month of August, and the way of our meeting was this:—

There had been a long succession of exceedingly hot and dry days, and the gorse in Waney Hollow, at the bottom of the common, had taken fire. I saw smoke and a few tongues of yellow flame in the morning; towards the evening a brisk dry wind sprang up from the north, and swept the fire rapidly towards the little copse that lies between the common and Johnson's Farm. If the fire passed that, then Johnson's ricks would go. All the village ran off to lend a hand in cutting the gorse, and covering the stacks with tarpaulins. I, caring no more for Farmer Johnson than he cared for me, went off in the opposite direction to Crown Point, whence one could get a view of the hollow along its entire length, and be out of the smoke at the same time. I was standing there, with my back to the single beech between the cross-roads, watching the fire as it swept along—now close to the ground under the breeze, now curling sluggishly upward as the wind

abated—and with a kind of savage desire in my heart that it would spread wider and grow fiercer, when I heard voices coming through the wood, and presently out of the bridle-way leading up to Armstrong House there came Sir Andrew, with his son Harry and Miss Westlake; Bax, the keeper, leading. As they came in sight of the fire, they stopped with an exclamation of awe, and then advanced slowly to the edge of the road, their attention so centred upon the sight before them that they passed by the beech without noticing me, though I stood full in the light.

They stopped by the edge of the road, not half a dozen paces from me, a little to the left, so that I could see their faces, as they looked towards the hollow, distinctly in the glare from below. I recognised Sir Andrew, with his shaven chin, his handsome features and white hair, and his portly figure. I concluded that the slim young gentleman was his son Harry, and that the young lady was the Miss Westlake of whom I had heard the village folk speaking. They were silent. I could hear the crackling of the gorse and brake, and the distant cries of the men working in Johnson's Farm. There was nothing to disturb my observation, and I looked at Miss Westlake with that wonder and admiration that might strike a man looking for the first time upon a beautiful woman.

And indeed she was the first beautiful woman I had seen; for though some of the village girls in and about Kitford are counted pretty, and many of the ladies in the fine houses round and about, who may be seen often enough at the meets and elsewhere, are said to be handsome, there was not one amongst them to be compared with her. Set a lily in the midst of a field of poppies and corn-flowers, a delicate rose in a bed of showy geraniums, and the contrast in elegance and delicate grace will not be greater than that which existed between Miss Westlake and our village beauties or the vaunted fine ladies.

What was her special charm? I know not. It was the combination of all that was most perfect in form and colour which made her admirable to my sight. Others have found her less beautiful than I have, but they did not see with my eye. I am no philosopher, but it seems to me that every one must form his ideal of beauty according to what his soul esteems most highly. Features are beautiful to us as they represent the quality that we admire. Is it not for that reason that the impudent face of a public actress obtains the admiration of men with coarse and vulgar minds? And for the same reason was it not that our village people found Miss Westlake's expression too proud and melancholy to be pleasing; and that I, steeped in the melancholy of the woods, and wrapped up in the pride of an egotist, saw in that young girl a nature that harmonised with mine?

Doubtless I saw her for the first time in her womanhood, under conditions that enhanced her beauty. It may not be a fact that applies to all observers, but I have found most faces more beautiful in the glow of fire-light—and it was just such a glow that lit up Miss Westlake's face then. It gave a richer tint to her dark complexion, and lustre and blackness to her eyes. She had put a lace shawl over her head, it had slipped back upon her shoulders, and the light was reflected with bronze-like gleams from the ripples of her chestnut hair. Her countenance, too, was animated with the emotions she felt in looking upon the grand, and to her terrible, sight before her. Her face was not of the ordinary English type: the features were small; her nose was not aquiline, but curved; the upper lip exceedingly short; the form of the eyes and the finely mounted dark brows were like those of a young Jewess; she wore no sort of fringe, but the hair was taken back from her fine and beautifully formed forehead, as if she knew that it was too handsome to conceal beneath a meaningless and unnatural crop of tangled hair.

"Hawfull night, miss!" said Bax, in a solemn tone (if he had been along with another man of his own condition, he would have made a joke of the accident). "I know who's at the bottom of it," he added, addressing Sir Andrew, who stood on the other side of him. "This is a little bit of Ford, this is."

"Ford—what! Ben Ford the blacksmith?" asked Sir Andrew.

"Oh, no, sir, 'tain't the old man. He's helpless when he's drunk, and harmless when he's sober. 'Tain't him. It's that limb Jack Ford. Just the very thing he'd rej'ice in—settin' a whole parish afire."

"I won't believe that of the fellow who saved my life," said Mr. Harry stoutly.

"Don't know him as I do, sir. Nor *you* don't know, sir," to Sir Andrew. "I don't suppose there's not a week gone by since you've been away but what he's been up to some mischief or other: stealing geese off the common, linen off the hedges, settin' stacks afire, or something or other."

"Firing stacks: that's not a trifle," said Sir Andrew. "Has he been punished for it?"

"Why, no, sir: there's where his wickedness comes in. He's that hartful there's no proving nothing against him."

"Then I think you ought not to make such charges against him," said Miss Westlake, with quiet firmness.

"Well, miss," said Bax, in a half-apologetic tone, as he scratched his scrubby cheek, "I don't say as he axually fired stacks; I only know that he can't deny as he did."

"Or won't," said Mr. Harry.

"Won't and can't, as they say, sir, 's about the same."

"It is not quite fair, Bax, to talk about a man in this way when he's not by to justify himself," observed Sir Andrew.

"Oh, as for that, sir," replied Bax, who did not know how to stop, "what I say behind a man's back I'm game to say before his face; and as regards this fire——" Here he stopped dead short, for turning about to face Sir Andrew, he caught sight of me.

At this abrupt termination the little party turned to see what had brought Bax to a stand, and seeing me, their faces bore a look of astonishment, not unmingled with terror. My size astonished most people seeing me for the first time, and then it must have

seemed that I had sprung up through the earth. Who I was, Bax's sudden silence indicated. Mr. Harry was the first to speak.

"This must be John Ford himself," he said.

"Yes," I replied.

He held out his hand as he had when we last met, and I took it. Sir Andrew coughed, and put his thumbs in his waistcoat-pockets.

"Ah! you're no longer a lad, John Ford," said Sir Andrew.

"No."

"And why aren't you down there with the other young fellows, trying to get the fire under, eh?"

"For the same reason that you and your son are not down there. It suits us better to stand here and look on. If I had a fellow like Bax to order about,

"BEFORE I UNCOVERED MY FACE SHE WAS GONE" (*p.* 489).

But I paid little heed to him; as I dropped Mr. Harry's hand I turned my eyes to Miss Westlake, and looked into her wonderful face; and she met my gaze without any kind of embarrassment. For a full minute we stood with our eyes fixed—mine in admiration, hers in curiosity and surprise, and perhaps in admiration also. I was a picturesque figure, no doubt, seen in that weird light—a man of great stature, fair, with good strong features, short, close curling hair, a little beard of thick growth upon my jaws and chin, and a bare throat: wearing leather leggings, and an old green velveteen jacket, buttonless, frayed, and torn with rough wear through briar and brake, and a felt hat that had lost all colour, and took any form that accident gave it.

I'd send him down there—that is, if it didn't please me better to listen to his slanders."

"That impertinence is uncalled for, John Ford," Sir Andrew said sententiously.

I laughed. What did it matter to me what he thought of me? I turned my eyes back to Miss Westlake, whose wondering eyes were still upon me. Never in her life perhaps had she seen a man so uncouth and rude putting himself upon terms of equality with the baronet, or taking his well-meant patronage as an insult.

"I think, my dear," said Sir Andrew, addressing Miss Westlake—he saw that I did not intend to move—"that if you have seen about enough we will return to the house now."

She took his arm in silence.

"Good night, Ford," said Mr. Harry in a brisk tone, as if he wished to think that I had not been ill-mannered.

"Good night."

Sir Andrew gave another short cough, and accompanied it with a little nod of indifference. Miss Westlake inclined her head slightly, and they went away; Bax, who had retired into the background as soon after seeing me as he conveniently could, followed close behind them.

I pursued Miss Westlake with my eyes as the party turned the angle made by the bridle-path in entering the wood. I saw her face turned towards me.

I laid myself down upon the spot where she had stood, and thought of her with a feeling of rapture as inexplicable as that which has seized me sometimes in the night, when, through an opening in the wood, I have looked up at the heavens, mysteriously beautiful with the still, sad stars.

I shut my eyes, trying to recall her face in the darkness. I repeated her words, remembering with delight that she spoke in my defence, and endeavoured to find what might compare with the sweetness of her voice. I wondered what was in her mind as she looked in my face, as she turned at the angle of the wood to look back at me, and so I continued to reflect and speculate until I fell asleep.

I awoke a little before sunrise, and never shall I forget the delight with which my mind recalled to view the figure of the beautiful girl I had seen the night before. It was like new birth in a new world to me. I saw that it was beautiful to live, without foreseeing the difficulty of existence. To see her, to breathe the same air with her, that was all I needed then. I did not think of the future; the present was all-sufficient for me. I sat watching the growing colour in the east with an inexpressible feeling of beatitude in my heart. The sun was rising on the horizon of my life, filling it with a blessed warmth and light, clearing away the gloom in which I had existed, and revealing a higher life of which I had never dreamed.

Before the first shaft of sunlight had touched the church-spire I had flung open the shutters of the smithy, and got my apron on. I had not done a stroke of work for three days, and I had only sixpence in the world. My father, I knew, had nothing; I never gave him more than he could spend in an evening. There were several jobs to be done; and I set to work with a will, and by eight o'clock, when my father came shivering from the shed, I had finished, having done enough, as I reckoned, to give us food for the next three days. My father asked no questions, for I slept in the open air habitually when the weather allowed, and worked as the whim of the moment directed; but he looked at me with amazement when I asked him if he knew what had become of the bit of looking-glass by which he used to shave before he let his beard grow. I found it rather difficult to tell him "what on earth" I wanted to look at myself for, feeling ashamed of my new weakness; nevertheless, when I drew the bucket up from the well, I looked at my face in the water with as much interest as a silly girl, and after ducking my head and drying myself with a clean handkerchief, I drew another bucket to look at myself again, and see that there was no trace of the smithy upon my face, and that I had combed my hair all over.

I went so far as to give my jacket a good shake, and pull off some ragged bits that were neither useful nor ornamental, bethinking me the while whether it would not be advisable to do a good day's work in order to buy myself a suit of grey like the young squire's.

I put a crust of bread in my pocket, and gave my father the sixpence, and then, with a deep-beating heart, I strode off towards Armstrong Park.

I took up my position in a part of the park where I commanded a view of the front of the house, and there I stayed three-parts of the day, in a state of fervent anxiety, without seeing any one save Sir Andrew and the servants. But when the heat of the day was past a groom brought a couple of saddle-horses to the door, and soon after Miss Westlake appeared in a riding-habit, with Mr. Harry in attendance. My heart almost stopped for a moment, and then the blood rushed up into my face, and I felt it beating at my temples. I waited to see her in the saddle, and then I gained the Sevenoaks road, and waited in suspense, not knowing whether they would turn to right or left in leaving the park. I was a hundred yards from the gates when they came out and, turning about, started off at a sharp trot in the opposite direction; nevertheless, I gave chase. I knew the road they would be likely now to take, and being as well acquainted with the face of the country as the old rooks that cross it daily, I made a bee-line to the top of Huntly Hill, which they would have to ascend at a walk. I got to the top of the hill before they were in sight, which was not amiss for me, my face being wet with perspiration, and my lungs pretty nearly exhausted in the effort. Presently I heard the sound of hoofs, and then of their voices and a light laugh, and a minute or so afterwards they came into view. Most women look well on horseback, but none that ever I have seen sat with such ease, or carried her body with such simple grace, as Miss Westlake. There was nothing extraordinary in her riding-habit, but I thought that no dress in the world was so elegant: it was her perfectly moulded figure that made it so. And now I saw that her eyes were brown, and that her cheek was fairer than I had deemed it the night before: it was the difference between one lovely rose and another which leaves one no preference. It may be imagined that I made good use of my eyes to discern the colour of hers, and indeed I did stare sufficiently to justify them in thinking me weak-witted—as I found afterwards they did. I stood fairly in the road, unconscious of everything but her presence. Mr. Harry said something to me in passing, but the sound of his voice reached my ear without making any impression. She inclined her head, and a smile gave fresh beauty to her face. It was such a smile as she might have given to a child, or a princess to her subject, but it conveyed the most extravagant encouragement to my wild aspirations. I looked upon it as the sign of

special favour, the expression of pleasure in looking upon me.

They had passed me by about a dozen yards, when Mr. Harry, turning his horse aside, stood up in his stirrups, and tore off a spray of wild clematis that festooned a young ash by the road-side. He broke off a suitable bloom, and gave it to Miss Westlake, and I saw by the pose of her arms and head that she was placing it in the bosom of her habit. I know not why I did not run after her, and tear the flowers from her breast, for at that moment I was mad with jealousy.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

NOT a day passed without my seeing Miss Westlake. I continued to meet her whenever she went out of the park. I stood my ground in the park itself when she preferred to walk there. I knew that she looked for me—I could see her eyes before she caught sight of me exploring the path with a certain inquietude, which I mistook for a sign of that eager desire which led my eyes to find her. As a matter of fact, I terrified her, starting up in her path wherever she went, staring at her with such unabating persistency, and with a varying expression which she must have been unable to understand. For on one day a belief that she loved me would imbue my spirit with complete happiness; the next day I might be seized with an insane jealousy of Mr. Harry—a mere lad though he was—by her side; the day following I would repent of my injustice, and yearn for her forgiveness. Either my face was inexpressive indeed, or her eyes failing in a power of observation, if she did not remark the devotion, the anger, and the sorrow and entreaty, which successively held possession of my soul. She never went out of the house unattended; sometimes the old gardener was her protector, sometimes Mr. Harry. After awhile he ceased to speak to me in passing, which was not surprising, considering the churlish return I made to his advances. He passed me in silence—a matter which would have given me no distress, but that at the same time Miss Westlake ceased to recognise me, and looking a little pale, passed on, with her eyes turned from me. That was terrible. What could I do to regain her favour? It was unendurable to see her who was in my thoughts from dawn till dusk, and from dusk till dawn again, who was the very life of my life, pass by as if I had no existence in her world.

One day as she was walking with the old gardener through the narrow path that leads to the little wicket in the park fence opening on the Sevenoaks road, I stepped directly in front of her, to compel her to take notice of me. She did not attempt to turn aside; she stood perfectly motionless, and looked me full in the face, with a countenance as cold and still as marble, waiting with majestic dignity until I should come to my senses and leave her free to pursue her way; and so we stood until, with a cry of despair, I tore myself away, and plunged into the brushwood.

"If she will only look at me, she will see how I suffer with regret, and she must forgive me," I said to myself on the morrow. In the morning she came from the house with Sir Andrew. When they spied me in the distance she seated herself, and Sir Andrew came on alone, with a quick, business-like gait. I waited for him, seeing that his business was with me.

"Well, John Ford," he said sharply, as he drew up before me, "what are you doing here?"

"Wondering what you have come to say to me," I replied.

"You know, I suppose, that you are in a part of my park that the public is not admitted to?"

"Yes; and you know that eight years ago you gave me permission to go where I pleased on your estate?"

"That is true. But I am at liberty to retract that permission when you cease to behave yourself with common decency—when your presence is offensive."

"Have I made myself offensive?"

"Certainly you have. For a month past you have molested Miss Westlake. She cannot go out of the house alone for fear of you. You are constantly in her path."

"Is that offensive to her?" I asked eagerly, as if my life depended on the answer.

"It is offensive to me: that is sufficient," replied the baronet.

I laughed lightly. "Is that all you have to say to me?" I asked.

"No, it is not all," he said testily. "If you continue to displease me I shall take means to punish you. You may think that in these easy times you are at liberty to do as you please, but you shall see that there is still sufficient justice to protect the rich as well as the poor; and I tell you plainly that if you annoy me or any member of my family, either in this park or outside of it, you shall go to gaol. Do you understand me?"

"Yes."

He was about to walk off, but, as if regretting his heat, the old gentleman turned, and said in a milder tone—

"I can make every allowance for a young man of your peculiar disposition and condition. I don't desire to be harsh with any one, and least of all with you."

"Ah!" thought I, quickly seizing the altered tenor of his address—"She has pleaded in my excuse. This is the echo of her dear voice."

"I am not prejudiced by the stories in your disfavour, and, as I proved to you years ago, I am desirous to promote your welfare rather than to increase your misfortunes; but you must understand, my good fellow, that your line of conduct is quite unjustifiable, and that you have no more right to annoy us than you have to inflict pain upon persons of your own class, or—or—or horses."

With this peroration he gave me a nod that seemed to say that he was very well satisfied with himself at least, and left me.

That part of his argument which struck me was the suggestion that I had been inflicting pain upon Miss Westlake. Was that charge a fair one? or was it only a supposition on the part of Sir Andrew? I had dared

to believe that to some degree Miss Westlake reciprocated my feelings ; judging, then, her sentiments by my own, she should feel less pain in my presence, savage and rude as I might be, than in my absence. Was I right or wrong in my conjecture? I set myself to solve the question without delay, hope giving me courage to face the consequences. If, thought I, I find that she misses me with regret, then Sir Andrew and all the powers in the world shall not keep me from her path. But if she is pleased to be rid of me, then——" I dared not think what must happen in that case.

I did all there was to be done in the smithy that day, and the next I turned my back on Kitford. I was away four dreary days. For the first time I found no pleasure in the tramps out: it was like turning one's back on the golden glory of a fine sunset, and walking into the misty greyness of coming night. I left my love behind, and every step that took me further from her increased my depression. It appeared to me that this was a foreshadowing of that complete banishment which might be in store for me. On the third day, when I turned to retrace my steps, my spirits rose, and the future wore a more hopeful aspect to my imagination. It took me but a day to recover the distance it had cost me nearly three to make, so light was my returning step.

My father thought fit to remonstrate with me when I got back.

"A little more, Jack," he said, in a tone suitable to the gravity of the occasion, "a little more, and I should have had to light the fire and do a bit of work myself. It isn't right to leave me for four mortal days, after telling the neighbours not to give me credit. Either you oughtn't to have told 'em that, or you oughtn't to leave me. I don't find fault with you, Jack, for I've got a little weakness myself ; but I *should* like to know what you think's going to be the upshot of this precious wild-goose chase?"

"What chase?"

"Why, this running after the young lady up at the house. Oh! you wont gammon me, Jack, with that look of astonishment. I suppose you want to make me believe that you never knew there was such a young lady as Miss Westlake, hey?"

"No. I was only astonished that you knew."

"Oh! it's no secret. All the village knows you've been dodging her about for a month past, and if they didn't, you may be sure that civil-spoken, cantankerous old gardener'd pretty soon tell 'em. Him and Bax has been laying their amiable tongues to it, wondering what you've been up to this last four days and hinting that you're going to blow up the house with this here gun-cotton stuff or something. That don't matter a bit. They take care not to let us hear 'em talking, and we're not likely to be shut up in the madhouse because they say we're cracked."

"That's the last report?"

"That's it, Jack ; and, as I say, cracked or sound, my son Jack Ford is good enough for any woman that breathes, though she be adopted by a baronet, and the same I will stick to. But between you and me, my boy, what's the good of it? Such a maid as that ain't for the likes of us, my boy, and never will be ; and the sooner we settle in our minds we can't get what we want, and look about to get what we may have, the better. It ain't agreeable to drink at the well when your mouth is crying out for a jug of ale, as I know from the experience of yesterday and this morning, but it's what we must all do when circumstances compels. And even if she wasn't high and mighty, it'd be no good your thinking of marrying her, seeing that she's as good as married already."

"What!" I cried, starting up from the bench on which I had been sitting, listening to my father's lecture.

"Oh! that's settled, Jack. Every old woman in the village is talking about it. Young Mr. Armstrong is to go to college or somewheres until he comes of age, and then he's to be married to Miss Westlake. Oh! it's all there, cut and dried."

At that moment an open carriage came down the street. I saw at a glance that it was Sir Andrew's, and I stepped back into the shadow of the forge-hood, that I might not be seen.

Sir Andrew and Miss Westlake were on the back seat ; Mr. Harry sat opposite. Sir Andrew was sorting some letters in his hand ; Miss Westlake was listening, with a smile, to Mr. Harry, who leaned forward to speak to her. She did not turn her eyes towards the smithy. And I had thought that my absence might distress her!

"There they go : see, Jack," said my father—"paired off like pigeons, and well sorted too. Why, what sort of a figure do you think you'd cut, Jack, in a carriage, and with a young lady like that?"

"No one from the house—Bax or any of the servants—has been here during the last four days to speak to you about me?"

"Why, what ha' you been doing, hey, Jack?"

"Nothing," I said, with dejection, for it was clear she had sent no one to inquire about me—"nothing more mad than usual."

But I could not abandon all hope at once. Something more than village gossip and her apparent indifference was necessary to convince me that my passion had no other effect upon her than a temporary feeling of displeasure. Everything in nature is responsive, I argued. If I strike a stone it gives sound, iron beaten by a hammer gives heat, light makes the tender shoot of a crocus to burst through the frozen earth, fire kindles with a breath—then shall not all my strength and energy and will bent to one purpose take effect? Shall the quick and sensitive disposition of a young girl alone be irresponsive? That I resolved to know.

The carriage returned without Mr. Harry : I took that fact as a good omen. Solitude and the woods, in which I spent the greater part of my existence, had made me superstitious. And fortune did favour me that day.

In the afternoon Miss Westlake came from the house alone, with a book in her hand ; she crossed the garden, and passing through the gate, ascended the path to the very point where I was stationed. She did not

at first see me, for, seized with a strange fear, I had withdrawn a pace from the path. There was a bench there, the point commanding a fine view; she stopped as if about to seat herself, and then, with one hand on the back of the bench, she slowly scanned the surrounding shades. I believe she was looking for me, though whether in dread or hope I know not. Suddenly her eyes fell on me standing quite close to her; she started, and the colour left her cheek. I made a step forward, and stood before her, trembling in every limb. I could not speak for a moment, then mastering my emotion, I said, in a voice that was hardly audible to myself—

"Do you know that I love you with all my soul?"

She did not respond.

"Do you know that I love you?" I repeated—"that you are the light of my life, and that I cannot live without you? You think that I am an idiot wandering aimlessly in your path, or a mischievous fool waiting an opportunity to do you harm or terrify you."

"I do not believe that," she said, in a low voice.

"Then, if you know I love you, are you careless as to what becomes of me? Not seeing me in your path for the last four days, have you troubled yourself to inquire whether I had hanged myself on one of these trees or not?"

"I am not careless as to what becomes of you. You have my sincerest wishes for your welfare. When I found that you ceased—that you no longer pursued me—I hoped that Sir Andrew had persuaded you to be more reasonable."

"What! you thought my love so feeble that it would yield to his reasoning—you believed that the fear of being sent to gaol would keep me from you! What sort of love is that?—not mine."

"I am sorry for it."

"You are sorry that I do not love you less—sorry that I love you wholly, with all my strength of heart and soul? How would you have me love you?"

"Not at all," she said gravely.

"Oh! do not say that," I cried. "Do not tell me that I am less to you than the grass you stoop to pick."

"I do not tell you that."

"You do when you wish that the love which makes me what I am did not exist."

"It is not because you love me that I wish you well—and I do wish with all my heart that you may be a happy and—and a good man, John Ford."

"And with all my soul I echo that dear wish, for love of you alone can make me happier and better. Without it, I must sink back to what I was—an animal, and nothing more, living for myself alone, satisfying the need of the moment, and looking to the future without hope or aim. Oh! if I could but read the secret of your heart—if I thought that you loved me——"

"I do not love you," she said, in a tone of indignation.

"And yet, with all your heart you wish me to be happy."

"If it i love to wish an unhappy fellow-creature to be comforted——"

"Then you love me!" I cried quickly. "Oh! you shall not retract that word. I would make a forest from a single acorn, and if but the germ of love exists in your heart, it shall increase to a passion as fierce and great as mine. You shall love me! Tell me what you would have me be, and that I will become. There is nothing that a man with my love and will cannot do. What is it you admire in young Armstrong?—learning and position; he has nothing else: good—I will be as learned and as rich as he."

"I hope for your own sake you may," she said coldly.

"I *will*," said I, nettling with jealousy. "I will be his equal in everything but stature."

Her eye kindled with honest anger at this slight offered to Mr. Harry.

"Perhaps," she said, "you will find that not more impossible than to acquire the qualities that make him a gentleman."

She turned to go away. I threw myself before her.

"Wait!" said I. "I have not finished yet. Rough and unmannered as I am now, I can still become a gentleman. I will possess every quality you admire. How can I fail, taking you for my model, and bending every faculty of my being to mould my nature in harmony with yours?"

"I say again, I hope you may succeed."

"And if I succeed—will you be my wife?"

"It would be as absurd for me to say 'No' as to say 'Yes,' with a future so particularly doubtful," she replied, with a little sarcasm in her tone. "The high opinion you have of your abilities leads me to suspect that when you have realised your intentions you will think me hardly good enough for you. Let me pass, if you please," she added coldly.

"No," I cried; "you shall not pass until you have given me your promise that you will not marry young Armstrong."

"I 'shall not' pass!" she exclaimed haughtily.

"Shall not!" I repeated, urged from bad to worse by my insensate jealousy. "Do you see what I am? Do you know that you are in my power?"

She grew a little whiter, but she did not flinch from me, though I stood there with every appearance of a dangerous maniac in look and gesture.

"I see," said she, "that I was mistaken in supposing that your meeting me when for the first time I am unprotected was an accident. I see, too, that you are mean and a coward, and that the pity and kindly feeling I have had for you was wrongly bestowed. So far as my life is concerned, I know that I am in your hands. What use do you intend to make of your power?"

"All is lost!" thought I, and with the consciousness that all hope was at an end a sickness came into my heart, a cold sweat came upon my brow, and my legs giving way under me, I sank down upon my knees before her, and covered my face with my hands.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

WHAT I have set down is the substance, as nearly as I can recollect, of what I said to Miss Westlake; for simple as my language is now, I express myself as I could not then, when my words were of the most primitive kind, and I had to go about to say what I meant. But I am certain that Miss Westlake's replies were such as I have repeated here; they are as fresh in my memory, together with the tone of her voice and the expression of her beautiful features, as if that scene had taken place to-day.

Before I uncovered my face she was gone. I rose to my feet, and without one glance behind me, I went away. I walked I know not whither, reflecting on my condition and what had happened. When it grew dark I returned to the smithy, with my mind fully made up to do what was in my power to repair the injury I had done myself and the insult I had offered Miss Westlake.

I bade my father show me what work was to be done, and when he had pointed out the things to be repaired, and given me the particulars of what was wanted, I lit the forge-fire.

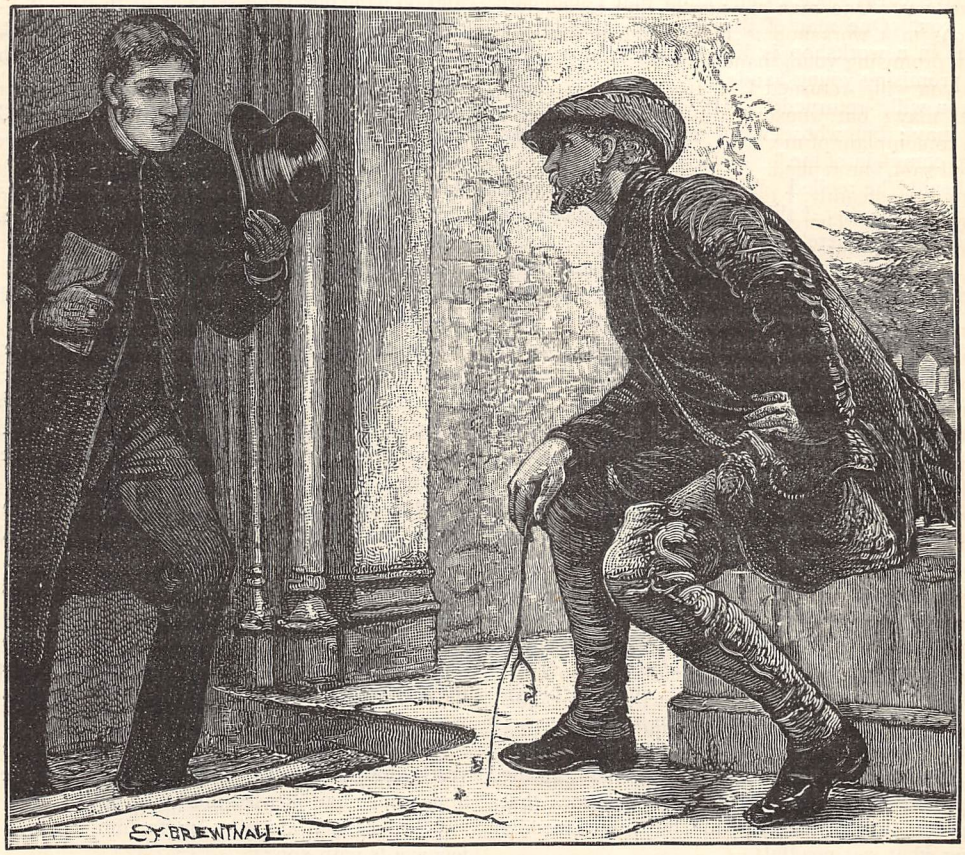
"You're not going to work now, sure-ly," said he.

"Yes, I am."

"You look worn out, Jack. I never saw you so queer. I must give you a hand."

"No; there's nothing that I cannot do by myself. You go to bed."

He made a pretence of reluctance, but nevertheless acted upon my advice; for he was not only selfish—as all tipplers and men who indulge in dissipation are—but had lost all capacity for work, and knew he should hinder rather than help me. I finished all there was to be done before daybreak; and it is a sign that my constitution and strength were of an extraordinary kind at that time, that I could work thus after the physical fatigue of the last four days, and the terrible moral shock I had endured in the afternoon. I lay down until the sun rose, and then I fetched the landlord from the inn next door, who was as decent a man as any of his kind, and showing him the work I had done, I begged him to collect the payment as far as he could, and in return, to see that my father should not want for food until I furnished him with a fresh supply of money, which I promised should be within a week. He was curious to know what I intended to do, but I would tell him nothing; and having



"I WAITED AT THE VESTRY DOOR UNTIL THE YOUNG CURATE CAME OUT" (*p.* 490).

taken a drink and eaten the corner of a loaf, I put the little linen I had in my leather apron, and with my bundle in my hand, turned my back once more upon Kitford, feeling as though a stone lay in my breast where my heart had lately beaten with delirious hope.

Shortly after ten o'clock I walked into Maidstone, and going direct to the engineer who had, as I have said, offered me employment, I told him that I had come to accept the offer he made me.

"Well," said he, "after what you told me then, and what I have learnt since, I don't know that I shall care to have you. One man of vagrant and unsteady inclinations in a workshop is just enough to upset half a dozen promising young hands."

"As you will," returned I. "If you won't have me, another may; but whosoever I serve shall have no reason to complain of me."

"Well said," he replied. "If you have made up your mind to work steadily, I think I may trust you to keep your resolution. There's something in your face and manner which assures me you will turn out an excellent workman if you will only persevere. At any rate, I'm willing to give you a trial; so if, as I judge by your bringing your apron in your hand, you are ready to set to work immediately, you can go to the bench at once. The foreman shall find out what you are fit for, and at the end of the week you shall be paid for what you have done, and I'll let you know whether it will suit me to keep you on or let you go."

On Saturday afternoon I received sixteen shillings for my three days' work, with an offer of two pounds a week if I chose to stay. I was contented with this arrangement, though not elated by it, for, as the reader has doubtless by this time seen, I had a very high opinion of my own worth. After this I went home to see my father—arriving at Kitford after dark. I listened patiently to his reproaches, and when he began to shed tears (as usual) over his own misfortunes, I comforted him, as one comforts children sometimes, by making him a small present. Then I shut up the smithy and lit the fire, in order to do the work that lay there awaiting my return—my father meanwhile explaining what was needful.

"Here's a old clock as Master Bax wants set to-rights," said he.

I ceased to blow the fire, and was seized with a tremulousness.

"Bax, the keeper?"

"Yes. I told him I didn't know whether it was any good his leaving it: 'for,' says I, 'goodness knows if my poor, dear, unhappy son 'll ever come back again.' At that he grew mighty curious and wonderful civil-spoken, seeing that you and him ain't the best o' friends. Wanted to know all about you. 'How can I tell you what's become on him?' I says. 'You're much more likelier to bring me news of him than I am to let you have any of his tidings, for he's hanging on a tree, or lying at the bottom of that water with a stone round his neck, more likely 'an anything else.' 'Well,' says Bax, says he, 'if he's in the water or the woods, I'll find him, and let you know'—which was kind on him, you know, Jack; and only this afternoon he came in to tell me you warn't neither in the woods nor in the pond, and to ask me if I had learnt anything about you. Wonderful kind to me, considerin' things in gen'al."

Wonderfully kind it was—but not of Bax. I knew the man well. He wouldn't stir a hand for any one unless he was paid for it; and what advantage was he to get from my father for hunting through the woods and dragging the Kit for my dead body? It was Miss Westlake who had instituted the inquiry, I felt sure; and oh! the life-blood seemed to rush back in a flood to my heart, so that it ached, with the conviction that she had still a feeling of pity for me. I left the forge, and sat down at once to repair the keeper's clock, which was full of dust and cobwebs, proving that it had long been set aside as worthless.

"Did you tell Bax that I had been away for four days?" I asked.

"Ay, to be sure. He had that out of me. 'And where has he been?' says I. 'Not lying about in the woods for pleasure in such weather as we had last week.' 'No,' says he; 'he wasn't neither in the parks nor the woods, I'll lay *my* life.'"

There, thought I, is the conviction of a man already questioned on the subject; and I cannot describe the gratification I felt in thinking that now Miss Westlake knew my absence was not due to fear of Sir Andrew, or our meeting the result of a studied purpose on my part to attack her when she was unprotected.

When the clock was finished, I sent it by my father to the keeper, that in case Miss Westlake still entertained any fears on my account they might be allayed. Then I set to work like a very Cyclops, and my heart sang within me. In the early morning I settled affairs with our neighbour the inn-keeper, and without a word of explanation to any one, marched back to Maidstone, making my plans for the future as I went.

After the morning service was over, I waited at the vestry-door of the church till the young curate, whose appearance had pleased me, came out.

"Sir," said I, stepping up to him, "may I have a few words with you?"

"Certainly," he replied, looking at me with some curiosity. "Come in here;" and he led the way back into the vestry, not caring, perhaps, to be seen by the young ladies—who, I found, admired him greatly—walking through Maidstone in the company of such a ragged rascal as I was.

"In the first place," said I, "I must ask if you have any time to give to my education?"

"Ye—es," he replied dubitatively; "I have certainly a little time to spare."

"In that case," said I, "will you be good enough to tell me how much I must pay a week for instruction?"

"Instruction of what kind? What do you want to learn?"

"Everything. All that you know, I want to know."

"What do you know at present?"

"Nothing, except smithing."

"It is not in my vocation, my good fellow, to give secular instruction."

"I don't see that you couldn't give it, all the same. A man can teach another what he has learnt himself. I could show you how to use a file, although it's not my business to teach. I am engaged in work all the day; I can't go to school."

"There are masters who give private instruction."

"Yes; but I prefer to learn from a gentleman what is necessary to a gentleman."

This distinction seemed to flatter him, although he protested that schoolmasters were not less gentlemen than he—which, as a matter of fact, is quite true, though not perhaps as they appeared to me at that time.

"I could teach myself to read and write," I continued, "and knowing how to read, I could acquire knowledge of facts and things from books. But that is not all I need. I must learn how a gentleman thinks and acts under certain conditions, and I can only learn that by associating occasionally with a gentleman, and putting questions to him which perhaps no book could answer me."

"Ye—es," he said, looking askance at me, with that expression of doubt as to my sanity which I was so accustomed to see. I saw that I must make my terms, and leave him to accept or decline them. So I went on—

"My trade will allow me to pay a pound a week for the instruction I want. Deduct from that a certain sum for the purchase of such books as you thought it necessary that I should have, and the rest would be yours in return for a couple of hours' teaching five nights a week."

After some protest and considerable discussion, Mr. Sheeply—that was the young curate's name—accepted my terms, and it was arranged that my studies should commence the following night.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

HOME LIFE IN BENGAL.

NOTHING can be more striking to the fresh arrival in India than the changed conditions of living which immediately surround him. The customs on board ship will, indeed, have prepared him to some small extent for the habits with which he is so soon to become familiar; but although he may see an occasional native servant accompanying an old Anglo-Indian, or perhaps an Ayah attending to the wants of a family of small children, he will yet himself be still accustomed to the attendance of the European stewards.

But no sooner does he reach the splendid jetties erected upon the bank of the Hooghly, than his acquaintance with the natives of India really begins. The coolies, with hardly a rag of clothing, will present themselves in almost incredible numbers in search of any porter's work which may be going, and the traveller, before he well knows what he is about, will find himself in a "ticca-gharry," or hackney-coach, on his way to his destination in the City of Palaces.

And here it may be observed that, though Calcutta has received this very dignified appellation, it nevertheless, upon a first acquaintance, hardly appears to deserve its title. In some of the main streets, indeed, are to be seen large and imposing buildings. But within the heart of the town are narrow dirty streets, having here and there a building of some consequence, but for the most part occupied by small broken-down houses, in which the native traders, and not a few enterprising Chinamen, carry on their business.

To this portion of the city the term City of Palaces could certainly not be applied, though some of the great native merchants still have their sumptuous mansions in this quarter. But when we turn our steps towards the district occupied by the more wealthy Europeans, we at once perceive the justice of the name which has been bestowed on the capital of our Indian Empire. This quarter of the town is known as Chowringee, and here are collected together the detached residences of those wealthy Anglo-Indian money-makers to whom the name of "nabob" has been so erroneously applied. The "West-end" of Calcutta is separated from the business quarter of the town by a considerable expanse of grass-land. It is a sufficiently pleasant piece of ground to walk across in the cool of the evening, and serves to keep the business and the residential parts of the town separate.

Adjoining this open space, at one point is the "Maidan," the park of Calcutta, which extends for a long distance between the bank of the river Hooghly and the suburb of Chowringee. Upon a portion of this splendid plain has been erected the fine Cathedral of Calcutta, but for the most part it is an immense open space, intersected here and there by grassy roads and pathways, bordered upon either side

by rows of well-grown trees. Skirting the "Maidan," upon the river side, is a splendid road, whence can be seen the vessels of all sorts and sizes constantly passing up and down the sacred stream.

Let us now enter one of the large two-storeyed houses in Chowringee. It stands in its own grounds, which are of no very great extent, and are generally enclosed within a high brick wall. This enclosure, in nearly the middle of which the house is built, is entered by a large wooden gateway, at which, day and night, a watchman is stationed, upon whom devolves the duty of excluding unauthorised persons from the premises. On the right, as we enter the gateway, stand the stables and coach-houses, while in front of us is the large square stuccoed building. These Calcutta houses are invariably built of brick, and as invariably are stuccoed over the whole extent of the outer walls. Why this should be, it is difficult to perceive, for the damp humid atmosphere of the delta of the Ganges is far from being favourable to the preservation of plastered surfaces, and often large masses of the material become detached, and fall to the ground, leaving unseemly patches of rough brick-work in the walls. This stucco is made, by-the-way, not of lime and sand, as it professes to be in this country, but of a mixture of lime and brick-dust, known to the natives by the name of "soorkee."

The house is entered by a flight of three or four broad steps, at the top of which is a verandah open to the outside, or enclosed at most by an open wooden trellis, over which some luxuriant tropical creeper has been allowed to spread itself. Along the inner side of the verandah, which occupies the whole breadth of the house, is a glass screen, a door in which opens into the hall, from which two archways give admission to the dining-room, while from one side of it rises a flight of broad wooden stairs, giving access to the suite of rooms on the upper floor.

THE ESPLANADE, CALCUTTA.

The dining-room is the largest apartment on the ground-floor. Upon either side of it are smaller rooms, some of which serve as bed-rooms, one perhaps as a billiard-room, and one generally as an office, in which business may be carried on without interruption in the early morning. There is gene-

rally, too, on the ground-floor a store-room in which such "dry goods" as can be purchased by the householder, independently of his servants, are stored. And at the back of all these rooms is another verandah, almost equal in size to the one in front, which is resigned to the servants, and serves as a stage in the passage of the meals from the kitchen to the table.

The upper storey is almost a reproduction of the lower, but the large central room becomes the drawing-room, and all the side rooms are usually bed-rooms, unless it happens that one of them has been converted into my lady's boudoir, tea-room, or what not.

These smaller rooms, situated around the central apartments, are screened off only by a hanging curtain, or "purdah," for though each of them is usually provided with a door, it is seldom or never closed, in order that the air may have the freest possible circulation.

Early rising is a rule almost without exception in Calcutta. A servant generally appears in the bed-room as soon as the sun is up, with a cup of hot tea and a biscuit, or small piece of dry toast, and perhaps some guava jelly, or a small pat of fresh butter; this is called "chota-hazri," or little-breakfast. Having consumed this light repast, and had a bath in the adjacent bath-room, it is time for a walk or ride, unless business should come in the way of our enjoying this—the pleasantest portion of the Indian day. The early morning's ride may be followed by another bath, for every one bathes frequently in India, and, by-the-by, in what at first appears to be a somewhat eccentric fashion. The floor of the bath-room is formed of the inevitable "soorkee," and ranged in a row at one side of it are a number of earthenware vessels called "gurrahs" or "khelsees," each of which contains something over a gallon of water. The bather, standing on the bare floor of the bath-room, empties these vessels, one after another, over his head, until he feels himself sufficiently cooled, and then returns to his bed-room, where the "bearer" is awaiting his arrival with a rough towel ready to rub him down.

When the operation of dressing for the day has been gone through, it will be time for "hazri," or breakfast, which is served at about nine o'clock, and consists of fish, meat, and in fact anything that is in season, including sometimes large rosy-shelled prawns, which are caught in some quantities in the Hooghly, and form a most delightful dish, whether simply boiled or curried. After breakfast, the buggy is ordered round, and the owner thereof drives off to his office in town, the "syce," or groom, in his clean white coatee and turban, or "pugrie," hanging on behind in true tiger fashion. At the office it is all hard work until about one o'clock, when the famous "tiffin," or luncheon, makes its appearance. Tiffin is an important meal, for here all the office employés meet together, and discuss such matters as do not come strictly within the scope of their routine duties. Then, too, gentlemen with much business and little time drop in, that they may speak of their affairs and eat their luncheon together, thus killing two birds with one stone, and saving the time of all concerned. Work at the office ceases generally between four and five, and it is then time to return home to Chowringee, where the carriage, and let us hope the ladies also, will be awaiting our arrival, in order that the whole party may proceed together for a drive.

There is practically but one drive in Calcutta, and every one with the smallest pretensions to being fashionable may be seen night after night driving up and down the "Strand," as that road is called which borders the river side of the "Maidan." Here, during the season, are to be seen the Viceroy and his suite, whose approach, heralded by a couple of outriders in gorgeous liveries, is the signal for every hat to leave the head of its male proprietor, while the ladies bow gracefully to the representative of royalty, and perhaps feel no little satisfaction should the vice-regal smile or bow appear in return to single them out particularly for attention.

No sooner does the sun go down than the early night of the tropics spreads its dark mantle over the gay scene, and long before the company reach home it has become quite dark. Then it is time to dress for dinner, the pleasantest meal of the day. The brilliant lamps on the table, and hung about the room, give a more homely air to the bare and spacious room, while the "punkah" waving gently overhead wafts gentle breezes round about, at once dispelling the oppressive heat, and causing a cessation of hostilities on the part of those plagues of Indian existence, the mosquitoes. Dinner in Calcutta differs little from dinner in any other part of the world, except perhaps from the presence of an occasional dish only to be obtained in the East, and, it might be added, from the supply of ice which is always to be found upon the table.

After dinner there are plenty of amusements to be found by the regular inhabitants of Calcutta. There are, for instance, the entertainments and receptions at Government House, to some at least of which it is not difficult to gain admission. For the levées of the Viceroy may be attended by almost any one who is unquestionably "respectable," nor are gentlemen obliged to invest themselves and their money in extravagant Court suits, though an effort was once made, with but little success, to induce ladies to appear in "trains."

Calcutta has not the reputation of being one of the healthiest places, even in British India, but yet it hardly deserves a bad character, even during the worst months of the rainy season; while in the cool months —from October to April—the climate is delightful. During the hot rainy months, the Court, and all in any way connected with it, retire to Simla, the sanatorium of India; and not a few other inhabitants imitate this good example, betaking themselves to the hills either at Simla, Darjeeling, or elsewhere. And so they manage to exist, with no little comfort and pleasure, until in due course their time of service expires, or their fortunes are made, when they betake themselves to their native land, there to spend the remaining years of their lives as best they may, sometimes in idleness, but oftener in kind and arduous efforts for the welfare of their poorer neighbours.

THE FAMILY PARLIAMENT.

[THE RULES OF DEBATE *will be found in our April issue. The Editor's duty will be to act as "Mr. Speaker;" consequently, while preserving due order in the discussion, he will not be held to endorse any opinions that may be expressed on either side, each debater being responsible for his own views.*]

OUGHT THE STATE TO PROVIDE HEALTHY HOMES FOR THE POOR?

(*Debate concluded.*)

* MISS A. M. BRUNSDON, Southernbank, Hereford:—Sir,—It seems to me that people are forming a habit of thinking and speaking of the State as though it were possessed of boundless wealth, obtained by accident. Should it not be remembered that some part, at any rate, of the revenue is derived from people who have hard work to "make both ends meet?" Many of the middle classes exercise far greater self-control and self-denial than the labourers for whom it is proposed that the State should erect dwellings. Is it fair, then, thus to take money from the one class to give it to the other? Already the former contribute to the education of the latter in youth, and to their support in old age. Must they also help to provide a home for the years of their vigorous manhood? And would not this measure be contrary to all received principles of political economy? Its ultimate result would probably be a proportionate reduction of wages, and even immediately the labourer would be little benefited, as it would be likely to check emigration, and to give a stimulus to the migration from country to town. It would also encourage the early and improvident marriages that even now cause so much of the deep poverty which we all deplore. And if the State is to provide dwellings, why should it stop there? Food and clothing, if not furniture, are equally pressing needs.

If it be a duty to provide dwellings, surely, to be consistent, it ought to be asserted that it is also the duty of the State to find work for the unemployed. But if the State bestow this parental care, it will soon have also to exercise parental authority. Laws would in time have to be passed restricting marriage, and perhaps even to limit the young peasant's right to leave an agricultural district when labour is needed. But has not the time for these things passed away? Then let us as a nation banish the thought of State-erected dwellings for the poor.

Let existing laws, that require the renovation or removal of unsanitary tenements, be enforced. Let philanthropists be more diligent in aiding the sick, the aged, and the unfortunate, and more strenuous in promoting emigration. And above all, let the people themselves learn to be more self-reliant, self-denying, and thrifty; for without these qualities, whatever the State may do, there will always be a vast amount of extreme poverty and degradation.

* To this speech was awarded the Honorarium of One Guinea, offered for the best short speech on this subject.

OPENER'S REPLY.

MR. SPEAKER,

When I was permitted to open this debate, I hardly dared hope, Sir, that my proposition would be carried by a large majority—so inherent in human nature is the principle of *laissez faire*, of non-interference, when expense or temporary inconvenience may possibly ensue from energetic action—but I certainly thought that more supporters would have rallied around me. However, after listening to the speeches of my honourable Opponent, and of those who followed him on the same side, I really find very little to answer that has not been dealt with by those who have taken my view of the question.

As I expected, the principal argument against action by the State has been that the State has already interfered as far as is wise in the matter, and that local authorities are already armed with sufficient powers to cope with the evils of excessive rent, over-crowding, and unsanitary dwellings. The simple answer to this is, that the condition of the homes of the poor has up to the present benefited little, if at all, by the Acts of Parliament at present in force, showing that a more drastic remedy is needed. Moreover, as one speaker has well said, this is, or ought to be, a question removed outside the cold calculations of political economists: it is a question, not of what is prudent, but of what is our duty to our fellow-men, and our responsibility in the sight of God.

Of course the State would need to be discriminating in its action. It would not provide homes rent-free for all who chose to live in them, as one honourable opponent seems to infer. It would confine itself to seeing that in every locality there were healthy homes at a low rental, sufficient in number for the poorest part of the population. People who could pay no rent at all would be dealt with as at present under our Poor Law system.

The argument that if the State is to provide dwellings, it should also provide food, clothing, furniture, and work for the unemployed, falls to the ground. The State does already provide all these things for the abject poor, but in the matter of healthy houses all that is needed is the same amount of support as has been accorded in the matter of education. Surely, Sir, this is not asking too much?

The speech received from T. P. Slider, Atlanta, U.S.A., arrived too late to be included in the debate. Steps will be taken to enable our American readers to take part in future debates.

CLOSE OF THE DEBATE.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON has been more or less in mourning since the lamented death of the Duke of Albany, and where there is one coloured dress sent from Paris to London, there have certainly been a couple of hundred white or black ones. An immense amount of lace is worn. For elderly women, I should suggest as one of the most useful things in a wardrobe, a black lace dress with a black silk or satin train, capable of being looped up when not required to be long, thus securing an evening and best walking dress. The lace should be at least twelve inches wide, put on rather full, with a gathering of thin silk beneath, if possible, which gives it twice as good an appearance, the edge of one row of lace touching the gathering of another. There seems to be only one style of bodice—viz., pointed in front, with a jockey basque at the back; but there is a great choice in the trimming. The fronts of some of the bodices are covered with black lace, sewn in with the seams. Others have full blouse bibs of lace or silk; others, waistcoats of contrasting colour. Black lace is worn over yellow, red, and grey satin, and is a style of full dress which has the merit of being durable.

The shops have been crowded with biscuit tones, now called "Nankeen," but smoke-colour has continued to be more worn in England, together with dark greens and browns. Tucks are employed on skirts, even of rich fabrics, and gathered flounces with tucks upon them are very well worn. I see a great many Medicis collars of all kinds, but except in a few brilliant exceptions, where either jet or pearl beads have been strung on wire, and so made capable of bending as required, they are rarely well worn and always ugly. These jetted collars convert a morning dress into an evening one very readily, by merely turning in the bodice in front.

I note one or two other contrivances by which one dress may be made to have different aspects. A lace front, black or white, may have many kinds of trains and bodices; and even where all of it is black, various coloured waistcoats may be introduced, simply buttoned on with a row of buttons on either side.

Bonnets are made to look best with the hair turned up, but the attempt is not too successful, and I notice that the hair is either frizzed underneath, or a frisette is placed inside, so that it has somewhat the appearance of a chignon, formed by turning the hair up instead of down, and has not that bare look which turned-up hair under a bonnet is apt to have.

The hats worn are various, but a very stylish kind is a sailor hat in plush or velvet, the back of the brim turned upwards against the hair, with two gold-headed pins thrust through it. These hats are sometimes made in leather of the natural colour, and worn with a waistcoat of the same leather worked in beads. I note that on hats and bonnets alike, where colours are worn, much coloured lace is employed, and whole front breadths of mushroom-coloured lace find favour.

Paniers are not out of date, but their form is various. Sometimes they appear short, and full on either side of the pointed bodice; sometimes they are a part of the train.

For lawn tennis many girls wear the counterpart of their brothers' cricketing-caps with a flap. Pinned on securely, nothing could well be more comfortable for the game. The eyes are shaded, the head covered.

In July, one's thoughts very naturally turn to the country, for which the most useful wear is a tailor-made gown, even when the weather is fairly hot. A summer tweed or Vicuna is the best of all materials—light and firm, standing any amount of wear and tear. They are woven in fancy patterns now, and are made to look more suited for summer wear by having coloured silk waistcoats. Gold and silver braidings mixed with appliqué stripes of cloth, are a new and very fashionable mode of trimming, and a great deal of gold and silver is used on all such dresses, also sprays of flowers in braiding are scattered all over the tunic. The ornamentation now placed on this class of dress makes them suitable for garden-parties and dressy occasions. Indeed, the tailors have taken to make children's evening dresses in striped nun's veiling, over silk petticoats.

The new dust-cloaks button on one side, have large pockets, and also give plenty of scope for full skirts beneath; but it is far better to combine a decided waterproof and dust-cloak, unless expense is no object; and very pretty Dolman shapes are made in blacks, browns, and greys, which combine all these requirements.

The riding-habits are now so cut to the figure and the saddle that they are pretty well skin-tight, and nothing can well be more ugly than this same skirt worn off the saddle. By the judicious introduction of the button and loop its chief ugliness may be hidden. The button is placed on the skirt under the back basque, on the left-hand side, the loop just at the knee-seam. When thus buttoned, the skirt hangs plainly at the front, and a most necessary fulness is added to the back.

Another great boon to lady riders is a tailor-made

jacket to slip over a habit in wet weather, just long enough in the basque to cover the saddle when the rider is seated. It is cut up the back to the waist, and at both back and front a broad piece of cloth is fastened, which when not in use simply turns up, is invisible, and is not at all in the way. But when the rain comes on this can be brought forward so as to cover both the habit and saddle back and front, and just fills up the vacuum which always occurs in the skirt of a jacket at the opening.

Women are beginning to wear, very generally in English country places, gaiters, made of a piece of the same stuff as the dress, and a novelty is to make them in elastic cloth, and bind them round the leg with narrow ribbon, like the cross-gartering of the Pifferari—keeping the legs warm and trim.

For really hard wear, heavy woollen dresses are made with full skirts and no drapery, and only a few rows of stitching above the hem. It is rather hot weather to speak of such fabrics, but July is a time when travelling by land and water is beginning to be discussed, and I should strongly advise ladies yachting to have their dresses thus made, with full loose bodices and lappels, instead of sailor collars.

Shot silks for more dressy occasions are now quite established in Paris, all the best-dressed women have given in their allegiance to them ; some of the happiest combinations are grey and pink, orange and pink, straw and grey, brown and orange.

For washing-dresses two kinds of fabric are worn—one plain, one figured—and it is hardly possible to use lace enough upon them, and a frilling of lace surrounds all the bodice basques. But for daily wear there is a decided preference for zephyrs trimmed with strong Russian lace, and made as polonaise and skirt, and there is hardly a more useful style for a washing-dress. The under-skirts have broad plaits, are cut at the edge so as to form scallops, and bordered with the lace. Brandenbourgs of ribbon, and plaited cords of ribbon, from one shoulder to the other, give a dressy appearance. Patterns in cross-stitch printed on the material are used a great deal for washing materials ; but in woollen stuffs similar designs are brocaded on the fabric, and made up with shot silks. But this is certainly a season for muslins, especially the bright-grounded ones, with designs of a well-executed flower scattered over them ; and these, again, require a good deal of lace. Parasols to go with them are made by gathering the muslin on to the framework, catching it down with pearls at distances, and adding lace at the edge ; but besides this edging, frillings of lace are carried round inside, and a very pretty effect is the result.

Flowers, both natural and artificial, are worn in the evening and morning, but real ones only in the day. There is a great art in arranging them. In evening dresses they start at the hem, and are continued to the knee. Real flowers are worn on parasols, and some bonnets are set in gutta-percha tubing so that they keep moist. Nothing is so pretty when they are fresh, nothing so bad when they are faded, as flowers.

Irish lace, especially guipure, is happily coming into favour ; it is dyed any colour required, and employed for millinery, over silk or satin. It is so durable that it can hardly wear out, and it is to be recommended as a trimming on under-linen. A great good is done, too, by employing the poor people who make it.

There are some pretty novelties in shoes, such as coloured patent leather with high heels, and bows of their own colour. They are specially stylish, and worn either to accord with the dress, or with a white or black dress, with coloured ribbons exactly matching the tone of the shoe. Then, again, shoes coming well up on the instep, fastened with a steel buckle, the back black and the front either red, or any other coloured patent leather, are among the most stylish kind of carriage and full-dress shoes now in vogue.

Bronze kids are much worn for evening, elaborately embroidered with butterflies, frequently in reds and yellows. They are also trimmed with upstanding bows edged with beads. Black satin, beaded in steel, with such bows are very dressy. But for sturdy, good walking shoes, and becoming at the same time, commend me to the Cromwellians, made in soft glacé kid, with invisible springs under the flaps, so that the shoe fits to the foot closely.

Russia leather shoes wear well, and have the merit of fragrance. These, too, are made in many colourings, and there is nothing more economical, for they last for a considerable time.

We are, as a rule, strong, and fond of out-door exercise ; so it would be curious if bootmakers in England did not make more preparations for long walks, in all weathers, than the Parisian shoe-dealers. It is in England that I have seen waterproof boots, made of grained and alligator leather. Glacé kid is best for summer out-door wear, and be sure to select boots with eyelets that project beyond the uppers. If shiny and patent kid draw the feet, then choose Cordova leather, which can be either blacked or varnished ; but cashmere-goloshed boots are much worn.

In France, I note that the women are wearing closer-fitting corsets. Indeed, they seem almost to be beginning to get back to those iron cages of which the satirists in Elizabeth's time had so much to say. But the worst of the present modes is that these new instruments of torture have been brought out in the guise of relaxed tension. The dressmakers are really to blame. They will make no dress unless the bodice is intended to fit like a kid glove, and for this an unresisting foundation of whalebone and steel is required. I noticed a dress thus made, the other morning, in a mixture of grass-green and dark maroon cashmere. The skirt of the dark maroon was almost plain, and over it the green was draped as a tablier in front, and a long piece at the side, the bodice buttoning diagonally ; and if the too-compressible flesh and bone had been melted into it, it could not have been more creaseless.

Gold gauze in millinery is most fashionable, the cobweb and spider pattern being very popular.

Happily English maidens are calling their good sense into play, and the "intense" style of dress in *perfide Albion* seems to be going out.

But moss-greens are well worn by fashionable folk

in England and France, and, for evening and full dress, blended with either salmon or terra-cotta. The smoke-greys remain still the most generally useful and fashionable, combined with deep, rich red.

Straw bonnets match the dresses in tone. Happily, among the season's novelties are hats which are wide in the brim in front and narrow at the back, and this proves becoming to the nape of the neck, to which the style of hair-dressing now draws attention in nine cases out of ten. In five out of the ten, maybe, the form of the face suits it, but unluckily there are at least five to whom nothing can be more trying and unbecoming.

For a simple, cool dress, the illustration that forms the initial to this chapter will prove a good model. It is in cream nun's veiling trimmed with any bright satin that would suit the wearer's complexion. The elbow-sleeves terminate with the favourite Edelweiss lace. The small maidens who are walking in the larger engraving are wearing washing-frocks of sateen—combinations of plain and figured, just as their elders adopt. Embroidery worked in ingrain-coloured cotton forms the trimming. The figure with note in hand wears a pretty costume of dark brown, broché with red and blue in subdued tints; her neat-fitting bodice has a waistcoat simulated by rows of braid. The hat matches, and with its tall, upright adornment in front, illustrates exactly what Frenchwomen are now affecting, both at the sea-side and in the country. The visitor with parasol in hand has selected a cooler costume—a shot silk skirt, ruched round the edge, and an overdress of broché nun's veiling looped with ribbons that match the skirt.

WHAT TO WEAR IN JULY.

OUR EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN UNFASHIONABLE DAY AT THE SEASIDE," ETC.

TRANGE, and almost incredible, as the news first sounded to English ears when shouted forth with all the lung-power of small evening paper boys, on April the 22nd last, a terrible throb of some little-understood pulse, beating in Nature's dark places—a veritable earthquake—had just lifted a quiet corner of our land into unenviable notoriety, and startled thousands of country folks out of their comfortable belief that such things were confined to that wide *terra incognita*—"foreign parts."

Knowing as little as the very humblest in our village the origin of this happily rare terror, and feeling that no personal speculations on "faults," explosions of gases manufactured deep beneath our sight, muttered messages from Hecla to Vesuvius, or any other theory of scientific men would be worth the ink they were written with, we will pass at once from cause to consequence, and tell briefly some effects of this most unexpected visitation.

Long indeed will twenty minutes past nine on the morning of that spring Tuesday be remembered through the valley of the Colne, and over many a mile of eastern coast.

So stormy and windy was it, that labourers at work a-field mistook the first rumble of the approaching earth-wave for a strong gust among distant tree-tops, or the warning note of a coming tempest.

But only for a few seconds was mistake possible.

Then from the heart of the earth below rose up a great groan—a sound more awful than cannonading from unseen battle-fields. Upheaving first, then backwards and forwards rocked the troubled land. A dizziness—not of fear, all was too quick for that—absolutely physical, seized on every one standing, and by the time the question had formulated itself, "What is it?" the sight of falling chimneys, cracking walls, cottages unroofing, church-towers rending, and homesteads magically wrecked, supplied the appalling answer.

Swiftly as the shadow of a summer cloud sweeps over wide country tracts, so glided by the invisible power, and ruins marked its course.

When the actual active force of the calamity had come and gone, then terror had its turn. A mighty fear overcame most living things. Birds flew wildly hither and thither, uttering sharp, startled cries. Beating in blind haste, perhaps, against trees or walls, many a little feathered victim fell lifeless to the ground. A flock of sheep being driven up a hill-side could with difficulty be kept together, and one poor woolly matron died within a few minutes of the shock—her fate being shared by two lambs of very tender age. Farmyard fowls huddled together in abject fright. Dogs howled and cowered in amazement. Cottage folk tell, almost unanimously, how they "wholly looked to be swallowed up!" And as for the womenkind, rushing terror-stricken out of their falling homes, it seems that with one accord, to use their own emphatic phrase, "they shruck."

"'T must be London blown up!" was one man's scared suggestion; but, "Nay, mate," made answer a more reasoning mind. "Not if all London *was* blown up 'twouldn't shake we like this. It's something wuss!" And for the panic that ensued, all who, like the writer, have made a pilgrimage through only part of the afflicted district, must own there is ample reason.

North-west of the Colne's mouth positive damage seems to have begun in one of the three Layers.

Layer Marney, outermost of these villages, felt the oscillation but slightly. Its singularly interesting church and tall tower residence reared by the Lords of Marney in Tudor times are uninjured. About a mile nearer the water is Layer Breton—less lucky, but still in better plight, than the last of these sister parishes, Layer de la Haye, where sundry big cracks in a comparatively new aisle of the church, dislodged battlements, a displaced key-stone in a western arch, and considerable havoc among house-chimneys, manifest the severity of the shock, even at this distance from its centre.

Here, at an isolated farm, the mistress was opening a door from without, when, as she drew forward the handle, the whole building seemed to sway forward, and down came showers of bricks and mortar right and left, eliciting the terrified exclamation, "What *have* I done!" and a momentary dread that in some mysterious way she was actually demolishing her own dwelling. Here too, as in scores of places, very little children had marvellous escapes, and, sitting by the fire-side, were instantaneously changed, by a black downpour, into unrecognisable figures—a transformation which, however, signified not a straw to the thankful mothers who, in the first direful confusion, sought and found their small treasures safe though sooty!

But nearing the coast from this village come very dismal scenes.

At Great Wigborough, upon a peculiar round-shaped hill, said by archæologists to be a huge ancient barrow, stands a church—tall, shapely, bearing little outward token of damage, but on closer examination found to be so racked and wrenched that the fiat has gone forth concerning it, "Unsafe," and from pinnacle to base it must probably be rebuilt.

At Little Wigborough, nearer the wide estuary of the Blackwater, and on the heavy land which seems to have transmitted the force of the disaster much more

readily than the lighter soils, a perfect ruin represents what has long been a somewhat decaying ecclesiastical building, and from Wigborough Hill, looking across the broad marshes to Mersea, and over undulating lands east as far as the eye can reach, almost every dwelling is more or less shattered, with torn gables, beams and rafters snapped like matches, big holes in roofs where chimneys used to be, and the said chimneys lying in ugly, mutilated heaps about the bright spring gardens.

At Peldon, a straggling parish that reaches to the salt water by the "Strood," or road which joins the mainland to the island called "Mersea," the devastation is most saddening. Houses of the better, as well as poorer classes, appear as if they had been taken up, shaken, jerked, twisted, dislocated, and then set down to tumble to pieces at their leisure. Families ran forth at the first sense of danger, and in more than one instance cannot re-enter their homes till weeks of builders' and bricklayers' labour have restored them to safety. The fine old church, which, standing high, was, like its neighbours at Great Wigborough, a landmark for miles around, is cruelly torn from east to west. Great zig-zag cracks disfigure the chancel walls, clerestory windows are badly damaged—looking in one instance as if an attempt had been made to wring the mullions into corkscrew shape—and the grey old tower, weather-beaten by nigh five centuries, and never quite upright in the memory of living man, now leans most ominously, its topmost courses shattered, wrecking in their fall the nave roof, where, through a great gap, one now sees the blue sky, and long strands of dislodged ivy waving from the tottering walls.

Close beneath that undesirable loophole stands a beautiful old font, earlier probably by a hundred years than the existing church.

"How fortunate that *that* was not hurt!" said we to the parish clerk, who keeps on guard about the building.

"More fortunate 'tweren't at church-time it happened," answered he; "there'd ha' bin a deal more hurt than the stone then!"

And we, claiming as friends near and dear the individuals who usually occupy that corner of the nave, accepted the reproof, turning away with a feeling of profound thankfulness for the protection extended to human life in the midst of such sudden and far-extending danger.

Melancholy as are the two miles past Peldon towards the marshes, where no tenement stands that has not suffered, where cottagers have to cook out of doors, camp gipsy-fashion on the common, and often sleep in sheds or any lean-to they can get, the most grievous sight of all waits us at Langenhoe, a spot on the flat, "fleet-drained" land, between the Blackwater and the Colne.

Here the quaint little Perpendicular church is a complete wreck; yet once more gratitude must out-weigh regret. Across the west end of the small nave runs, or rather ran, a wooden gallery, wherein on Sundays sat the school-children of the parish with their teachers; and that gallery is knocked to pieces by masses of descending stone from the tower, till it looks like fagots of fire-wood flung pell-mell upon the floor. To think of the hearts that would have been half broken if the hour of this awful visitation had been altered, and the gallery filled with its usual troop of youngsters, may well send us away acknowledging humbly that the Hand which orders these things *is* Divine!

Close by Langenhoe lies Abberton, and there destruction, notably among old buildings, has been rife; but the little church of St. Andrew, although most palpably shaken and partially unroofed, still stands secure enough to shelter worshippers, and offer itself on one portion of each Sabbath for the use of its more distressed neighbour, Langenhoe.

Between here and the Colne Mouth lies Fingrinhoe, where bulging walls, impromptu roofs of straw, tarpaulins or big threshing-cloths, shored-up gables, scaffolding round stack after stack of chimneys, and a church needing a heavy total of restoration look mournfully over the waters at Wivenhoe, whence come piteous tales of demolition almost worse than any we have yet described: and so winding up the river we reach Colchester, whose terror and troubles and losses found many chroniclers while their fear was first on them.

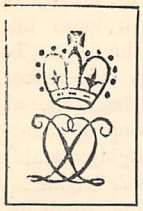
We say "fear," for there must indeed have been few minds that could pass through those terrible ten seconds with normal calm, and stout must be the nerves which can recall such experience without a shudder.

Here in the rural parts it seems not so much to have roused voluble alarm as to have what the labouring people call "dazed them."

It is something altogether out of their ken. "A warning," they say, all interpreting the word according to the bent of their own intellect. Many find it very hard to pull themselves together for common every-day work again; but they are doing it patiently and uncomplainingly. Not a single murmur have we heard among our rustic folk. Every soul seems so infinitely thankful at having escaped "what might have been," that repining for what *is* finds no place on any lips. They accept with a bravery which on different lines would earn wide plaudits, heavy and to some irreparable losses, such as, were their condition more widely known, would surely call forth freer practical sympathy than yet seems roused on their behalf. Is it too much to hope that some who read this imperfect sketch of some of the earthquake's dismal doings will join in helping the sufferers, re-erecting shaking homes, and rearing anew God's sanctuaries as a thank-offering for immunity from this great peril which for years to come must mark April 22nd, 1884, as a black-letter day in the calendar of the Eastern Counties?

A.

CONCERNING DERBY CHINA.



TRADE-MARK OF MODERN "CROWN" DERBY CHINA.

IN the declining days of December last year (1883) an interesting ceremonial at Hawarden Castle elicited from the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone a speech that was more than interesting. The occasion was the presentation of a dessert service of "Crown" Derby china to that illustrious statesman from the native workmen of the town of its manufacture.

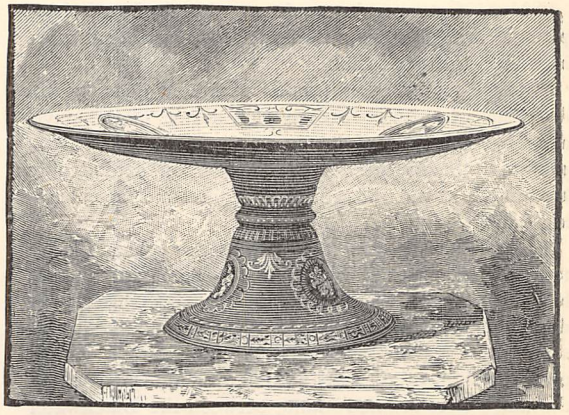
The Premier for the nonce escaped from the cares of politics to dilate upon the charms of porcelain. The jocularists said he had "new views upon China." The efforts of the epigrammatists had it that he had forsaken finance for *faïence*. At any rate, Mr. Gladstone, an authority on many diverse subjects, is an authority on the fictile art. He is as great an enthusiast over old china as was Charles Lamb, who, writing in the *London Magazine* of March, 1823, confided to his readers "an almost feminine impartiality for old china;" and confessed that when he went "to see any great house, he inquired first for the china-closet, and next for the picture-gallery."

The amiable Elia speaks of "a set of extraordinary old blue-china (a recent purchase), which we are for the first time using over our hyson." The service must have been the product of Japan or China, for the European manufacture of porcelain was not known until the eighteenth century, when Böttcher made his discovery in his prison-laboratory in Saxony. The Dresden works were established in 1709. The factories of Derby, Worcester, Berlin, and Sèvres were founded in 1751. Derby and Worcester, of the English works, survive.

What Mr. Gladstone said about both these art-potteries will occupy, at a future time, an interesting chapter in the volume of the Prime Minister's collected addresses. "It was to him," he said, "a matter of singular interest to observe that to England had been allotted a peculiar and a very high office in connection with porcelain manufacture. It was quite true that the countries on the Continent, and Saxony in particular, had preceded us, as the distant East had preceded them, in the production of porcelain. But the porcelain which was produced in Germany and France was produced by dint of royal subventions, by means of pecuniary aid granted, after all, out of the public purse — granted by public authority, and, therefore, proceeding from public sources. . . . It was England that first of all placed the manufacture upon a sound basis. . . . . Not a farthing was ever received by Derby in the way of public subvention, nor, unless he was much mistaken, was it so received at Worcester. . . . . Standing as it did on that basis, it was remarkable that, undoubtedly, in the last century England took a very high place in porcelain manufacture; but, in the present century, certainly the relative place of England was higher still, and he did not think he was indulging in arrogance or national vanity when he said that at the present moment England stood at the head of the porcelain-producing countries of the world." The veteran statesman continued in this sympathetic speech to confess that "for very many years he had had a great love of porcelain, and considered they were entirely mistaken who considered its production merely as a branch of industry, or merely as a branch of skilled industry; it was likewise a branch of art in which the principles of the fine arts applied to industrial purpose—an elevation and refinement of labour."

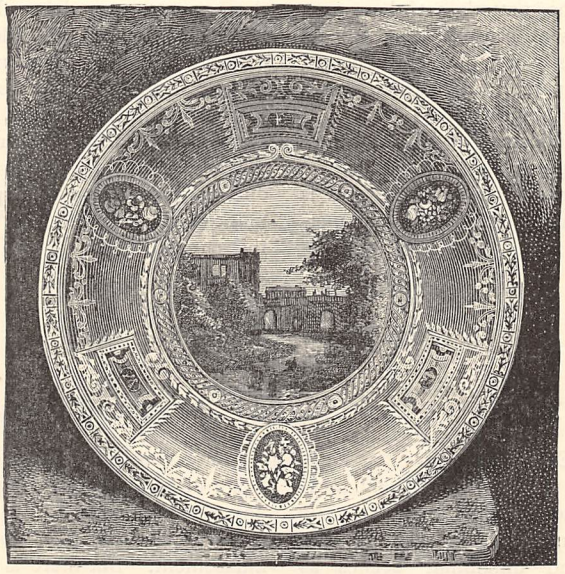
Mr. Gladstone alluded, as we have seen, to State aid. It is instructive in this connection to know that while the great national porcelain manufactory of Sèvres remains one of the glories of France, the only English pottery at all subsidised—namely, that of Chelsea, supported by a grant of £800 a year from a member of the Royal Family (the Duke of Cumberland)—was a pecuniary failure. The Chelsea works (minus the grant) were bought by the proprietor of the Derby China Factory, William Duesbury, in 1769. The same pioneer of English pottery-art purchased the Bow Factory in 1775. The Chelsea-Derby period from 1769 to 1784 forms one of the most remarkable epochs in the history of European ceramics.

Reverting now to the Gladstone Dessert Service, a brief description of it will surely prove interesting to all our readers. The service is characteristic in many ways. The design of Mr. Richard Lunn, it exhibits the results of a superlatively successful revival of the manufacture of Derby china. It consists of twenty-six pieces — namely, eighteen plates and eight



A COMFORT IN THE GLADSTONE DESSERT SERVICE.

comports. A Derbyshire landscape, some "beauty-spot" of the "Peake countrie," occupies the centre of each piece. The picture is framed in gold. The body-colour is that deeply dark, rich blue, that mazarine blue which even the famous *bleu du Roi* does not rival. That incomparable cobalt colour was the tint inseparably associated with all genuine "old Derby." The rim of each plate is enriched with medallions, which frame floral combinations. These, if they were not charming in themselves, would be interesting, because the flowers — simple and old-fashioned — are the work of Mr. James Rouse. He painted these archaic "posies" at the old Derby Factory. In his eighty-third year he is painting flowers at the revived works. Characteristic, too, is the fact that the landscape pictures that enrich this Gladstone ware are vignettes of Chatsworth and Haddon, Hardwick and Wingfield, Dove Dale and the Dales of the Derwent and Derbyshire Wye. They are from the pencil of Count Holtzendorff. He is a Saxon gentleman, who comes from the land which was the birthplace of the porcelain manufacture in Europe. Illustrations of one of the Gladstone plates and one of the comports are here given; but a black-and-white reproduction, be the engraver never so skilful, must necessarily fail to give an idea of the opulence of colour and the gilding that distinguish the original.



A PLATE IN THE GLADSTONE DESSERT SERVICE.

The process by which art-pottery is produced has been already described in the pages of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE (*vide* paper on the Worcester works). Modern "Crown" Derby is, perhaps, marked by richer schemes of colour and more Oriental art (as in the raised gold Persian patterns) than any other English factory. But the *modus operandi* of manufacture is, apart from certain technical secrets of body-colour, much the same as at the before-mentioned famous fictile factory. In fact, the initial stages of the processes of the potter—the thrower at the potter's wheel—have not advanced since the days of the Pharaohs. The fashioning of the clay is identical with that alluded to in the prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah.

More to our present purpose is it, however, to afford the fortunate possessors of "old Derby" some facts concerning the history of their ware. The record of Derby china divides itself into periods. The first factory was established by William Duesbury in 1751. It occupied extensive premises on the Nottingham Road, which are now no more. In 1769 the famous factory at Chelsea became insolvent. It was absorbed by Duesbury. The first period was, therefore, from 1751 to 1769. The second period, known as the Chelsea-Derby period, dates from 1769 to 1784. The work then produced became classic. During this time Doctor Samuel Johnson went out of his way to visit the Derby Factory (1777). James Boswell, Esq., writes:—"The china was beautiful, but Dr. Johnson justly observed that it was too dear; for that he could have vessels of silver, of the same size, as cheap as what were made here of porcelain."

William Duesbury died in 1786. His son succeeded him. He took a clever Irishman, one Michael Kean, into partnership. The third period—that of Duesbury and Kean—may be placed as from 1786 to 1811. The ware was then denominated "Crown" Derby. The long and commercially exasperating French war would appear to have had something to do with the decadence of the Derby works. The products of the fourth period, known as the "Bloor" *régime*, occupying from 1811 to 1849, were not characterised by the artistic perfection of those of the preceding dynasties. Robert Bloor bought the works in 1811, and carried them on until the day of their close in 1849. From 1849 to 1877 marks a fifth era, under Messrs. Locker and Co., anon Sharp, Hancock, and Stevenson, and then solely Mr. Sampson Hancock, an old factory artist. Locker removed from the dismantled Nottingham Road factory to smaller premises, still in active operation, under Mr. Hancock, on the Duffield Road, Derby. He brought with him not a few of the old workmen. But in 1877 the manufacture of Derby "Crown" porcelain entered on a newer and more vigorous life. The sixth period—that of modern "Crown" Derby—is greater, both in substance and artistic merit of development, than any of the previous ones. It revived an almost dying manufacture. The *renaissance* is greater than what it sought to restore. Although many of the famous old Derby patterns are reproduced, the new work is not a mere replica of the old. Some of the designs by Mr. Richard Lunn, the present art director, are as original in conception as they are daring in decorative effect.

It is interesting to note that artist-workmen con-

nected with the old classic factory are still alive to supply a living link between the Derby porcelain of the past and the present. One of these is Mr. James Rouse, the octogenarian flower-painter before alluded to; another is the retired artist, Mr. James Haslem, a royal miniature-painter; Mr. Sampson Hancock supplies a third; while a famous potter, apprenticed at the old works, Mr. John Mountford, who introduced to the trade the composition known as "parian," or imitation of marble, "which has done more to increase that branch of the potter's art than anything invented in the present century," is still on the staff at Mr. Hancock's works; and while Mr. James Rouse is the oldest painter, Mr. Mountford is the oldest potter from the original works.

From men to marks. Collectors of old and new "Derby" can readily distinguish the foregoing periods by their representative marks. The following list is perhaps, though not exhaustive, and therefore imperfect, reliable in a general way. The sole mark of new "Crown" Derby is a monogram consisting of two "D's" intersected, surmounted by a crown. The old Derby marks vary according to the periods of production. The elder Duesbury's device was simply a crown, surmounted by the words "Duesbury, Derby." The Derby-Chelsea marks are various, the letter "D," crown and anchor, and "D" and anchor, being introduced. The ware produced during the Duesbury and Kean partnership was marked "D.K." surmounted by crossed swords and a crown; that of W. Duesbury the younger, crossed swords and a crown. The Bloor period is marked by Bloor's name and the word "Derby" circling a crown; "Locker and Co., late Bloor," surrounding the word "Derby" followed. Mr. Sampson Hancock's mark comprises crossed swords, a crown, the letter "D," and his initials, "S.H." But the subject of marks and monograms is an intricate one, and would require a special chapter. The trade-mark of modern "Crown" Derby forms the initial to this paper.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEMEN.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, that so much enhances the pleasure we naturally experience in visiting new and unfamiliar scenes as the power of bringing away with us pictorial presentments, more or less accurate, of their most striking features. For thereby the delight which they first imparted to our gratified senses can be renewed at will and, to a certain extent, even shared by our friends. A verbal description of the places we have visited may be very well in its way, and in some cases be extremely vivid and intelligible, but who does not know how greatly the production of a sketch-book adds to the interest of such a description, however crude and imperfect the drawings may be? When the views presented for examination, however, possess the truthfulness and exactness of photography, the interest is oftentimes still greater, and our friends' ideas of the scenes represented will be rendered almost as accurate as though they had been with us in person and seen the various objects for themselves with their own eyes.

If, however, we are dependent on the local tradesman for our supply of photographic views, we shall in all probability have little to aid our recollection in the case of much that was beautiful in our travels. The only remedy for this defect is to become our own photographer, and thus to bring it within our power to carry away with us whatever views we most desire, and, if necessary, to multiply copies at a future time to any desired extent.

Many gentlemen have recently acquired a knowledge of photography simply for this purpose, and to any one possessing a fair amount of artistic taste we can scarcely imagine a more interesting and delightful amusement. But there is no reason whatever why it should not be rendered something more than this—why, in fact, it should not be brought, in the case of those who find it necessary to add to their limited incomes, under the category of Remunerative Employments. To those who have a fair knowledge of the art and a tolerable amount of skill, there are ample opportunities of turning their talents in this direction to practical account. Photography is becoming more and more utilised, as time goes on, for purposes of pictorial illustration, not only in connection with literature, but also in many departments of trade; and no doubt, as improvements are made in the processes employed, and the advantages of its use become more apparent, it will become even far more general than at present.

Just now, however, we are thinking of the more popular uses to which it has already long been put, and which are capable even yet of considerable extension, such as the taking of portraits of persons and animals, views of buildings, landscapes, &c.

There will always be a greater or less demand for these things, but dependent, as usual, on the facility with which the articles can be obtained. In town districts, photography in all its branches is, of course, very largely and very generally patronised; but in the more remote villages and hamlets it has yet, as a rule, made comparatively but little way. And it is just in such districts as these that one finds in greater abundance than almost anywhere else subjects worthy of photographic reproduction. Should an itinerant

artist by any chance be led to visit these out-of-the-way neighbourhoods, the excitement and interest displayed in his art are simply wonderful, and he has not unfrequently more subjects exhibiting a laudable anxiety to "have their picture took" than he can—on that occasion, at all events—conveniently accommodate. The people at the "big house," moreover, often monopolise a large portion of his time, and he is kept busily employed in taking groups of "the family" in every available position, as well as portraits of their equine, feline, and canine friends, and other special pets and household favourites.

From this we may readily infer that even in such a matter as this the supply would, to a great extent, regulate the demand. An enterprising photographer might indeed, we think, in these days of tricycles and other ready means of locomotion, do a large business in this way were he to set about it in a thoroughly energetic and business-like manner. It might for the most part, too, be carried on under circumstances largely conducive to health and enjoyment.

No doubt in many minds photography is associated with much that is disagreeable and repellant. But this is rather due to the recollection of the art as practised in the earlier stages of its history than to anything else. The slightest investigation into the more modern methods will serve to set the inquirer's mind at rest on this point. Formerly, it is true, the apparatus required was inconvenient and cumbersome, and the process then in vogue, now generally characterised as the "wet" method, involved the use of so many chemicals that it not only proved a source of considerable inconvenience and annoyance to the amateur who occasionally loved to dabble in the art, but also of much that was disagreeable and repugnant to his more accomplished *confrère*. Indeed, the whole system was marked by much of toil to its professors and little of pleasure.

During the last few years, however, the various operations have been greatly simplified. With the introduction of the use of "dry" plates, ready prepared, the chief difficulties of the amateur have vanished, and the amount of necessary gear has been, so far as we are able to judge, already reduced to a minimum. Perhaps not the least of the many advantages accruing from the use of the "dry" plates are the following:—In the first place, there is no longer any need for the unsightly stains which formerly, by the use of the "wet" plates, caused such disfigurement to the hands and clothes of the operator. Secondly, the "dry" plates need not, like the others, be at once developed after exposure, but can easily be kept, for months if required, before this operation is performed. Lastly, there is very much less uncertainty about obtaining a good photograph, especially in the case of portraits, the time of exposure required being under favourable circumstances only the fraction of a second.

The advantage of the last point will be readily recognised, as even moving objects can be accurately photographed with the utmost clearness of outline, and with perfect freedom from that "mistiness" which too frequently marred even the slow products of the older process. Some beautiful instances of what may be done in this way were shown in the article we recently gave on "Instantaneous Photography."

The question now naturally arising in the mind of any reader who may wish to adopt photography, either as a profession or as a means of occasionally adding to his income, is this:—"Granted that your representations are correct, and that such an employment might be found in some degree remunerative, how am I to obtain such a knowledge of the art as will enable me to put it to a practical use? and will not its acquirement occupy a considerable period of time?" In reply to the first part of this question we may say we have just heard that the London Stereoscopic Company have recently made arrangements at their establishment in Regent Street for the special instruction of amateurs. We mention this school merely for the information of our readers, as it appears to meet the ordinary requirements of the amateur, and the expense incurred is inconsiderable. Doubtless, however, there are schools of a similar kind and of equal utility in other places. And we advise intending students to make full inquiry before deciding.

The plan adopted at the Stereoscopic Company's School is to give individual instruction to the pupils, except in cases where two or more friends are learning together, and the charge is at the rate of two guineas for a course of four lessons. Such a course is in ordinary cases deemed amply sufficient; all that the student needs to understand at first being how to obtain the proper focus, and how to judge the amount of exposure that will be required under various circumstances. A knowledge of these points, with a few minor details, is in most cases readily acquired. Indeed we are given to understand that any gentleman can, as a general rule, take pictures very successfully after one or two lessons.

Of course, a longer time is necessary if the student wishes at once to learn how to develop his negatives and do his own printing. But even these latter points have now been rendered extremely simple, and a competent knowledge of them may easily be acquired. Should, however, the amateur find it more convenient at first to have his plates developed for him by a professional artist, the company undertake to do this for him on reasonable terms, as well as the printing of the copies from the negative if required. There seems to be little reason, therefore, why he should not be able to make the calling a profitable one within a very short time of his adopting it. It would become more remunerative in proportion to the skill and aptitude which he displayed in following it. There is, of course, the question of a little necessary outlay at starting to be considered; and here we would warn the reader against the idea of any successful work being capable of accomplishment with very cheap sets of apparatus. He can do but little with any photographic equipment that costs less than from about ten to fifteen pounds.

A PORTRAIT.

SERENE her brow, a glowing cheek,
Eyes mutely eloquent,
A mien all happiness—these speak
Of heart's ease and content.

I smile, and read the portrait soon:—
All April's ferns uncurled,
The maid returned one blazing noon
From some enchanted world.

Why walked she to the stream that morn
'Mong woodlands drenched in dew?
Why wept she 'neath the fairies' thorn
And railed on one untrue?

At once she starts from sorrow's trance—
An angler o'er the stream
His line throws, and a sudden glance
Restores the maiden's dream.

He kissed and smoothed her angry brow,
And by the trysting-tree
Her fears laughed off, and then—you know
The picture's history.

M. G. WATKINS.

ON THE DECK OF THE *OSPREY*.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY GWENDOLINE'S TRYST," "WITNESS MY HAND," ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"THAT'S a pretty girl, if you like!" said Frank Selwyn, with a note of interest in his voice that would have made any acute census-taker table his age as under five-and-twenty.

Captain Lovel, who shared his seat on the little Esplanade of Scarcliff, and his quarters in the fort on the Down above, raised himself languidly, took his cigar from his mouth, and allowed himself to subside into his lounge again. "One of those Fowler girls, of course," he said, in a tone of mild disgust that served to cool his companion's enthusiasm. "My dear boy, if you hadn't just joined you wouldn't need to ask. The snare of the Fowler is spread all over the place, I assure you. Only let the old lady get wind of your noble uncle's existence, and his nephew will be in the meshes in no time."

"We'll drop the noble uncle, then," said Frank. "But that was a pretty girl all the same. You—you—couldn't get me an introduction, I suppose?"

"Nothing easier in life! Not that much introduction is needed for the Dove's Nest. They receive every other evening, and have afternoon teas on the off days. I'm due there at five o'clock to-day, and you can come with me if you like. But mind, I don't advise it. Getting in there is considerably easier than getting out."

Mr. Selwyn laughed, and professed himself abundantly able to take care of himself, and the two officers strolled off to lunch, all unconscious that a portion of their remarks had reached the ears of the girl who was the object of them.

"One of those Fowler girls, of course!" This was all that Vera Fowler had heard, but there was something in the accent that was not pleasant for "one of those Fowler girls" to hear. To see ourselves as others see us may be wholesome, but is seldom palatable. As by a flash of cruel light that scorched as well as illumined, she saw herself and her sister, with their too conspicuous dresses, their too elaborate hair, their train of attendant beaux—one of the most attentive of whom had just made the little speech she had overheard—and their unvarying presence on the sands, the esplanade, and the pier.

To appear at each of these places with the regularity of clockwork had hitherto seemed as much a daily duty to Vera as eating her dinner or practising her scales, or hearing Archie's Latin grammar. The sisters were supposed to teach Archie, who was too delicate for school; but Lettice left it all to Vera, and never even attempted to take her share.

"Can you hear me say my verb now?" asked Archie, who was accustomed to have his lessons heard in odds and ends of time, as he ran by his sister's side and looked at the beautiful face that was at once proud and humiliated, and full of a pain that he could not understand.

"Not now, dear," said Vera, in a voice that was not quite like her own. "I—I think I am going home."

"Nonsense," said Lettice sharply. "Why, Vera, there's the count."

A jaunty, middle-aged man was approaching them, and Lettice stopped so decidedly that Vera could not but do the same. Everybody in Scarcliff except herself knew that the count's substantial person and rather shadowy title were both ready to be laid at Vera Fowler's feet whenever that obtuse damsel should open her eyes to the fact of his adoration.

"Ah, Mees Vera, you make a sunshine in my heart!" cried the count, lifting his hat high above his head, and laying his hand on his ample breast. And then he walked on with Vera, while Lettice got hold of Archie's hand and kept him discreetly in the rear. Lettice knew much more about the count's aspirations than Vera did, and could have shaken her sister now for walking on with her head in the air in that haughty, indifferent way of hers, instead of at least pretending to listen to his eager little speeches.

Miss Fowler had by no means an exalted opinion of her sister's sense, but could she have read Vera's thoughts now, even that moderate estimate would have been considerably reduced; for the Comte de Montgomeri had neither part nor lot in the meditations of the girl who was walking by his side with head erect, and eyes that were proud and sad. Vera walked by the count's side, but she neither saw nor heard him. All she heard was Captain Lovel's insolent little speech; all she saw was the new subaltern's keen, refined face, with its look of admiration changing into scorn.

"And I have your leave to see madame your mother this afternoon?" asked the count, as he said good-bye.

"My leave?" said Vera, with a sudden awakening to actual objects. But the count was already half-way down the garden walk, kissing his hand as he went.

"Don't be affected, Vera," said her sister severely; "what do you suppose he means? Do you expect us to believe you don't know?"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MRS. FOWLER'S afternoon teas were famous in Scarcliff. The Dove's Nest stood a little way from the road, embowered in roses and honeysuckle, and commanding a charming view of down and sea. Its drawing-room was as pretty as art-cretonnes and softly-tinted wall-papers could make it, and the tiny conservatory opening from it had probably been the

scene of more love-passages than any other conservatory in Scarcliff. Only Lettice Fowler could have told how many young men had nearly been brought to *the* point within the radius of its three palms and one mimosa, and numberless heroes scattered far and wide looked back to it as the place where they had gone nearer committing themselves than anywhere else in their young experience. It was always Lettice whom they remembered in connection with these hair-breadth escapes—Lettice, and not Vera.

But it was Vera who was walking up and down the conservatory with heaving breast and flashing eyes, when the Comte de Montgomeri was announced half an hour before any other guest that afternoon.

"You will find her there," said Mrs. Fowler, waving her hand towards the tiny greenhouse, when the count had made his formal proposal, "go and try your fate. You have my good wishes—that is all an English mother can say or do."

It was by no means all that Mrs. Fowler had found herself able to say or do when Lettice had informed her of the count's approaching visit, and hinted her suspicions that Vera might be so misguided as to reject his suit. Vera had had a very bad quarter of an hour indeed, and had been given to understand very distinctly, that unless she accepted so advantageous an offer, Mrs. Fowler would forthwith "wash her hands of her."

So the count had gone in hopeful, and come out triumphant, with Vera, pale but dry-eyed, on his arm. She had made her poor little appeal to him, knowing how useless any appeal to her mother would be, and was too proud to weep over her defeat.

"Surely you cannot wish it when I do not *love* you?" said Vera. But the count had made nothing of that.

"It is not *nécessaire*," he said, in his ostentatiously broken English, "I will loff you enough for us bofe."

When Captain Lovel came in with the handsome lieutenant, every one knew of the engagement, and was talking about it in whispers more or less discreet.

"You don't mean it's the younger one?" said Frank, in a tone of dismay that astonished himself.

He had been thinking all the way of the beautiful girl he had seen in the morning, and now to hear that she was engaged to a man old enough to be her father, and who was—in appearance at any rate—not even a gentleman!

"Count, indeed! he's more like a tailor!" said Mr. Selwyn wrathfully, as he looked at the smirking, bewhiskered personage bowing and scraping by Vera's chair. "I can't have seen him before, I should think, but his face seems familiar to me. If it were possible for a man to forget his tailors, I should fancy he'd once been my own particular snip."

The captain laughed at his friend's fancies, but the young man held to them with a curious persistence. Little as he liked the count, he yet seemed to be fascinated by him, losing no opportunity of meeting him, and becoming quite *enfant de famille* at the easily-accessible Dove's Nest, where, of course, the count was a constant guest. If Mr. Selwyn had any other reason for his frequent visits to the pretty little cottage on the cliff he kept it to himself, professing that his interest in the distinguished foreigner was his only attraction there.

He joked about it to Captain Lovel, always alluding to the count as "Snip," and declaiming against him with melodramatic energy; but there was another side to the question, as the captain was quite aware. Nevertheless, there was a certain amount of truth in the reason Mr. Selwyn put forward. "For I *have* seen that smug, self-satisfied face of his before," he declared with conviction, "though I can't remember where. I wish I could, for I've a notion he's no more a count than I am, nor—if you reckon in the fact that the present earl's a bachelor uncle of seventy-nine—half as much. And he's to marry that jewel and pearl of girls," added Frank to himself, "while I——"

Mr. Selwyn threw away three-quarters of a fine cigar with a reckless indifference that seemed to the captain significant.

"Youngster," he observed, "you're either in debt or in love! Men don't throw good cigars about like that unless they're touched, one way or the other. Take my advice, and give the Dove's Nest a holiday for awhile. You go there too often for your mind's health, my young friend."

"Me? Oh, nonsense!" said Frank, looking red and fierce and foolish all at once. "What harm can the Dove's Nest do *me?* I wouldn't marry Lettice Fowler if there wasn't another woman in the world; and her sister's booked—worse luck!"

"It's a piece of luck your mamma may appreciate more than you do," observed the captain drily.

"If that remark was meant for—for any reflection on the best and sweetest——" began Frank, in a heat, but pulling himself up at the other's smile. "Pshaw!" he said, "I'm a fool to talk about it; but I declare to you, Lovel, if it wasn't for that wretched count, I'd have done my best to win Vera Fowler for my wife. And if my mother knew her, she'd be the first to approve."

"He's very far gone—very far gone indeed," said Captain Lovel to himself, as Frank strode away, and disappeared in the direction of the Dove's Nest. "I haven't the honour of Mrs. Selwyn's acquaintance, but I take the liberty of entirely doubting her approval. Vera Fowler's all he says, but she's too heavily handicapped. No one could stand a mother and sister-in-law like that! It's lucky Master Frank has no chance, though there's no doubt the girl's a hundred times too good for that disreputable-looking count. A tailor, Selwyn calls him, but there's a good deal more of the blackleg about him, to my mind."

Our private opinion of our neighbours has very little to do with our public relations with them; and all this did not prevent Captain Lovel's "accepting with pleasure" an invitation from the count to join himself and the Fowlers in a trip to Brighton by steamer, which was arranged for that day week. "You are going too, I suppose, Selwyn?" he said, as he folded up his acceptance.

"Going? Oh, yes, I'm going if I'm back in time,"

"VERA LOOKED STRAIGHT BEFORE HER, AND TOOK NO NOTICE OF THE COUNT'S POLITE SPEECHES."

"ON THE DECK OF THE 'OSPREY'" (*p.* 507).

said Selwyn, in an odd, excited way. "I'm going up to town to-night. I've just got leave."

"Lucky beggar! What it is to be an earl's nephew, and to stand well with the colonel's wife! However, I'm glad you're going away from here. It's the wisest thing you could do. But what takes you to town? Business, or pleasure?"

"Both," said Frank, with a curious smile. "I've remembered where it was I saw the count."

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

MR. SELWYN did not return till the night before the excursion, and preserved a profound silence as to his doings in town, but he and Captain Lovel duly appeared on the pier when the *Osprey* was ready to start. There were not many passengers on board, and the count and his friends had the hurricane-deck to themselves. Mrs. Fowler, who was not a good sailor, reclined on an improvised couch of cushions, and required more attention from Captain Lovel than Lettice at all approved. Miss Fowler listened to Archie's juvenile remarks, and looked at Captain Lovel with longing eyes, and wondered why Vera turned her back so perseveringly on the count, and what pleasure any one could find in an excursion like this. Perhaps no one did enjoy it very much. If Captain Lovel did not like "those Fowler girls," he liked their mother a good deal less, and could not be expected to enjoy altering her cushions and finding her fan, and blowing eau-de-Cologne through a vapouriser for her behoof. Mr. Selwyn was *distrait* and odd, pacing up and down the deck with Mrs. Fowler's shawl and parasol, and from time to time looking through a pair of opera-glasses at every passing sail. The count stood behind Vera, smiling feebly at his own polite speeches, and Vera looked straight before her and took no notice of them or him. There was something almost defiant in her attitude as she steadied herself with one hand against the back of the seat, and looked away from her lover with proud eyes that refused to own their pain.

Quite unconsciously to herself her grasp on the rail of the seat tightened, and a flush swept over her cheek, when Mr. Selwyn's monotonous walk brought him to that end of the deck. She could not see him where she stood, but, if she had learnt nothing else in the last month, she had learnt to distinguish Frank Selwyn's step.

At last it stopped so long that Vera grew quite nervous. They were nearing the low Sussex shores that could scarcely be distinguished from the grey horizon—not at all as yet without the aid of glasses—but the sea-gulls were skimming overhead, and land was probably near. What was he looking at, she wondered. Just for an instant she had turned her head enough to know that he was looking at something through the opera-glasses. Was it the little sailing vessel that seemed about to cross their bows, and that the count said was making signals to them?

"Lay to? I'll be shot if I do!" said the captain of the *Osprey* to himself, as he saw these same signals. But as he looked again there was something in them which induced him to change his mind. The little vessel luffed, and lowered a boat, and every one went to the *Osprey's* side and watched its approach. Besides the men who pulled, only two persons were in it—a police-officer, and a woman closely veiled.

"Who can they be?" said Vera, with a thrill of excitement she could not account for. Perhaps it was that Frank Selwyn had come to her side, and was looking at her with something that was at once congratulation and compassion, and appeal and support.

"I know who the woman is," he said, looking not at Vera, but at the count. "She is a Mrs. Huggins, in whose house I lodged when I was in town last year. There was a portrait of her husband in my room, a man who had had his name taken off the Stock Exchange for fraudulent proceedings, and had somehow managed to escape the police. I think his wife had helped him; but *you* know women better than I do, count. Don't you think it likely she might round on him, if she found out he was thinking of marrying another woman?"

Whatever reply might have struggled to the count's white lips was lost in the bustle of the new arrivals.

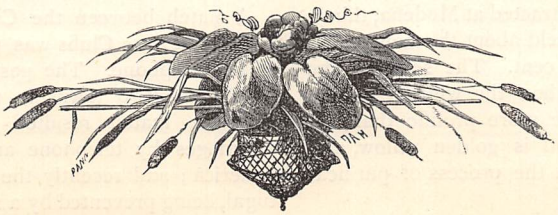
"I am a police-officer," said the man, as he assisted the veiled lady up the steps to the hurricane-deck, "and I have a warrant to search the *Osprey* for a party of the name of Huggins."

"No such name on board," said the captain quickly.

"Then, mum, I must trouble you to p'int him out," said the officer turning to the lady, who was evidently sobbing behind her veil.

The count was quietly backing towards the steps, but the officer interposed his own portly form, and the lady threw back her veil and disclosed a face that was swollen with weeping. "Oh, Huggins, Huggins! how could you have the heart?" she cried, and then she swooned at the count's feet.

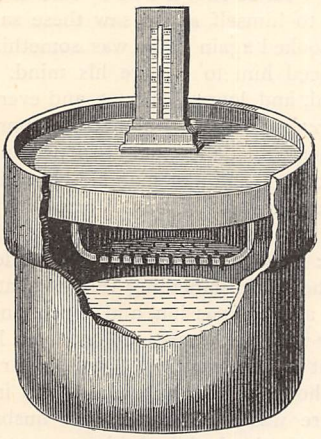
It was Captain Lovel who caught the falling woman. The man who had called himself the Comte de Montgomeri could not have done so if he would, for the handcuffs were already upon his wrists—and Frank Selwyn was otherwise engaged.



THE GATHERER.

A Seed Germinator.

M. Keffel, a French horticulturist, has devised a useful germinator for testing the vitality of seeds. A



cylindrical vase, as shown in the figure, contains a layer of water several inches deep. Over this is a curved disk containing 100 small holes, in which are placed the grains to be tested, the sprouting ends pointing downwards to the liquid. Sand is then placed over the seeds, and the germinator taken to a place free from draughts, where the temperature is kept at 18° Centigrade (equal to about 60° Fahrenheit) or thereabouts, and in twenty-four hours the seeds will be found to germinate. The warmth and moisture are essential to the result. A thermometer rises from the cover to tell the degree of warmth the seeds experience.

A Fireless Locomotive.

M. Francq, a French engineer, has just been awarded a Montyon prize for perfecting a fireless locomotive, and applying it to traction on railways and canals. The locomotive in question takes in a sufficient supply of steam from a fixed generator to last a trip of the train or vessel, and thus the necessity of carrying coals and a furnace is obviated. A reservoir containing hot water is charged with steam at the beginning of each trip. A line of tramway between Rueil and Marly, another between Lille and Roubaix, and a tow-boat on the Canal de l'Est are now being worked by M. Francq's locomotive.

Grape-Seed Oil.

Oil from the grape-seed is now used in Italy for illuminating purposes. As extracted at Modena, thirty-three pounds of grape-seed yield about thirteen quarts of oil, or about eighteen per cent. The seeds of the black grape yield more oil than the white varieties, and those of young vines are more prolific than old stocks. The colour of the oil is golden yellow, and twenty-five per cent. is lost in the process of purification.

Cast-Iron Boilers.

Cylindrical steam-boilers with cast-iron heads are now in common use in America. These have been tested by experiment, and found to be perfectly safe when the pressure is not excessive. They are found to outlast the wrought-iron shell.

Natural Coke.

A vein of natural coke is reported to have been discovered in New Mexico, at the town of Los Cerrillos. The vein is three feet thick and lies between strata of bituminous and anthracite coal. The coke has the appearance of the manufactured article, and burns with a clear bright flame. It is said to burn better than the ordinary oven-coke, and has probably been made by volcanic heat acting on a bed of bituminous coal.

Effects of Cold on Microbes.

Microbes, the insidious germs of so many diseases, are extremely difficult to kill with cold, as the recent researches of MM. Pictet and Yung have shown. Tubes of glass containing various kinds of microbes, such as bacillus, bacteria, vaccine-lymph, micrococcus, were subjected for 108 hours to a cold of 70° Centigrade below freezing point, followed by 20 hours' exposure to a temperature of no less than 130° C. below freezing point; and though the pox-lymph, yeast, and some of the micrococcus had lost their powers and were evidently dead, the bacillus and bacteria were apparently as active and virulent as ever.

A New Fog-Horn.

Mr. Bryceson has invented a continuous blast fog-horn, which gives a sustained note for as long as may be desirable. The length of blast can be regulated at will, and therefore the horn may be used for telegraphing by its sound, after the plan proposed by Sir W. Thomson, who suggested that light-houses should flash their distinctive names like a heliograph. Recent trials of this fog-horn made on Blackwall Reach for the Trinity House Committee and the Admiralty, proved that the blasts of the horn could be heard $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile in the teeth of a north-east wind, and over $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles with the wind.

Remarkable Uses of the Telephone.

A match between the Cardiff and County and the Swansea Chess Clubs was played recently by the help of the telephone. The postal authorities gratuitously placed the two towns in telephonic communication, and the match resulted in a victory for Cardiff. Marriages by telephone are no longer a novelty in America; and recently the King and Queen of Portugal, being prevented by a royal decease from publicly

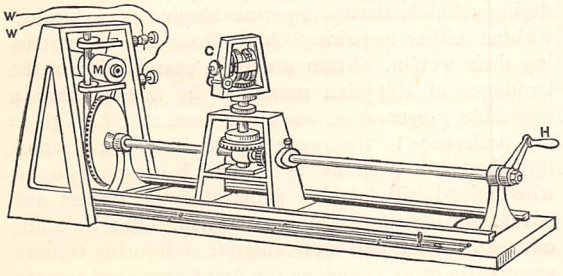
attending a musical performance, had it wired to the palace by telephone, and listened to the music there.

Electric Light Conductors.

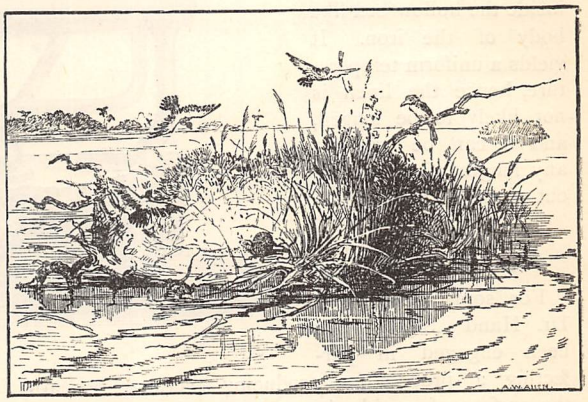
The question of providing suitable conductors for conveying the strong electric currents probably soon to be used for illuminating purposes on a large scale, is a serious one. If copper be used the cost will be enormous. Again, what size must the conductor be to carry a current sufficient to light, say 10,000 lamps, without over-heating it and causing fire? Electricians are now settling these important points, and among them, Professor G. Forbes has pointed out that iron is clearly the best suited in point of cost. This was Mr. Edison's original idea; but Professor Forbes shows that the conductors should be in the form of a flat sheet, giving a large radiating and therefore cooling surface. Professor Forbes also shows that these conductors, if covered by heat-absorbents, such as plaster of Paris, may convey a much larger current for a short time (say the several hours of night that the light is wanted) without over-heating, than they would do if the current flowed continuously. This is due to the fact that the absorbent absorbs the heat almost as fast as it is generated, and keeps the wire cool. Plaster of Paris, however, is not suitable if overheated, as it becomes conductive, and the current would escape through it from the wire.

A Watch Demagnetiser.

The most valuable chronometer watches are sometimes rendered useless by being magnetised, and it is satisfactory to find that Mr. Hiram Maxim, the electrician, has devised the machine we illustrate for removing every trace of magnetism from a watch without taking the works out of the case. The watch is firmly clamped at C, and the handle, H, turned for a minute, when every trace of magnetism is found to have disappeared. The principle on which the demagnetiser works, is to rotate a powerful bar electromagnet, M, on a vertical spindle on a level with the watch, which is gradually withdrawn from the neighbourhood of the magnet, while at the same time



revolving round in front of it. These movements are effected by turning the handle, H. The wires, W W, convey an electric current to the magnet to magnetise it. In this way, by rapidly changing the magnetism of the watch, while lessening it at each change, the demagnetism is effected. Mr. Maxim's apparatus is in daily use for demagnetising impaired watches; but for those who have the facilities, it may serve the purpose to revolve a bar-magnet near the watch, while gradually withdrawing the latter by hand. The revolving poles of some dynamos may be used instead of the magnet.



A Floating Reed Island.

Our illustration represents one of the floating islands which are found in Stanley Pool and on the Congo. These are masses of aquatic vegetation closely matted together, and often strong enough to bear the weight of a man. They are borne along by the swift current of the river, and are peopled with various forms of vegetable and animal life, which are thus transported a long way from their original homes. It is highly probable that such natural rafts have been the means of distributing species in past ages.

A Ventilated Garden-Frame.

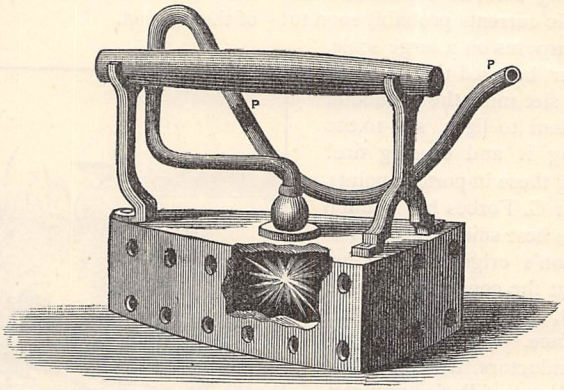
The glass hand-frames now in use have the drawback that they exclude fresh air from the plants. At the same time a ventilating screen should be such as not to create a draught. M. Reynier, a Frenchman, has introduced a frame on this principle. Holes are drilled in the bottom end to admit the air, but this does not blow directly on the plant. On the contrary, it is curved upwards to the glass by a curving guard-plate or gutter running along the interior opposite the holes. A chimney or bent pipe proceeding from the other end of the frame and rising into the air carries off the waste air.

Solid Carbonic Acid.

Professor Landolt, of Berlin, recently exhibited a cylinder of solid carbonic acid to the Physical Society of that city. It was prepared by allowing a stream of liquid carbonic acid to flow from a Naterer compressing vessel into a conical cloth bag. The bag became filled with a loose snow of carbonic acid, which was stamped into a solid form. Cylinders of solid carbonic acid made in this way can be touched gently by the hand, and resemble lumps of chalk in appearance, but are far more brittle and cannot be cut by a knife. The specific gravity of the solid acid is 1·2.

A Gas Flat-iron.

An American inventor has introduced a flat-iron which is kept hot by a gas-flame burnt in the hollow interior of the iron. Our engraving illustrates this useful device; P being the flexible india-rubber pipe conveying the gas to the burner, which is inside the hollow box-like body of the iron. It yields a uniform temperature, hence the linen is not likely to be singed, and it can be used for any length of time without cooling.



Pictures in Stone.

For some years past Dr. Hand Smith has been engaged in perfecting a process for producing pictures beneath the surface of marble, ivory, terra-cotta, and various other dense substances, thereby combining the twin arts of painting and sculpture. By using metallic oxides as pigments, worked in a special medium and fixed by a special treatment, he is now able to produce designs and paintings within the stone. Every hue and tint applied penetrates at right angles to the surface without soaking laterally. Samples of the new art were recently exhibited at Piccadilly Hall, and included decorative scrolls and delicate paintings of foliage and flowers. The process is applicable to statuary, pottery, and architectural mouldings.

A Giant Orchid.

Our engraving illustrates a splendid orchid of great size which Mr. H. H. Johnston, the African traveller, has found growing in clumps out of shallow pools on the banks of the Congo. The botanical name is *Lissochilus giganteus*, and the plant rises to a height of six feet. The flower is of a red-mauve colour, with golden centres, and is to all appearance one of the most beautiful in the world. The leaves are light green in hue, and of a spear-like shape. "Their tall swaying flower-stalks," says Mr. Johnston, "grow in groups of forty to fifty together, often reflected in the shallow pools of stagnant water round their bases, and filling up the foreground of the high purple-green forest with a blaze of tender peach-like colour, upon which no European could gaze unmoved."

A Cheap Lightning-Rod.

In France, America, and some other countries, iron lightning-rods are coming into use in preference to copper ones, which are very expensive. In Canada a church was recently protected by a round iron rod three-quarters of an inch in diameter, welded at each joint. The upper end of the rod was drawn to a point, and a damp ground connection was provided at the lower end. The rod was secured to the church by galvanised iron staples, and the total cost was under £3. Some caution is necessary in regard to earth or ground connections of iron and copper lightning-rods. It is sometimes stated that the end of the rod should be buried in a pit containing coke or charcoal, but this is a very unsatisfactory "earth;" for the damp of the ground, collecting round the rod, forms a voltaic element of the iron (or copper) and carbon, which facilitates the decay of the latter. The iron or copper rod had better be soldered to gas or water piping running under ground, where such is available; and failing that, to a plate of copper buried in a moist spot. A French experimenter recommends painting copper rods with minium or peroxide of lead, which preserves them from decay, and is at the same time a conducting material.

Etching on Glass.

A Sydney newspaper is now illustrated by typographic etchings done on glass by a process due to Mr. H. S. Crocker. The drawing is made by a resisting crayon of waxy material, and hydrofluoric acid is used to "bite" the glass on the exposed parts which the crayon does not protect. The glass plates are cemented down on metal blocks for use in the printing machine like the ordinary electrotype "block."

Tanning Linen.

M. Piron, a Belgian, has invented a method of rendering cellulose tissues impermeable and very durable, without either impairing their flexibility or increasing their weight. From a careful examination of the bandages of Egyptian mummies he inferred that a vegetable preservative would be best, and has given the preference to the green tar of birch-bark, which furnishes the perfume of Russia leather. The tar when mixed with alcohol penetrates the tissues and covers them with a tanning varnish. The aromatic odour of the tar, and its freedom from injuring colours, are greatly in its favour, as the first keeps away insects, and the second prevents the dyes from changing.

The Dynamo and the Telegraph.

Trials have recently been made at Berlin, on the Government telegraph lines, of the electricity supplied

by the dynamo machine for telegraphing, in preference to that produced by the voltaic battery; and with the result that, for long lines requiring from twenty-five to eighty voltaic cells to work them, the dynamo current was very suitable, and much more economical than the battery current. For small local offices, however, the battery is the more convenient apparatus.

Voting by Electricity.

An electric vote recorder is now being exhibited at Washington. At the desk of each voter is a small lever, which when turned to the right means "Yes," and when to the left means "No." The vote is recorded on paper in the tellers' room, and a bell and annunciator further signal it. All danger of error is guarded against, and the member need not leave his seat.

A Neolithic Roadway.

The Rev. C. W. Markham, of Saxby Rectory, Barton-on-Humber, has described a newly-discovered wooden way unearthed by some excavators in the Valley of Ancholme, near Brigg, in Lincolnshire, and some seven feet below the surface. The roadway consists of massive oak beams laid transversely, and fastened by oak pins into the soil below, which is "glacial drift." The way extends nearly a mile across the valley, and is thought by experts to be a relic of neolithic or "new stone age" man in England. Above the roadway are six feet of solid clay, and one foot of peat which appears to have been in existence in Roman times.

A Marine Gyroscope.

The gyroscope is a well-known scientific instrument for illustrating the tendency of a wheel, or other revolving body, to keep its position by virtue of its rotational velocity. It is in fact a scientific spinning-top. The ordinary top tends to revert to its upright position when spinning, if it be displaced by the finger; and in the gyroscope the plane of the axis round which the rotating mass spins tends to keep the same direction in space. This property has been applied by M. Dubois as a means of telling the angle through which an ironclad turns in performing her evolutions; the plane of the axis of the spinning gyroscope being the zero or reference line from which the angle is measured. Tried recently on the French ironclad *Turenne*, it was found that she could turn through one degree or angle in one and a half seconds.

An Automatic Flute.

Mr. Victor Smedley, an American, has devised the automatic flute which we illustrate. It is simply a white-iron flute of six holes, having a sheet of paper drawn over it, with square holes cut where the notes are to come. The paper plays the part of fingers in the ordinary way of using the instrument. Fig. 1 shows the flute and a paper of this kind opened out; while Fig. 2 shows the flute with its mounting,

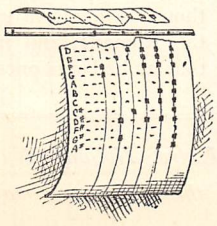


FIG. 1.

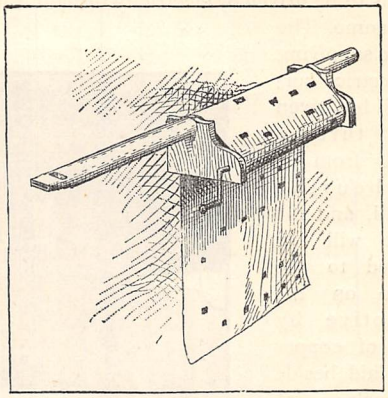


FIG. 2.

and a handle to turn in order to move the paper and play a tune. The apparatus is so simple that any one can make it with a little trouble and the requisite musical knowledge—that is, if they consider it worth making.

A Sodium Battery.

Mr. Jablochkoff, the well-known inventor of an electric lamp, has lately produced a new variety of battery which, in a scientific sense, is very interesting. It gives an electromotive force far higher than that of any other known voltaic combination. Each cell consists of a thin plate of the metal sodium connected with carbon, and the humidity of the air is sufficient to set the element working. The electromotive force is four volts, or about that of four Daniell cells coupled in series; but it can be raised to six volts by impregnating the carbon with certain metalloid solutions. The battery should be kept in naphtha except when it is active, to prevent the sodium absorbing oxygen so rapidly as to take fire.

Danger from Flies.

Dr. B. Grassi has called attention to the fact that flies are winged instruments in carrying infection from place to place. They have a habit of alighting on moist substances, whatever they may be, and hence are defiled by virus. Dr. Grassi has exposed moist matter impregnated with the eggs of parasites, and found these afterwards deposited on sheets of note-paper hung on the wall. The specks of dirt which flies leave on mirrors, and other smooth surfaces, may therefore be contaminated by dangerous germs. Since flies are very apt to settle on human food, it seems impossible to prevent them from disseminating disease. In countries where flies are numerous, and even in England, it behoves persons to guard themselves against this danger as well as they can.

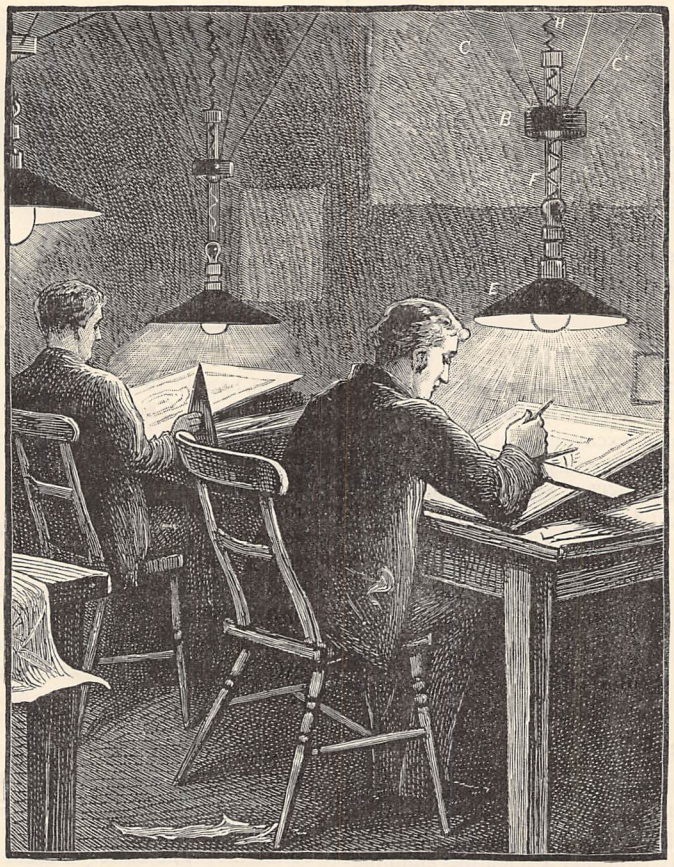
An Electric Mountain Railway.

The Hôtel des Alpes at Territet, Chillon, is to be connected by an electric railway with the Hôtel de

Mont Fleury on the mountain-side, some 800 feet above Chillon. Between the two rails is a rack which gears with a pinion attached to the locomotive. This pinion is to be driven by electricity through the agency of a dynamo. The dynamo supplying the electric current will be driven by a turbine worked from a neighbouring waterfall, and the current will be conveyed to the dynamo on the locomotive by means of copper cables laid beside the rack, and brushed by the ordinary copper "brushes" for tapping the current.

New Applications of the Electric Light.

At the new University College, Dundee, the drawing office attached to the engineering classes is lighted by Swan 100-volt incandescent lamps. Each table is detached, and allows a student to work by himself. Over it is suspended an electric lamp from four points of the ceiling by two cords, which allow the lamp to have a sidelong and to-and-fro motion, so that it can be shifted over the drawing in order to avoid shadows thrown by the squares employed. The lamp has also an up-and-down play of a few inches. The figure illustrates the mode of suspension by the cords C C. Wires convey the current by a flexible conductor, H, to the lamp E, which can be moved up and down the rod F. The piece B, from which the lamp immediately depends, is of wood, and perforated with two holes through which the cords run.



NEW APPLICATION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

In crucible-making, the crucibles are carefully examined inside for flaws, and this is done after dark, at present, by means of a gas-jet, which is inserted into the crucible. Owing to the fumes and flame, however, this is inconvenient and disagreeable; and one of the largest firms have adopted the electric light for the purpose. Small 5-candle incandescent lamps, fed by the primary battery of Mr. H. Thame, are employed. Ten cells of this battery keep from five to seven lamps at work.

Telegraphing 7,000 Miles.

A feat in telegraphy has lately been accomplished upon the overland Indo-European line. London, Emden on the Baltic, Odessa on the Black Sea, Teheran in Persia, Kurrachee, and Calcutta were connected up, and messages were sent and received over this enormous length of wire—some 7,000 miles—at the rate of from twelve to fourteen words a minute, with an ordinary Morse printing instrument. In 1866 only one message traversed this distance in twenty-four hours.

A Sinking Mountain.

An isolated mountain termed Jebel Naiba, about 25,000 feet high, situated near Bona in Algeria, is found to be rapidly decreasing in height, and around its base a considerable cavity has formed. The whole mass of the mountain is evidently sinking; and the environs of Bona seem to show that a similar phenomenon has taken place there before. Lake Fezarra, now some thousand acres in extent, did not exist in the time of the Romans, and investigations made in 1870 show that its bed was once the site of a Roman town.

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the Extra Holiday Number of "Cassell's Magazine," entitled "SUMMER DAYS," is published with this Part, and may be obtained through all Booksellers, or at the Railway Bookstalls. Price 7d.

WITHIN THE CLASP.

A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE JET-HUNTERS.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "The Tenth Earl," "Lady Flavia," "Paul Knox, Pitman," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

"I WILL ONLY MARRY DON."

GUARDIANS, as compared with the parents with whom they are associated in popular phraseology, have a hard time of it. Of course, if a guardian is content to be a mere wooden figure-head, so to speak, keeping strictly to the letter of his legal duties, he may get through his term of office with the minimum of trouble to himself. He has but to refuse to act in all matters directly or indirectly relating to money, without the advice of competent solicitors, with counsel's opinion in all difficult cases, and he is as safe as a sea-captain whose big ocean-going clipper ship is formally delivered over to the conduct of a steam-tug and the charge of a Trinity House pilot. But a custodian of more flesh-and-blood character will find his position no sinecure. Awkward events will occur; unexpected contingencies have to be faced. Miss Fanny engages herself to some dear delightful scamp of a cavalry officer, who looks to her inheritance to pay his gambling debts. Or Young Hopeful *will* marry some rustic and penniless damsel down in the shires, who is an estimable young person, but hardly adapted by manners or education to preside over an aristocratic dinner-table. In both such instances the poor guardian, moved by no paternal instinct, and not armed with the authority of a father, has the probability of an ineffectual struggle to confront, along with the certainty of being considered as a meddling tyrant.

Mr. Marsh was not of the stuff of which tyrants are made. He did think that modern manners, modern habits of thought, gave a latitude to the young which for various reasons was to be regretted. Especially as regarded the important business of matrimony was this the case. But he was aware, too, that to put back the hands of Time's great clock was a task as hopeless as to stem the tide, and that the youthful generation of to-day could not be managed in accordance with the maxims of yesterday. But still he was very anxious that Violet should not throw herself away upon a designing intriguer; and yet he was exceedingly desirous that Violet should marry well. The designing intriguer, according to Mr. Marsh's prejudiced judgment, was Don. To marry well, it now appeared in Violet's case, would be to marry Sir Richard Mortmain. Under ordinary circumstances, and considering Miss Mowbray's youth, there would have seemed to a prudent old bachelor like Ephraim Marsh no pressing necessity for the speedy marriage of his ward; but when a wolf, such as he deemed Don to be, prowls around the sheep-fold, care enough can scarcely be taken of the innocent lamb that is the object of his quest. As Lady Mortmain, Violet would be safe.

Something of what was on his mind Mr. Marsh did say when he went back to the drawing-room, and found the rector deeply immersed in his newspaper, and Mrs. Langton evidently excited and inquisitive. Marrying and giving in marriage are topics, be sure, that interested women above all other topics before the first brick of Babylon was baked, and still the subject keeps its freshness and its zest.

"Sir Richard had a great deal to say to you, uncle," the clergyman's wife remarked.

"Sir Richard *had* a good deal to say," rejoined the drysalter, who was glad of the opportunity of speaking; "and you have been wondering, Charlotte, very likely, as to what could have been the subject of our late conversation, or why this gentleman should have preferred to inquire for a mere bird of passage and a stranger like myself. The fact is, he called on me simply in the capacity of Violet's guardian."

"Dear me! of Violet's guardian!" echoed Mrs. Langton, with the pseudo-surprise which even good women will sometimes affect when they want to hear more, while the rector laid his newspaper on his knee, and said, smiling—

"A proposal, eh? in the good old form, just as fortresses were once summoned to surrender with blast of trumpets and solemn embassy of heralds in their blazoned tabards riding to the barbican gate. Have I guessed rightly, sir?"

"You have guessed right," said Mr. Marsh.

"Who would have thought it? Poor, dear Violet!" exclaimed Mrs. Langton. There was something of commiseration in her tone which irritated the nerves of the London merchant.

"Upon my word, Niece Charlotte," he said quite snappishly, "one would think, to hear you, that the girl was going to be buried instead of married—that is, if she likes the man. I never could understand why you women persist in whimpering at a wedding, as though it were an execution, and why a bride, in all the finery that it has taken months of thought and weeks of trouble to concoct, should be wept over, as if the noose——There, Charlotte, I didn't mean to be rough—it's only my way. Yes, Sir Richard has asked

my consent to his offering his hand to my ward; and I was very greatly pleased by the straightforward, courteous, and I may say chivalrous manner in which he did ask it."

"A thorough gentleman and, I am sure, would make her happy," pronounced Mrs. Langton, whom the wily master of Mortmain had conciliated by a patient interest in her Cape heaths, Singapore orchids, and maidenhair ferns.

"I think well of Sir Richard," said the rector, more slowly, "and it speaks well for him, too, that he seeks a bride almost dowerless, since, I feel assured, he knows nothing of this supposed hidden wealth of poor Violet's. Rumour could scarcely have apprised him of such a thing, since both my wife and myself have been careful not to mention the matter."

"Not a syllable have I breathed as to Violet's money, if there is any," said Mrs. Langton positively.

"And therefore," struck in Mr. Marsh, "I found the more to admire in the behaviour of this man of rank and fashion, whose nature, so far as I could perceive, had remained unspoiled by the world. And I have had some experience of reading men like a book."

Poor, worthy Mr. Marsh forgot the narrow limits of his experience. He was a fair judge of a carman, and knew whether a clerk was worth his salary, but he had not the fathom-line by which to gauge the depths of fashionable and practised hypocrisy. Neither had, for that matter, the rector or his wife. There was a little more talk, and then Mrs. Langton, who was going up-stairs to attire herself for some errand of mercy in the parish, promised to send Violet down to speak with her guardian, without apprising the dear girl of the subject of the coming conversation; the rector went back to his library, and Mr. Marsh paced, waiting, to and fro.

The reflections of the effective partner in the long-established firm of Crump, Marsh, and Caxton, as he walked to and fro, awaiting the arrival of his ward, were of a very mixed character. He was getting a little tired of his sojourn in Yorkshire. It seemed to him as though he had made little or no progress in his search for Violet's hidden fortune. Superintendent Swann gave him no comfort. He was a tenacious, not to say an obstinate man, this London drysalter, and having once accepted as an article of faith the fact that Miss Mowbray was entitled to a great sum of money, he held fast to it. But he wanted to be back in London—wanted, too, to be in a punt, far up the silvery Thames. August is the barbel-fisher's month, as it is that of his aristocratic fellow-sportsman, the grouse-shooter. And Mr. Marsh did long to be at Datchet, or Goring, or in the deep water below Marlow Bridge, feeling the first tug at his heavily-leaded ledger-line of some piscine monster, capable, when hooked, of taking the punt in tow. But none the less was he determined to do his duty by the motherless girl.

Violet came into the drawing-room in some surprise. Mrs. Langton had kept her word, and had said nothing, but her manner had betrayed that the approaching interview was to be a momentous one.

"My dear young lady," said Mr. Marsh, stopping in his walk so as to confront Violet, "I do hope that you will do me the justice to believe one thing, that in all that I may consider necessary to be said, and in all I may find expedient to be done, I am guided simply and wholly by a sincere desire to see you happy."

"You were always very, very kind, dear guardy," said Violet gently. She had been used, years ago, when she was a child, and less accustomed to her bereavement, to see more of the worthy London merchant than had lately been the case. He had been the one to teach her, at a teachable age, to address him as "guardy," precisely as the white-muslined heroines of old times accosted their brown-coated and square-toed guardians, in the bob-wigs and flowered waistcoats. She esteemed him, and was grateful to him, but not even for the sake of old kindness could she allow him to dictate to her where her heart was concerned. And that her heart was no longer hers to give, we know.

"I have had an interview, Violet, my dear," said Mr. Marsh, clearing his throat and putting on his most impressive manner, "with a gentleman who called here expressly to see me—an interview which, hackneyed man of the world as I am, has made me think the better of human nature."

Perhaps Mr. Marsh was unduly boastful when he announced himself as a man of the world. What is it that really qualifies one of us for that dubious distinction? It is hard to say. I have known ladies who believed the term to be applicable only to those who are admitted to the penetralia of London society, to members of choice little gambling clubs, and so forth. But one may dine with royalty, and rub shoulders with the great of the earth, and be elected to even clubs where a duke has been blackballed, and yet remain the veriest child. Perhaps a man of the world is born, not made, like a poet or a great general. He wants tact, and sense, and some fine instinct that is neither, yet partakes of both. There is no reason why a drysalter should not be one of this gifted brotherhood. But Mr. Marsh was in error as to his own fitness to play so difficult a part.

"The better of human nature," he repeated.

"I am sure, sir, I am very glad of it," responded Violet, looking at him with wondering eyes. She had not heard a word as to Sir Richard's recent visit, and, her window looking seawards, had not caught a glimpse of the mail phaeton, and the bright bays in their silver-mounted trappings.

"The gentleman of whom I speak, my dear," said Mr. Marsh, "is Sir Richard Mortmain."

And then Violet, with a woman's instinct, knew what was coming, and prepared herself for a contest of will, but sorrowfully, for she was reluctant to vex so good a man as her quaint guardian.

"You have known Sir Richard Mortmain now, I believe," Mr. Marsh began diplomatically, "for some little time. He is highly thought of by our good friends the Langtons, and I hope, at any rate, that you do not dislike him."

"No—no—certainly not dislike him, guardy,"

faltered out the girl, on hearing which answer Mr. Marsh assumed a smirk of satisfaction.

"And when a young lady does not dislike a gentleman still young, very good-looking, and eminently eligible in every point of view," resumed the merchant, "we may safely say that a warmer feeling than mere liking may some day be hoped for. Violet, my dear young friend, I was always an outspoken man, and must come to the point at once. Sir Richard Mortmain—who is, as you are aware, a baronet of one of the earlier creations, and a man of property and position—has been here to-day to ask my consent before making you a formal proposal of marriage. There can be no doubt as to the sincerity of his attachment to yourself, and as little as to the disinterested character of his suit. Your little income, of course, he says, would be settled on yourself, and he is able, as I gather, to make a handsome provision for his wife in the event of her becoming his widow. All such arrangements you may safely leave to a business man like myself. But what I admired was the unselfish and generous nature of the man himself. Indeed, Violet, I should close my eyes, were anything to happen to me, the more happily if I knew that you were safe under the care of such a husband as Sir Richard Mortmain."

"Do not ask me to do it—I could not—could not!" cried out Violet, like a frightened child; and then, seeing her guardian's look of surprise, she said, more calmly, "You mean all that is good, dear sir, and as regards Sir Richard Mortmain, I thank him gratefully, I am sure, for the honour which he has done me, and which I am sorry that I must refuse. But I cannot marry him. I am pledged to Don, and I do not like Sir Richard, with all his accomplishments and all his good looks. He has pleased you, it seems, guardy, but me he has not pleased, and I would never, never say yes to him, even if I had been free—which I am not."

"You mean, you headstrong girl," broke out Mr. Marsh angrily, "that you are caught by a fair outside and a few specious words, that you prefer a low-born adventurer to a high-bred gentleman like——"

"Hush! guardy, dear guardy!" piteously interjected Violet, as the colour rose to her face and the tears mantled in her eyes. "You are cruelly unjust to Don. He is no adventurer. No one ever had a nobler soul, or higher motives, than he. And as for his birth——"

"Why, the fellow had invented for him even the name he bears, such as it is!" broke out Mr. Marsh, in a rage. "If I saw you Lady Mortmain, I should feel that your future happiness was assured. But as for yonder lad, you never can, nor shall you, while I have a voice in the matter, throw yourself away so absurdly."

"Do not be angry with me, sir!" sobbed Violet. "I may never marry at all—it will most likely be so. But, if I am not to die an old maid, I will only marry Don."

And then she went away, weeping, to her room, while Mr. Marsh, wrathful and disappointed, strode out into the hall, snatched his hat, and started for his constitutional walk, in no pleasant frame of mind.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

AT HELSTON HALL.

HELSTON hamlet, which consists apparently of a farm, a mill, and some four or five straggling cottages half hidden by the brushwood and boulders of a narrow glen, is in no respect comparable to the respectable village of Thorsdale. It had no post-office, no shop, no church, no chapel, and as a general rule few facilities of any kind. And although Helston Hall, a bowshot or so away, stands boldly forth on a knoll of greensward fringed with beech-trees, with the swift trout-stream that runs down the dale swirling and broadening at the base of the mound, the grey-stone manor-house, with its steep, slated roof, is but a sorry dwelling when contrasted with the stately mansion which lords it over the hoary oaks of Thorsdale Park. It had never been one of the principal seats of the Mortmain family, to whom it had come as part of the heritage of some forgotten ancestress; and, save when it was allotted as the residence of some dowager, it had seldom been inhabited. Sir Richard's London grooms growled at the damp and draughty stabling for the pampered horses, and at the deficient accommodation for themselves.

But still Sir Richard Mortmain showed no sign of his being tired of Helston. He was, to be sure, often a guest beneath the grander roof of Thorsdale, but that was at his sister's request; nor, since Violet had ceased to be a visitor there, had the baronet been quite as compliant with the countess's wish that he should "make things pleasant" for her motley crowd of visitors and her valetudinarian husband.

"If Constance can't get her bear to dance, it's no affair of mine to do the piping," had been Sir Richard's unfraternal soliloquy, more than once, in response to affectionate reproaches, upon coroneted paper, as to his truancy and his neglect.

"In London, she'd drop me as she would a cast-off glove or a faded ribbon," sneeringly remarked the worldly-wise baronet, "and why should I consent to be a sort of Master of the Revels for her benefit, unless I can get a rich wife as payment for my services? The gold-mine is at Woodburn now."

The room in which Sir Richard habitually sat, and undeniably the most cheerful apartment in a somewhat dreary house, bore the traditional appellation of "My Lady's Parlour." It was an oak-panelled room, with tall windows, facing south, and commanding a pretty view of the trout-stream and the willow-bordered mill-dam, and the alder-fringed bank opposite, and of a clump of noble beech-trees that dropped their tiny nuts and yellowing leaves into the foaming brook below. It was fairly furnished, in red silk and antique tapestry, and had probably always been a favourite room with bygone dwellers in that lonely mansion. There the baronet was sitting, near an open window that overlooked the prospect so lately

described, but Sir Richard cared little for trout-stream or beech-trees. He had beside him a little table, and as he smoked his cigarette, he frowningly pored over a mass of closely-written calculations, neatly folded, that lay upon the table.

Sir Richard Mortmain, as he gazed steadfastly, and at intervals with a quick contraction of his dark eyebrows, at the columns of figures and heedful annotations before him, might have been mistaken either for a learned mathematician or for a student of abstruse lore.

"It's right, I believe it's right, or as near as can be," he muttered, and again glanced at the calculations that lay before him, "for no man can be quite safe with a martingale at *rouge et noir*. It's like selling one's soul to the mischief, is tampering with things of this sort. I should have been a richer man, ah, by some thousands a year, if I had never held a card at poker or baccarat in Paris, and never backed the red at Homburg, Baden, Monaco. But this receipt does seem of sterling stuff. The lean, half-starved Polish professor that sold it to me, why did he not make a fortune of it himself? Why not, indeed? Probably for the same reason that he did not wear cleaner linen, and exchange his shabby coat for a new one—the lack of capital. When I have Violet's money to pull upon——"

"A message, Sir Richard, please, from Thorsdale Park," said the baronet's valet, gliding in like a black shadow, and unconsciously interrupting his master's meditations as to the gambling triumphs at Monte Carlo, for which Violet's fortune would supply the sinews of war; "one of the confidential servants brought it over, by her ladyship's orders, only to be given to yourself, sir. If you please——"

"Oh, yes, confound it!" grudgingly answered the baronet.

A minute more, and Glitka was in the room. Sir Richard Mortmain's eyes sparkled with an angry light, but he restrained himself, and it was with an appearance of cold composure that he said, when the door had closed—

"You have come across from Thorsdale with a message from my sister, have you not?"

"No, but with a message from myself!" Glitka flashed out, as fiercely as if her next utterance would be accompanied by a dagger-stroke; "I am not here, Richard, on an errand from Miladi your sister. What I said was a mere lie, such as is learnt but too readily among servants, such as I am now"—she laughed bitterly here—"to insure my not being denied admittance. Once, Glitka had no need of such a stratagem. The handsome English cavalier did not seek, then, to shun her society." And now there was a regretful tenderness in the girl's tone which would not have been lost upon ears less callous than those of the egotistical master of Mortmain. She had dressed herself with great care for this interview, wearing, as nearly as she could, the colours that he had been wont to say, in far-off Hungary, became her the best. The silken ribbon at her throat was fastened by a brooch of yellow gold, the massive setting of a stone curious in its blended and varying hues, being what lapidaries term a fire-opal, such as are found in the Carpathians, and set by gipsy jewellers beside the Danube or the Theiss. The brooch had been one of the few presents that Sir Richard had ever made her, and she had put it on to-day, perhaps in the vague hope that the sight of it might awaken memories of the past.

"If you want anything of me, what is it you do want?" querulously demanded the baronet; "money is scarce with me just now, but if——"

"I do not want your money, Cavaliere," interrupted Glitka hotly; "I want my husband, pledged and plighted to me in my own distant land, where the betrothal tie is held so sacred that, had I had a brother left living, he would have hunted you down, with knife or pistol, as he would have done a wolf caught in the homestead. As it is, Glitka Eberganyi must redress her own wrongs. Beware how you trifle with me!" she added, with sudden fury, as she saw the baronet's lip curl with its familiar sneer; "we Magyars have blood in our veins that runs warmly, whether for love or hate."

"Upon my word, Glitka," coolly rejoined Sir Richard, "you give yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble. It would be better that you should hear reason, and that this persecution of me should cease. I never regarded our old love-passages and romantic talk with such seriousness as you did, and as for marrying you——"

"Why not? If you are noble, am I not noble too? Or is it only because I was poor, and have left my native country, and become a servant—I, in this frigid England of yours—for your sake?" she exclaimed.

"As for marrying you," went on the baronet, with unruffled composure, "I might, quite as prudently, have noosed a cord at once for my own neck. I am not rich, my good girl. I have only the husk and hollow outside of wealth. And I cannot afford expensive luxuries, such as a marriage for the sake of love would be. The idea is absurd."

"Richard," said the girl, stepping forward, and laying her hand lightly upon his arm, "I know you are not happy, and I know you are not rich. Why not renounce your plots and wiles, and the struggle of your life in England here? Glitka would make you a true wife, even now. What remains of your fortune, gilded beggary here, would go far in Hungary, where life is cheap; and, if you like it better, we would cross the ocean, and in America carve out a new career, better suited to the courage and the energy that rust here for lack of employment."

"Upon my word, my dear creature," scornfully replied the baronet, "you draw a very pretty picture of some Arcadia of the Banat or the backwoods, where you and I are to be a picturesque variation on the stale theme of Corydon and Chloe. But it won't do, and I desire that I may be spared farther annoyance. I have no wish to complain to my sister, Lady Thorsdale, but——"

"Speak to Miladi your sister, if you dare," hissed out Glitka, her handsome face almost disfigured by the rage that was now uppermost; "I am no menial,

to be chidden or dismissed with impunity. Say a word to the countess, and take what follows. Again, I forbid you to sell yourself for gain—ah! that treacherous face of yours changes colour, does it?—I forbid you to wed Miss Violet Mowbray, yonder, at woos her for his wife. Ha! you wince again, and again, traitor, your false lip trembles, in spite of all your practised discipline of the world. Will you not be warned? It is not safe to mock Glitka, or to break faith with her. No Eberganyi ever deserted a friend,

"'I HAVE SPARED YOU, BUT I WILL SPARE YOU NO MORE'" (*p.* 518).

the priest's house in Woodburn—parsonage, you call it—even though she be rich."

"But she is not rich, as it happens," quietly replied the baronet; "nor have you the least authority for coupling her name, more than that of any other young lady, with mine."

"No other young lady," responded Glitka, stamping her foot passionately upon the floor, "has seventy thousand pounds to bestow upon the dissembler who or forgave an enemy. Yet, yet, Richard, there is time for us to be happy, if you would be true to old vows, and make poor Glitka your wife, as you promised."

There was a ring of truth in the girl's voice, there was a noble frankness in her bearing, that might have softened the heart, and might have touched the conscience, of a better man. After all, the girl was as good as gold. After all, she had been true as

steel to her engagement, which according to Hungarian, and indeed German, custom is considered as absolutely binding, like the marriage rite itself. Glitka was fierce when she was angered, but then he knew how tender and true she could be, were her lover but as honest and faithful as she was, in her simple, half-barbarous way. And she was a Magyar girl of noble birth, according to law and custom—though but a farmer's daughter—and, as such, would have married an English duke without the notion that King Cophetua was wedding, according to the old minstrel's ballad, the Beggar Maid. But Sir Richard was hard and cold, and quite without sympathy with the wild nature of her who pleaded to him.

"I really must," said the baronet, rising and laying his hand upon the bell, "put a stop to this kind of thing. All is over between you and me—I mean, if you would have the sense to see it. You are a servant, I am a gentleman, and we had better remember both circumstances." And, as he spoke, he rang the bell.

"Beware, again I say, or you shall rue it!" cried Glitka, speaking as rapidly as only a foreign woman can speak. "I have spared you, but I will spare you no more. You have spurned me from your door, you have scorned me, and if shame and sorrow and disgrace be your reward, you, and you alone, are to blame. I have a hold on you that you little guess. I——"

A man-servant entered. "Show Lady Thorsdale's messenger out!" ordered the baronet. "And let the black horse be saddled and brought round. I am going to ride."

Without another word or glance, Glitka left him, and in less than an hour Sir Richard Mortmain, mounted on his fiery black horse, had ridden off in the direction of Woodburn Parsonage.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

MR. MARSH DISCOVERS HIS MISTAKE.

MR. MARSH, with puckered lips and an air of peculiar importance, rattled and jolted off along the newly-metalled road from Woodburn to Daneborough in a hired fly. The drysalter had not dropped any hint as to his errand, but Mrs. Langton, his niece, and, for that matter, her learned husband, felt pretty sure that it related to the search for Violet's missing fortune. And, as regarded that fortune, it may be mentioned that, whereas the clergyman's wife lent implicit belief to the legend of the lost legacy, the clergyman himself was sceptical.

"Seventy thousand pounds," he had said more than once, "make up a lump sum too considerable to be dropped and not found. The money, rely on it, legally or illegally, has been spent long ago—that is, if it ever existed."

But Mr. Marsh had received a communication from Superintendent Swann, of Daneborough, which made him eager to keep an appointment which the chief of the borough police had ventured to make on behalf of his employer. In a flurried condition of mind he set out for the rendezvous.

"In front of the Imperial Hotel," muttered Mr. Marsh to himself, as he rolled along towards the seaport town; "in front of the Imperial Hotel! I suppose I shall know the jade when I see her."

The whole affair was something out of tune with the quiet tenor of the merchant's life, and as he sped along towards Daneborough he sighed at the remembrance of the tranquil joys he had deserted, the snug dinners, the whist, the chess-playing, amidst a limited circle of old cronies, the long days of peaceful angling amongst the aits and reed-beds of the Thames, undisturbed by anything worse than some snorting steam-launch as it rushed by. But he was quite firm as to doing his duty, as he understood it, towards Violet, his ward.

Mr. Marsh did not on this occasion deem it expedient to drive direct to the Imperial Hotel. He bade the man who drove the Woodburn fly to set him down at the upper end of High Street, where there stands a decent place of public entertainment, bearing the now almost historic appellation of the King's Arms. Here the drysalter alighted.

"You will wait for me," he said. "I shall be back in an hour or so."

And then on foot he made his way down the steep High Street, and turned the corner into that broader and shorter thoroughfare which bears the name of Tontine Street. It had not a very prosperous or bustling air, that artificial artery of borough life, which had been called into being by the tedious speculation that is known as a Tontine. Whoever might have been the longest liver of the adventurous subscribers, and so, as survivor, had become owner of all, must have felt disgusted at seeing how mildewed were the stuccoed fronts of the tall houses, how dejected was the aspect of the few shops yet unshuttered, and how gloomy and insolvent was the air of the big useless hotel that was the principal ornament of the street.

Mr. Marsh had not long to wait. His eyes immediately lit upon a female form, graceful enough, and well attired, that was moving to and fro in front of the Imperial Hotel, not slowly and wearily, as is the wont of most of those who keep such comfortless appointments, but with quick, impatient steps, and something of the air of a tigress treading the floor of her cage.

"That's the foreign woman, for a hundred!" exclaimed the merchant, at the first glimpse of this active, restless figure; and when the figure turned so as to face him, and he caught sight of a pale dark face, with very bright eyes and very black hair, he was quite assured as to his having guessed correctly.

"Mademoiselle Glitka?" he said, with an awkward bow.

Glitka bent her haughty head as some savage princess might have done.

"You are Mr. Marsh," she said. "Good; I have much to say to you. The innocent must be protected, and the guilty punished. Is it not so?"

As she spoke she looked fixedly in the drysalter's face, and it almost seemed to him as if her fiery eyes

scorched him, while her low, earnest voice rang in his ear like the vengeful blast of a trumpet. Never before had the worthy Ephraim encountered concentrated passion such as Glitka's air and expression implied. Even her very calmness had in it something terrible, like the stillness of the tropical sea that precedes the outburst of the tornado.

"I think," said Mr. Marsh, nervously afraid of being observed, and conscious that already two or three of the passers-by had turned their heads to look at him and his strange companion—"I think that we should discuss the matters in question more quietly and more comfortably in-doors. If you will follow me——"

At Mr. Marsh's invitation Glitka did follow him into the adjacent hotel.

"A private sitting-room, waiter," said the London merchant; and soon he found himself in one of the dismal little parlours that were but too many and too tenantless in the semi-bankrupt Imperial Hotel, face to face with Lady Thorsdale's foreign lady's-maid. Glitka was the first to speak.

"Sir," said the Hungarian girl, "I believe you to be a good man and a just man. Is it true that Sir Mortmain—Richard the Cavaliere—is to marry this ward of yours, this Miss Violet?"

"I hope so—I trust he will; but why?" began the drysalter wonderingly; but Glitka cut him short.

"Because I wanted to be sure—quite sure," she cried out furiously, "before I set my foot upon his head, to crush it, gilded snake that he is!—Ah, traitor, traitor! when will you learn that it is wisest for a man to be true?—Hear me, sir! You would give your ward, your charge, to this baronet because he is rich, high in the world's regard, honourable, good. Is it not so? But how if I tell you—I that have loved, and now hate—that it is a fair outside, and all within is false and evil? How if I say that this titled suitor is not only ruined, not only a spendthrift, but a knave that has broken the law, a rogue that conspires with a ruffian to cheat your Miss Mowbray of the concealed fortune for which he seeks her hand—a wretch destined to the chains and the prison that await the forger and the thief!"

Mr. Marsh positively gasped, as if the volubility of this accusation had taken his breath away. He glanced at the accuser. She looked, with her flaming eyes and resolute face, very much in earnest; but still he felt that he must not be borne down by mere glibness of assertion.

"It is a good old principle of our English law, mademoiselle," he doggedly made answer, "that a man is to be considered innocent until he has been proved guilty. Now, all I have seen of Sir Richard, and all I have heard of him, except from yourself, is very much to his credit. If you want me to change my opinion you must give me proofs."

"You shall have them," said Glitka readily, and as she spoke she exhibited a folded paper, which she held, half hidden, in her gloved hand.

"Now, before I give you proofs, have you anything that you would like to ask me?"

"You are—as I believe that you admitted in conversation with Superintendent Swan," said the London merchant, "the writer of the anonymous letter which I received in town. You are also a bitter enemy of Sir Richard's?"

"Yes, because I loved him," interrupted the Hungarian girl, with her dark eyes blazing out like those of a hurt wild beast that turns on the hunter. "I was his promised bride—we were betrothed—and he threw me off—me, the Magyar girl, and an Eberganyi, free and noble—me, who would be allowed entry at the Kaiser's Court at Vienna, where your mere rich are shut out. And I had no brother left alive—Max and Yanos died with their regiments in the war—so I must punish instead of they, who would have been prompt to take up a sister's quarrel. Yes, I *hate* the man! Now hear me."

And in rapid burning words Lady Thorsdale's maid related how she had, in the room habitually occupied by Sir Richard Mortmain at Thorsdale Hall, discovered, in a drawer, the compromising letter signed "Rufus Crouch," which had first caused her to send her own anonymous communication to Mr. Marsh himself in London. Then she told how, while the fine company in the grand mansion were at dinner, she had stolen up-stairs, and had possessed herself of the letter in question, which the baronet, habitually careless, had not missed.

"Here it is!" she said, as she thrust it into the drysalter's hand. He read it, not without many an inward twinge of mortification and annoyance, but he was above all things a worthy man, and his sense of right prevailed over the slight to his vanity.

"The base hypocrite!" he exclaimed; "the rascally dissembler! Why, his scoundrel of a confederate had apprised him of the exact amount of my ward's fortune weeks before he came to make a boast of his disinterested intentions to me! May I keep this letter, mademoiselle? You will be rewarded, I need not say, for your help in unmasking an impostor."

"Reward me—give me money—your sovereigns and your bank-notes, perhaps," retorted Glitka, with a hard, fierce laugh. "Yes, that would be well for one of your English maids, but I have only one reward to seek! Now, sir, listen. The letter I have placed in your hands will, I hope, prove the ruin of the designs of him to whom it was sent. But I have a new weapon wherewith to strike at that hard, pitiless heart."

And then, rapidly and volubly as before, she narrated how she had chanced to overhear, in that portion of the shrubbery at Thorsdale which bordered on the Park, through which there was a public right of way, a conversation between Sir Richard Mortmain and an ill-looking ruffian, whom she easily identified with the writer of the threatening letter. She had no hesitation in avowing that she played the spy on her employer's brother whenever her duties rendered it possible, prompted by jealousy and resentment, and on this occasion she had overheard, herself unperceived, a portion of what was said.

"He, Crouch, menaced Sir Richard always. He could, he said, send him to the gyves and the prison,

as he could the commonest forger and the commonest thief. And the great, proud gentleman spoke the ruffian fair, and gave gold, and promised much. He had won over Mr. Marsh, Miss Mowbray's guardian, so he said, and should have his influence on his side.

"THE BARONET TURNED TO CONFRONT RUFUS CROUCH" (*p.* 521).

And Crouch was to have his share of the young lady's fortune; I did not hear how much, but they bargained. Then gay voices were heard of company coming, and Crouch slunk off, and climbed over the fence that led into the Park. That was on Tuesday."

"Do you know who this fellow Crouch may be?" asked bewildered Mr. Marsh.

"Yes. I learned from the servants," said Glitka, "that the man is one of the jet-hunters, a gold-digger from Australia, a man of ill-repute, who lives alone, like a hermit, on the moors. Now I must go, or Miladi will miss me."

And with a quiet bow she went. Mr. Marsh drove back to Woodburn Parsonage with very different feelings from those which he had previously entertained towards the titled suitor for Violet Mowbray's hand.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

SIR RICHARD IS BAFFLED.

MOUNTED on his fine black horse, Sir Richard Mortmain, as he rode through the straggling village street of Woodburn, looked the very type of a gallant gen-

tleman and a bold rider. No one who saw how calm was his pale, passionless face, could possibly have divined the stormy interview with Glitka through which he had so lately passed, or have detected in his air the nervousness that usually besets a suitor who is about to make an offer of his hand. Yet such was the baronet's purpose. Confidently he rode in at the open gate of the Parsonage garden, and flinging the bridle to the gardener's lad, who ran up, touching his cap, to do the office of a groom, he rang the bell, and was promptly admitted. Smiling Mrs. Langton was alone in the drawing-room.

"My husband is somewhere about the parish," said the clergyman's wife, "and Mr. Marsh, too, is from home. Violet is up-stairs, with a young friend of hers, Miss Grace Warburton."

"My visit to-day, if I may venture to say so, is to Miss Mowbray," replied the baronet. "I dare say, Mrs. Langton, you are aware of the reason of my coming?"

Mrs. Langton's kindly face assumed an arch expression. "Sir Richard," she said cheerfully, "a little bird has whispered to me how it is. I am certain Violet will be glad, and I am sure I shall congratulate her and you, with all my heart."

As Mrs. Langton spoke she rang the bell. "Tell Miss Mowbray that, if her friend can spare her, Sir Richard Mortmain has called expressly to see her."

The maid who received the message was as demure as a housemaid should be, but even she had a sly twinkle in her pale blue eye, for servants know much, and guess more, and marrying and proposals are the romance of the basement storey, precisely as they give a stimulus to the life of those who are waited upon instead of serving. But the maid was very serious, and indeed scared, as she came back to say—

"Miss Mowbray does not wish to receive Sir Richard Mortmain. Miss Mowbray requests that he will not give himself the trouble to wait."

The words, uttered with white and trembling lips, were still very distinctly spoken. The baronet sprang to his feet, and a little crimson reddened his pale cheek.

"Upon my word," he said sternly, "I am not used to language such as this. If Miss Violet Mowbray really sent me such a message——"

"The dear child never meant to offend you, Sir Richard," bleated out Mrs. Langton.

Sir Richard paid no attention to the clergyman's wife. "Well?" he said.

"Those are the very words the young lady told me to say," was the dogged answer of the housemaid, who, after all, had only done her duty as a messenger, and resented the fierce looks of the visitor. And what she said was evidently true.

Nettled by the insult, furious at the thwarting of his projects, and still smarting under the effect of Glitka's anger and Glitka's threats, the baronet got himself out of the drawing-room as best he might, scarcely deigning a word of adieu to startled Mrs. Langton, and rewarding the services of the gardener's boy without with a growl instead of a shilling, as he mounted his horse. Then he set spurs to the fiery animal he rode, and dashed off at speed, like the Wild Huntsman of German, or the Wild Darrell of English story, rattling through peaceful Woodburn with swift-beating hoofs that struck fire from the flint stones of the road. The gallant horse obeyed the rein and the spur and the furious voice of the rider, and sped along the upland road like a thunderbolt. At last Sir Richard, the fever of his blood somewhat appeased, drew his rein as he caught sight of a milestone that he knew to be within a couple of miles of Helston. It would not do to ride up to his own hall door with his horse flecked with foam and breathing hard, while the master had his hat pulled down over his frowning brows, and his whip tight-clenched in his ungloved right hand. The baronet knew that servants' tattling talk must not be disregarded. He had been refused an interview with Miss Mowbray, and he was disappointed and wrathful, but he did not wish the facts to be hawked about the country, published at Thorsdale Park, and retailed in Belgravian servants' halls. So he pulled up, patted the neck of his powerful black horse, snorting and indignant, but as generously amenable to human caresses and pleasant words as a thoroughbred horse almost always is, and composed his own features into the customary look of passionless calm.

"Well met, Sir R.," said a hoarse, deep voice, at the sound of which the baronet winced impatiently; "I was on my way to Helston, to look you up, but perhaps out on the high road we can chat more conveniently."

The baronet turned to confront Rufus Crouch. There was an unholy look of sullen ferocity in the fellow's bloodshot eyes, which told of gin lately imbibed, but, to use the super-accurate phraseology of a London policeman giving evidence at Bow Street, if he had been drinking, he was not drunk. In his hand was a heavy blackthorn stick, gnarled and fresh-cut.

"What do you want with me, you fool?" demanded the baronet.

Rufus glared at him. "I want a precious lot, Sir R.," responded the ex-gold-digger, after a pause, during which it seemed as though he were meditating whether or not to spring, like some savage dog, at the throat of his aristocratic accomplice. "I want to be rid of this currish life, and out of this rotten country, and back in old Australia, but as a master this time, mind ye! not a man. I could play boss, and be hanged to it, as well as another, and pay my ten shillings a day to a chap, and make my thirty shillings or my brace of guineas out of his labour, and so use him up and be done with him. Even without the gold I could do the trick there twice as fast as with capital I could do it here, 'cause I'm not mealy-mouthed, nor yet white-fisted, not I, and have been a digger, and a dray-driver, and stockman, myself. But, to set up, I require my share of the swag."

"Of what swag, my talkative friend, do you want your share?" asked the baronet, with much asperity.

"Why, of the heiress's seventy thousand pounds—what else?" gruffly rejoined the ex-gold-digger; "and mind, Sir R., not one rap less than twenty-five thousand, not twenty, will satisfy yours truly, and——"

"You dolt!" broke in Sir Richard, "you may keep

your higgling back till the market is open. That will-o'-the-wisp of the big sum of ready money, that lured me down here, is as very a Jack-of-Lantern as ever led a silly swain into a quagmire. Even if the girl has a right to this money——"

"True as death and taxes, she has, Sir R.," protested Crouch, looking serious.

"Even then, we don't live in a country where young ladies can be married against their will," retorted the baronet; "your heiress, I tell you, turns out to be of less malleable stuff than we supposed, and her money is as much out of my reach as if it were fifty fathoms deep beneath the sea. She insults me—won't see me—will have none of me—even though I have duped that old dotard of a drysalter, the guardian, into bucklering up my cause. I'm sure there's some young lover."

"And I can give a shrewd guess, Sir R., as to who the young chap is," interrupted Crouch. "I'll stake anything it's that beggarly upstart, Don. I heard he had been caught spooning and mooning with Miss Violet. I heard he had been forbid the house, down at the parson's. He's what the girls call handsome, and——"

"I know he is," said Sir Richard, with an accent of conviction, and with a bitter laugh, "and I wish him—dead."

"Now hark to me, Sir R.," exclaimed Crouch, drawing near, and speaking earnestly, but in a voice that he instinctively lowered; "come in to my terms—the five-and-twenty thousand, out of the new Lady Mortmain's tin—and he, this beggarly gentleman foundling, *shall* be dead. Girls change their minds, don't they, just as weathercocks veer about when the wind shifts? and once Don's out of the way, you can make your running with the heiress. It's that lad who stands in your light. Well! I'll engage, for the sake of old grudges, and for my share of the plunder, to put him out of the way. D'ye hear?"

"I don't much like being mixed up in that sort of thing," said the baronet hesitatingly; "I wish the youngster were well out of my way but——"

"But you do not care to swing for him, as the phrase is, Sir R.," put in the ruffian at his side; "but take comfort! there'll be no rope for me, nor for you. I can do the job quietly. Listen here. I'm a jet-hunter, and if I go to him with a message from old Obadiah the captain, telling him there are mates in peril, and lives to save, he'll come off at once, for all he's in Lord Thorsdale's employment. The gang work near Daneborough now. I'll trump up a story about how some of the weaklings have ventured out, and got quagged, or tide-surrounded on a rock. My young whipster will start off along with me, by the cliff-path, and I'll be short of breath and drop behind, yet follow close at his heels along that narrow, winding path, that overhangs the beach. Hordle Cliff is a sheer six hundred feet high, and I know a place where there are rocks beneath, edged like razors."

"Well?" said the baronet, trying to harden his heart and repressing with difficulty a shudder. He was not a good man, but the coarse villany of his confederate almost sickened him, the more so because he remembered to have heard, from the man's own lips, how Don had saved his worthless life.

"One push, between the shoulders!" chuckled Crouch, thrusting out his great hands and counterfeiting the action so as to suit the words, "and over goes my young lordling to the crabs and the sand-eels in the rock-pools below. Nobody sees me do it. Nobody dreams that I'd a reason for doing it. 'Poor young chap!' says every one, 'he was always too venturesome.' And as for Miss Violet, while the tear is in the eye, which is always a soft time with women, my advice is, cut in, Sir R., and win."

"I'll leave the details, Rufus, to your larger experience in such matters," said the baronet, still wavering. "If it really could be safely done, and effectually——"

"Effectually!" jeered Crouch; "six hundred feet to fall, and on those black, sharp-edged rocks, like a range of knife-blades, and at low tide too, as I'll take care, for if the sea were in, a strong swimmer might—but I'll choose a time when there shall be nothing softer than stone to drop upon. Six hundred feet! It makes you giddy to look down that cliff. I'll do it. But I must have my five-and-twenty thou., Sir R."

"You will have earned it, Crouch, if by your agency I become the possessor of Miss Mowbray's fortune," said the baronet cautiously, and in a very low voice.

"But," said Rufus roughly, as he glared at his titled friend, "you mind how you break faith with me, Sir Richard Mortmain, Baronet, once I've risked scragging for your sake. Try and cheat me out of a sixpence of my due, and keep me in this miserable country for above three months more, and see if you don't go to gaol as a forger, and give the newspapers the fun of printing leading articles about the disgrace of a fellow like you, with a handle to his name, and——"

Sir Richard had an almost fiendish temper, kept in check usually by habit and self-discipline, but he had had much to annoy him that day, and now the pent-up volcano blazed up into flame.

"You cur!" he exclaimed; "you low-born hound! you dare, dare you, to threaten a gentleman!"

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD.

THAT our American cousins love to do all things on a large scale, appears to be the natural consequence of living in so vast a country, and being surrounded by such large influences and interests. But to those who are not yet accustomed to their manner of work, its minuteness and accuracy are a source of equal wonder. It is like looking alternately through the large and small ends of opera-glasses. The latest instance of this sort which has come to my notice, and calls forth these comments, is a sample of what its author would call "Judicious Advertising."

It is hard enough that, as we approach our own railway stations, our eyes should be annoyed by the reiterated yellow and blue advertisements of mustard and laundry-blue manufacturers, but mercifully we are not yet given over to the hands of barbarians who paint their own horrible names in gigantic characters on the face of crags which we would fain have deemed inaccessible, but which to these indomitable advertisers of the States offer only a desirable field for obtaining cheap notoriety.

If only these Goths would abstain from desecrating beautiful nature, we could better forgive them for elaborating their really ingenious devices on the railway fences and such-like tempting spots. For instance, we could scarcely withhold some admiration from a draper near San Francisco, who attracted our attention by a long disjointed sentence which compelled us to read it while slowly moving across the great sea-bridge—"IF YOU SHOULD MEET WITH A RAILWAY ACCIDENT AND BE KILLED you could not then, on reaching the City of San Francisco, visit the store of the world-famed Elijah Thompson, and buy the best linen shirts at twelve dollars the dozen."

But it was not of such oddities in the advertising line that I purposed now to speak. The latest sample which has been brought to my notice, has reached me in the form of two large handsome volumes, bound and edged with scarlet, and extensively gilt. They are decorated on one side with the design of an archway, of which each stone represents some good quality, while the honoured centre announces that "JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING is the KEY-STONE of SUCCESS."

This work contains the names of 34,000 newspapers, magazines, and quarterlies, published in every empire, kingdom, nation, province, and island of the globe, with much curious information regarding them, and many other matters.

The first volume, as might be expected, is well filled with the 11,207 newspapers and periodicals of the United States, and 624 of British North America. The second volume is devoted to all the rest of the world, and very curious lights are thus thrown on the characteristics of various nations.

How the grand total is distributed over the earth, and the number of copies per annum in proportion to each inhabitant, is shown below.

	Population.	Number of Publications.	Proportion per Head.
Europe	301,356,369	19,557	24·38
North America	76,033,776	12,400	36·66
Asia	1,007,128,657	775	0·01
South America	29,988,509	699	3·92
Australasia ...	3,670,850	661	30·63
Africa	205,000,000	182	0·01

Hence we perceive that Europe still keeps precedence numerically, though, in view of the proportion to population, North America and Australasia have far outstripped the Old World, notwithstanding the vast extent of territory over which they are scattered. Europe and North America combined are shown to have an area of only one-fourth of the habitable globe, and one-fourth of its population, yet they produce considerably more than nine-tenths (93·23 per cent.) of all publications in existence.

How the proportion per head is arrived at, does not appear, inasmuch as a certain number of English publishers refuse to make known their circulation. These, however, are but a very limited number, so are not supposed largely to affect the total. A free calculation shows that, including dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, the presses of America annually issue nearly 2,800,000,000 copies per annum—a ceaseless shower of literary snow-flakes for ever floating around each remote centre of Anglo-Saxon life. Australasia annually distributes upwards of 112,000,000 copies of her home-printed papers, while the annual production of Europe runs up to 7,300,000,000 copies—mingled showers of every conceivable quality, good, bad, and indifferent, every shade of opinion, and on every topic under heaven.

A further calculation shows Great Britain to be the country best supplied with newspapers, while Belgium ranks next, and the United States third. The ratio of copies yearly distributable to each person in these three nations is as follows: Great Britain, 64·01; Belgium, 59·20; the States, 51·06.

But while the total number of British publications does not exceed 4,082, the German Empire produces 5,529 periodicals of all sorts, and thus ranks next to the United States in the variety of literature she provides. It is considered somewhat remarkable that, in a land so eminent for scholarship, there should be so small a proportion of monthly and quarterly magazines —not more than five per cent. of the grand total.

London, as might be expected with its population of 4,000,000, takes precedence of all other great cities in its list of publications, which very nearly approaches 2,000. These have an annual circulation of about 1,017,000,000 copies. The mere list of their names occupies seventy-three pages of fine print in this great

Directory, and in looking over them one feels positively bewildered to think of all the enormous amount of incessant quill-driving and editing involved by the never-ending requirements of so vast a multitude of publications.

But while London shows a longer catalogue than any other city, Paris, with a population of less than 2,000,000, issues 1,553 periodicals, and these have an annual circulation of about 1,100,000,000 copies; so that, in point of fact, the citizens of Paris are far more liberally supplied with daily or weekly literary provender than their British neighbours. In fact it is estimated that the journalistic products of Paris amount annually to almost one-tenth of the issue of the entire press of the globe.

New York and Brooklyn (which bear to one another somewhat the same relation as Birkenhead to Liverpool) have a combined population nearly equal to that of Paris. They produce 587 publications, with an annual circulation of about 516,000,000; Berlin produces 536; Vienna, 483; Madrid, 253; Brussels, 233; Rome, 213, showing a gradual diminution till we reach St. Petersburg, with a population of 667,963, and a newspaper issue numbering 183, and Moscow with a population of 601,969 and only 57 periodicals. The latter, however, are exceedingly varied, and offer something for all tastes—literary classes, medical students, horse-breeders, stock-rearers, musical societies, law, mathematics, horticulture, agriculture, the drama, commerce, satire, history, ecclesiastical questions, science, and a very limited allowance of politics.

I must not omit to notice one point of interest, suggested by the languages which chiefly predominate in this vast newspaper literature. Though there are comparatively few tongues which are not in some measure represented, we find that an enormous majority are published in four languages. As a matter of course English heads the list, inasmuch as English-speaking races have peopled North America and Australasia. The German races rank second, the French third, and Spanish fourth; but, inasmuch as the latter tongue is the *lingua franca* of Mexico and South America, it is probable that it will find a more extensive circulation in print as these nations advance. Meanwhile, the proportion is as follows:—English, 16,500 publications; German, 7,350; French, 3,850; Spanish, 1,600.

Taking the nationality of the 34,000 papers of the world, we find that close upon 32,000 are published in Europe and North America, leaving little over 2,000 for all the rest of the world! South America only issues a sufficient number to allow each of its inhabitants three newspapers a year—exhibiting the curious contrast in this, as in all else, between the great Northern and Southern Continents.

The combined annual product of Asia and Africa amounts to 227,000,000, which, in proportion to the population, would allow one copy in ten years for each person. Of course the newspaper circulation of Africa is confined to the extreme north and south, with a very feeble commencement on the west coast. In like manner Asia has neither supply nor demand except in parts of Turkey, Persia, China, and Japan. Not a newspaper of any sort is to be found in Arabia, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, or Turkestan.

Strange to say, China, that nation which of all others holds literature (that is to say, its own dry-as-dust classics concerning a remote past) in highest honour, has so small a thirst for news of the present day, that it produces fewer papers than any other nation with the smallest claim to civilisation. The proportion of newspapers to population is in the ratio of about one publication to 2,000,000 inhabitants. The Chinese Empire produces only twenty-two periodicals, of which twelve are in Chinese, nine in English, and one in French. Even of this small number, the circulation is extraordinarily small, and, as a rule, a newspaper may be said to be a thing unknown to the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Celestial Empire.

With three exceptions, all China's very limited newspaper-list are published at four of the treaty ports open to foreigners. Shanghai has given birth to fifteen—Ningpo, Foochow, and Amoy are answerable for the others. Of the three exceptions, two are published at Hankow, 700 miles from the mouth of the great river Yang-tsi-Kiang—a water-way which, by opening communication with the sea-ports, has perhaps tended to introduce this ephemeral literature. Even Canton (so near to the British colony of Hong Kong, where emancipated Chinamen attain to many enlarged ideas, and which publishes ten English and four Chinese papers) with its population of 1,500,000, has not one publication of any sort.

The third exception, and the sole newspaper of vast Northern China, is the *Pekin Gazette*, a purely official publication, containing only imperial edicts and official information, and to a description of which a special article in this Magazine, entitled "A Chinese Newspaper," was devoted some little time ago.*

In strange contrast with this terribly conservative old nation, which will not assimilate any new ideas from the outer world, and which cares nothing for any history more recent than that of Confucius, stands the ultra-progressive Empire of Japan, whose people are so painfully willing to adopt indiscriminately whatever new thing is offered to them by foreigners. In nothing is this readiness more apparent than in the rapid development of a wide-spread system of newspapers, of which upwards of 250 are now produced by the native press, and circulate freely among the masses. The newspaper shops in all the principal native cities are invariably crowded with eager purchasers, thirsting for the latest news of all sorts.

But, though Japan offers the most striking instance of rapid development which the world has ever known, the present enormous efflorescence of the press throughout the world is almost bewildering to those who recall its very limited expansion only fifty years ago. The contrast between the supply of inferior, badly-printed, and wretchedly-illustrated papers and magazines, in the early years of men still only middle-aged, with the superabundant feast now so profusely

* See CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, January, 1884.

heaped before them, is as marked as that afforded by the early spring, when a handful of half-blown wild flowers rewards the patient seeker, as compared with that wonderful awakening which, perhaps but a few days later, carpets the whole earth with blossoms.

The work to which I have referred, and from which I glean my facts, is illustrated with an exceedingly interesting series of fac-similes of groups of the leading papers of all nations, beginning with one printed in London in the year 1622, when papers and periodicals first began to circulate. It is called "Weekely Nevves from Italy, Germanie, HVNGARIA, BoHEmia, the Palatinate, France, and the Low Countries. Translated out of the Low Dutch Copie and sold at Nicholas Bourne's shop in Pope's-head Pallace." This is apparently the fac-simile of a rudely-carved wood-block, and is the size of an average magazine. Next in chronology comes a "RECVEIL DES GAZETTES de l'année 1631," adorned with the royal arms. This is a fac-simile of the first number of *La Gazette de France*, which continues to run its course.

Very quaint indeed is the title-page of *The Reading Mercury, or Weekly Entertainer*, as it appeared in 1723—a weekly issue of eight pages, also the size of an average magazine, with frontispiece suggestive of Albert Dürer, showing a rude sketch of Reading in the background, with allegorical figures in the foreground and in the clouds.

Next we find a group of early American papers, published at Boston and at Baltimore between the years 1704 and 1775. We may note that 1704 was the year in which the very first newspaper issued by the American press was printed at Boston. Then comes a full-page reproduction of *The Times, or Universal Register*, as printed in London in 1778—a curious sample of an advertisement sheet 100 years ago.

These groups are evidently reduced by microscopic photography, reproduced so as to resemble steel-engraving, and yet be only legible with the strongest magnifying-glass. One such group represents the open broad-sheets of five London "dailies," with the *Times* as a grand centre.

Groups of forty Spanish papers, of sixteen Roman, of forty South American, of twenty-seven religious papers of the Western States, of twenty-two prominent German newspapers, of sixteen French provincial papers, of fifteen Parisian illustrated papers, of the ten leading fashion journals of the States, and of nineteen German illustrated papers, are given so admirably that we seem to see the very page, grave or comic, illustrated or plain. We wonder, too, at the ingenuity displayed in obtaining such variety in the arrangement of a series of oblong sheets.

A whole page apiece is devoted to the fac-similes of a strange-looking Russian journal and of sundry papers in intricate Oriental characters—the Shah's official organ in Persian character, the *Times* of Constantinople in Turkish, three papers printed at Bombay in cranky-looking Indian characters; also two Chinese papers, and one in modern Greek, printed on the island of Syra.

Then we have full-page fac-similes of a Hawaiian paper, of a Buenos-Ayres journal, of an American-German paper, and of one from Amsterdam; also of the *Indépendance Belge*; the *Times* of Capetown, South Africa; *Le Figaro*, Paris; *La Mode Illustrée*; the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, and a number of other papers, commercial and religious. The *Iowa State Leader*, the *Saturday Evening Call*, and the *Pittsburg Dispatch* are represented with corners of pages cunningly folded back, so as to show the interior and vary the subject. The *Western Rural* shows us a large page of illustrated advertisements of agricultural implements, fat cattle, gigantic vegetables, and bunches of grapes, samples of wire-fencing, and many other objects on so small a scale as to necessitate the use of a strong magnifying-glass to read their story.

Referring to the early history of newspaper advertising, we learn that the very first example of anything of this nature is found in a curious old German news-pamphlet preserved in the British Museum, and printed in 1591. Its *news* is not very recent, being chiefly a summary of events of the four previous years! In 1657 *The Shipping Intelligencer* was published in London, giving details of shipping and commercial ventures, and in the following year *The Commonwealth Mercury* commenced inserting advertisements. Fifteen of these appear in one issue, the cost of insertion being apparently eight lines for a shilling, or twopence per line. But at the beginning of the eighteenth century a State duty of one shilling per advertisement was imposed, whereupon, of course, prices rose.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

Vanquished.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. *Music by* SEYMOUR SMITH.

VOICE. PIANO.

Allegro con brio. *Risoluto.* *Vigoroso.* *mf*

In - to the North a knight rode forth, His trus-ty lance in rest, With shin-ing mail that could not fail, And proud-ly - wav-ing crest; To all he met the gage he threw, And dared them to the fight!..... He knew no fear as each spurred near To prove his matchless might. "Ho! ho!" quoth he, "whoe'er you be, I dare you to the fray!..... With lance and sword I pledge my word That I shall win the day!"

ad lib. *a tempo.* *colla voce.* *a tempo.* *sf* *f* *con forza.* *cres. e ritenuto.* *a tempo. Con ardore e molto deciso.* *mf* *colla voce.* *a tempo.* *Il Basso ben marcato.* *ritenuto.* *Risoluto.* *colla voce.* *mf a tempo.*

mf

But as he neared the Bor - der-side A maid-en fair he

sf *sf* *sf* *mf*

met, And droopt his lance be - fore the glance That flashed from eyes of jet. "In truth," he cried, "both

ad lib. *a tempo.*

colla voce. *a tempo.*

far and wide The tour-ney I have won;..... But now I own by thee a - lone I'm

sf *sf* *f* *p*

ritenuto. *a tempo.* *Con ardore e molto deciso.*

vanquished and un - done. Ah, me!" quoth he, "I plain-ly see My heart thou'st won to - day;..... So

p colla voce. *mf* *a tempo.* *sf* *f*

Il Basso ben marcato.

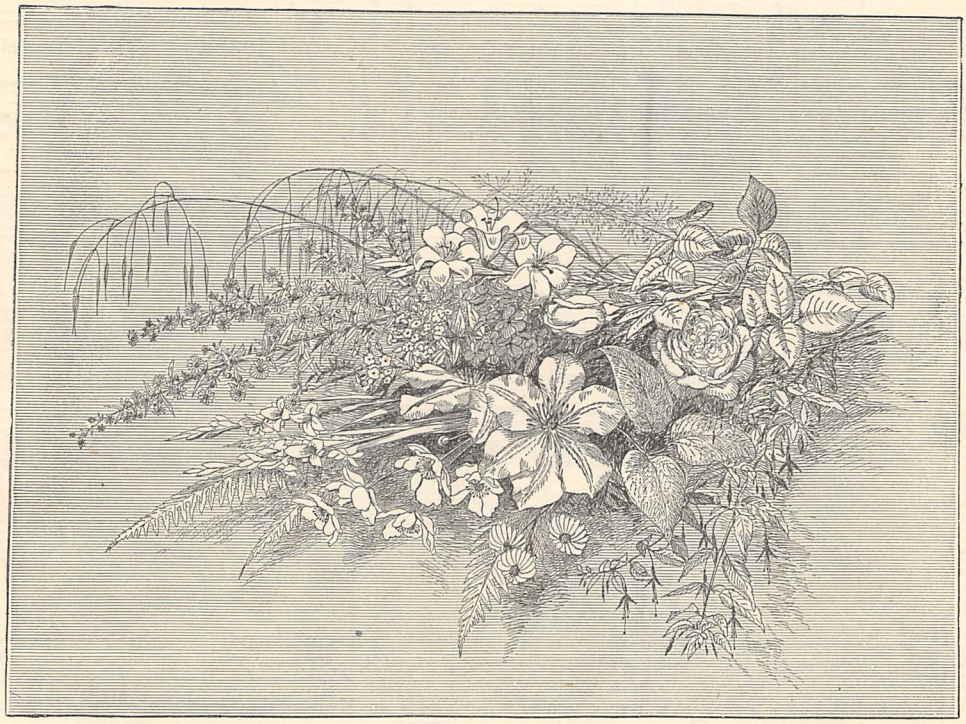
rallentando.

keep it, love, and let it prove The guerdon of the fray!" *Risoluto.*

sf *sf* *colla voce.* *mf a tempo.* *sf* *sf* *sf*

THE GARDEN IN AUGUST.

BY the time that the month of August comes round upon us a good deal of our foliage will have got into a large, dusty, and overgrown state, unless a great deal of care and pains has been taken with the general growth of our garden. But, on the other hand, many of our richest and most graceful flowers are now in their very prime. And amongst the most beautiful is one about which we do not remember to have said anything, or certainly not for some time past, and that is the passion-flower.



And of this most elegant and lovely class of flower, some of course require to be cultivated in the temperature of the stove; others will do very well indeed under the glass of an ordinary greenhouse; while some we know are hardy enough to be trained to flower against a wall, and under the open canopy of heaven. A south wall and a good sheltered situation are certainly very desirable for the culture of the passion-flower; and the most hardy of all is the common blue specimen—*Passiflora cærulea.* The natural tendency of the whole tribe is that of vigorous-growing climbers, so that only the most free-blooming kinds should be grown in pots. Indeed, all things considered, we should not recommend under any circumstances the growth of the passion-flower in pots, though of course in our greenhouse we are often compelled to resort to the flower-pot. Inside a greenhouse, the passion-flower looks remarkably well if trained to run up the side and against the glass on the roof. When such is the case, or when growing grapes, or indeed with any climber inside, a little care is sometimes needful when letting down the glass, as often by a little rough usage a valuable arm of the plant may be broken off.

Cuttings of the passion-flower are easily raised, but they want the medium degree of what is called bottom heat. Or they can be raised by layers; and in this month of August, by the way, when we are busy layering our carnations and picotees, we might do the same for the passion-flower. This process we have noticed on a former occasion, yet a few words may be said about it here. As a general rule, the operation of layering should not be done until the plant with which we are dealing has in a great measure passed flowering. The shoots when pegged down should be well watered, and any failure in this respect during a month such as August is generally credited with being, would very likely entail a failure in your layering

operation. Another specimen of the half-hardy and herbaceous kind is the *Passiflora incarnata*. It also, like the *cærulea*, can be trained against a wall. It has three-lobed leaves and flesh-coloured pink flowers, while the filaments of the ray from the centre are of a purple colour, and it is in flower earlier in the summer than August. Or there is one, the *Tacsonia pinnatistipula*, which is perhaps hardier than either of the two first-named. This tribe differs a little from the ordinary *Passiflora* in the long tube of the flowers. Some species of the passion-flower bear edible fruit, and these are called Granadillas.

August, however, brings with it plenty of very general garden work, which we cannot possibly afford to pass by. Our auriculas should be potted this month, and everything in the shape of a grub should be carefully got away from the compost that we use. Any annuals that we have in pots will want watering and shading, as well as trimming of all dead and decaying leaves. The seed of perennials may be sown at the beginning of this month, and if planted out afterwards, by about the end of October, the young plants will gain strength in a nursery bed. If, however, you have taken the precaution to sow your perennial seed some six weeks sooner, your plants can be planted out in the spot in which they are to flower. The anemones should be taken up afterwards, if they have thoroughly decayed down. Anemone seed should be sown on rich light soil, and covered well but not too deeply over; and they will want plenty of water, for the soil, when once they are sown, should never be allowed to get dry.

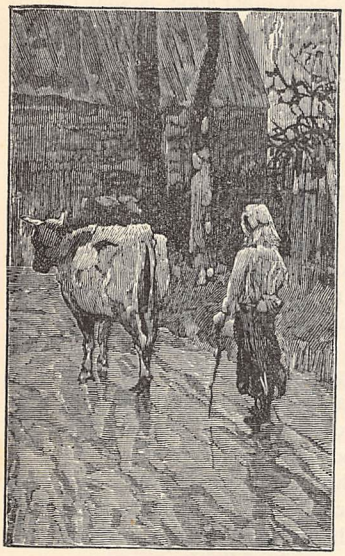
And now a word or two as to the recently-budded roses, for July is, we know, the month in which the interesting operation of rose-budding is attempted. All the newly-budded stocks, then, will want a careful examination. You will, of course, find that a constant and provoking little growth will continue to push out all about your stock. This greatly exhausts all that strength that ought to go to the bud, and it must, therefore, be carefully pinched and rubbed off whenever it makes its appearance. This neglected, and your bud is pretty nearly certain to fail. The suckers too, as they are called, those flourishing little stocks in miniature that persevere in springing up, at and around the base of the stock, must be bodily grubbed up. Another difficulty with our newly-budded rose-tree, and one sometimes more difficult to get over, especially in an early September gale, is that caused by a young and flourishing bud becoming, after having made a capital start, long enough to be blown bodily out of its place before it has got sufficiently attached with firmness to its stock. When the bud, then, has pushed to a length sufficient to endanger its being carried away by the pressure of a high wind, secure it carefully to a stick, to your stake to which the stock is fastened, or indeed to the stock itself. The stakes too will, as the autumn advances, sometimes require fresh and stronger securing.

This, again, is a month for securing the seeds of many flowers, and though they may have, after a few August suns, all the appearance of being thoroughly dry and ripe, it is a good plan to keep the seed in its pod, gathering, that is, the pods themselves, and allowing the seed afterwards to ripen still more in the pod. Speaking of seed-pods reminds us that these should be taken off from the rhododendrons as soon as the blooms begin to decay, and the plants should then be well watered, as this better secures or increases the chances of a good bloom the following season.

In the kitchen-garden, one of the experiments worth trying this month is a mushroom-bed. And there are plenty of ways of making one up. In some counties —Norfolk, for example—they grow as rapidly as the grass itself, and without any making up of a bed at all. What we require for a bed is some short dung or droppings in a partial state of fermentation; lay the mushroom spawn, and cover it quite lightly with a little clean loam. Or sometimes it happens that our cucumber-frame is about stopping its supply of cucumbers; if this be so, remove all the vine, and scrape off also all the mould but some two inches in thickness on the manure. The heat, of course, should not thoroughly have departed from your bed. Make holes down to the manure, in which insert the mushroom spawn; cover all up with the mould you have taken out of the holes. Close the frames, giving of course a little air at times, but keep off the sun by means of mats, and you will soon have mushrooms.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

BY A. M. HOPKINSON, AUTHOR OF "THE PROBATION OF DOROTHY TRAVERS," "PARDONED," ETC.



SHE stood there amongst the corn, the poppies and cornflowers, motionless as a statue, somewhat smart as she always was, with an attempt at gentility that made me smile, as I noticed the long cotton gloves, the lace fichu, the would-be fashionable poke bonnet that looked so out of harmony with her surroundings. There was a strange smile, half deprecating, half defiant, on her handsome gipsy-like face as I approached her, which, combined with her immobility, made me think that something unusual must have occurred.

For Kate Goldie and I were great friends, in spite of the difference in our positions; she being Farmer Goldie's only daughter, and I the only child of the rector of the same little sea-bounded village. We had grown up from babyhood, knit together by the similarity of our circumstances—both the same age, both motherless, both only daughters of doting fathers, to whom we were equally devoted. But here the similarity ceased. Our characters were as different as were our positions. Kate was all life, fire, energy; a capital manager, a better farmer than her father; full of health, spirits, and with a very fair idea of her own talents; whilst I, small, delicate, dreamy and romantic, and addicted to quiet employments, let her take the lead in everything we did in common.

On any other day she would have run to meet me, and it was her unusual tranquillity that surprised me. I knew she had been out of spirits for many months back, and no wonder. Times were hard for the farmers, and it seemed to me that every month Mr. Goldie had to draw in his horns more and more. Had anything fresh occurred, any new misfortune that could cause her to stand looking at me in that curious fashion?

"What is the matter?" I cried, as I approached her.

"Nothing is the matter; I was but thinking, and I want your advice, Miss Florence."

"It must be something very important," I said, "that causes you to stand still for full five minutes."

"It is important; come, we will walk together, and I will tell you all about it."

Gladly I assented, for I was burning with curiosity. She put her arm within mine, and proceeded, with her usual straightforwardness, and at times jarring bluntness, to lay the case before me.

"You see, Miss Florence," she began, "they both wants——"

"Want," I corrected.

"Well!" impatiently, "didn't I say 'wants'?—to marry me, and I don't know which to take. I was thinking about it when you came up."

"But who are 'they'?" I asked, "are 'they' Jim Taylor and Walter Butler, for if so——"

"No," sadly, "not Walter Butler; it's Jim Taylor and David Wardour."

"But, Kate, you puzzle me. I thought," in a low voice, "I always fancied that it was Walter——"

"I was not speaking of myself, but of them. Jim Taylor and David Wardour; which shall it be?"

I withdrew my arm from hers in a transport of righteous indignation.

"I don't understand you," I cried; "why should it be either when you care for Walter?"

It was her turn to be indignant now; she turned round on me fiercely.

"Walter, Walter," she said, "why do you keep on talking of him? Ah!" with something that almost sounded like a sob, "how stupid you are!"

"Then you had better not ask my advice," I answered, highly offended, but she did not heed me.

"Miss Florence," she continued, "what I wants to know is this: which is the richest of the two, and which is the kindest-hearted. Mr. Bowles has known them both ever so long; have you heard him say?"

But I was too indignant to answer her question.

"Kate," I said loftily, "I am ashamed of you. I never thought that you would look on matrimony in this spirit; it is quite shocking. Which the richest indeed! Oh! it is horrible; it ought to be no question of money; only of which you—you—love the best. I never thought you would be so worldly."

"Miss Florence, you are a goose," was Kate's unmannerly rejoinder, as she walked away from me towards her own home, leaving me still with an expression of conscious virtue depicted on my countenance.

During the days that ensued I saw nothing of Kate, and by degrees it dawned on me that we two old friends were indulging in the folly of a quarrel. I was, however, sincerely disgusted with her, and my disgust was increased when, a few days after I met her in the corn-field, my father announced to me that he had heard in the village that she was engaged to be married to Jim Taylor.

"You must go this afternoon and congratulate her, Flo," he concluded, quite unaware that Kate and I were not on speaking terms. But this state of things could not continue, so I took his advice and went down to Hawthorn Farm in the afternoon to offer my congratulations, and tacitly cry, *Pax!*

I found Kate looking ill, with dark rings round her

[*Drawn by* George L. Seymour.]

"WHICH SHALL IT BE?"

eyes, and by no means the blushing bride elect. She received my congratulations very calmly.

'He is here," she said, "I will call him—Jim, come here, and speak to Miss Florence—he is shelling peas for me," she continued; "I always make him useful; I can't abide idle fellows."

I began to feel rather sorry for Jim.

He came in however, anything but sorry for himself, radiant and blushing as any girl; but as he was eminently uncomfortable in my presence, Kate soon dismissed him to the peas again, and resumed her conversation. She was far more talkative than usual, being as a rule rather silent.

"Yes," she continued, "we shall marry very soon, so as to be well settled down before harvest-time; for you know, Miss Florence, we are going to live here and manage the farm. Father is getting old, and he worries himself to death about things, so now Jim and I will do it all, and—Jim has plenty of capital" —defiantly.

"Oh! yes, it is all very nice," I answered somewhat sarcastically, "and I am sure Jim is a good fellow," I added more warmly, "he looks it."

"Oh! he is very well;" then more brightly, "I'll tell you what he is, Miss Florence; he is a right-down good farmer, and that is what we wants here."

"I am very glad to hear it," I answered, and very shortly after took my leave. There was a constraint about us both, that made the interview anything but satisfactory, and I was pleased—almost for the first time in my life—to leave sweet Hawthorn Farm, where I had always been so happy. There was a sad alteration in it since the days when I used to go there in Kate's holiday-time, and eat strawberries or cake, according to the season of the year; then everything about the place had been bright and prosperous; now all spoke of want of money. True, it was as tidy as, under the circumstances, it could be, but it was a shabby poverty-stricken tidiness compared to the old days of spick-and-span neatness, which it was to be hoped Jim's capital might restore.

As I walked through the village street towards home, whom should I encounter but Walter Butler. He was sauntering along with his hands in his pockets, whistling loudly, and looking anything but the lovesick swain. For the first time, good-looking as he was, his countenance repelled me, and involuntarily I contrasted it with Jim's straightforward ingenuous face. How idle he looked too! surely he could not again have left his place. When last I had seen him, he had been keeper to Mr. Groves, about three miles inland.

"Good evening, Walter," I said.

"Good evening, miss."

"Are you come home for a holiday?" I continued.

"I've left Mr. Groves," he answered, somewhat defiantly.

"I am sorry for that," I replied. "I am afraid you are rather a rolling-stone."

"I am not a-going to stay in a place where I am not trusted," he responded, almost impertinently; then, "So Kate Goldie is going to be married? I wonder how Jim Taylor will like keeping that old father of hers? I reckon he won't make much out of that place, as has had nothing put into it for these many years past."

"That is his affair," I answered. "Good evening, Walter," and I passed on.

Six weeks later Kate Goldie and Jim Taylor were made man and wife in the little village church. To my mind, Kate looked beautiful. Her simple white dress and bonnet became her better than her ordinarily rather smart attire, and her unusual pallor was an improvement to her. The happy pair went straight home to Hawthorn Farm, and began the business of life at once. The whole affair seemed sadly lacking in romance.

All this time Walter Butler remained idling about the village, picking up a few shillings at hay-making, harvesting, &c. &c., and haunting Hawthorn Farm as soon as ever Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were settled there. He would stroll up to the house and present his handsome face at the kitchen window, where Kate would be busy with her cooking or her baking, or he would walk boldly in, and offer to help her with anything in which she was employed. On some pretext or other he was never long absent, and soon my father began to look grave about it, and to say he feared that Walter Butler was not up to much good, and that the village people were beginning to talk.

In those days I often used to go and see Kate, and always found her busy and industrious, but with a haggard, worried look in her eyes that ought not to have been there, for her affairs were looking up—the harvest was a good one, Jim worked like two men, fences were repaired, more hands were taken on, new machinery bought, and altogether Hawthorn Farm began to wear a faint resemblance to its former self. Old Mr. Goldie, too, was perfectly happy, Jim was an attentive and respectful son-in-law, and it seemed to me that, except that her husband was too soft, as she once said to me, Kate had nothing to complain of.

One afternoon when I strolled up there I found, to my annoyance, Walter Butler, with a pipe in his mouth, sitting in the best parlour, whilst Kate sat in the window mending. I at once evinced my displeasure by saying, with marked coldness—

"I will not stay, Kate, as I see you are occupied," and I was about to withdraw, when she flung down her work and came after me.

"Oh, Miss Florence, *do* stay—*do* stay!"

There was a ring of entreaty in her voice that struck me, and I turned round again.

"I can't stay," I answered, "if Walter Butler is sitting there smoking."

"He shan't sit there—he shall go."

"I thought you could not abide lazy fellows, Kate?" I continued, somewhat maliciously.

"No more I can," she answered, flushing. "I hate them! Oh, I hate them!"

There was a passion, a fire about her as she ejaculated these words, that puzzled me, and made me at once go back with her. We found Walter still lounging on the pretty chintz-covered sofa, but my presence seemed to make Kate brave, for she said to him—

"Now just you go about your business, Walter, and take your nasty pipe out of this room when Miss Florence is coming into it."

He rose sulkily enough.

"Good-bye, Kate," he said patronisingly, made me a surly salute, and was about to leave the room, when Jim came in—fair, red-faced, *debonair* as usual. Not so *debonair*, though, that he could not shoot a glance of anger and contempt at Walter Butler.

"What be you a-doing here?" he asked, and then turned, after greeting me, to Kate. "My dear," he said gently, "I wants my tea early to-day."

I stayed and had tea with them, and was more than ever struck by Jim's gentleness and goodness to his wife, and by his innate good-breeding. I began to think Kate had married well after all.

Her manner towards him was singularly variable. One minute it was cold, the next warm: it was contemptuous, yet at times respectful—altogether a riddle.

"What a good husband you have, Kate!" I remarked, as he left the room to return to his work.

"Yes," she answered, "he is well enough—he is very good to father and me—that I can't deny—but he's not much of a man," she added, with some contempt. "When you marry, Miss Florence, marry a man as will look after you."

"Why, Kate, Jim is always thinking of you. I should not have thought that you, who are so very independent, cared to be looked after so much."

"You are not married, Miss Florence. You don't understand," and with this, for me, rather humiliating remark the conversation ceased.

It was a few weeks after this that Jim proved himself the man in the sense I could not understand, in so satisfactory a manner, that he and Kate have been the happiest of couples ever since. Kate herself told me all about it in a moment of expansion, following immediately after the event.

It seemed that one day, when Walter was lounging about her whilst she was busy in her kitchen-garden, Jim came in very quietly—he was always quiet—at an hour when he was usually out in the fields, with a heavy carter's whip in his hand. He walked up to Walter.

"Now," said he, quite calmly, "I wants to know what business you always have here, prowling about my wife? If ever I catch you in this here garden or house again, I will lay this"—holding up the whip—"about your shoulders; so now you had better be gone."

Walter stared in amazement at the quiet, fair-haired man. "You oaf, you," he said.

"An oaf, am I?" said Jim, "then take this," and gave him a smart cut with the whip.

With a cry of rage Walter tried to spring on him, but Jim kept his head, and eluded him.

"Don't try that," he said, "or you will get the worst of it," and once more he raised the whip menacingly.

"Kate, go in," he said, with a ring of authority in his voice she had never heard there before, but she did not stir. How could she when love and admiration for her husband were surging through her veins, and her heart was beating so that she could not move?

For one minute the two men stood eyeing each other, and then, lithe and active, Jim had seized Walter like a vice round the waist, and thrown him to the ground. There was a cry of joy, of pride, and Kate ran up to her husband.

"Oh! Jim, I am so glad, so glad!"

He looked at her wonderingly, but did not answer, for Walter, with an evil white face, had risen to his feet, and, finding his despised antagonist too much for him, was preparing to beat an undignified retreat. The sight of Kate, clinging to her husband's arm, seemed too much for him. He shook his fist, speechless with fury, at them both, then slowly withdrew, turning round from time to time to repeat the gesture. But Kate and her husband had entered the house, he quite calm and quiet again, a fact which impressed his wife with his strength of both body and mind not a little.

"Did you say you were glad, Kitty?" he asked incredulously.

"Oh! so glad. Jim, I have been so miserable. He would come here day after day, and reproach me with having behaved badly to him, and say that I had given him my promise to marry him. So I had, but after I had said 'yes,' he cooled off, became quite distant like, and never came near me. Then I grew sore and angry, and when he went away to Mr. Groves without ever a word to me, I vowed I would have nothing more to say to him. It was just about that time that poor father lost so much money, and when you came and asked me to marry you, I thought as how you were rich and——"

"Yes, yes, I know all about that, Kitty; you never hid from me why you married me. But why did you never tell me how Walter persecuted you? I would soon have sent him about his business. I thought," rather sadly, and hesitatingly, "that you liked him to come."

"And I thought," with downcast eyes, "that you were not—not—man enough, Jim, and I was angry that you did not show more spirit, and I said to myself, 'you were but a poor thing.' But now," with a glow of pride, "I know differently, and oh! I am so glad he is gone. He is a bad one, he is."

Jim drew her to him, and kissed her.

"He is a bad 'un, Kate, and do you know why he became so cool and distant to you, after asking you to marry him? Because he found out that affairs here were in a bad way, and that you would have uncommonly little money, instead of a great deal, as he had fancied. Don't you think you are well rid of him for a husband?"

"I do, Jim, indeed I do; and, Jim, I have always been a good wife to you, although I did marry you because you were rich, and would let father live with us, but now," in a whisper," you know—yes, you know—"

"What, Kitty? say it out loud."

"Why, you know that I love you."

That is word for word as Kate told the story to me. She is a comely matron now, with half a dozen children about her. I am still Miss Florence, not having yet found the man equal to looking after me.

MY BABY AND I.

KIPPETY, kippety-kee!
I see baby,
Merry as may be,
Blinking and smiling at me!
While you've been sleeping
In silent security,
I have been keeping
Watch, bonnie bird of love, nested in purity!
I have been sitting
Contentedly knitting,
Quietly reading, or silently sewing,
In shade, while outside the bright sun has been glowing.
Come from your nest, dear!
Leave it till night—
Come to my breast, dear!
Cosily rest here
In loving delight!

Ippety, kippety, tippety-tee!
I love baby, and baby loves me
Whippety, tippety, kippety-ki!
We are *so* happy—and God knoweth why!

Ippety, kippety-kee!
Ah! my baby,
May your life's way be
Bright as a life-path can be;
And when I'm sleeping
In breathless security,
May you be reaping
Rich harvest of golden grain ripened in purity!

Sweet! as I fold you
And tenderly hold you
Close to the heart that with love-fire is glowing,
My cup of pure pleasure is filled to o'erflowing!
Dear! you have heard of love
All the year long—
Sing, then, blithe bird of love!
Sing, without word of love,
Love's sweetest song!
Ippety, kippety, tippety-tee!
I'll sing to you when you've sung to me;
Then, with a whippety, kippety-ki,
We'll sing together, my baby and I.

CHARLES JOHNS.

ENGLAND'S HERITAGE IN THE WEST.

BY THE HON. P. CARTERET HILL, LATE PREMIER OF NOVA SCOTIA.

WOLFE and Montcalm sleep peacefully beneath the soil of Canada, not far distant from each other, nor from the scene of that memorable battle upon the Plains of Abraham when victors and vanquished alike had to mourn the loss of a gallant leader. In their graves lie buried the national animosities and the bitter feuds which for so many years had desolated Canada with war and bloodshed.

We cannot wonder that the French clung to such a prize with desperate tenacity, and only relaxed their grasp when the brilliant generalship of Wolfe and the heroic bravery of the British soldiers who climbed the steeps of Quebec finally wrested it from them.

Look at a map of North America, and see the extent of this magnificent appanage of the British Crown. Many who do so will be astonished to see that it exceeds in size the whole of the United States; stretching north from a line running between the 40th and 50th parallels of latitude, and reaching, without an interruption, from the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific, this great territory contains fertile lands sufficient to support untold millions of the human race. When the Earl of Dufferin, then Governor-General, travelled through the North-West in 1877, he declared, in a speech characterised by his usual eloquence, that when the Dominion of Canada came to these vast regions, she was no longer "a mere settler along the banks of a single river, but the owner of half a continent, and in the magnitude of her possessions, in the wealth of her resources, in the sinews of her material might, the peer of any power on earth."

Let us remember that the term "Canada" does not convey the idea of one homogeneous land or state of society. There are two very distinct regions and conditions of life. In the older provinces bordering on the Atlantic there are large cities, some of which were founded long prior to the capture of Quebec by Wolfe; there is much wealth and all that wealth brings with it; there are admirable educational institutions; there are noble public buildings, bridges, railways, and canals; there are educated and refined men and women; there is safety for life and property as great as in England or Scotland: in short, there is every material and moral element of the civilised life of the nineteenth century, and an Englishman transported by magic from his own country to one of the older Canadian cities would find nearly everything which the inventive genius of the age has added to the convenience and luxury of life, and to which he was accustomed at home.

There are few nobler buildings in any country than the Parliament buildings in Ottawa, and the tone of the Dominion Parliament is not beneath the material edifice in which it assembles. I do not know that I am claiming too much for it when I say that it is the third great representative assembly in the world. The time-honoured Parliament of Great Britain, the venerated mother of all free assemblies, towers above every other Legislature in the world, *facile princeps;* the great American Congress is doubtless the second deliberative body in the world, and no unworthy scion of its great progenitor; I omit France and Germany, and even Italy, for great as these countries are, compared with Canada, in all other respects that constitute national greatness, it cannot be contended that they have yet mastered the principles of true Parliamentary government, nor indeed does it appear likely that they ever will. I do not know any other legislative body that comes so near in its theory and practice to the great

fountain and model of all Parliamentary government as the Parliament of Canada.

I do not know that I need apologise for claiming so high a position for the Dominion, when I recall the testimony of such a distinguished witness as the late Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, given at a recent meeting in London, which was held in connection with a movement for sending young lads to Canada.

"They are going," said his lordship, "to one of the first countries in the world."

This is certainly a very high place, assigned by a very high authority.

Nor have the people of Canada been slow to provide abundant means of education. The school laws are admirable, and the provision for education, both elementary and in the higher branches, is most liberal. In the Province of Nova Scotia, for instance, nearly a third of the revenue of the Province is expended in the support of common schools, independent of the local assessments for the same purpose. The Province of New Brunswick has also an ample provision for its schools, and an admirable system of administration. Of the Province of Ontario let me, instead of my own opinion, give that of Mr. R. H. Anderson, of Listowel, county of Kerry, Ireland, who went out to Canada in 1880 to report on the country in general, and Manitoba in particular, as a field for emigration.

"Toronto, he says, "is the fountain-head of the Canadian educational system, which, so far as I can judge, seems perfect. First, there is the public school, in which every child is entitled to receive a free education; next comes the high school, the charge for which is about £1 a quarter for each pupil. There is a public school and high school in each district; the high school course is a very comprehensive one. After these schools comes the collegiate institute, and lastly, the university itself, the fees for which amount to about £10 per annum. The pupils in each school are examined twice a year by public examiners, and those who show sufficient proficiency are raised to the school next above that in which they pass. I think the whole system, both as regards cheapness and thoroughness, will favourably compare with any in this country."

No one who settles in Canada need fear, therefore, that he will be taking his children to a land where they will grow up in ignorance. The wants of rich and poor are equally provided for in that respect. I need not dwell on the lighter or social aspects of Canadian life. Wealth in all lands will take care of itself in the matter of amusements, and education will inevitably produce the culture which will demand that the amusements be refined in their character; and both wealth and education abound in the older Provinces of the Dominion.

But there is another Canada—that new and fertile territory in the North-West—which, from the field it opens to energy and enterprise, is perhaps the most attractive to the majority of young Englishmen. This region, however, is so intimately connected with the older Provinces, and is being brought into so close proximity by the rapid progress of the Canada Pacific Railway, that it is distinctly and powerfully marked by the character of its elder brothers in the East. Not only are their laws and institutions carried to the new regions almost contemporaneously with their settlement, but their luxuries and fashions follow at no long interval.

I read last autumn with much interest two admirable papers in the *Nineteenth Century*, by Major-General the Hon. W. Fielding, entitled, "What shall I do with my Son?" in which he discusses the subject of the eligibility of the colonies as openings for the settlement of gentlemen's sons. He has treated the question in its general bearing exhaustively, but it is evident that he is more familiar, when he comes to details, with Australia than with Canada. Indeed, he admits in the second article that his thoughts are chiefly directed towards Australia.

I do not know whether he has visited Canada, but if so, it was perhaps some years since. We must bear in mind that within the last decade the circumstances in connection with the North-West Territory in Canada have been completely changed. The systematic survey and allotment of the land, the rapid advance of the Pacific Railway through the heart of the country, the admirable organisation of the mounted police, by whom peace and order are preserved in the most remote portions of the territory—all these have so altered the ordinary conditions of settlement in a new country, as to deprive it of many of those terrors which have hitherto prevented many from attempting it.

It is to the credit of the Dominion Government that, in laying out the townships in the new district, they have reserved two sections in every township for school lands, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the support of education. Nor have the churches been apathetic or unmindful of the claims of these new towns and villages upon them. The various denominations, who are all on an equality in Canada, have aroused themselves to a sense of their responsibilities, and are sending out ministers and catechists to every town as it springs up.

The emigrant from the old country, therefore, who goes out with his family in search of a better opening for himself and his children than he can obtain at home, will not find himself handicapped beyond his powers, in his efforts to attain the object of his hopes for the future, by the want of educational or religious privileges.

I have alluded to the mounted police, and to the benefits flowing from their presence in the districts of the North-West. The new settler owes much to them. The unintermitting warfare with the Indian tribes on the border-line of the white settlements in the United States has been a source of danger to the settler, and of much anxiety to the American Government, for many years past. But on the British side of the line all this is changed. The Imperial Government has always dealt generously with the red men. From the days of George III. down to the present time, the Indians have been

treated both by the Imperial and the Canadian Governments with liberality, and with scrupulous fidelity to treaty stipulations. This has engendered such confidence and goodwill in the Indians, that a white man can travel through any part of the district in the most absolute safety.

The safety of life and property thus assured has doubtless been a powerful element in attracting the great number of immigrants who have been building up towns and villages almost by magic in the North-West. The rise of Winnipeg has become a twice-told tale, and no longer excites wonder, but there are other equally remarkable instances. The latest of which we have an account is that of Souris, in the Province of Manitoba. In the *Graphic* of the 7th of July, 1883, the following account of it occurs:—"In April last (1882) there was but a single log-house in the place. It now contains large flouring-mills, nine good hotels, six or seven large shops with plate-glass fronts, and all the accessories of pretentious city buildings, a couple of churches, school, extensive livery stables, blacksmiths' shops, &c., and numerous private dwellings. The population includes a lawyer, doctor, clergymen, several retired officers of the army and navy, besides a number of sons of English and Irish clergymen and country gentlemen. The sport in the neighbourhood is excellent, ducks of all kinds, prairie chickens, plover, and snipe being found in immense quantities. Sand-hill cranes are numerous, and a good many geese drop down on their way to and from their breeding-grounds. The farming land is of the most fertile description, the crops of grain and roots showing wonderful yields."

This seems to be a very wonderful change; it more resembles a mirage appearing in the desert, with its shadowy turrets and spires and ethereal inhabitants, than a tangible reality of bricks and mortar and ordinary men and women. But before the present summer closes, I have no doubt that the rise of Souris will be rivalled, or it may be eclipsed, in some now nameless spot perhaps a hundred miles nearer the setting sun.

Parents in this country, and the Australian and Canadian colonies themselves, are under a debt of gratitude to Major-General Fielding for bringing the important question treated by him in his able papers to the notice of the public. The realisation of his views cannot fail to be a great practical benefit to both. There is, however, one branch of the preparatory education recommended by him for young men intending to emigrate, to which I would venture to suggest that it might be well not to insist on paying too much attention. I refer to that part of the curriculum in the contemplated school which embraces the study of constitutional questions, or perhaps I may call it the science of legislation, or, to come down to still plainer English, politics. Now, one of the evils of colonial life is the prevalence and virulence of political controversies. Like all ill weeds, politics grow apace, and, as has been said with too much truth, more politics to the acre grow in the colonies than in most other countries.

My advice to a young man going into the new life of the colonies I have been speaking about, would be to avoid politics until he has attained independence, or at least feels assured that he is on the path to it. By all means let him vote as he sees best at an election, but beyond recording his vote, he will, I think, find it better for his own interests to leave politics to others; there will always be men and to spare who will look after his political rights. He may for the present safely leave them in their hands.

It would indeed be a great advantage for any country to have men of culture and refinement occupying seats in the Legislature, but I am assuming that the young men who emigrate, however well educated, are going out for the purpose of improving their own prospects first and chiefly, and it is in their interests that I am writing. I do not see how men in such circumstances could devote a large portion of their time to public affairs without seriously interfering with their personal interests. Events move rapidly in these days, and with energy and application any young man of the class spoken of may hope in what would in England be considered a very short time to become independent, and perhaps wealthy. When that day arrives, no more welcome addition could be made to the public life of his adopted country, nor one of greater value to its best interests.

The love of *la chasse* is born with every English gentleman, and while I would not advise the young *emigré* of that class to give too much of his time or thoughts to sport, any more than I would recommend too great attention to politics, yet the abundance of game would inevitably prove one element of attraction to him in seeking a new home. The days of legitimate sport appear to be drawing to a close in England. How otherwise could the slaughter of tame pigeons have been included in the list of English sports? But when game abounds which is really wild, few young Englishmen could resist the temptation which it presents; and there would be this advantage over the pursuit of political objects, that if indulged in with moderation, and only when a day could really be spared without detriment to his farm, the sportsman would not wholly waste his time even in the most utilitarian sense. He would be shooting for the "pot" as well as for recreation.

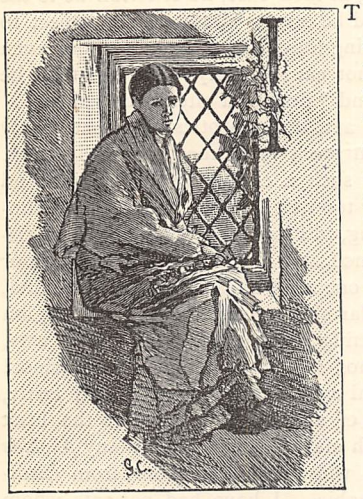
Mr. E. A. Pringle, of Caledon, in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, visited Manitoba and the North-West Territory in 1881, his object being "to ascertain whether or not the conditions which they offered were suitable for the settlement of Irish colonists." Let me quote a few lines from that gentleman's report, made on his return home. "I have now given," he says, "a short account of my visit to Manitoba and the North-West, and after spending nearly a month in that district of country, and travelling upwards of 800 miles through it, I have no hesitation in recommending it as a field of emigration for Irishmen. When I looked on its boundless prairies, composed of the richest and most fertile soil ready for the plough, I thought what a Paradise it would be for thousands of Irish farmers who are struggling against high rents and taxes, bad seasons, and low prices, to obtain at best but a scanty

subsistence, without any prospect of bettering their condition or providing for their families. To all who are so struggling I would say, 'Sell out for whatever you can get and go to the North-West, and you will never regret doing so.' There is no disturbing element in society; all are loyal and contented, because they are prosperous, enjoying the fruits of their industry. All classes live well. There are no poor, and of course no workhouses, as we have in Ireland. I can assure my countrymen that no colonists will be more welcome than those who go from the North of Ireland, and, in my opinion, no class would succeed better. If the labour and capital which are being spent on worthless land in Ulster were brought to bear on the fertile soil of Manitoba, what a rich return it would yield!"

Let me conclude with the short and compendious advice given by Mr. Pringle in reference to the most advantageous time for emigrating—"As to the best time to go, I would say the sooner you go the better." To which I would only add that the spring is the best time, when all the summer is before him, for the emigrant to arrive at his destination, and conversely, the autumn is the worst.

AN INVALID'S EATING AND DRINKING.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



IT would be mere assumption on my part to say that most aged men or women are, to some extent, invalids. Many, indeed, who are long past the allotted span are as healthy, happy, not to say hardy, as other people are at fifty. But in age the digestion is weaker, for the powers of life are on the decline. It behoves, then, those advanced in years to live by rule, not merely with a view to prolonging life, but to living in comfort, and enjoying good sleep and freedom from aches and pains.

In the aged the powers of life are feeble, recuperative power is lessened, and the processes of nutrition are slower. But there is less need for corporeal constructive materials, the wear and tear and waste in the body being now not so great as formerly.

For these reasons alone, old people should eat more sparingly, use less solid food, and see that what they do take is both well cooked and tender.

To eat slowly and masticate well is imperative on the aged, and those who have suffered from decay of teeth ought to have the defects made good by wearing artificial ones.

I am quite convinced that a great deal of the discomfort that aged people suffer from, and many of their aches and rheums, arise from errors not only in diet but in eating. Says the immortal bard, Burns—

> "Ah! life has weary days,
> And nights o' sleepless pain;
> Thou gowden time o' youthfu' prime,
> Wilt never come again?"

Now, with all due respect to the memory of the poet, I must say he is talking here of what he knows nothing about. There is no absolute necessity for age having weary days or nights of sleepless pain. I know quite a number of very old people who are quite as free from anything approaching pain as they were at forty, and as to wishing the days of their youth back again, they do nothing of the sort. They are dreamily happy and contented, and willing to die when Heaven in its mercy sees fit to call them.

As for sleep, elderly people need less, and do not think a long day so very long because their hours of slumber are curtailed.

Well, then, I have a little further to say on the diet which the aged should use. The tenderness of the meat and good cooking are essential to comfortable digestion; slowness of eating should become a habit with them; soups are good, especially for supper; pastry, cheese, and raw milk should be avoided. The stomach must not be overloaded even with fluid, and for this reason beer or stout is often objectionable, and if alcohol in any form be needed to calm the nervous system or give freedom from fret, a little good wine or spirits is better than ale. I cannot help mentioning the fact, however, that old people are much better without alcoholic stimulants of any kind.

It is not generally known, though it ought to be—yes, I will go further, and say that the fact should be printed on city walls throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom—that alcohol *lowers the vital heat*, and yet people take it to impart warmth. The warmth so procured is false, fickle, of no duration, and rests on no solid basis.

In cases of acute illnesses or fever, our object must be to support the system by the most easily digested food we know of, and this must be given on the little-and-often principle. Do not be led away by the oft-quoted saying, "Starve a fever." So far as *solid* food is concerned, you may starve it, for it is impossible for a digestion weakened by acute illness to assimilate solids: they will only tend to increase the fever, for they pass down into the bowels, and there decay,

causing flatulence and diarrhœa and general sickness. Good beef-tea is invaluable, so is raw egg—the freshest of the fresh, new-laid in fact—and milk, mixed with a little lime-water or soda-water.

It occurs to me here to say that, as now-a-days lessons in cookery are being given in every large town of the kingdom, I think it would be a very good plan if one lecture at least in each course was devoted to diet for the sick.* How few people know how to make beef-tea or barley-water, chicken-broth or Scotch broth, nutrient easily-digested puddings, the various invalid "teas" and "wheys" and drinks, to say nothing of gruel and arrowroot, and last, but not least, how to cook and serve a pigeon, partridge, or other bird (quail or lark, for instance) so as to make it appetising to an invalid or convalescent patient!

Winter cough is a very common complaint in these islands; medical men call it chronic bronchitis. There is no actual disease of the lung tissue, but there is thickening, with discharge—this latter is sometimes enormous, and is very weakening.

Now, the mistake that most sufferers from this complaint make is that of paying more attention to medicine than to diet. There is hardly any kind of drug which any kind of person happens to recommend to them that they will not give a trial to, and some of these, if they have no action for good on the cough itself, do real injury by weakening the digestion, and thus lowering the system. I wish I could say, however, that the drugs bronchitic sufferers take were always only indirectly harmful. It is oftentimes otherwise; and I have no language strong enough in which to condemn the "cordial" system often adopted by the patient himself in treating his complaint.

The object that those who are subject to winter cough should strive to attain, is that of keeping the blood in as normal a state of healthfulness as possible. Digestion should therefore be constantly attended to.

Now, for example, there are certain things which perhaps do not digest easily; let the invalid remember them, and remember only to avoid them as poisons. If solid food cannot be well borne without after-discomfort, nourishing soups, fish, game, eggs, rice puddings, &c., should be eaten. The appetite must be encouraged and the bowels kept regular by plenty of exercise in the open air, and living in scientifically and sufficiently ventilated rooms. Breathing dust-laden air, either out of doors or in-doors, is most pernicious in cases of this kind. The temperature of the body must be well kept up by wearing warm, but not heavy, clothing, and sleep obtained by every lawful means.

There is probably no disease on which doctors differ more, or understand less of its causes and treatment, than rheumatism. The name itself conveys little or nothing to the mind, and if we knew more about the ailment, would very likely be changed. If a doctor tells you that rheumatism is occasioned by an excess of lactic acid in the blood, and proceeds to pour alkalies into you in order to neutralise the acid, you may be excused for laughing in his face. "Doctor," you might ask him, "aren't you merely treating a symptom? If the rheumatism that I suffer from is caused by excess of lactic acid in the blood, what causes the excess? Hadn't you better remove the cause?"

Well, leaving the medicinal treatment of rheumatism an open question for the time being, we can do a deal by diet to prevent its advent. People who are subject to the complaint should not live too high, either in the matter of stimulants, meaty food, or condiments; they should take moderate exercise, but be most careful to avoid fatigue; and they ought to keep the temperature of the body well up to the normal point by wearing sufficient clothing day and night, and avoiding cold and draughts, and especially cold and damp feet, or, indeed, anything that is apt to give a chill.

Convalescents from acute illnesses should be most careful how they return to their ordinary diet, for the craving for food is, in their case, no criterion as to the amount that should be taken. I should not object to their having anything they took a fancy for, but even of that they must not eat to satiety. Let the food be easily digestible, and "little and often" the guide.

Without being actual dyspeptics, a great many people suffer from what is termed weak digestion. The symptoms of such a condition of stomach and intestines are only too well known: the feeling of uneasiness after eating, with probably some degree of distension and flatulence, acid eructations, constipation or the reverse, or the one state alternating with another, discomforting or alarming sensations about the region of the heart, swimming in the head, noises in the ears, sleeplessness or non-refreshing slumber, occasional head-aches, general *ennui* and weariness, and lastly, nervous symptoms of any or all kinds, not the least distressing of which may be some of the many *phobias* that afflict people with weak digestions, from cardiphobia to hydrophobia. I have had patients whom no amount of reasoning would convince that they were not suffering from heart disease; others who suffered—they said—from incipient softening of the brain; some who had no lungs, others minus liver.

"I don't believe," a patient told me only the day before yesterday, "that I have an ounce of liver left."

Well, such people at all events have my sincere sympathy, and my advice to them in the matter of diet is somewhat as follows:—

Eat moderately: on no account take what may be called a full meal.

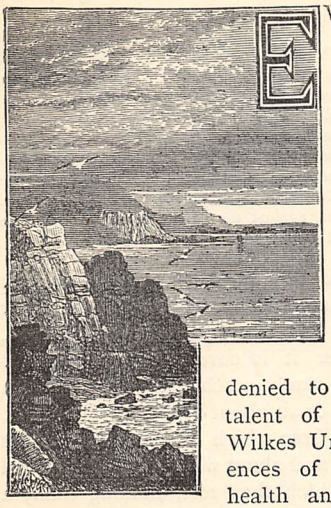
Take food whenever hungry; for instance, have breakfast immediately after getting up, merely going out of doors for five minutes previously. If hungry about twelve, have a cup of cocoatina; dine at two o'clock off a tender joint, or steak, or chop, with potatoes sparingly and greens, a little soup, and tapioca or rice pudding. No pastry, or sweets, or cheese. Take no fluid until you have nearly finished the solids.

Vary the food every day. Fish only if quite digestible, which it oftentimes is not; no veal or pork, but mutton, beef, game, and fowl.

Fruit before breakfast, but not after dinner.

* This is sometimes done, but the programme is nearly always very imperfect.—FAM. DOC.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY HOLIDAY RESORT



EVERY Englishman is supposed to be in quest of a new watering-place, just as our forefathers took ship and sought for unknown islands. Now, Filey is one of those quiet, self-enclosed, and lovable places any person might be proud to discover. But such a pleasure is denied to him by the local talent of the late Mr. John Wilkes Unett, and the experiences of many thousands of health and rest-seeking men and women. As a health-resort, Filey is one of the discoveries of the present century. Previously, it was a collection of thatched one-storey houses, inhabited by fisher-folk, proud of their quaint old Church of St. Oswald, and as full of superstitions as simple and brave people sometimes are.

Mr. Unett, the maker of Filey—or New Filey, to be more accurate—was a local lawyer with a discerning mind. His good deeds are commemorated in the church, as they deserved to be, and he lived to the good age of eighty-six, by way of giving proof to others of the virtues he wished them to enjoy. "The deceased," so runs a part of the inscription on the south transept, "was the original projector of New Filey, and by the spirited and liberal way in which he laid out his estate, in constructing a sea-wall, and in promoting to the utmost of his power every measure tending to improve and beautify the place, was the principal means of making New Filey what it became at the time of his death: a healthful, picturesque, and delightful watering-place." The date of his death was November 12, 1856. We do not often find such an interesting personal memorial, or such a novel chapter outside the records of the books which profess to tell us everything we want to know about a watering-place.

Filey is singularly unpromising on the land side. The sea is invisible, for the place is on a cliff that slopes sea-ward, and you come at first upon the unfinished evidences of modern enterprise. The main street leads you to the sands, and once at the bottom of it, you are in another world—secluded, bright, and charming. The first view of the bay on a sunny morning, or in the early sunset, is a delicious experience. The expanse of water is considerable, and there are strong notes of colour to give pleasure to the eye. Northward, there are cliffs of bright red chalk and clay; southward, the colour of the gradually rising coast-line shades from red to a milky white; and between the cliffs and the sea, if the tide be out, there is a semi-circle, slightly flattened to the right hand, of firm yellow sand. In front is the curling, crisping, ever-moving sea. Shape, sand, and sea will remind you—if you have seen it—of Portrush, in the north of Ireland, though Filey is more enclosed and the coast is bolder.

To the extreme left of the bay, if the tide be out, there is a dull brown line of low rocks—the Brig—up which an occasional fountain of snowy spray leaps with a glee that suggests coolness, sea-nymphs at play, and all manner of pleasant things. Sitting on one of the seats by the slight pebbled embankment, up to which the waves creep with a gentle murmur when the tide is full and the wind is low, or hiss and roar when the breeze is fresh and strong, watching the convolutions in the under-surfaces of the rollers caused by the curved shape of the bay, or the long creamy line of the Brig, a tumbled mass of gleaming spray, or the distant ships, green-hulled, white-sailed, or smoke-trailing, it is impossible not to feel a delicious sense of repose and easefulness. Thomson's lines from the "Castle of Indolence" will come unbidden into the cultivated mind—

> "A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
> Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
> And of gay castles in the clouds that pass
> For ever flushing round a summer sky."

But you are not really idle. The air is full of ozone, the lungs act freely, the heart rejoices, the blood is "warmed in all its ways." For the worn and weary seeking quiet and rest, wanting, as the doctors say, "a physiological holiday," Filey has more virtues than space allows us to describe. Its gentle animations suggest no rivalry and occasion no disquiet. The walks over the Muston, Hunmanby, Reighton, and Speeton Sands are delightful. When their quiet charms pale, there is always the Brig.

Now, the Brig is not without its dangers. It is a rough-edged, broken, many-pointed file, as its name denotes, of eggstone, or oolite, so-called from its globules of stone, apparently cemented together. There are superstitions and real romances about it. According to local legend, it was built by the evil one to annoy and injure brave seamen. With a gigantic hammer he is represented as shaping it. In so doing, he dropped his hammer into the water. Clutching at it as it fell, his claws gripped a haddock, and hence the black marks still to be seen on the side of that fish! When Filey was a fisher-village, men may have believed the legend; when Mr. Unett made it a watering-place, it vanished. But old fisher-wives sometimes tell the story to their children still, with an eerie light in their bright eyes.

There have been many wrecks on the Brig. The Italian barque *Unico*, from Genoa, was lifted bodily upon it in January, 1871, as shown in the carving on a column in St. Oswald's Churchyard. Twelve out of its thirteen men were drowned, including the pilot. The man who was saved on a piece of timber, seemed scared and afraid of being murdered at the time of

his rescue. His exclamations in Italian are described as wild and pitiful in the extreme. There is a still more romantic incident to be recorded. In December, 1799, Richard Richardson, a fisherman, went out in his coble, was caught in a storm, and drowned. Whether the mischief occurred in the bay or near the Brig is not known. But his wife was certain that some day she should find his body. Every night she wandered over the sands, or made her way to the rocky ledges to the north, or further on to the Brig itself. Weeks and months rolled away, and her search was unrewarded. "I shall find him yet," was her answer to the doubts and head-shakings of the fisher-folk. One night she dreamed she saw her husband's body lying on the Brig. She rose and dressed herself, and tore down to the rocks. After some searching, she found his corpse, stained, bruised, and almost naked. It had been "sand-warped" for twelve months, and lifted on to the rocks by one of those ground-swells so common at the spot. There is a tombstone in the churchyard to his memory, with the lines :—

"By sudden wind and boistorous (*sic*) sea,
The Lord did take my Life from me;
But He to shore my Body brought,
Found by my Wife, who for it sought,
And here it rests in mother-clay
Until the Resurrection Day.

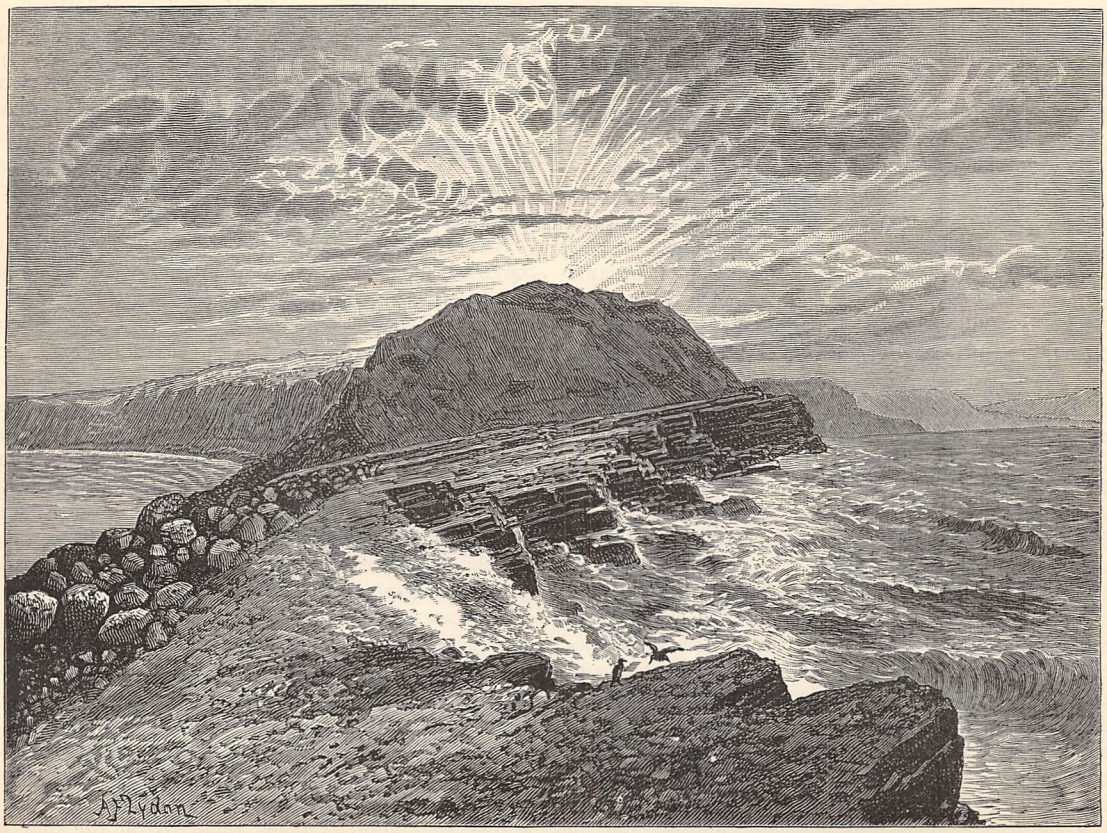
"Also of Elizabeth, wife of the above, who died Jany. 19, 1833. Aged 89 years."

The ground-swell that lifted this poor woman's husband on to the Brig has not always spared the living, as a slab in the rocks records before the Brig itself is reached. It is copied here without comment :—

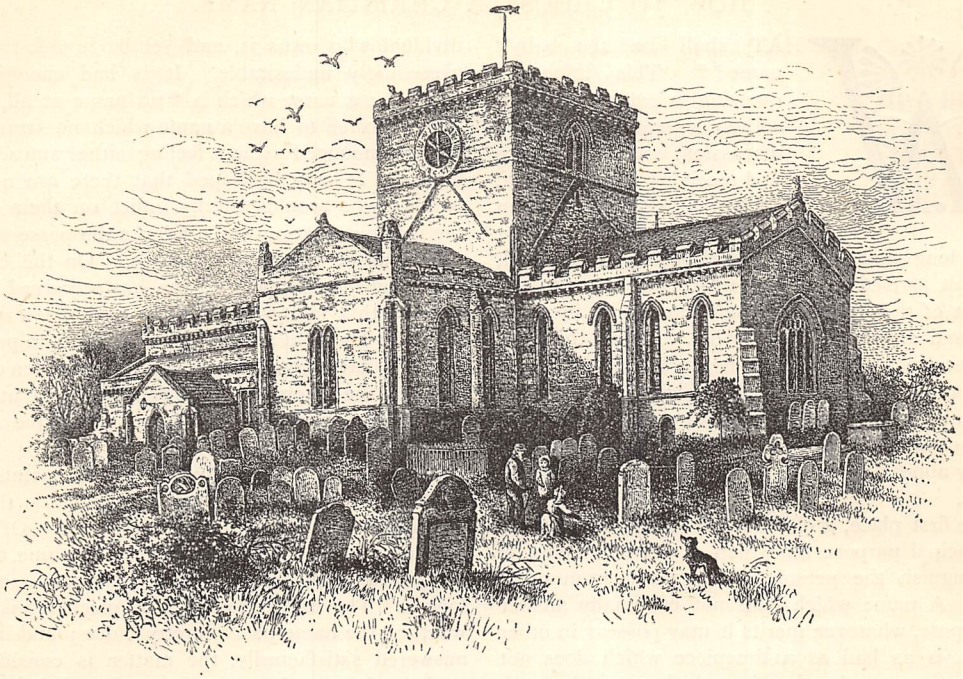
"In memory of Chas. Paget, Esq., of Ruddington Grange, Notts, J.P., formerly M.P. for Nottingham, and of Ellen, his wife, who were swept off Filey Rocks by a wave of extraordinary volume, and drowned, on the 13th of October, 1873. At the time of the fatal occurrence they were standing on the rocks near the second cave, where they had been in safety for more than a quarter of an hour. The spot in question is barely covered at high tides; and at the time it only wanted an hour and a half to low water. This slab is placed here by the members of the family to warn all persons against the danger of venturing on the rocks during a heavy ground-swell."

No advantage is to be gained by concealing such facts. At times, Filey Brig is dangerous; at other times it can be safely traversed as far as you can get. After stormy weather it is covered with curiosities from the sea such as rarely reach the sands. When you can safely visit it, or sit about it, unwet with spray, it is a delicious spot, from which Scarborough Castle and town are visible, and about which sea-birds wheel and flutter, and on which they rest, making many a pleasant scene for the eye. If you want to hear the waves *talk*, Filey Brig is almost as good a place as Land's End.

Old Filey is on the southern top of the ravine, through which it is thought an old lake emptied itself into the sea in distant geological days. At the end of the houses on the cliff-top is a wooden



FILEY BRIG.



FILEY CHURCH

seat where the fishermen watch, smoke, and spin yarns, in their picturesque costumes. Here the old folks used to congregate on Boat-Sunday, in living memory—that is, the day before the luggers went out to the Dogger Bank, or even farther north, for herrings—to say farewell.

On the north side of the ravine, behind the screen of trees, but reached by a bridge, is St. Oswald's Church, as shown in our engraving, which gives the southern side. It is a quaint building, with Early English and Norman characteristics; but the place has been patched and injured by inartistic repairs. The aisles have no pews, and there is no passage up the nave. On the south wall is a rudely-carved and very ancient figure of St. Oswald, the patron saint, who was King of Northumbria. Edward Bygod, in a testamentary burial deed, gave his body, A.D. 1526, "to be buried in ye Quire of the pīsh Ch. of Fyveley, before the image of St. Oswald." There is much in the interior of the church to interest. The register begins in 1525, and two of the bells are of the seventeenth century. There is a fine view, from the tower, of the Wold Hills, the Brig, and Flamborough Head.

Filey Bay has strong claims to be made a harbour of refuge. A committee has reported in its favour, not only as affording an easy access to the fishing-fleets of the Northern Sea, but as being "the key of the defence of the eastern ports." The Brig acts as a breakwater to the north, and with other protection from the south, of an artificial character, a splendid harbour could be made.

The adjacent rocks of Speeton, formed of glacier clay, are well worth visiting. There, and at Bempton, the sea-cliff is worn into longitudinal and horizontal fissures, and thousands of sea-birds nest in them. As they range themselves along these dirty-white ledges, holding their "chapels," they present a most novel and interesting sight. Peeping over at Bempton, the sea below is found to be alive with them, and varieties are noticed that cannot otherwise be seen by the landsman. The comical behaviour of the puffin will not escape attention. Boys used to be lowered over the cliff to collect eggs. Further away is Flamborough Head, with its old and its modern lighthouse.

The people hereabouts seem to still retain the dark hair and black fierce eyes of their ancestors, who drove out the Danes from this stronghold, dyked off from the mainland. The dyke can still be seen. A pleasant excursion to Burlington, or to Scarborough, will break any dulness that Filey may generate. A walk on the cliff-tops from the Brig to Scarborough is most enjoyable. The moorlands of the North Riding, and even Whitby itself, are accessible from Filey in a day's jaunt. Indeed, it is a quiet haven, a real resting-place. The Filey folk, in their more exalted moments, compare themselves with Scarborough, and talk of Lords and Commons, aristocrats and democrats. A visitor, or a passing artist, will forgive these local pleasantries, and inspire his daily ozone without caring to be contentious.

EDWIN GOADBY.

HOW TO CHOOSE A CHRISTIAN NAME.

"WHAT shall be the baby's name?" This important question is seldom decided without a great deal of family discussion, and much asking and receiving of advice from friends and kinsfolk. It often happens, however, that in spite of long consideration and abundance of counsel, the result arrived at is one which occasions to the recipient of the name no small amount of inconvenience and annoyance in after-life. It may therefore be of service to many persons to lay down a few general principles by which the selection of a name ought to be determined. The truth of these principles will be obvious enough when they are once stated, but they appear to be very commonly overlooked in practice.

In the first place, it ought to be borne in mind that the principal purpose for which a name is given, is to distinguish the person who bears it from other people. A name which does not effectually answer this purpose, whatever merits it may possess in other respects, is as bad as a timepiece which does not show the time, or a handwriting which cannot be read. Now it is precisely with regard to this all-important point that the advice of friends is most frequently misleading. There is nearly always some one ready to offer the counsel given to the parents of John the Baptist, to call the child "after" its father or mother, or some other relative, bearing, as often as not, the same surname.

There are many families in which the really absurd practice prevails of retaining the same set of Christian names from generation to generation, with the natural result that each member of one of these families is constantly subjected to the inconvenience of being mistaken for his father or his cousin. In the giving of names, considerations of sentiment ought always to give way to those of convenience. It is satisfactory to observe that the very commonest of our Christian names are fast losing their excessive popularity, and that the custom of giving double names, and that of using surnames as Christian names, are decidedly becoming more general. These useful innovations are especially to be recommended to the Smiths, the Browns, the Joneses, and all other possessors of excessively common surnames. We may reasonably hope that, in a generation or two, there may be no longer any plain John Smiths to lament the inconvenience of bearing a name which is practically "no name at all." Although as a rule it is well to avoid anything very eccentric or unusual in the choice of a Christian name, it may fairly be allowed that those families which have extremely common surnames are entitled to a dispensation from this general law.

However, it is quite possible that a name may abundantly fulfil its purpose of identifying the individual who owns it, and yet be in other respects exceedingly undesirable. It is bad enough to be called by a name which is "no name at all," but it is even worse to have a name which no stranger can hear pronounced without feeling either amusement or disgust. It may be hoped that there are not many parents who would wilfully inflict on their children the lifelong vexation which follows the possession of a ridiculous or disagreeable name. On the contrary, every right-feeling person, who has perceived how important this matter really is, would be anxious to select for his child a name which is likely to produce a distinctly favourable impression. Let us then consider what are the several grounds, apart from the utilitarian one of distinctiveness, on which one name may be preferable to another.

Amongst the most obvious of the points which determine the attractiveness of a name, is the pleasantness or unpleasantness of its sound. Of all the considerations affecting the choice of a name, this may be said to be the one which is least commonly overlooked. The first question to be discussed is usually whether the name be a "pretty" one; and if this be answered satisfactorily, the matter is considered as settled. It must, however, be confessed that euphony is very largely a matter of fancy. A name which to one person seems the very perfection of pleasantness of sound, will often strike another person as particularly disagreeable. The imagination, prompted by subtle and untraceable associations, has a great deal more to do with our judgments on this point than the organs of hearing. Nevertheless, there are some names which, from whatever reason, most educated people will be found to agree in regarding as comical or unpleasant in sound; and these it is obviously desirable to avoid. The names of the Old Testament, for instance, are, with a few exceptions, apt to sound extremely uncouth to English ears, or at least to English prejudices.

An odd effect is generally produced when the Christian and family names begin with the same letter, and still more when the alliteration extends to three names. Rhyming names, like John Conn, or Peter Streeter, are still more objectionable.

Under the head of euphony, we may include easiness of pronunciation. As a general rule, names of more than three syllables are awkwardly long. The giving of more than two Christian names is not to be commended. Two names, if well chosen, ought to be sufficiently distinctive, and a longer combination is needlessly troublesome, both to pronounce and to write. Instances are on record in which men have actually taken legal steps to dispossess themselves of one or two out of the long string of names which their parents had conferred upon them.

The meaning of a name is a matter not altogether without importance, although I would by no means recommend people to select names principally on account of their signification. To give such advice

would be to confine the range of choice within undesirably narrow limits. Besides, it is not always easy to obtain trustworthy information respecting the meaning of a name, the statements on the subject that are contained in popular books being for the most part quite misleading. As a general rule, however, where the etymology of a name belongs to a language which few people understand, there is no reason for being solicitous about its meaning. It is only when the real or apparent signification of a name is so obvious as to be certain to excite remark, that it becomes worth while to consider whether this meaning is desirable or the reverse. For example, the name of Ursula, which is the plainest of plain Latin for "little she-bear," is not unlikely to subject the owner of it to a good deal of quizzing.

Before bestowing on a child an obviously significant Christian name, it is well to consider whether it may not afterwards turn out to be comically inappropriate. One is sometimes amused by the incongruity of a name like Lily or Violet, applied to a lady of stalwart frame and masculine demeanour, or of Blanche as the appellation of a very decided brunette. In the village where my childhood was spent, there lived a matron whose Christian name of Silence gave awkward point to the unfortunate reputation she had acquired as a "common scold."

I have previously commended, in the interest of distinctiveness, the practice of bestowing a surname as a subsidiary Christian name; but some caution is needed in following this advice, because family nomenclature abounds in oddities both of sense and of sound, which become all the more conspicuous when voluntarily adopted. Still greater care is advisable when it is proposed to employ a surname as a sole or principal Christian name. This is sometimes done with very happy effect; but there are only a few surnames which can be thus used without seeming either awkward or grotesque. It may be safely said that no surname which has any obvious meaning in English should ever be used as a Christian name.

Far more important than the signification of a name are its historical or proverbial associations. Instances have been known in which parents have given to their children such names as Iscariot, Pilate, and Nero. It is probable that these outrages proceeded from a worse cause than mere ignorance or thoughtlessness. Amongst the less-educated classes, however, it is very often found that names of very inauspicious associations are bestowed without any evil intention. In the North of England, for instance, the name of Absalom is by no means uncommon.

Of late years, it has become quite a fashion among certain people to give to their children as Christian names the titles or surnames of various aristocratic families. Such names as Percy, Digby, Vernon, and Howard are become too common to occasion much ridicule in individual cases; but the adoption of them, when there is no good reason for it, must be stigmatised as a foolish piece of snobbishness. The use of the names of persons illustrious in literature or art is not greatly to be recommended. Such a name as Cicero (which has really been borne as a Christian name by at least one Englishman during this century) would be a decidedly awkward possession for a young man who aspired to distinguish himself as a speaker; nor would the case be much better if the owner of the name happened to be exceptionally deficient in oratorical talent.

Many persons delight in indicating their political or religious sympathies in the giving of names to their children. To do this is certainly not an evidence of good taste. A parent who would compel his child to wear a party badge in the form of a name, is not likely to be deterred from doing so by the consideration that a change of opinion on the part of the recipient of the name may render it absurdly inappropriate.

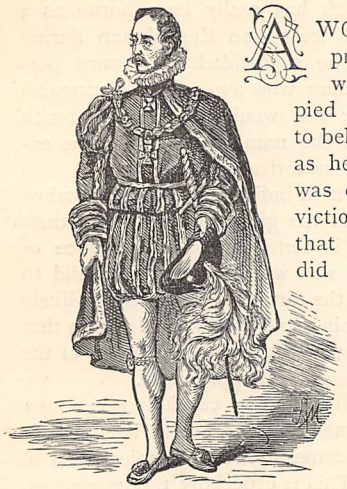
Another point which should be carefully taken into account is, that a name which is not in itself at all objectionable may become so when coupled with a particular surname. This is especially the case when any ludicrous proverbial association is suggested by the combination. The Fawkes family, for instance, should avoid the name of Guy, and the Piper family that of Peter. Those persons who are so unfortunate as to have surnames which are provocative of amusement, ought to take especial care to avoid calling attention to the oddity of the surname by prefixing to it anything eccentric in the way of Christian names.

As most people have sometimes occasion to write their initials instead of their full signature, it does not seem too trifling to refer to the droll effect which is produced when the initials of a name spell some ridiculous word. This matter seems to be one which is very seldom considered, as there are few families in which some absurdity of this kind has not been perpetrated. There is a distinguished living musical composer who, when he signs his initials, is obliged to write himself down an A. S. S. Other odd combinations which may be mentioned are F. O. P., R. A. T., and G. A. B. Y. This is no doubt only a small matter, but it is surely worth while to avoid needlessly inflicting on one's children even a trifling amount of annoyance. Perhaps we may go a little further and say that where a name has three initials, it is better that they should not admit of being pronounced as a syllable.

It would be possible to offer more detailed suggestions regarding the choice of a name, but to do this would be to enter on more or less debatable ground. The few rules which I have ventured to give are, I think, scarcely open to dispute, and any one who bears them in mind will be tolerably safe from falling into the gross absurdities so frequently committed. No general advice, however, can supersede the exercise of individual good taste, which, in this matter as in all others, is to be acquired by thoughtful observation.

HENRY BRADLEY.

THE QUEEN'S STATE ROBES.

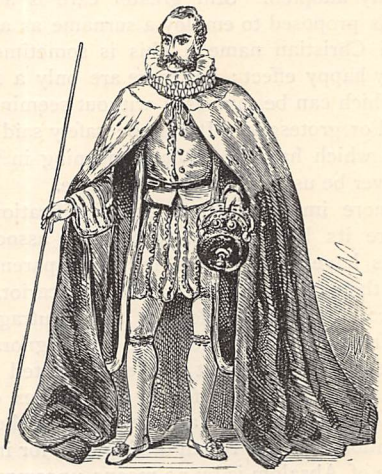


A WORTHY countryman present at the theatre when George IV. occupied the royal box, refused to believe he was the King as he had no crown, and was confirmed in his conviction when he ascertained that the lion and unicorn did not hang down on either side of him, being firmly convinced that the King of England never had other "arms." *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.* Though crowns, sceptres, and royal robes are intimately associated with the conceptions of Kings and Queens we entertain in our juvenile days, in good truth royalty rarely adopts these insignia of exalted station, save when visits are paid to Parliament in state, and at the coronation. Indeed there are but three classes of royal robes, the third appertaining to the several orders of knighthood.

When the Monarch proceeds to open or prorogue Parliament, either in the chariot of state, or in semi-state as our Queen goes now—viz., in a dress-carriage drawn by cream-coloured horses—the so-named Parliamentary robes are called into requisition. They consist of a surcoat, mantle, and hood of crimson velvet, furred with ermine, bordered with gold lace. Now that Parliament is only opened either by commission or in semi-state, the robes are laid on the throne, and wrapped about the Queen as she takes her seat. She never wears them in procession as she did before the Prince Consort's death, nor does she don the hood, which is superseded by a diamond crown and tulle veil, or tulle cap and veil; the orders of the Garter, the Victoria and Albert, and often some foreign order are conspicuous on her breast. The high officers of state bear before her the sword, the Cap of Maintenance, and the crown on a velvet cushion. It is in this same costume, with the Cap of State, that the Monarch proceeds to the coronation. During the ceremony it is changed for the Imperial or Dalmatic Robe, of purple velvet, with which the Dean of Westminster invests him. The one worn by George IV., with two others made for him at the same time, cost £18,000, and contained 567 feet of velvet and embroidery.

This Dalmatica, or Open Pall, is a three-cornered mantle, "in fashion like a cope," with one strait side of about 3½ yards in length, to cover the shoulders and hang down in front, the other side sloping into a train resting about a foot upon the ground. Up to the time of James II. it was embroidered with golden eagles, but now it is trimmed with purple brocaded tissue, shot with gold thread, enriched with gold and silver foliage, and flowers of frosted gold; the garlands of flowers edged with purple or mazarine blue, the lining crimson taffeta, and the fastening a broad gold clasp. The pall is the exterior habit of a bishop, and the clerical nature of this garment points to the sacred character of our Kings. Underneath this is the Supertunica, Close Pall, or Surcoat—a strait coat 1¼ yards long and 3 yards wide, with plain sleeves, made of gold-brocaded cloth-tissue, lined with crimson taffeta; to this belong a belt and girdle of the same cloth, lined with tabby, having a gold buckle and sword-hangers. The Stole is also of ecclesiastical origin; indeed, at his coronation Henry VI. was said to have been arrayed as a bishop would be. It is a narrow vest of the same cloth-tissue as the supertunica, lined with crimson sarsenet and embroidered. It is about an ell in length, and 3 inches in breadth, and is tied above and below the elbow with double ribbons.

The first garment the Monarch puts on after the anointing is a surplice without sleeves, made of fine cambric, bordered with lace frilling; and this also is an ancient dress of bishops. The Caligæ, or Buskins, or Sandals, are made of cloth-tissue, lined with crimson, 18 inches long, having a leathern sole with heel; but although the purple boot is a type of imperial power, white stockings and shoes appear to have been most generally adopted by recent Sovereigns on these occasions. William IV. at his coronation



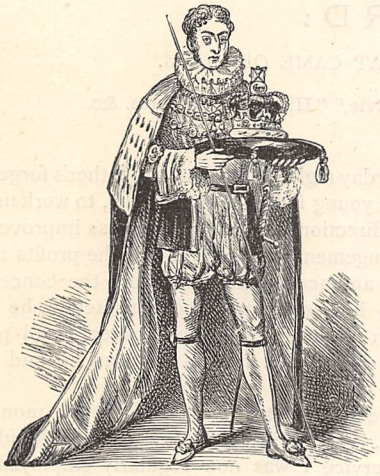
wore the uniform of an admiral beneath the Robes of State.

A word as to the several emblems of royalty to be seen, by those curious in such matters, in the Tower of London. To begin with the crown. The act of coronation is performed with St. Edward's Crown of gold, surrounding a cap of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine; it is splendidly enriched with jewels, which tempted the villain Blood to steal it. The Crown of State, worn at the coro-

nation feast, and carried before our Monarch at the opening of Parliament and other state occasions, boasts of some still more valuable. Most of our Sovereigns have had their own crowns; in that made for Queen Victoria are the priceless sapphire and the ruby given to the Black Prince by the King of Castile, surrounded by seventy-five brilliants.

The sceptre borne in the King's right hand is nearly three feet long, made of gold and enriched with jewels; from the top rises a fleur-de-lis, a huge diamond in the midst. There are several others. The Verge or Rod of Equity with the Dove is surmounted by a globe, on which is a dove with expanded wings. St. Edward's Staff, borne before the King or Queen, is a large golden rod with a pike of steel at the lower end, and a globe and cross at the top, said to contain a piece of the true Cross. Edward the Confessor is generally represented with such a staff, and this with the other regalia were preserved at his shrine—hence the name.

The Orb, or Mound, a gold ball six inches in diameter, encompassed with a fillet of precious stones, a cross pattée covered with gems rising from the midst, occupies the Monarch's other hand. Before him are borne the blunt Sword of Mercy, the "Curtana," a name borrowed from the annals of chivalry; the Sword of Justice, which is longer, with an obtuse point, and the sharp-pointed Sword of Justice to the Temporality. With the Sword of State, which belongs personally to the Sovereign, he is girded before being crowned. A Monarch is furthermore invested with the Ring—the Wedding-ring of England, as some call it—of plain gold, with a ruby on which the Cross of



St. George is engraved. Then there are the Bracelets, bands of gold with the rose, thistle, and fleur-de-lis; and the Gold Spurs, the emblems of chivalry. The Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster bring the regalia to the several dukes, bishops, and persons of high degree appointed to carry them. As the portions of the service arrive when they are used, they are handed to the archbishop, who places them on the altar before the investiture.

As Sovereign of the several orders of knighthood, the reigning Monarch wears the ribbon of the order and the badge, having the robes made trained; and these decorations add much to the brilliancy of robes of state.

Our Queen could not, of course, adopt the surcoat and vest at her coronation, but wore the robes over a rich satin dress, with the orders of knighthood. For the first time since the Revolution, on this occasion a Sovereign was desired to lay aside the crown before receiving the sacrament.

The state robes worn by women of our English Royal Family (not Queens regnant) do not appear to be governed by any fixed law, but in a manner follow the fashion of the period. Etheldrytha, a Princess of East Anglia in the tenth century, on an occasion of some state, appeared in a scarlet embroidered mantle over a gown of gold tissue, with veil and shoes to match; Eleanor of Guyenne, wife of Henry II., wears a regal mantle embroidered with gold crescents over a loose robe embroidered with the lions of England—which are fair samples of the robes of state of that early period.

Most of our early Kings were buried in their robes of state, so that very faithful details have been handed down to us. Canute was arrayed in a tunic and mantle of some sort of heavy brocade, tied with many cords and tassels, the stockings reaching to the knee, with embroidered tops; and a wreath of gold about the head. Harold's coronation mantle was of silk embroidered with flowers in gold. The mantles of our Norman Kings cost incredible sums. William the Conqueror wore a tunic reaching to the knee beneath one of these mantles, which had heavy tassels that he is represented as playing with when agitated by any unpalatable news. Henry I.'s mantle was lined with black sable. Richard I.'s mantle was striped and embossed with silver. The royal vestments worn by Henry III. were made of Baldekins—viz., silk woven with gold, imported from Baldeck or Babylon—and had the three leopards embroidered on the front and back. We first hear of these insignia on robes of state when Edward III. went to France

in 1329, to do homage to Philip VI. for the Dukedom of Guyenne, and had his crimson velvet robe embroidered with three leopards. In the Stuart time, when James ascended the throne, they were looked upon as a badge of England's slavery beneath Norman rule, and were superseded by three golden lions.

The origin of the purple robe worn at the coronations can be traced also to Edward III., who, when he laid claim to the crown of France as grandson of Philip IV., quartered the fleur-de-lis of France with the leopards, and assumed a blue velvet robe such as the Kings of France wore.

Few robes of state were more magnificent than those worn by Henry IV.; the tunic is heavily embroidered, the cope reaches to the girdle, and the mantle is jewelled. In Henry VI.'s time the shape alters; they are lined with fur and are made with or without sleeves. Richard III., who was fond of dress, spared no expense; the day before his coronation he rode to Westminster in a doublet and stomacher of blue cloth, embroidered in gold with "pyne-apples," a long gown of purple velvet and ermine, and gilt spurs. On the eventful day itself he had two robes—crimson and minever, purple and ermine—and his hose, shirt, surcoat, &c., were of crimson satin. Moreover, he had a tabard during part of the ceremony, and a coif of lawn after the unction, which was to be worn eight days.

Henry VII. introduced a branch of hawthorn into his arms and embroideries, in allusion to the battle of Bosworth, where Richard III.'s crown was found in a hawthorn bush.

Henry VIII.'s coat was actually embossed with gold and precious stones beneath the crimson velvet furred mantle. After the Tudor period the robes which now hold good began to be adopted.

The mantle worn by the Prince of Wales at a coronation is of crimson velvet, doubled below the elbow with ermine, spotted diamond-wise; at the opening of Parliament, the Heir Apparent's robe has five bars or guards of ermine set at equal distances, and headed with gold lace. His coronet is of gold with fleur-de-lis and jewels, not unlike the St. Edward's Crown. In the theoretical forms laid down for the ceremony of creating a Prince of Wales, "He is presented before the King in his surcoat, cloak, and mantle of crimson velvet, indented and turned up with ermine, and a coronet on his head as a token of principality; and the King also putteth into his hand a verge of gold, the emblem of government, and a ring of gold on his middle finger." His peculiar insignia are the plumes of ostrich feathers which the Black Prince, after the battle of Cressy, took from the helmet of the Bohemian King when he was dead: not a bad lesson this regarding human pomp, which would seem to grow out of the misfortunes of others!

ARDERN HOLT.

JOHN FORD:

HIS FAULTS AND FOLLIES, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Honest Davie," "Hidden Gold," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

I MUST now pass over two years of my life—not, however, without giving, as briefly as may be, some account of my progress, otherwise the reader will deem it incredible that an ignorant savage, "a wild man of the woods," as I was called, should in so short a space of time have acquired a fair amount of cultivation, and obtained a position far in advance of that which many men educated from infancy, and backed up by powerful influence, have failed to attain to in half a life-time.

My skill and dexterity at the bench soon attracted the attention of the foreman and the recognition of my employer: I was promoted from one bench to another, until, at the end of a few months, I was, as one might say, pretty well at the top of the tree, and being paid by piece-work, made between sixty and seventy shillings a week. This enabled me to forego the Saturday night's labour at my father's forge. I put a decent young fellow in the smithy, to work under my father's direction, and as the business improved under this arrangement, I gave him half the profits upon his work, as an encouragement to work the concern up—much to his advantage and satisfaction, he being in love with a young girl whose parents had promised him he should wed her as soon as he had made a hundred pounds.

I made still greater advance in the six months that followed. Mr. Miller—the engineer at Maidstone in whose service I was now regularly employed—did a good deal of business with a firm of patentees, in making models, &c., for them. In this undertaking his success was due to the practical intelligence and ingenuity of an old gentleman named Chives, who had shown a strong liking for me, and with whom I had entertained frequent discussions upon subjects connected with physics and mechanics. This worthy old gentleman fell ill in the month of July, and soon after died. The day after his death, I was called into the private office, and there Mr. Miller said to me—

"I am looking about for some hand to continue poor Chives's labours, John Ford. You know the nature of his employment here."

"Yes," said I; "he put Shaw and Company's inventions into practical shape."

"He did. You know that one-half of the plans that come to us to be put into form are made by men with very little knowledge of mechanics, and still less of their practical application. If we simply made up models according to the inventors' plans, nine-tenths of them would never be heard of again. There would be a clumsy, ill-working machine, costly and useless; the inventor would be discouraged, and the patent abandoned. Now, Chives's excellence lay in seeing what was good and what was bad in an invention, in going straight to the fundamental principle of the thing, and working it out in the simplest way that his engineering knowledge prescribed. Very likely the inventor scarcely recognised his invention when he saw the working model; but, as you know, a fair proportion of them have turned out successful, and they have brought an enormous amount of work to the firm. A successful model means—well, it means a great deal to me. Now, Chives told me in the last interview we had that if any one in the firm could take his place, it was John Ford." Here, as you may suppose, my hair crisped up on my head. "How far his judgment was influenced by a personal liking remains to be seen. Here are plans for a hot-air engine that have been sent to me this morning. Look at them, and tell me what you think of them. . . . Well?" he asked, after a few minutes, evidently wishing to test my readiness.

"As usual," said I, "there are a dozen valves where there ought not to be one. Dry valves on an expanding material will never work. There's no need for all these cranks and wheels; the power can be taken direct from the cylinder. Of course this scale won't work."

"Inventors only guess at the strength of materials; it's our business to adjust the scale. The main thing is, can you make a machine of the kind without the dozen valves you complain of?"

"Yes," said I.

Mr. Miller laughed. "Chives would have said, 'I believe I can.' You evidently don't believe in failure, Ford."

"I shouldn't succeed in anything if I did," said I.

"Good. You ought to be the Napoleon of engineers. Take the plans away, and see what you can do with them. Here's the key of poor Chives's workshop, and you can have Smith to help you."

I made the model. It worked admirably. Unfortunately, it was found to be an infringement of an existing patent, so nothing came of it. However, that was not my fault, and the patent agents were well pleased with our part of the business. From that time I worked exclusively in this department, and earned five pounds a week at it, though I might have had double had I made a stand for better payment. But it was not the difference between five and ten pounds a week that concerned me. I was content to get more time for the study of mathematics and physics, which were all-important to me in my trade, and for those acquirements which were necessary to a gentleman.

One important advantage this new departure gave me: it permitted me to keep my hands and nails clean, to the great satisfaction of Mr. Sheeply, who seemed to think that a rough exterior was incongruous with mental refinement. I was a constant source of astonishment to that young gentleman, not only by the rapidity with which I learnt, but also the perseverance with which I applied myself to learning. The secret of the former lay in the excellence of my memory, and of the latter in my unswerving purpose to make Miss Westlake my wife. A man with a perfect, healthy body, a vigorous constitution, and a strong will is capable of doing all that I did, and perhaps more. I never gave myself a day's rest, except on the Sunday, when I went to see my father, not even when Mr. Sheeply took his holiday. At the end of two years I beat Mr. Sheeply at mathematics and all that concerned physical science; I was his equal in Latin, if not in French; I was fairly well read in English literature, and able to express myself without any glaring grammatical faults. Where I failed was in the acquisition of certain manners essential to a gentleman; and this was due to the fact that I could not overcome a feeling of contempt with which those manners inspired me. To drop my voice below its natural pitch—to express admiration for things I did not perfectly understand, as in the matter of painting, for instance, where Mr. Sheeply went into ecstacies, and expressed himself in conventional terms, whereof he could not satisfactorily explain the meaning to me, over works which, upon logical examination, he could not, as he admitted, successfully defend—to hold my tongue and simper when the actions of certain people were displeasing—to talk about things with a pretence of pleasure when they had no earthly interest either for him who spoke or him who listened—to conform, in short, with what he called the "*convenances* of society," seemed to me nothing short of a system of hypocrisy. However, he succeeded in training me to some of the externals of a gentleman. Under his direction I dressed myself well, took off my hat and put it on at the right time, seated myself in attitudes to suit the society I might be in, and so forth. But more than this it was not in his power to teach me. And perhaps the only thing in which I made no progress during my two years of study was in that for which I had selected him as my teacher. The fact is that the art of becoming a gentleman does not exist, and all the teaching in the world cannot make a gentleman. Lord Chesterfield himself might have made a prig, a puppy, or a courtier of his son, if his pupil had not possessed the feeling which is sufficient to give gentle manners to a clown.

In point of feeling I was no better endowed at the end of my pupilage than at the beginning. I had no experiences to teach me humility, to soften my disposition, or subdue my vanity. On the contrary, my success increased my self-love, and strengthened my confidence in the excellence of my own power and will.

Without my Sunday's rest from work and study, and the demands made by my father's condition upon my pity and forgiveness, I think that I should have lost what sentiments of the higher kind I had learned from the woods and the creatures in them.

It must not be thought that my transition from a life of idleness to one of steady application and laborious study was made without difficulty, or that I was never tempted to return to my old way of living. At that time I loved neither work nor study for their own sake. It was with the greatest effort at first that I overcame my vagabond instincts; and to this day, the first bright days of spring fill me with an almost uncontrollable desire to escape from routine, and give myself up to the delights of solitude and idleness in the midst of fields and trees. Nothing but my devotion to Miss Westlake, which, though chased from my mind by work and study for a time, never flagged in intensity, enabled me in those early days to maintain unswervingly the course of action I had laid down. And, happily, the determination to win her dominated all other inclinations—even that of seeking her again. Over and over again the thought occurred to me that I might venture to approach her unseen, to look upon her from a distance, to catch the sound of her dear voice—no more than that; but knowing how fatal this indulgence would be to further resistance, I repressed the inclinations, or rather, made them subservient to my higher wishes.

Nevertheless, I kept myself acquainted with all that took place at the Hall—questioning my father closely as to Miss Westlake's looks and movements, and getting sometimes an item of news that made me happy, but more frequently no news at all. I did not see her once during those two years, nor did she see me. It was late in the evening when I arrived at Kitford on the Saturday, and I left the village early in the morning of Monday. I did not wish to be talked about in the village; and that they might have still less cause to gossip, I always exchanged the clothes I wore during the week for the old velvet jacket and woollen shirt of my bygone days.

I did not neglect my father during this time; I should have been heartless indeed had I done so. I was the only person in the world that he loved, and, in consequence perhaps, the only one who had any senti-

"I WAS CALLED INTO THE PRIVATE OFFICE" (*p.* 546).

ment of affection for him. He became more and more feeble in body and mind. Like most weak people, he was cunning and utterly untrustworthy. Several well-meaning persons tried to reform him. He took advantage of their sympathy to get money, and spend it in drink. He was laughed at, and preached at, and scolded, but I think no one pitied him.

"You are incorrigible, Ford," said one to him. "You deceive your best friends; you vow to forsake your bad habits, and you yield at the first temptation. You are of no use in the world, and it would be better for those about you if you did not exist."

"As if I didn't know that, Jack!" said my father, when he repeated these words to me. "As if I sought to drag on my miserable life!"

When he was not stupefied with drink my father was extremely wretched. Every Saturday he came a little way along the road to meet me, and in reply to my first question he made ever the same reply—"No better, Jack—the same helpless, drunken, miserable old man." Sometimes I borrowed a cart, and took him for a drive through the lanes on Sunday, but he went to be near me, not for any enjoyment he derived from the exercise or the change of scene. Whether it was fine or whether it was dull he cared not—the sky, the clouds, the fields, the brooks, the gardens, the grazing flocks, the singing birds, made no effect upon his dulled senses. He sat beside me, his hand under my arm, looking at the road before him with heavy, unseeing eyes, in silence. I would have had him live with me at Maidstone, but he constantly refused, for in some things he was persistently obstinate, and he had an idea that it would be bad for me to be continually associated with him. It was very difficult to provide for him in any way. I took a couple of comfortable rooms for him, and paid an old woman to look after his wants, and tempt his appetite with good food, and I had him supplied with decent clothes, but all to no purpose. To get a few pence for more ale than I allowed him, he would change his new clothes for old ones with the first dealer that came into the village; and, except on the days when I went to see him, he never entered his lodgings—preferring to live alone, and nurse his melancholy in the shed behind the smithy.

I have now, I think, said enough on these subjects to prepare the reader for what is to follow.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

IT was in the middle of September, exactly two years from the commencement of the new era in my life, when my father met with an accident which was the cause of a fresh departure. One Saturday evening I found him seated upon the fallen tree just outside the village, where he habitually awaited my coming, with his arm in a sling. I sat beside him, and listened to his account of what had happened.

"I was just coming out of the 'Stag,' Jack—drunk, I suppose—o' Monday, when I caught sight of a pony-carriage tearing down the hill like mad. There was a pair of ponies, and they had taken fright at something, and there was no holding 'em in. Well, what must I do but, like an old fool as I am, I throws myself in the road to stop 'em, just as if I was still well and strong. Over I went, my boy, naturally enough, and the next thing I knew was that I lay in the shed, with three or four parties and Miss Westlake by my bedside. It was her ponies that had turned me over, and it's a wonder I didn't turn them and that little trap over as well, seeing the bulk I am; but I didn't, and that's a mercy."

"She is unhurt?"

"Unhurt, as you may suppose when I tell you that she had cut my coat-sleeve up, and was binding up my arm just as if she was a doctor or a reg'lar nurse. There wasn't much harm done—a cut or two and a few bruises—it'll take more than that to kill me, worse luck!—but she was frightened, and well she might be. They tell me it took four fellows to carry me in, and all thought I was dead. She wanted to send off for you at once, but I couldn't tell her where you were to be found—you being so mighty close about your affairs. 'It don't make any odds, miss,' says I; 'my Jack's got troubles enough of his own to bear. I've been nothing but a sorrow to him from the time he first came to think seriously of things, and if so be I'm to die, it'll be time enough for him to know when he comes home o' Saturday.' You see, I didn't know but what I was worse, seeing her so serious about it. Well, Jack, she never left me till Dr. Thorpe came and told her there was no danger, and since then she's been every day to see me, looking after my wants just like an angel."

"She is an angel!" I exclaimed.

"She is, Jack; but she's got the heart and soul of a woman, and if it ain't a wickedness to say so, I like her all the better for it. A reg'lar lady she is. Hasn't hinted once that I ought to be ashamed of myself for getting drunk, or let me know that I've been properly punished for my evil living, but talked to me quite rational about shoeing horses and such-like, though the subject must be vastly more interesting to me than to her."

"She has been to see you every day?"

"Yes; she came this very morning. I made Blake brush up the smithy and rub the posts down a bit, so that she didn't get her beautiful dress smutted more 'an could be helped."

It didn't occur to me then to ask why he had stayed at the smithy instead of going to his rooms. I knew later that he had stayed in the shed and kept his bed in order that Miss Westlake's sympathy should not abate, and that she might continue to supply him with wine from Sir Andrew's cellars. At that time I was wondering whether she would come to see him the next day, when I was with my father. If she came, what should I do?

"I'm not surprised, Jack," said my father, "not a bit surprised at your going mad about her a couple o' years ago. The only thing that astonishes me is that you could ever cease to love her, having once set your heart on her. If you'd only had a decent sort of a father, Jack, you might have had her, for there ain't one

among all the young fellows hanging about her that comes anywhere near you for looks and manly bearing."

"Who is hanging about her now?" I asked, thrilling with jealousy.

"Oh! there's always one or two dodging about. Young Richie, he's everlasting meeting her by accident like, taking off his hat, and grinning from ear to ear. Then there's Dr. Thorpe as she sent for to look after me—he makes me mad with his compliments. Told her I owed my life to her care—as if a few bruises could kill me! And then there was a lot of company at the house last week for the shooting. Says I to myself, when I see Dr. Thorpe sort of flattering himself that he'd got Miss Westlake on a string, I says, 'If my boy Jack had only got a decent coat to his back, and I could be put out of the way, *you* wouldn't stand any chance, my fine buck!' Hows'ever, Jack, you did well to give up all thoughts of her, for the best man in the world counts for nought now if he hasn't got a bit of education."

My father, it may be, thought that he was throwing water upon any lingering spark of feeling in my heart, whereas it was oil that he cast upon fires that had never ceased to glow.

I was still a savage at heart. Prompted as much by a jealous fear of losing as by an ardent hope of winning Miss Westlake, I resolved to address myself to her again, and at once. Why should I wait? Had I not raised myself to the level of Dr. Thorpe, or young Richie, or any other of these men who did not scruple to let her know their feelings? and if I remained silent, might not she conclude with my father that I cared for her no more, and had abandoned the project of making myself worthy of her acceptance?

Miss Westlake did not visit my father on Sunday. Soon after daybreak on Monday I walked to Maidstone, dressed myself in my best, and then returned to Kitford. It was striking eleven when I came in sight of the church. Avoiding the village, I made straight for Armstrong House. No one was in the lodge, so I passed without question, and marched through the avenue up to the house. Here I was met by a servant. I did not know the man's face, nor he mine—though I am doubtful if Bax himself, who had never seen me except in my old rags and tatters, would have recognised me, dressed in accordance with Mr. Sheeply's nicest strictures as to what was becoming to a non-clerical gentleman making a morning call.

"Yes, sir," said the man deferentially; "may I take your card?"

He took my card—it was the first I had ever had occasion to use, though I had carried a card-case in my pocket for a year—and left me in the vestibule. I doubt if a man drawing his lot for life or death could endure more terrible anxiety than that with which I waited for the return of the servant. Would he tell me that Miss Westlake declined to see me? The door, which had opened and closed gently when he left me, now opened and closed again, and he came up to me, and said, with as much deference as before—

"Beg you to wait two minutes, sir."

"Then she will see me," thought I.

Again the door opened, and as I took off my hat a drop of perspiration fell from my forehead.

A few short quick steps upon the marble floor, and—Sir Andrew came bustling into sight.

"Well, John Ford?" said he, in his brisk sharp voice, as he arranged his glasses—"John Ford!" he exclaimed in a tone of incredulity, regarding me in astonishment as he stopped abruptly. "Ah, well! there's no mistaking your figure and face, but I assure you at the first glance I thought there must be some mistake. I'm heartily glad to see this change—heartily glad," and he extended his hand, with a cordial open smile upon his fine face. He shook my hand warmly, and opening the library door, bade me come in. I knew the room again. The writing-table stood below the window through which I had vaulted when I had been dragged a prisoner before Sir Andrew by the keepers.

"Take a seat, Mr. Ford," he said, in his affable, somewhat patronising, way, at the same time seating himself. "Take a seat. I cannot tell you how pleased I am to see you in face and dress a gentleman." He threw his head back to look at me fully through his glasses.

I made a gesture of acknowledgment with my head, but said nothing. I was unnerved.

"I was prepared to see some alteration for the better," he proceeded. "Making inquiries during the week, I discovered the efforts you have made to render your poor father comfortable—a very difficult task, I am afraid." He shook his head gravely. Then waving the subject away with a little movement of his hand, he resumed his brisk tone, and said, "Well, now, if it isn't an imprudent question, what are you doing now, Mr. Ford?"

"I am an engineer."

"An engineer, eh? an engineer on—on a locomotive?"

"No; I am a designer in the firm of Miller and Company, of Maidstone."

"Miller? I know the firm well. Why, this is more astonishing than ever! I had no idea that you had any faculty of that kind. It must require a certain amount of mechanical knowledge and invention as well, I imagine."

"Yes."

"Yes, eh? Well now, tell me *all* about it, Mr. Ford."

"That is not the business that brought me here, Sir Andrew. I came to speak to Miss Westlake."

"True, true; the servant intimated that in presenting your card. You have the good sense, doubtless, to see my reasons for declining to allow Miss Westlake to meet you before I had ascertained what alteration had taken place in your character. The last time she saw you, you remember, you were a somewhat terrible character—so much so that she dared not go out alone, for fear of encountering you."

"She has said nothing to Sir Andrew of our last meeting," thought I, with a flush of satisfaction.

"You have come, of course, to thank her for her

kindness to your father after the accident. That is what we supposed on seeing your card. I proposed to convey your message to her; but my opinion of you is so improved by your appearance and manner, that if you wish to express your gratitude personally I can have no objection. Come with me, Mr. Ford," said he, rising; "we shall find Miss Westlake in the breakfast-room."

"I wish to have a private interview with Miss Westlake," said I, standing before the baronet.

Sir Andrew's expression changed. He regarded me with misgiving as he asked—

"Will you be good enough to tell me why you wish to see Miss Westlake privately?"

"Because I have come to ask her to be my wife," I answered.

"I don't think I quite understand you," he said severely.

"I believe I shall succeed in making Miss Westlake understand me," I replied.

"You have come here with the express purpose of making my adopted daughter an offer of marriage?"

"Yes."

"Are you aware that at my death she will have half my fortune?"

"No. It is immaterial to me whether she is rich or poor. Whatever fortune is necessary to my wife, Miss Westlake shall have on the day of her marriage with me."

Sir Andrew looked at me in silence for a minute, then he put his hands in his pockets, and looked at the ground for two more, after which he lifted his head quickly, as if he had solved the problem definitively, and said—

"I see exactly how this is, Mr. Ford. You have conceived a romantic passion for Miss Westlake. It is an attraction by the surface only, for of her moral claims to affection you, of course, can have no knowledge or understanding. You have allowed yourself to believe that the only difference between her position and yours was of a pecuniary kind, and that the obstacle of insufficient means being surmounted, you would be justified in pressing her to be your wife. You have set yourself to overcome the enormous difficulties in your path with a zeal and perseverance which are deserving of admiration and respect, for they prove your passion to be of no mean order, and you have succeeded in accomplishing your object to a degree which, I admit readily, is astonishing, and which in some measure justifies your confidence in achieving still greater success in the future. I should be very sorry indeed to pain you by invidious reflections upon the circumstances of your life, but it is necessary that I should tell you at once that, if your fortune were double that of Miss Westlake, it is impossible that she should be your wife."

"Why?" I asked; "because you intend that she should be the wife of your son?"

"That may or may not be my wish, but it is no reason why Miss Westlake should not follow her own inclinations."

"In that case," said I, "it is for Miss Westlake to decide whether our marriage is possible or impossible. That is what I supposed when I asked for an interview with her. If she can show me that the realisation of my hopes is impossible, I must abandon them; if not, no opposition on your part will divert me from them."

"That is an impertinence!" said Sir Andrew, with anger. "You understand, I suppose, that Miss Westlake is under my guardianship, and that I can forbid her to see you or give you any encouragement?"

"You may forbid her to see me, but you cannot prevent my seeing her. I give you my word, Sir Andrew, that if Miss Westlake shows me that it is impossible she should be my wife, whatever my condition may be, I will never cross her path again. You have but to use your authority for her to satisfy my doubts upon that point before I quit this house. On the other hand, if I may not have an interview with your consent, I promise you that I will obtain it without. I will not rest night or day, nor leave a means untried, until I have seen Miss Westlake, and received from her lips a reply to the question upon which the whole course of my life depends."

"That threat settles the matter," said Sir Andrew, touching the bell. "I refuse to allow you an interview. Door, Brookes!"

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

I RETURNED to Maidstone, finished the work in hand, and told Mr. Miller that he must not count upon my services thenceforth. He did his best to retain me.

"If you need a holiday, you can take it, Mr. Ford," said he. "If you are dissatisfied with your rate of payment, it shall be increased."

I would make no promise to renew the engagement. Then I paid all my outstanding accounts, gave up the key of my lodgings, parted with Mr. Sheeply, and went back to Kitford.

I wrote a brief letter to Miss Westlake, begging her to see me, and make an appointment. She did not reply.

And now once more I threw myself into the woods with a savage delight, which I can only compare with that of beasts released from a state of captivity.

This feeling was yet dominant when I encountered Miss Westlake. I cannot think that the meeting was entirely due to accident, but rather believe that she saw the justice, or the mercy, of giving me the interview which Sir Andrew had forbidden. She came from the house alone, and walked directly to the place where we had met before. My heart leaped up at the sight of her. She walked to the rustic seat, and stopped. To my eyes she was more beautiful than ever. She was quite white, and she fixed her large dark eyes upon me with a kind of pathetic interest, as I stood trembling before her, with my head uncovered. There was a sanctity in her presence which made me feel, for the first time, how small were my own merits, how slight was all I had achieved, compared with that I must yet accomplish to be worthy of her.

"I have tried to keep my promise," I faltered, when

I could force my tongue to speak. "I have done my best to become a gentleman."

"Sir Andrew has told me with what success," she said calmly.

"Sir Andrew has told you that I am not fit to be your husband. He told me so. I did not believe him then; I know now that he was right. But he told me also that my love was of the senses only, that I could have no conception of your moral worth: in that he was wrong. For if I was merely an animal, should I not have yielded to my animal instincts? What is a noble bearing, a divine face, but the visible stamp of a noble mind, a divine soul? I have lived long in the woods, and learnt that nature is never false. There is health in the fresh breeze, and bright sunlight that gives us gladness. These great oaks could not stand upright if they were rotten at the heart. It is because I have seen in you a nature fine and pure above all others, that I have hated all that is mean and vulgar; and it is because the blending of your soul with mine is the utmost happiness I can hope for, that I have struggled to change those habits which had become my second nature, and to make myself your equal. What else but that high hope could have prevailed over my savage instincts? what else could have kept me resolute in avoiding you but that?" I stopped, quivering with emotion; she also was agitated, for I had spoken with force and passion, and with a certain kind of desperation, feeling how little hope there was for me, and yet how immense would be the loss of that slight hope. This desperation urged me on to speak.

"I know that the difference between us is enormous: I have learnt that in two years. But granting that I am yet a savage, must I for ever rest a savage? A brute with scarce a glimmering of sense may be humanised; and if that is so, may not I, animated with the love of you, and urged on by the strongest desires, the most resolute determination, rise to excellence?"

"I hope so," she said.

"You hope so!" I cried eagerly. "Then you suffer me to hope?"

"Heaven forbid that I should discourage you or any one from the hope of good."

"Oh! it is not that hope that spurs me on. I would not be good for good's sake. It is for you alone I have made myself a position above that to which I was born; it is for you alone that I have now to seek and win that higher worth which your presence has made evident to my understanding. Tell me that you will be my wife, and all that I have done shall be as nothing compared with what I shall achieve. Tell me, as Sir Andrew told me, that it is impossible for you to be my wife under any condition, and you stop the spring of all action in me."

"I believed you more generous," she said, in a tone of reproach. "Why should you make me responsible for your follies and faults? is that a proof of your feeling for me! Do you expect me to bribe you as one bribes a child? Do that which it is your duty to do."

"I know no duty. I ask you only to give me a word that will encourage me to fresh efforts."

"Only a word! That word would bind me to be your wife, whether you succeed or fail—perhaps more surely if you fail. I will not, I cannot, make that promise."

"Tell me only I may hope to make you my wife."

"No; that is as impossible now as it was two years ago."

"Promise me that for two years—until I have put all that is in me to the test, you will marry no one."

"What is that but a promise—an encouragement of the hope which it is impossible for me to encourage? You leave me nothing to say but that I have said before: nothing to wish but that which I have never ceased to wish. With all my heart I hope to see you happier."

Her cheeks flushed as she spoke; she turned away, and left me rapidly, as if ashamed of saying so much.

She had given me the utmost encouragement it was possible for her to give me; but I—who knew nothing of women, and had acquired habits of thinking with mechanical exactitude—was in doubt as to the significance of her words. One thing was certain: she had said, in unmistakable terms, that she would promise nothing to encourage my hopes. How, then, was I to put a favourable construction upon her wish that I might be happy? Was it not a subtile means of misleading me—an artifice to avert the responsibility from herself of any disaster I might bring upon myself? The suspicion was unjust and ungenerous; but I have written to no purpose if I have not shown that the sentiment of generosity held but little sway over my mind at this time.

That afternoon, as I was wandering under the pines in the wood beside the Sevenoaks road, Miss Westlake passed in her pony-carriage, followed by the brake. An hour later, I saw the two vehicles return, filled with visitors. A gentleman sat beside Miss Westlake, and she was smiling at something he said to her. "She has never smiled upon me," thought I, not reflecting how little cause I had given her for smiles; "and knowing that I am overburdened with care, she yet finds amusement in the prattle of an idiotic dandy. It is nothing to her whether I break my heart or not, whether I rise or whether I fall."

I found a certain amount of morbid satisfaction in encouraging these perfectly groundless reproaches, and with jealousy gnawing at my heart, I watched her from day to day in the company of the visitors who were staying at the house. I saw her pass, bright and active in the sunlight, as I stood in the shadow with a heart of lead. I heard her laughter when my very soul seemed bursting with the grief that found no outlet.

I made no effort to correct myself—to overcome the sentiment which my conscience told me was evil. I gave myself up entirely to my impulses. Once more I was an aimless wanderer through woods and lanes, terrifying children and nervous women by the wildness of my expression, my haggard face, and torn clothes. But the old delight of former days in the aspect of nature was gone. All the world might have been black and dead and cold without adding a regret to the burden that I bore.

The thought of renewing my labours scarcely

entered into my consideration. "There is nothing to work for now," I said to myself; and the very idea of working without that hope, which had made every stroke I did a pleasure to me, was repulsive. Doubtless, this was but the natural reaction following the excessive application to which I had given myself —a self-abandonment which I have observed in men of even well-regulated minds who have overtaxed their powers of endurance. Possibly, in a week or two, if nothing had occurred to change the natural course of events, I should have discovered a renewed inclination for the healthy exercise of my faculties, and seen with a wholesome disgust the unmanly folly of which I had been guilty. But, unhappily, while my mind was still under the influence of worse than foolish sentiments, I was led by a series of events to lose ground rather than to recover it.

One morning, shortly after daybreak, I was standing on Crown Point, beside the great beech, where I had first seen Miss Westlake, when, the stillness being broken by the rustling of leaves, I perceived Bax the keeper and another come, gun in hand, from the wood. They whispered together hurriedly, and separated—Bax creeping along the skirt of the wood down the road towards Kitford, the other keeper making his way, with equal stealth, in the opposite direction.

About three minutes after they had disappeared, a couple of young fellows—one carrying a bag on his shoulder and the other an air-gun—came cautiously from the Armstrong Park bridle-path, and stood for a moment peering round. Suddenly catching sight of me, they were about to take to their heels along the Sevenoaks road, when I sang out—

"If you go that way you'll be caught!"

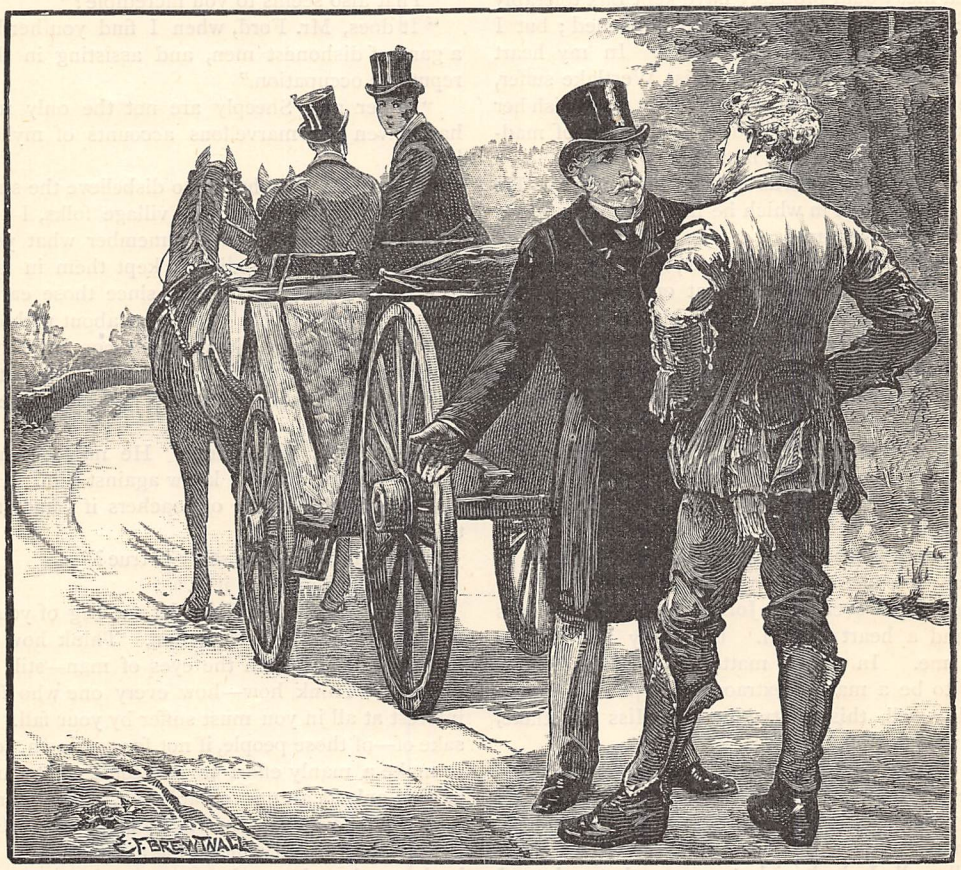
They pulled up in a moment, and, recognising me, turned round, and were about to bolt down the hill towards Kitford, when I cried out again—

"Bax is down there!"

They drew up again close by me, looking this way and that in terror, and not knowing which way to fly.

"If you want to save yourselves, you'll get into the bottom as quick as your legs will carry you," said I.

With a nod of recognition they jumped down the bank, and scuttled off through the furze in an instant;



"HE GOT DOWN TO SPEAK TO ME" (*p.* 554).

and not a moment too soon, for while I could yet descry their heads bobbing up and down as they descended the hill, the two keepers, who had heard my warning, came running up to the spot where I stood.

"Oh! it's you, John Ford, is it, back at the old game, eh?" said Bax, panting for breath in the middle of the sentence. "Well, Sir Andrew shall hear of this."

I knew that Bax, to gratify the old grudge he bore me, would tell lies about me, and that the story coming to Miss Westlake's ears would give her pain, and yet I was not displeased. The threat of a thrashing, if he slandered me, would probably have kept Bax tolerably near the truth in relating what had happened; but I said not a word to him, good or bad. In my heart there was a cruel desire to make Miss Westlake suffer, to make her participate in my sufferings, to punish her for rejecting me. I was jealous to that point of madness which made Othello a murderer.

A day or two afterwards I met Sir Andrew. He stopped the carriage in which he had passed me, and got down to speak to me.

"My good fellow," he said to me, in his customary tone of kindly patronage, "what on earth are you thinking about? You look deplorable! I declare the change in your appearance during the past two weeks is as great as that of the two years previous, and this alteration is to the full as painful as the other was pleasing. Who would believe that you were a fine, intelligent workman, with a grand career before you? Look at your things, my man, all in rags. You look like a poor mad creature—it's pitiable! it *is* pitiable!"

"What does it matter whether I'm mad or sane to you, or any one else?"

"It matters to every one, John Ford, who has eyes to see and a heart to feel. Upon my honour you perplex me. In most matters you have shown yourself to be a man of extraordinary powers, but in this—this—well, this infatuation for Miss Westlake, you are weaker than a child."

"For two years I have loved Miss Westlake as no one else in the world has loved her. And you call that the weakness of a child. I call it the strength of a giant."

"Well, well, I don't wish to argue that point. I simply contend that to throw up everything, to abandon yourself completely, in consequence of a disappointment—which was a foregone conclusion—is childish and effeminate, and to my mind almost incredible."

"Incredible to most men who have survived two wives."

Whatever anger Sir Andrew felt at this insolent sarcasm, he overcame it with a gulp and a little clearing of his throat. He had made up his mind to help me, and he was not to be turned from it by my contumacy.

"Come, come," he said, "now listen to reason, my poor fellow. I've been speaking to Mr. Miller about you, and learned from him the most extraordinary account of your ability and perseverance. He is most anxious to get you back again, and declares that no question of terms shall stand in your way. I shall not be betraying confidence if I tell you that he even hinted at the possibility of a partnership being arranged in a short time, if you continue in the course you have pursued. Now, tell me, is that not better than—than what you are doing now? I saw also a Mr. Sheep—Sheep—Sheeply, who could not adequately express his astonishment at the vigour of your intellect. He tells me you are an admirable Latin scholar, and admits that in the sciences you are far ahead of him, and declares that not only your judgment, but your principles are upright and sound in every respect."

"That also seems to you incredible?"

"It does, Mr. Ford, when I find you herding with a gang of dishonest men, and assisting in their disreputable occupation."

"Miller and Sheeply are not the only men who have given you marvellous accounts of my proceedings."

"I shall be most happy to disbelieve the statements to your disadvantage. The village folks, I know, are not to be trusted. They remember what you were. It seems you have studiously kept them in ignorance of what you have been doing since those early times, and they see you now wandering about without occupation, and of course jump at the conclusion that you have resumed the old life. I take my information from Bax. If he has told me a lie, I will discharge him today."

"Keep him, Sir Andrew. He may be an honest servant for aught that I know against him. He might have captured a couple of poachers if I hadn't warned them."

"You admit that his story is true?"

"If that is his story, it is."

"There, now, John Ford, let me beg of you to give up this disgraceful connection. Think how you are degrading yourself in the eyes of man—still more of Heaven. Think how—how every one who feels any interest at all in you must suffer by your fall. For the sake of—of those people, if not for your own, you ought to make a manly effort to overcome what can be regarded only as an unavoidable evil. Now promise me, my dear fellow, that you will go back to Maidstone."

I shook my head, shuddering at the thought of going back to the place where every circumstance must remind me of the hopes that were all passed away for ever.

"If you would prefer to go abroad, I shall be glad to give you every assistance."

"Anything to be rid of me. I give you and Miss Westlake a good deal of inquietude."

"You do," he said, beginning to lose temper. "I have shown you more than once that I have a kindly feeling towards you. You will say, perhaps, that I owe you as much for saving my boy's life?"

"No, I should say nothing of the kind. You owe me nothing. I would have tried to save Bax or a dog from drowning as readily as your son."

"Then you will more readily admit that I have such a feeling as kindness towards you. I have done what I could to induce you to give up this insane tendency to debase yourself by dishonest practices. If you will

not be persuaded, I shall feel it my duty to coerce you from evil courses. It may seem hard, but I believe that it is the best means that is left me to restrain you from a downward course. Now I warn you that if you are taken with these men who have set themselves to rob me of my pheasants, you will be treated as they are treated. For Heaven's sake, do not add to your unhappiness and my regret by compelling me to send you to gaol."

With this threat, which caused the good old baronet much trouble to make, he gave me a brusque nod, and returned to his carriage. I saw that he had no intention of putting his threat into execution: that it was, in fact, purely and simply a threat made to deter me, if possible, from sinking lower, and to open my eyes to the fate which probably would be mine if I persevered in my reckless course.

For my own part, I had no desire to become a poacher, nor any intention of joining the maladroit rascals who were plundering his preserves. Indeed, I forgot all about this matter in dwelling on the former part of Sir Andrew's address, which flattered my vanity, and gratified that desire for vengeance which I have referred to. It pleased me to think that Miss Westlake had heard of Messrs. Miller and Sheeply's eulogiums, and now felt that her refusal had brought me to the brink of ruin.

Not a cloud obscured the moon that night. A little after midnight I passed the park palings, and made my way down that path where I had met Miss Westlake. I stood by the rustic seat, looking at the house with an inexpressible melancholy, when the sharp report of a gun fell upon my ear—then another and another—half a dozen shots, perhaps, broke the stillness. It was just the night for poachers to make a raid. Five minutes passed, and then the shooting was repeated. After that there was silence again for a few minutes, then a sharp whistle, the sound of a voice, and two more shots—much closer at hand than the former. A minute afterwards I perceived a man pelting across the open sward, pursued by three or four others. They reached the wood, and disappeared. But now I heard the quick beat of heavy boots upon the path, and almost at the same moment a man came into sight in the chequered light that fell upon the path leading up to me. His pursuers appeared directly after. The fellow was closely pressed. As he caught sight of me, he threw down his bag and gun with an oath, and leapt into the underwood—probably mistaking me for a keeper.

"Well, we've got one, at any rate," gasped one of the keepers, throwing himself upon me.

"Yes, you've got me, Bax," said I, "but you needn't use any violence. I'll go with you to the house."

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

BOOTS and shoes are an important item, not only in dress, but as regards the question of dress and health. Parisian women do not walk like English ones, consequently French boots are made more becoming to the feet, but not so entirely useful as the British chaussure. The International Health Exhibition has directed the foreign as well as the English mind towards the combination of health and utility. I spent some hours when I was paying a flying visit to England in examining the dress of the period, as exemplified by the exhibits at South Kensington. The great aim of all hygienic boots would seem to be that the inner margin should be almost straight to the big toe; that the toe should be of a natural breadth, the heels broad, low, and under the natural heel; that the "waist" of the sole, answering to the arch of the foot, should possess a certain amount of elasticity. The fashionable boot and shoe bear little or no relation to the outline of the normal foot. On the contrary, they require a deformed foot. High shoe-heels tilt up the natural heel, so that the wearer is really walking on tiptoe, and the muscles of the leg are injured. One thing is certain—not one Englishwoman in twenty walks well, and much of their failure in that respect is due to the improper way in which they clothe the feet. A perfect foot is said to have been possessed only by the women of ancient Greece. In all antique statues the second toe is longer and more salient than the others, but this is seldom seen in the modern foot, a fact possibly due to the present form of boots and shoes. They ought to be long enough and wide enough to admit of a free movement of the toes. But what is the use of preaching? Almost any medical man will tell you of many accidents brought to him for treatment on account of high heels or improper foot-covering of some kind. In many of the cases devoted to shoes in the Health Exhibition, there are small models of feet, normal and deformed; of Chinese shoes and their effect on the feet; and the shoe of the Elizabethan period, which was so curved at the instep that, though this was raised to an undue height, the toe and heel were on a level.

Nothing can be so injurious to a growing girl's foot as to put it in a shoe pointed at the toe, thereby turning the great toe inwards, and producing one of the greatest plagues of life, corns, or worse still, bunions. Young children should invariably wear straight shoes, with elastic "waists," as they are called, giving full play to the muscles, and which in adults permit the wearer to walk long distances without fatigue. If heels are used at all, they should be low. There are three kinds

of boots and shoes: those that are made purely on hygienic principles, without any considerations as to fashion; those that are purely fashionable; and the happy medium that combines the two. I should suggest to my readers to consult their interests by turning their attention to the third class, for it is decidedly the right path. There are some new inventions in waterproof soles, some new pegged soles for running shoes, and many for the riders on bicycles and tricycles. The cyclist shoe seems to combine all the merits required, for it prevents slipping, and gives a powerful grip on the treadle, enabling the wearer to ride up-hill with comparative ease. An excellent invention is the damp-proof boot-sole, which consists of a light metal plate or skeleton frame, provided with solid projections or teeth which are forced into and through the outer sole from the upper side, and are thus permanently embedded in the leather. It is an inexpensive article, and suitable for all descriptions of boots and shoes, and perfectly pliable to the motion of the foot. The sole is prevented from running over, and the upper kept in shape, without the inconvenience of heavy nailed boots. They are light and indestructible.

Now that August has fairly set in, you will be glad to hear about some thin summer dresses. Very comfortable wear, cheap and dressy, are the plain écru muslins, made with several flounces and much drapery, plain, close-fitting bodices, and full blouse bibs trimmed with lace; the material can be bought for a few shillings, so that if it does not wash satisfactorily no great extravagance is committed. The most fashionable cottons of the moment are the zephyrs and plain stuffs, covered with the small terry patterns in distinct colouring. I will describe one. Round the skirt a box-plaited flounce, over it a draped tunic, the bodice made with a long basque at the back, and two points in front, a full bib, and cord and tassels carried across; the colouring dark blue with a red design upon it. White close-fitting waistcoats make many of the dresses look very dressy, whether they be cotton or plain coloured cloth.

Gentlemen as a rule do not wear button-holes now, and very few real flowers are worn by ladies, although I occasionally see bouquets of real flowers on parasols and bonnets. Lace dresses continue to be very fashionable. Chantilly is most worn, but Spanish lace will do, if you have it by you, and over a black silk or satin not quite new, transforms an old dress into a fresh and fashionable one. If, further, you will go to the expense of bead trimmings, you will have a very costly-looking dress. Just at present the front of many gowns is almost hidden by pendant tassels of beads, and broad panels of embroidery are carried down many side-breadths. Soft silk and mousseline-de-laine printed with well-covering small designs are useful: cream, for example, with a dark blue design upon it. Very few materials wear so well as mousseline-de-laine, for it does not easily crease or soil, and cleans well. It is to be had very inexpensively just now, and is quite the fashion; but the parasol and bonnet should be made of a piece of the same stuff, and each cotton dress the same—a plan which considerably adds to the expense. Tussore is well worn again, and that is durable, with muslin flounces or net embroidery by way of trimming. The transparent lace parasols are most fashionable, unless a piece of the dress is used; but grotesque painting on satin and cotton obtain. Imagine frogs playing a game of ball with apples, being considered an appropriate design for a drab satin parasol! Red parasols are a good deal worn.

Transparent bonnets are most *à la mode*. I have seen them in black chenille, in straw, in gold, and many varieties, the interplaiting so far apart that the hair was plainly visible through. The gold bonnets trimmed with a mixed bouquet will accord with almost any dress; and there is a novelty now, viz., ornamenting—I was almost going to say, overloading—black dresses with broad garnitures of beads, an admixture of every tone of colouring, like an Eastern carpet; and capes of the same cover the shoulders, but these are costly. Shawl-patterned trimmings are used also on cream, and plain colourings, especially on nun's cloth—still a favourite material whether plain or brocaded—the latter looking worth a great deal more than it costs.

Bodices quite different from the skirts are still in favour. For example, a plain black velvet bodice with a black-and-white check skirt; a red brocaded bodice with a black or stone-coloured skirt; a black and red-striped bodice with a black skirt; and for evening wear I have noticed many black bodices worn both with white and red skirts. This is a convenient and economical fashion.

Smoke-colour is a great deal worn, because there is much mourning, slight as well as deep; but nankeen continues to be the most really fashionable colour of the year; and you are quite safe in buying poult-de-soie, for it is certainly likely to remain the material for some time. A good thing for our purses, it wears well.

Gloves for evening wear get longer and longer; they cover the lower part of the arm entirely, and are rolled just at the elbow.

Elastic silk bodices are now sold in all colours, and are very useful, for they dispense with the dressmaker. Skirt-making with proper measurement is not very difficult to achieve.

A great crusade is being preached just now on the subject of stays, but it neither enlarges the waist nor diminishes the corset-maker's bill. A new invention may do more in that way, viz., a loose polonaise bodice, worn without stays, but kept in its place by a pliant steel, which presses nowhere. A comfort, this, to people who are compelled to lie down, or from one cause or other cannot bear pressure. The Tennisienne corset is also a comfort. It has no bones or side-steels to impede the free movement of the body.

Those who ride on tricycles may be glad to hear of a new dress brought out for the purpose; the skirt is plain, with a box-plait on both sides and at the back; drapery is arranged at the back, and over the knees. Satin is used for lining, to prevent undue clinging. There are knickerbockers beneath, and gaiters, and a Norfolk jacket proves the most com-

fortable addition—all tailor-made, and of some strong, durable tweed.

Skirts are made longer; they now sweep the ground, not as a train, but sufficiently to rest upon it—an inconvenient fashion, for they are more difficult to hold up than when longer, and spoil easily. Gold and silver braids find their way on to many of the tailor-made gowns; in my opinion this is an incongruity. Such dresses are intended for hard wear at all times, and gold and silver certainly are not calculated to stand thus much. Still, this class of costume is so much appreciated now, that you see it worn on all occasions, and it is generally sufficiently dressy for any entertainment.

Several suggestions both as to the make and material for summer dresses may be gathered from our illustration. The lady leaving her companions (see engraving) is in grey, which is still a favourite colour; her costume consists of plain and printed de laine, the latter being used for the Princesse under-dress, and the former for the gracefully-draped tunic with its black lace trimming. Black lace is also arranged round the top of the bodice, which is cut in a slight point, the opening being filled in with folds of white tulle—folds having superseded frills. The bonnet is fine grey straw, the crown encircled with bands of velvet and a large bunch of poppies in front.

WHAT TO WEAR IN AUGUST.

The mass of flowers now worn on the brims of

French bonnets would be incredible to those who do not see them. And here be it observed that a great deal of the *chic* and style of the bonnet of the season depends on the manner of placing it on the head and wearing it, as almost every shape—and they are not few—should be set on the head in a way peculiar to itself. Fashion now decrees that more forehead is to be seen than last year, therefore frizzed hair almost touching the eyebrows detracts much from the appearance of the new summer bonnets.

This costume could also be copied in etamine, embroidered in cross-stitch with coloured sprays, such as blue cornflowers or red carnations, on an écru ground, the under-dress being shot silk. This etamine, or canvas woven in imitation of Berlin wool work, is frequently seen, and the plain écru canvas used in combination is tucked; the foundation silk may be brown, blue, or scarlet.

The seated figure in the centre of the group wears one of the glacé mohair dresses much affected by Frenchwomen at this season. It is lustrous and cool, and in pale grey shot with pink, combined with a striped silk of the two colours and ornamented with white lace (as in our model) the result is decidedly attractive. Silver beads are added on the plastron, and a silver chatelaine at the side. The same costume is also made in mushroom mohair, with dark red velvet for the stripes and plastron. The two colours are of course blended in the ruches that edge the skirt. The hat should be in harmony with the costume, and the large bow in front should be of shot terry velvet. These bows are now important enough to be sold separately, and to match any costume.

The costume worn by the standing figure could be made in either shot cotton with a satin surface, in white damask linen, in Tussore, or in nun's veiling and Turkish embroidery, all of which are in vogue. Veiling is economical wear, hence its popularity. Some of the latest models in white are made up with green velvet of the shade called "new-born leaf," and with the white mohair lace only recently introduced, or perhaps revived. But coloured veiling is also very general, and in such shades as lavender, moonstone, terra-cotta-pink, and golden beige, it looks well on youthful figures when enlivened with loops and stripes of satin ribbon. Then there is nun's veiling in Oriental colouring and design, which makes up into pretty afternoon costumes for the seaside. The patterned fabric (calling to mind Turkish embroidery) is used for the over-dress only, plain veiling of the same shade doing duty for the tucked skirt; the trimmings are creamy lace and velvet revers.

It is impossible not to be struck at any large and fashionable gathering, whether in town or country, by the changes and new combinations always going on in *la mode*, and this season the many variations executed on one theme testify in a marked manner to the unlimited resources of the dressmakers. The diversity — not only of materials, but also of the shapes—of dresses, cloaks, and bonnets, defies description. Added to this, there is a decided mystery in the make of dresses—how the bodice is attached to the skirt, or where the drapery begins and ends. The revival of shot silks, and the fashion of wearing transparent grenadines over silk of a different colour, thereby producing shot effects, add also to the difficulty of describing various toilettes. These combinations are not absolutely new, but the association of colours is novel: black canvas grenadine is often seen over golden-brown silk and over red silk, and écru embroidered net over many-hued brocades. And with this multiplicity of material and colour, there is great solicitude among the well-dressed to have all the details of a toilette in harmony. The bonnet, the shoes, and even the parasol should be in unison. Take as an example the black lace dress now so fashionably worn over a coloured silk or satin foundation: the parasol will be of the same colour as the satin, and trimmed with a wide black lace flounce; and the bonnet will be lace, with flowers or feathers also to match the foundation of the dress.

SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE NEW WORLD.*

A VISIT TO A CANNING HOUSE.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.

"DO you think they can be oysters?" The questioner was an English housekeeper, who had, by way of experiment, invested in a tin of American oysters.

She had probably expected to see the luscious bivalve just as he appears on the shell when opened; had, perhaps, never examined our own natives after they had been steamed and their fair and fat proportions reduced to a shrivelled morsel, looking like a piece of vulcanised india-rubber. Had she done so, she would not have been surprised at the appearance the tinned oysters of America presented.

My friend's question, however, suggested to me the idea that an account of the process of "canning" might be interesting, and add very much to the zest with which one might eat the preserved delicacy.

Baltimore is one of the great centres of this industry, and many of the streets are given up to "canning houses," or "canneries." The roads in such

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neighbourhoods are plentifully sprinkled with small disks of tin the size of a two-shilling piece, and the yards of the "canneries" are thickly strewed with them, and they lie in glittering heaps everywhere. No use had been found for the refuse disks, which are cut from the top of the "can," when I paid my visit to the place, but I lately read that they can now be utilised.

The canning house is generally little more than a great shed, of three storeys, and near the water for convenience.

Wishing to see the whole process, we went to the water's edge—the water being Chesapeake Bay—and watched the barge-load of oysters brought in from the dredging-grounds.

There was a train of small "cars," or trucks, waiting to receive the oysters, which were put into them, and when the train was loaded, it was started along the tramway which ran from the landing to the cannery. At the end of this tramway, and as a sort of entry to the main building, was a narrow shed. Here the train stopped, and we who had followed it saw it was enveloped in steam.

The stoppage had taken but a minute, during which, however, every car-load had been subjected to sufficient steam-heat to make the shells open. Then it went on its way into a large room, in which was a great crowd of women, girls, and small boys—a very poverty-stricken, rough crowd, too—each individual of which had a tin pail slung round his neck, and suspended in front, and a knife in hand.

This motley and not clean crowd were, as we learnt, "shuckers," their business being to remove the steamed oyster from its shell. This they did with wonderful dexterity, dropping it into the pail in front of them, and in a very short time the whole train of cars was empty, and the oyster-shells lying in a vast pile on the ground.

It was with a feeling of decided discomfort, while seeing this shucking process, that we remembered sundry meals of canned oysters of which we had partaken. However, we followed the procession of shuckers, each with a well-filled pail.

At the end of the room was a sort of spout, and into this each shucker emptied his pail, and returned with it to meet the arrival of another train, and go through the process again.

Meanwhile, after seeing a few pails so emptied down the spout, we went through a door into another large room, in which were numbers of young girls, of a superior class to the shuckers. Two of these stood by an enormous vat, or tub, into which, on one side, cold water was running, and on the other the mouth of the spout poured forth oysters—a constant stream of them; but not more constant than the flow of water, and in this it was infinitely comfortable to see them stirred, conscientiously and thoroughly—so thoroughly that even we who saw the unsavoury shuckers felt we could partake of the oysters without disgust. The water passed out as fast as it went into the vat, and the oysters were swirled quickly round several times by one girl, while the other ladled them out, and filled the tins in which they are sold, passing each as she did so to other girls, who put on the covers, and passed them along rapidly, till they got to a sort of lift, or elevator, of light iron, and looking something like an oven. As many cans are placed in this as will stand on the bottom, and then it is sent up.

We follow it, and find ourselves in a large room, at one end of which we see the elevator with the oysters.

It stands for about a minute, and we become aware that the oysters are again being subjected to heat, for now the elevator is really an oven; a man stands ready with soldering-iron, and with one dexterous turn of the hand each can, being sufficiently heated to expel the air, is hermetically sealed; another man takes it from him and passes it to a young girl, who is ready with label and paste; another quick movement and the can is gay with its legend, and ready to pack for the market.

The most remarkable thing to us was the quickness of the process. Not ten minutes elapsed between the time the oysters left the barge, and filled cans labelled and ready for sale.

During the oyster season this goes on all day, I am told; the trains run constantly, the spout pours its stream into the vat, and the filling, soldering, labelling goes on in one steady sequence.

When this is remembered, and the fact that in Baltimore alone the number of canning houses is very large, some idea may be gained of the immense trade done. Yet in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston, comparatively few canned oysters are sold, even when there is no R in the month; but in the Western cities far from the sea-board they are largely used, although, I am told, the bulk are exported.

Considering how many hundreds of the very poorest make a livelihood by this industry, it seems almost providential that the oyster should be plentiful in that dead-winter season when there would otherwise be closed establishments and idle hands.

Of course these canning houses do not can only or even chiefly oysters. The oyster season ends just before vegetables and fruits begin. Green peas, strawberries, cherries, French beans, raspberries blackberries, huckleberries, all keep the canneries busy in their turn; but as the soft fruits are less popular—are, indeed, better preserved than canned—the greatest fruit business is in peaches.

These are so abundant as to be often a drug in the market, and as they are better preserved by the economical process of canning than in any other way, the quantity done is enormous.

Perhaps a few words as to what "canned" fruit really means may be useful. It is a process by which fruit with very little sugar, and only sufficient cooking to expel the air from the tins, will keep indefinitely. Almost every American housewife cans fruit very successfully; this is usually done, however, in glass jars, with rubber rings.

Fruit done up in *tin* is bought principally for economy, or where great quantities are required, such as in hotels, boarding-houses, &c.

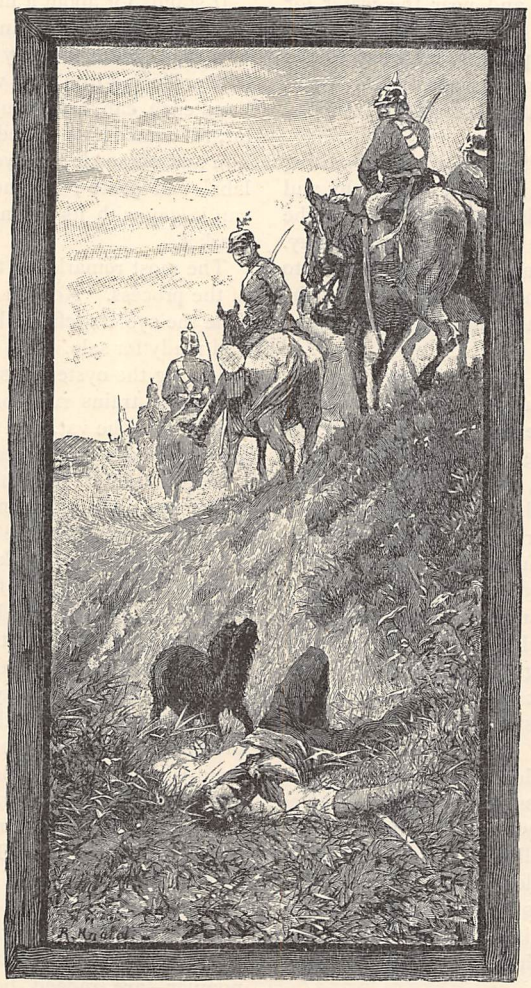
NEPTUNE: A STORY OF STRANGE MEETINGS.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

"THE world is not so *very* wide after all!" This exclamation, or one somewhat akin to it, we are constantly hearing in these times of rapid travelling. For my own part I am never in the slightest degree astonished at meeting any old friend anywhere, for now-a-days there seems but little to prevent everybody from going everywhere.

If space were not so valuable, I could instance scores of cases of strange and unexpected meetings from the diary of my own life, some of them amusing enough.

When I first went from home to join the service I left Geordie M—— ploughing in one of my father's fields, with an ox and the "orra" beast. I specially mention the ox and the "orra" beast, by way of showing that Geordie was by no means even a first-class ploughman. He was an *orra** man himself, and couldn't be trusted with a team of the best horses. He was slow in his motions, and slow in his notions; he wore a corduroy coat, his boots weighed pounds, he never lifted his feet, but trailed them; such was Geordie.



"LOOKING BACK WITH SOME DEGREE OF INTEREST" (*p.* 562).

Just two years after this, I was one day sitting forward in the sick bay, examining and taking the names of a batch of marines, who had come to join us from another ship. It was at Bombay, and the weather was hot, and I was drowsy, so I seldom looked twice at my man, and was not in the best of tempers; but there was one marine in the lot, and a right smart clean-footed fellow he was, who attracted my attention, because he laughed when I spoke to him. He talked in the broadest of Scotch, and the very sound of his voice recalled to my memory Highland hills clad in blooming heather. I rubbed my eyes and looked at him again. As sure as I live it was Geordie!

I bade good-bye to a medical friend of mine once in Soho Square. He was going away to the country to get married and settle down in a mining district among the Welsh hills. Years flew by. I was out on the eastern shores of Africa. We were hunting slavers. One rascally old dhow gave us much trouble and a long chase. We ran her at last down to shooting distance, and as she would not stop we brought our big guns to bear on her; still she flew on and on, fair and square before the wind, till a lucky shot knocked the main-mast out of her. When we boarded her, the very first person seen on deck was the medical friend I had bidden a final adieu to—as I thought—in Soho Square. There was not much mystery about the matter after all. He had *not* got married. He had not settled down among the Welsh mountains. He was on his way to Zanzibar to join a mission, and had taken passage in this dhow for cheapness sake.

Peter Middleton—this is not his real name—was a blacksmith's apprentice in my village. He was clever — too clever, for he often got into trouble for requisitioning hares, rabbits, and such small cattle of the hills. When he took at last to paying midnight visits to the farmers' fowl-runs, the farmers waxed wroth, and Peter had to run himself, and no more was heard of him in that place. My ship was lying some time after at a town in South Australia, and I received a polite but badly-spelled note from a resident medical man, requesting me to come on shore for consultation on a difficult case. The house was a smart one and well furnished, but judge of my surprise to find that the doctor himself was no other than Peter Middleton, ex-poacher and poultry-fancier. It is a strange world!

* "Orra," *Scottice*, "of all work."

But to my tale. I seldom travel anywhere, by sea or land, without taking as a companion a well-trained and handsome dog. It is nearly always a pure black Newfoundland, a breed for which I have attained some celebrity. These animals are of such extreme beauty and so prepossessing in manners, and so noble withal, that they never fail to make friends wherever they go. It may seem a curious thing to say, but it is strictly true nevertheless, that my dogs have introduced me to many of those whom, at the present moment, I rank among my most valued acquaintances.

About two years before the tremendous war broke out between Germany and France, happening to have earned a "spell of leave," as sailors call it, I was very naturally spending it in touring through the Scottish Highlands, my only companion being as usual a noble Newfoundland, that not only performed the duties of body-guard and sentry over my person, but also those of light porter, for he carried my portmanteau. Had I possessed any desire for exclusiveness on this journey, I should have been quite miserable, for wherever I went, on steamboat, in trains, or walking on foot, my princely companion was the subject of conversation and admiration. If I had tied a slate about my neck and pretended to be deaf and dumb, I might have been allowed to hold my tongue, but I should have had to write.

Who that has travelled in summer among the Western Isles of Scotland, does not know the grand steamships of the country with their splendid decks and palatial saloons? One beautiful day my dog and I were on board one of these boats on our way to Portree, the capital of Skye. Nero was looking his best and sauciest, his crimson silver-clasped collar showing off his raven-black colour to the best advantange. I seated myself in an out-of-the-way corner right abaft, with a book to read, and threw my tartan plaid over the dog. I thought we should thus escape observation, and I should not have to answer the same questions over and over again, which I had been replying to for the last month. But the book was too interesting. I became absorbed in it, I lost myself, and when I found myself again, I had lost my dog. But yonder he was, with quite a crowd about him, his beauty greatly enhanced by the rich colours of the plaid that floated from his broad back on each side of him, making him look like some gaily caparisoned elephant or embryo Jumbo. From the laughing and talking I could hear, it was evident he was amusing them by performing his various tricks, such as sneezing, making a bow, saying "Yes," standing on alternate legs, &c., all of which brought him buns and tit-bits.

"Your dog's been 'avin' a blow out," a sailor said to me. "I see'd 'im eat the best 'alf of a turkey, besides two pork pies, and no end of lumps of sugar, biscuits, and buns."

I soon stopped the performance, but did not get away until I had told the whole history of the dog, his breed and pedigree, and the points and characteristics, whims and oddities of Newfoundlands, and about fifty anecdotes of dogs in general—given a kind of canine lecture, in fact. I had become used to the rôle of public platformist by this time.

The dog slipped down that day to dinner with the rest of us, and lay down between a young German gentleman and myself. The steward wished to turn the dog out. I said, "Certainly, by all means." The great good-natured dog also said, "Certainly, by all means," when the steward addressed him, "but," the dog added, "you'll have to carry me."

As the Newfoundland weighed over nine stone, the steward permitted him to remain. Then the German and I got talking about the weather, the ship, the sea, my country, his country, history, poetry, music, and painting. His English was very good and his accent almost faultless, and his conversational powers were great; but though he could speak well, he could also listen, and the earnest look, the smile, or the occasional hearty though well-timed laugh, showed he possessed a soul that could appreciate originality in others, in whatever form it came. Before I was an hour in this young German's company, I had come to the conclusion that there were only *two* human beings on board the steamer, and that they were Hans Hegel and myself. I have reason to believe that Hegel himself was much of the same opinion.

We stayed at the same hotel, and next morning—and a delightful morning it was—as we sat together on the pine-clad Lump, with the blue waters of the Loch shimmering in the sunshine far beneath us, and on every side the marvellous rocks and wondrous hills, we agreed to travel in each other's company for the next three weeks at least.

When I say that those three weeks got extended to six, it will readily be believed that we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Of all romantic scenery it has ever been my luck in life to gaze upon, that of the "Winged Isle" is by far and away the most enchanting. See Skye in summer, and you will have something to think about and dream about until your dying day.

I was somewhat proud to be able to show my newly-found friend all the wild beauties of the island, the mysterious caves among its rocks, the frowning glories of its mountains, the sylvan sweetness that hovers dream-like around bonnie Armadale, and the awesome sublimities of lonely Coruishk. I know Skye *so* well, and there was not a glen, a hill, a bleak moorland, or one mile of surf-tormented beach, on which I could not cause to reappear the heroes and heroines of a bygone age. There was no attempt at effect in anything I said; I told but what I knew, I spoke but what I felt, and if I did sometimes warm to my subject or description, the warmth welled right up from the bottom of my heart.

Every enjoyment must come to an end at last. I got a letter one morning—a long white Service envelope contained it—which demanded my presence on the other side of the world.

We were reclining on a wild-thyme-scented knoll not far from the edge of a cliff, that went down a sheer 500 feet to the sea below. We could hear the boulders thundering on the beach, though we could not see them. Beyond this was the Minch, flaked with

foam—it was a breezy day—and far away on the horizon the blue outline of the Harris hills.

"No," he said, in answer to a question of mine, "we will not hamper each other with a promise to correspond. This world is full of sad partings. We must bend to the inevitable. I'll think of you though, sometimes, and Skye, and this lovely dog."

"I have one of his puppies," I said, "he shall be yours."

The Franco-German War was over; even the demon of civilised warfare had been exorcised at last by blood and tears, and peace smiled sadly on the soil of France once more.

I had been for a short time attached to a corps of German dragoons, in the capacity of correspondent. But there was little more for me to do now, only I think the officers, with whom I had got very friendly, wished me to see their reception at home, and I could not resist the temptation to march along with them. I have often been "homeward bound," but never saw before such genuine happiness as I now did. How they talked of the mothers, wives, sweethearts, and little ones they were soon again to see, and often too with a sigh and a manly tear or two about the comrades they left behind them under the green sod!

Our mess was a very jolly one. Sometimes at night the wind rose and roared, causing our tent—we *had* a tent then—to flap like sails in a storm at sea. Or the rain would beat against it, until the canvas first sweated inside, then dropped water, then ran water, till we were drenched. But whether drenched or dry, we always sang, oh! such rattling choruses. The villages we passed through had all we wanted to buy. The villagers often scowled, and I think they were usually glad to see our backs. But some fawned on us like whipped hounds for the sake of the money we spent. Yet I must say in justice that the Germans took no unfair advantage, and if any allusion was made to them as conquerors, they but laughed carelessly, muttered something about the fortunes of war, and changed the subject.

I was riding along one morning early, when I saw several of our fellows on the brow of a hill looking back with some degree of interest, but trotting on all the same.

I should have followed their example, but the mournful howling of a dog attracted my attention, and went straight to my very heart. So I rode up and over the hill.

I was hardly prepared for what I saw—a beautiful black Newfoundland, whining pitifully beside what appeared to be the dead body of a man.

I dismounted, and the dog came to meet me. He jumped and fawned on me, then rushed wildly back to the side of that prostrate form. But I stood as one transfixed. I could not mistake those eyes. It was Neptune, that I had given—a seven-months-old puppy—to Hans Hegel three years before.

And the poor fellow who lay before me with sadly gashed face, upturned to the morning sun, was Hegel himself.

He lay on his sword, lay as he had fallen, and the absence of the coat, the sash-bound waist, and sleeve up-rolled, told to me the history of his trouble in a way there was no mistaking. He had fallen in a duel.

But was he dead? No; for, soon after I had raised him in my arms and poured a little cordial down his throat, he opened his eyes, gazed bewilderedly at me for a moment, then his hand tightened on mine and he smiled. He knew me.

I should have liked some of those strange people who do not love dogs to have been present just then, to witness the looks of gratitude in poor Neptune's eyes as he tenderly licked my hand with his soft tongue.

My regiment went on: I stayed at the nearest village hostelry with Hans Hegel.

When he was well enough he told me the story of the duel. So far the affair was unromantic enough, for there was not a lady in it. The quarrel had been forced upon him by a fire-eating Frenchman, and swords were drawn on a point of national honour.

"I owe my life to you," Hegel said.

"You owe your life," I replied, "to Heaven and that faithful dog."

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

IN my last paper I spoke of colleges where gentlewomen desirous to pass examinations and gain certificates could be trained for these ordeals—a training which is necessary to, and is required of, all who seek appointments in public schools and the higher branches of private instruction.

There are, however, many young children, both boys and girls, in different classes of life, who are not sent to public daily schools, but who are taught in smaller private schools, or are educated at home.

Many parents are of opinion—and I am on their side—that young children make faster and more satisfactory progress when they can have individual attention and ampler explanations than is possible when they are put in a large class, however competent the teacher of it may be.

As teachers for young children, whether boys or girls, women will always be chosen in preference to men. In this lower branch there will be no keen rivalry or competition between the sexes. Men find the work irksome, and one for which they are un-

fitted, and themselves acknowledge that this task of grounding and laying the first foundation is much better done by women than by members of their own sex. I have heard it affirmed by more than one head master of large boys' schools, that they invariably found those boys got on the best who had been taught the rudiments by women.

Now, there are numbers of gentlewomen whose circumstances do not permit them to make use of the opportunities afforded by training colleges. Some have not the means required, even if the expense is not great. Some cannot afford to give up the year or two required. The first youth of some is passed before the need of earning their livelihood has arisen. Without certificates or testamurs, no important appointments will be obtained, and no high salaries will be gained: this is true; but there are very many minor positions of this kind in private life, here, there, and everywhere, for which gentlewomen may fit themselves, and in which they may succeed thoroughly well if they possess ordinary capabilities and the lawful ambition to achieve success.

I should like my words to reach parents as well as governesses, for there is rather a craze about certificates just now, and an undue stress is laid upon the possession and the non-possession of them. No amount of certificates will prove that the possessor can teach well: they prove that she has given up years of her life, and has worked hard enough to acquire a good deal of knowledge; and this proof is necessary and requisite for teachers of older children, but for the little ones I venture to say it is not necessary; and from the close observation of years I am of opinion that men and women of high attainments generally fail to understand the difficulties which so many young children experience in grappling with knowledge at the outset. A clever scholar finds it irksome, and is apt to think it an unnecessary trouble to explain, it may be a dozen times, the why and the wherefore of some simple lesson. Women, not of lesser intelligence, but possessing less acquaintance with the higher branches of knowledge, are more fitted to cope with the difficulties felt by young minds while groping their way from darkness into light.

The actual groundwork is very simple, and one which a woman of ordinary capacity could lay down satisfactorily. Perfect reading, correct spelling, clear handwriting; the multiplication table, Latin declensions, and terminations of the French verbs at the finger-ends, the first four rules of arithmetic *thoroughly* understood, a broad and general knowledge of geography and of the history of their own country—these simple stores of knowledge, taught with extreme exactness in all details, with perfect accuracy and clearness, if placed firmly and intelligently in a child's mind, will prove of life-long value—will prove a steady, useful foundation on which the superstructure of future and higher learning can be reared safely and with certainty.

Refinement of mind, clearness of language, sympathy with her child-pupils, patience, thoroughness, and the desire to make the lessons interesting and to stimulate progress—all these qualities, so necessary in a teacher, are not conferred by degree or certificate: they are within the reach and the grasp of every governess; and each one who can show perfect work, although the ground-plan is small, has as much reason for satisfaction and congratulation as those whose business it is to erect the higher storeys or put on the coping-stones.

Briefly I would say to parents, it lies within your power to test the efficiency of the teacher; be satisfied if the rudiments are thoroughly taught, and do not desire to have the young, and it may be slowly-awakening, minds of your children burthened and over-taxed by a great variety and weight of knowledge.

I will now give a few hints to painters.

The demand for painted plaques and pin-cushions has greatly subsided, and therefore these articles when sent to depôts are very likely to remain unsold.

Doyleys, made of white silk and edged with plaited lace, with a different picture painted upon the silken surface of each one, are now in fashion; they furnish subjects for conversation and comments amongst the guests at table, and thus are considered useful as well as ornamental.

The demand for hand-painted menu and guest cards is not quite so great, although such cards are still in use; the reason for this decline must be whispered low: it is because many hostesses find, to their chagrin and their cost, that guests ofttimes take away from the dinner-table cards which are nicely painted.

"Out" and "at home" cards have been brought into use in town houses. A card of this description hangs in the hall, and the mistress of the house reverses the card as she enters or leaves her house, and by this means the servant knows what answer to give to callers, who are not kept waiting, as is often the case while the servant ascertains whether her mistress is "out" or "at home." Painting on leather is more durable than on cardboard.

Painted tiles and designs for tiles still find a market, as they are largely used for the sides of fire-places, in lieu of iron and steel facings. Also painted mirrors, of which I have before spoken, are used for the same purpose of a framework round the fire-grate.

Another occupation for those who can guide a paint-brush with skill and delicacy is that of painting slides for magic-lanterns. These entertaining spectacles have come again before the public, after a lapse of some years. The old oil-lamp, with its dull and feeble light, remains in dusty obscurity; it has been superseded by a lantern of much larger size—the fresh impetus in this direction is owing to the lately-found means of producing a more intense and brilliant light. Slides are therefore in demand. The painting is not attended with any great difficulties: common glass, water-colours, mastic varnish, a camel-hair brush, and etching-needle are the simple requisites; observance in the use of them has to be studied, but the lessons are simple.

Children are always pleased to see old friends, by which I mean that illustrations of well-known stories will interest and amuse them, therefore the artist need not necessarily possess the talent for original ideas.

To embroiderers I would suggest carriage-rugs, and

covers for billiard-tables. The former are of plain dark cloth, and have coats-of-arms or monograms on a large scale in the centre of the rug, or have a continuous pattern round the edge—gold of some shade is the most effective colour for the silk, and the embroidery is thick and close in style. The cuffs, collars, and facings of smoking-coats often exhibit embroidery.

Workers who manipulate mesh and netting-needle can make tennis-nets and netted bags for tennis-balls; also garden hammocks; these latter look especially pretty if made in the French style of different-coloured twines, with border of netted fringe. The sum charged for these hammocks is a guinea each.

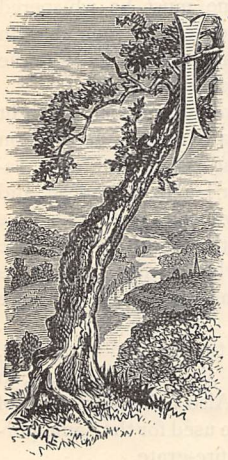
I know of, and I hear of, ladies who find situations for servants, and servants for vacant situations, who are actuated to do this work by the mere wish to help others, for they derive no pecuniary benefit therefrom. I think there must be many gentlewomen who might undertake this work and make it remunerative. A certain set of qualities are needful—discernment, the aptitude for fitting people into suitable niches, for recommending round people to round holes and square people to the square holes, the determination to be honest as to the real characters of applicants, and to ascertain from reliable sources what those characters are; to be prompt and business-like; under these conditions I think that the enterprise would be sure to succeed.

In my last paper (June) I made mention of an establishment for dress-making at Albany House, Vauxhall Bridge Road. Since the Magazine was printed, that establishment has been removed from that address. Any one wishing for further particulars as to the present arrangements, which I am told will be on the same plan, will receive information by writing to Mrs. John Fitzgerald, Old Charlton, Kent.

A. S. P.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

BY CATHARINE CHILDAR, AUTHOR OF "A MAID CALLED BARBARA," ETC.



IT was a beautiful day in July, and M. Pontoise, préfet of the little Norman town of Virentan, lounged back in his arbour, the very picture of full-blown content. A cup of black coffee was on the table before him, and he had just lighted an unimpeachable cigar.

But mere bodily comforts had not rendered the worthy préfet so radiant; he had received very agreeable news that morning. M. le Comte de la Croiserie, one of the most distinguished residents in the neighbourhood, had asked the hand of Mademoiselle Mélanie Pontoise in marriage. The event was so flattering, so unexpected, that the happy parents could scarcely contain themselves for joy, and were eager to tell their daughter the honour that awaited her.

Madame Pontoise soon appeared, followed by a pretty fair-haired girl, who put her hand caressingly on her father's arm.

"Now then, petit père, what is it you have to tell me? I see it is something nice. Another invitation to England, perhaps?"

A slight shade passed over the beaming countenance of Madame Pontoise, as she answered for her husband, "No; you have been too much in England already. Your last visit filled your foolish little head with all sorts of ideas."

"Well, never mind," said the good-tempered préfet, flicking some cigar-ashes off the spherical surface of his white waistcoat; "this has nothing to do with England. On the contrary, it is something to keep you here. How should you like to be a countess?"

"Not at all, papa. I would rather stay with you, plain Mademoiselle Pontoise."

"You've been that long enough," put in her mother; "it is high time to change. M. le Comte de la Croiserie has written to ask for your hand in marriage, and your father is deeply sensible of the honour."

Mélanie opened her eyes. "Why, papa is a Republican! He laughs at titles!"

"Nonsense, child!" said M. Pontoise; "what do you know about politics?"

But it was true, nevertheless, and M. Pontoise could not deny it. Still, it was all very well to laugh at titles when you hadn't any yourself, but M. Pontoise very naturally felt it would be quite a different matter if he had a count for a son-in-law. So he answered his only child rather testily, telling her that she knew nothing about politics, and had much better turn her attention to her toilette for the evening.

Madame Pontoise took the hint at once, and led the way back to the house, Mélanie following slowly and silently. When they were safe in the seclusion of the girl's bed-room, Madame Pontoise began to reason with her daughter.

"What is the matter, ma fille? What objection have you to M. de la Croiserie? That he is a widower? Bah! that is nothing. That he is older than you? Ah! my child, you will know some day how well it is to have a husband of that age, possessed of the most admirable qualities. Why, he is everywhere sought after: you will be the envy of the neighbourhood."

That was undoubtedly true; still, Mélanie did not look convinced.

"But I don't know him, mamma. I have only seen him twice."

"MÉLANIE TURNED AWAY HER HEAD" (*p.* 567).

"What more would you have? Who expects you to know him? We have not yet adopted the English habit of allowing young girls to form intimacies with men; but you have *heard* of him. Every one is acquainted with his good heart—his——"

"Oh! yes, mamma," interrupted Mélanie impatiently; "I have heard his praises sung till I am tired. Solo, duet, or chorus, the refrain is always the same. He is so good! he is such a kind father!"

"You surely don't object to the children, Mélanie? Three darlings, and only girls. Remember, you have already vexed your father twice by refusing two very eligible offers. Do not disappoint him again by rejecting M. de la Croiserie, the most eligible of all. He is coming to a little dinner 'en famille,' so that you may judge of one another. And now I leave you to choose your dress;" and Madame Pontoise hurried away.

Mélanie stood by the window, gazing drearily out upon the view. Below in blinding sunshine was the stiff, trim little garden in which her father's soul delighted; a few orchards intervened between that and the river Vire, and immediately on the other bank lay the grounds of the Château de la Croiserie. The trees were in full leaf, so that but little of the house was visible; but Mélanie could see a small turret window, which she knew was the count's dressing-room. Her heart sank within her. The count was a fine match from a worldly point of view. It was very flattering that he should wish to make her his wife, but she felt it would be impossible to love him. He was so cold, so stiff. Her mother said the best kind of love for a woman came *after* marriage, but Mélanie shuddered at the risk. Could it be that she had really imbibed foolish ideas during her visits to England? she had dreamed there of something very different. Was marriage one of the things they manage better in France? Well, it was to be hoped so. Mélanie sighed, and the turrets of her future home were blotted out by a mist of blinding tears.

Suddenly there came a loud peal at the door. Who could be ringing so violently? Had the count proved too ardent a lover to wait till the evening? The idea was grotesque; besides, he would never do anything so incorrect.

While she was wondering, her mother came rushing into the room, holding a card in her hand.

"Here is young Mr. Paget come to see your father. How provoking! just as he has gone to the Préfecture. Do go down and see him. You can speak English, and you must tell him where to go."

Mélanie stood transfixed. The event which seemed so commonplace to the mother seemed a miracle to the girl. Mr. Paget was her father's English partner; it was at his house that she had paid those visits of which Madame Pontoise disapproved. His daughter Alice was her school-fellow and friend; his son Tom was—well, he was her friend too.

And to think that he should appear to-day—dropped from the clouds, as it were!

Recovering herself, she ran quickly down-stairs. A tall, sunburnt young man was standing in the middle of the room, looking eagerly towards the door.

"Oh, Monsieur Tom!" she cried; "est-il possible?"

"Why not?" he said smiling; "am I so altered? But, I say, you mustn't talk French, you know. I can't understand a word of that."

Mélanie laughed, but the tears so recently repressed were very near the surface. "Papa will be very glad to see you," she said, with her pretty accent.

Mr. Tom looked moderately elated at the assurance.

"I think you might say you were glad too, Mademoiselle Mélanie, for unless I had expected to see *you*, I should not have come one hundred miles out of my way. I hope you haven't forgotten your stay with us. We had great fun, if you remember. Do you recollect our ride on the tricycle and our picnics on the river?"

"I shall never forget them!" she answered, her eyes gleaming like sunshine after rain. There was a repressed intensity in her tones which did not escape Tom. Both young people were silent a few seconds.

Just then her mother entered the room. She had been peeping behind the Venetian shutters to see Mr. Paget's departure, and now came to see the cause of the delay. She was displeased to find them deeply engaged in conversation, and packed him off to the Préfecture without delay. But she never guessed what her husband would do. He was in such a state of effusive benevolence that he invited Tom to the important dinner in the evening! Madame Pontoise was immensely disgusted.

"How stupid men are! That tiresome young Englishman will make the count look ten years older."

However, it could not be helped, and the good lady was too immersed in household cares to give much thought to the matter.

Punctual to the moment, M. de la Croiserie arrived: a well-preserved man, over fifty, carefully dressed, with grey hair, which looked long by the side of Tom's "regulation cut" and M. Pontoise's bristles. He was formally introduced to Mélanie, and made a profound and elaborate bow, clicking his heels together as he did so.

"A galvanised mummy!" thought Tom as he watched the performance, but his opinion was not very valuable. He had learned the state of affairs from M. Pontoise, and had at once conceived a strong prejudice against the count.

The dinner passed off very well. M. de la Croiserie addressed Mélanie with marked deference once or twice, and she replied in monosyllables. Madame Pontoise was quite ecstatic—this was exactly as it should be.

Tom began to wish he had not come. It did not require a conjurer to see that Mélanie did not care for the count, and the young Englishman's soul was overflowing with chivalrous pity. To sacrifice that warm-hearted Mélanie to such an iceberg: what a shame! He had not expected to burst into such an exciting chapter of the family history; and once here, what could he do? He had always liked his sister's pretty French friend, but he had had no definite plan or scheme in coming to see her. Now that he found her again, no longer a school-girl, but a beautiful woman, whose life-happiness was trembling in the balance, his feelings were stirred and deepened. He watched her every movement; he took note of every changing expression which flitted across her face; he fancied he detected traces of tears, and his heart went out to her. Nobody but the two young people saw any pathos in the situation. The parents answered their daughter's wistful glances with exultant smiles, and the count made a good dinner, serenely certain of success.

When they went into the drawing-room, Tom hoped to exchange a few words with Mélanie unobserved, but he reckoned without Madame Pontoise's watchful eyes. Fortune favoured him, however. The mother was suddenly called away, and the count and M. le Préfet

had gone into the garden to discuss matters by the light of a post-prandial cigar. Tom seized his opportunity.

"Your father has told me everything," he said, in a low voice. "I hope you will be happy."

"Ah! Monsieur Tom," she sighed, with a pretty appealing gesture of her hands and an earnest look out of her great dark eyes, "what can I do?"

"If you don't like him, there is still time. When you are married it will be too late."

Before Mélanie had time to answer, Madame Pontoise returned, and the young people separated.

"Will you not join the gentlemen now, Monsieur Paget?" she said meaningly. "My daughter will give us a song; but you can hear very well in the garden."

"I think I will take my leave, Madame. I have already trespassed too long upon your hospitality;" and Tom departed. But all the way to his hotel he was uneasy and doubting. "What can I do? How I wish I knew what she really wants! What a fool I am! What sent me here to trouble that poor girl's life? What grand, wonderful eyes she has—with the pleading look of some dumb animal in them! She doesn't like the Frenchman—but—I wonder if she likes *me*. I wasn't a bit in love with her when I came—at least, I think not—but now! Oh! if I could only speak to the girl! The mother glares at me like a dragon. Poor, pretty Mélanie! I'd give anything to know what she thinks of me. I wonder what a fellow ought to do!"

* * * * *

The next morning rose clear and beautiful, and M. de la Croiserie sent over a mounted messenger to beg the préfet and his family to lunch at the Château. The worthy préfet and his wife were radiant; but Mélanie, who had slept badly, looked pale and worn.

The poor girl was desperate. She saw no help, no escape. The gleam of hope which Tom had brought had faded. No doubt he was now on his way to Paris. Years would elapse before they would meet again.

After the ceremonious lunch was over, the count gave his hand to Mélanie, and led her into the old-fashioned garden.

She felt the crisis of her life had come. Oh, for courage to make a stand!

M. de la Croiserie led her to a stone bench, and sat down beside her.

"I wish to thank you, Mademoiselle," he said gravely, "for accepting my suit. I am older than you; many think me austere, but I assure you that you shall never regret the decision you have made."

Mélanie turned away her head. Those measured tones seemed to freeze her. Yet Tom had said, "Think before you decide; when you are married it will be too late." So, summoning her courage, she faltered—

"You think too highly of me, Monsieur le Comte. I am deeply sensible of your flattering preference, but I am not equal to the position."

The count listened benignly. He thought it all very proper and diffident, but he attached no weight to it whatever.

"When you are my wife," he said, bowing low, "you will have me always at your side to guide and direct."

Mélanie gave him a frightened look, then turned away again. Yes, it was true: that man would be *always* at her side. What an appalling idea!

"It is impossible for me to undertake——"

"Allow me to assure you, Mademoiselle, that I consider nobody so worthy as yourself to fulfil the duties of a mother towards my little girls. Your discretion, your amiability, give me a thousand guarantees for the future. But your parents will think I abuse my privileges," he continued, with a wintry smile, as he assisted her to rise from the bench. Then he conducted her to Monsieur and Madame Pontoise, sitting expectant and anxious in the drawing-room.

"Monsieur le Préfet," said the count, "*I commend my future wife to your care.*"

Mélanie said nothing, but her parents were voluble enough to make amends for her silence. The count led them through the grounds to the river, where he had ordered a boat to be in readiness to pull them across. M. Pontoise went first, his wife followed. Mélanie, pale as death, came third. Her dainty high-heeled shoes, fit only for a polished floor, failed her on the sloping plank. She slipped, and fell into the water. The river was deep. Nobody could swim. The count stood on the bank, paralysed—staring.

"Go, go!" screamed Madame Pontoise, "tell them to stop the mill. She will be carried over it!" But he seemed petrified with terror.

M. Pontoise had thrown off his coat, and was struggling in the water, endangering his own life without saving his daughter's. Madame Pontoise did nothing but shriek, but it was the best thing she could do. It brought rescue. Tom Paget had not gone to Paris: he was hovering about, undecided, uneasy; he heard her screams, and rushed up in a moment. He saw at once what had happened, and running a few yards down the stream, plunged in. He had calculated well. Mélanie rose to the surface close to the spot, and it was but the work of a few strong strokes and she was safe again in the boat. The next thing was to rescue M. Pontoise. His struggles had exhausted him and driven the air from his lungs; his clothes, heavy with the water, pulled him down; and when Tom dragged him out of the water he was quite insensible. Fortunately, he was near home. Restoratives were procured, and soon he and Mélanie were in each other's arms, rejoicing in their safety.

Tom had no reason to complain that Madame Pontoise glared at him like a dragon now. The poor lady had no terms to express her gratitude. There was no more question of his continuing his journey to Paris: the grateful parents would not let him go. Before they retired for the night he had an opportunity of learning Mélanie's wishes, and found they coincided entirely with his own. With Tom by her side, Mélanie feels equal to rejecting a dozen counts; and it is not likely the worthy préfet and his wife will refuse their child to the man who saved her life.

THE WHITE LADY OF THE BERLIN CASTLE.

BY KARL BLIND.

THREE days before the German Emperor recently fell sick, a sentinel declared that he had seen, exactly at midnight, the "White Lady," or Ancestress, pass down the corridors of the Royal Palace. Hence a great deal of awe among superstitious people; for the *Weisse Frau*, or *Ahn-Frau*, of the House of Hohenzollern is reckoned to be a harbinger of death whenever she thus walks through the Castle at the ghostly hour.

Few people have, probably, very clear ideas about the mythic connection of this spectral apparition. Yet the gruesome tale has its root in a creed once common to the forefathers of Englishmen, Germans, and Scandinavians—a creed whose divine figures have, in course of time, been changed into hobgoblins and spukes. This is a fact well known to, and well worked out by, specialists in matters of mythology and folk-lore. All the greater is the pity that among the masses the results of these researches are utterly ignored. And so it now and then happens that some soldier, fresh from the country, and rather green, suddenly mistakes, in his frightened fancy at night, a belated cook in his or her white apron for the terrible Ancestress. Even among some better-educated people, especially among women, the strange superstition is difficult to eradicate. So great is the hold that these ancient forms of faith have on the public mind, until the light is spread by a scientific explanation.

To put the Berlin story at once into its proper connection, it may first be mentioned that the White Lady is by no means peculiar to the Prussian House, but that similar wraiths are from olden times reported to haunt various princely palaces, as well as noblemen's castles, all over Germany. Only a few years since, the *Weisse Frau* was said to have appeared in the Hofburg at Vienna. There was much excitement, lest some sudden case of death, or some terrible event, should happen in the Imperial and Royal House of Habsburg. Inquiries were diligently set on foot; but nothing came of them.

From early youth I remember that in south-western Germany the White Lady was spoken of, in words of affright, as playing a similar part in the ruling house of the Grand-Duchy of Baden. Any one conversant with the pedigree of that royal family will easily understand why there should be a White Lady also in the case of the House of Zähringen. The fact is, in its pedigree there figures a semi-mythic ancestor (Berchtold), whose name at once suggests that of the heathen goddess (Berchta) of whom I shall presently have to speak as the prototype of all the ghostly and castle-haunting Ancestresses. From boyhood I furthermore recollect some amusing stories as to the doings of this White Lady. Once she was personated by a wily schemer at Court, for the purpose of attaining certain political objects, through working upon the poorly cultivated minds of some "exalted personages." Upon this notable occasion, the Woman in White was bodily "collared" at Karlsruhe, when it was found that she was a *man!* This made the ghostly survival look extremely ridiculous, and even punishable at law.

Turning away from such meaner aspects of the legend, the question arises as to how a supernatural lady, clad in white, comes to be a herald of death in so many royal and noble families of Germany. The answer is not far to seek. It is clearly contained in the pre-Christian faith of our forefathers, of which there are even now the most remarkable remnants in the folk-lore, the popular beliefs, and the castle traditions of our country, as well as of other Teutonic nations.

Almost in every case, very few excepted, in which a White Lady is mentioned, she is called Bertha. This noteworthy fact at once points to the great German goddess, Perahta, Perchta, or Berchta (in modern German, Bertha), whose very name means Shining Light, as typified by the white colour. She is the same as the northern Goddess of Love, Freyja (in German Freia, Freia-Holda, or simply Holda), who was equally represented in *white* garments. In a great many tales still current in German folk-lore, she appears, not only as clad in white, her white headgear and robe being moreover covered with a white veil which falls from her golden hair; but also as of snow-white body—a perfect Woman in White.

Now this Bertha or Freia-Holda, besides being a Teutonic Venus, was also a Goddess of Domestic Virtue, and at the same time a Mother of Life, in whose beautiful gardens the Unborn dwell. As usual with Mothers of Life in mythology, she is, moreover, a Mistress of Death. In the heathen Norse creed we find one-half of the departed assigned to Freyr, for her palace Folkwang, whilst the remnant of the dead went up to Walhall, to be with Odin; or to Thrudheim, where the God of Thunder resided; or to

Alfheim, which was the heavenly palace of Freyr, the God of Peace, Love, and Fertility, and brother of Freyja; or to Gefion, who received those that died unmarried. Thus we see in Freyja a white-robed deity in her double quality of a progenitress or ancestress, and of a ruler of the dead. The transition to a similar phantom, haunting castles, is easy.

Actually, Bertha, or Freia, being a Mother of Life, was fabled, in heathen German antiquity, to be the supernatural ancestress of noble and royal families. In Norse myth she bears, of course, as such, the name of Frigg; the original deity in question having, in Scandinavia, branched off into two figures: Freyja (the Love-Goddess and consort of Odur), and Frigg (the consort of Odin); whilst in Germany, Freia-Fricka has remained one and the same. Kingly races, it need not be said, have grown out of aristocratic ones. For the sake of better impressing and governing the crowd, they always appear, in the dawn of history, as being of heavenly descent. Anglo-Saxon, Norwegian, Danish, German princely families trace their origin to "Woden, whom we call Oden." So the Norse Royal Genealogy (Langfedgatal) has it. This Woden or Oden, it is true, if we look closely at the Icelandic "Heims-Kringla" record, is a semi-historical army leader who, from his kingdom near the Black Sea where he was said to have had a fortress called Asgard, went forth through Gardariki (Russia) and Saxony (Germany) for the conquest of Scandinavia. But the image of this semi-mythic, semi-historical Odin is somewhat confused in the northern tale with the god of the same name.

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt of a great many "Berthas" occurring in the ancestral legends of Teutonic ruling families. Almost invariably these progenitresses are of a mythic character. Bertha was said to have been the name of the mother of "Charlemagne," as the French call him, though the Frankish emperor, Karl the Great, was a full-blooded Teuton, careful of his German speech, and usually dressed in his national Frankish garb. The Bertha who is alleged to have been his mother, belongs not, however, to history, but to the circle of myths of pre-Christian times.

A stag (so the tale runs) led Pipin, the father of Karl the Great, to a forest glade where Bertha had found an asylum, after her would-be murderers had regarded her as dead. In an old French record she is curtly and most ungallantly described as *Berthe as grand piès*—that is, Bertha the large-footed. The expression corresponds with the old German *Berhte mit dem fuoze—i.e.*, "Bertha with the foot." This large foot of the legendary elder-mother of the House of the Carolingians, or Kerlings, was represented in sculptures of old French (Frankish) and Burgundian churches as a swan's foot—or rather as a goose-foot! The queen in question is therefore called *Reine aux pieds d'oison;* clearly not a human being, but a fairy-form belonging to mythology.

But why a goose-foot, or a swan's foot? Here, again, the explanation is to be found in the "grand and weird creed," as Southey calls it, of our Teutonic forebears. In her earliest form, Freia-Holda-Bertha was figured as a Storm-Goddess, the wife of the Ruler of the Winds and the Clouds, by whom she is chased—even as the cloud is by the wind. Minor cloud-goddesses, or cloud-women, surround her; in some myths they are conceived as swans or mares. They are the swift-running, fast-sailing cloudlets, of sombrer or more silvery hue. Freia-Bertha herself was in this way at first regarded as a Walkyrian Swan-Virgin, or even as a downright Swan.

Later on, when the nature-myth changed into a more human-like representation of deities, nothing remained of the characteristics of the Swan-Virgin, or of the Swan, but the foot. Under a new deterioration of the tale, a goose-foot is substituted for the swan's foot. The goose-foot, again, is afterwards changed into a flat-foot, a large foot—nay, into a club-foot. And so, out of a white-robed Goddess, Freia-Bertha—an Elder-mother of All Life and a Mistress of Death, who originally was a Swan-Virgin—we get Berthas, ancestresses of kings, who are represented as swan-footed, goose-footed, flat-footed, ay, club-footed; as well as White Ladies who are harbingers of death in royal palaces.

It is a peculiarity of the tales referring to the divine circle among all nations, that certain heavenly figures show double qualities apparently opposed to each other. Apollo is a dispenser of bliss and fertility, as well as a far-hitting bringer of death. Under a southern sky, this twofold conception of a Sun-God can be easily understood. Hel,* the Norse Mistress of the Underworld, who hides the dead, is at the same time a secretly-working Mother of Life. This, again, explains itself from the fertilising character of the lower regions of the Earth or Underworld. In the Edda, Hel is half black and half of the colour of human flesh. Death and Life are combined in her. This, so to say, Darwinian, but also old Greek and old Hindoo, notion of the incessant changes wrought in all things, was thus symbolised by a divine figure among the Germanic nations. So also we meet with, in Frankonian and Swabian tales, a Hilda-Bertha, in whose name Darkness and Light, Death and Life, are united. The same quality pertains to Bertha, the Ancestress and the Messenger of Death.

In the legends of German castles, the White Woman, or Ancestress, sometimes carries a heavy, tapping walking-stick. Her ghostly approach is thus heard from afar. This characteristic, too, is explainable from an attribute of the goddess on whose type the spectral apparition in question had been moulded. As a representative, not only of amorousness but also of housewifely accomplishments, Perchta, or Bertha, was figured with a distaff. She is in this, as well as in some other respects, like the Trojan Athene, of whom we hear a great deal that is new and highly interesting, in the works of that indefatigable explorer, Dr. Schliemann, who, in addition to his previous matchless labours, has a few months ago made a fresh

* In English dialectic speech, "to *hele*" means, even now, to conceal, or to hide.

wonderful discovery of a vast pre-historic palace at Tiryns, in the Peloponnese.

The distaff of the former German goddess Perchta still plays its part in current folk-tales. About Twelfth-night—it was once believed, and it is believed even now in some dark nooks and corners where superstition lingers—a fairy, called Freia or Berchta, visits the households, looking after the industry of the maidens at the spinning-wheel. No wonder, "Bertha with the Distaff" is the name of that mythic mother of Karl the Great; her image having been evolved out of the ancient Teutonic creed rather than out of historical fact. In the usual course of the deterioration of tales, the distaff of Freia-Bertha, the White Goddess, has degenerated into a heavy staff carried by a spectral white woman.

It will thus be seen that the phantom whose apparition, in German castles, is said to portend the death of some member of the family, or some other tragic occurrence, is none else than the fabulous Ancestress of the heathen faith, who either calls back her descendants to the region she herself inhabits, or wishes to give them important warning. As usual in such legends, they become, after awhile, loaded with all kinds of extraneous historical matter. For instance, in the story of the lordly family of Neuhaus and Rosenberg, the Ancestress—whose name, of course, is Bertha—is said to have built the Castle of Neuhaus in the fifteenth century; promising the workmen, if they got things all right, a festive treat, which is even now annually given to the poor, in her remembrance, on Maundy Thursday. This festive treat, however, consists exactly of the viands which once were sacred to the goddess Berchta, and which are still eaten, in some parts of Germany, at Twelfth-night, or Twelfth-day—which is there called *Berchtentag*, or Berchta's Day!

In the same way we find at Oxford University, even now, a Boar's Head Dinner, the origin of which is explained from an alleged adventure a student had with a wild boar in the forest of Shotover; whereas the Boar's Head Dinner was in reality once a religious ceremonial feast among all Teutonic races—Anglo-Saxon, German, and Norse—in honour of Freyr (the brother of this very Freyja-Berchta), whose sacred animal was the golden-bristled, swift-running boar, representing the sun in his career over the sky.

If the scientific treatment of these tales—which under a cover of ghastliness have sometimes traits of considerable charm—were popularised and brought home to the understanding of the masses, superstitions would soon vanish and nocturnal scares become impossible. Nothing would then remain of them but the poetic enjoyment of their contents; and White Ladies at Berlin, Vienna, or in noblemen's ancestral mansions, would cease to trouble a frightened fancy.

A BLIND MAN'S SONG.

SWEET buttercups and daisies
That gem the grassy plain,
With warm, soul-filtered phrases
I'll sing you once again.

You stand like children heark'ning
To one that's loved you long;
But twilight shades are dark'ning,
And gloom blights many a song.

But list, a song I'll tend you—
An old man's vesper strain—
If stammerings won't offend you,
Nor flutterings give you pain.

For why should night's relation,
Poor me—so apt to rove—
Not tell my admiration
To gemlets from above?

To eyes now growing sightless
You're losing all your wiles,
Yet in my soul your brightness
Has photographed your smiles.

In youth I've danced around you
Till nature sued for rest,
And then in chaplets bound you
For them that loved the best.

Companions of the lea-land,
Companions old and true,
There's not in this our free land
Two older friends than you.

So give the cup a charging
Of morn's refreshing wine,
And from the goblet's margi
I'll drink to love divine.

Then though the burthen crazes,
I'll sing to nature's lute—
Praise, buttercups and daisies—
Praise God when man is mute.

In youth give praises tender,
But in maturer hours
Praise Him with Eden's splendour—
The eloquence of flowers.

Praise Him, ye pastoral singers,
On harps of Flora's mould—
Praise Him with pearly fingers
And bells of fragrant gold.

Though none but your Creator
And bards may catch the strain—
The rhapsodies of nature
Will not ascend in vain.

Praise Him while Phœbus lends you
The lustre of his eye,
And while a Zephyr tends you
To waft your hymn on high.

When life's spring morn was flowering
You laughed when I was gay,
But now the night is lowering,
Methinks I hear you say :

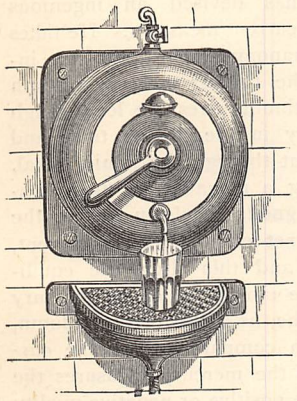
" Prepare—for day is over,
And darkling night begun,
Prepare, my weary rover,
To greet the Morning Sun ! "

JOSEPH SENIOR.

THE GATHERER.

A Wall-Filter.

At the International Health Exhibition is exhibited a very convenient household or garden filter, which can be attached to the wall in the manner illustrated. The filter is connected with the main service pipe, with an intervening stopcock as shown, and the water is drawn off by turning the handle in the centre of the filter. The action of the filter is both chemical and mechanical; and it consists essentially of a disc of thick close-woven paper, made of pure vegetable pulp, having animal charcoal deprived of phosphates incorporated with it. This filter is contained in the recess formed by the raised surface of the wall-plate. The filtering capacity of the arrangement is such that fifteen gallons of water will pass through one twelve inches in diameter in an hour, and hence no reservoir is required to hold the filtered water, as it can be drawn off in sufficient quantity to make the filter serve as a drinking fountain. The paper should be replaced every few days ; but this is easily done. Main-pipe filters are also made upon this principle, which are capable of filtering 50,000 gallons of water per day.



Glass Pulleys.

A firm of glass-workers in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, are now making glass pulleys to take the place of iron ones, which have a much higher coefficient of friction, and wear the ropes and belts out faster. The new pulleys are made in a mould, and require care in the manufacture. They are about 13 inches in diameter, and 2½ to 3 inches wide, with a groove in the centre to receive the cable. The rim, or tire, only is of glass, the body being an iron "spider," or frame. They are suitable for cable tramways, and though a little more expensive at first, are believed to be more economical in the long run. The glass is made extra tough and strong, as ordinary glass will not do, and the annealing process takes seventy-two hours. The same firm are also making wheels, and other parts of machinery, out of glass.

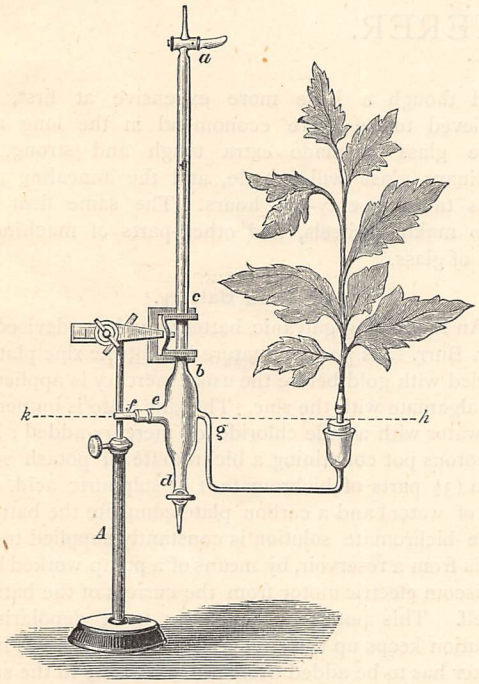
A Gold Battery.

An interesting galvanic battery has been devised by Mr. Burr. Its peculiar feature is that the zinc plate is gilded with gold before the usual mercury is applied to amalgamate with the zinc. The zinc plate is immersed in water with a little chloride of mercury added ; and a porous pot containing a bichromate of potash solution (3½ parts of bichromate, 1 of sulphuric acid, and 10 of water) and a carbon plate complete the battery. The bichromate solution is constantly supplied to the cells from a reservoir, by means of a pump worked by a Griscom electric motor from the current of the battery itself. This pump by supplying fresh depolarising solution keeps up the strength of the battery. A little water has to be added from time to time to the solution round the zinc plate. Mr. Burr holds that the gold reduces local action on the zinc, and saves waste of zinc. Such a battery, thanks to the circulating depolarising liquid, has been known to work 600 hours consecutively with a consumption of 1 lb. of bichromate of potash per cell per week. It is adapted for electric lighting, which when done by means of batteries is much more expensive than when done by dynamos ; but is suitable for small installations, such as yachts, offices, &c., of ten or twenty lamps.

A New Cable Tramway.

A new cable tramway for streets has been brought out in America by Messrs. Orvis and Adams. Its distinctive feature is the placing of the wheels of the cars underground, in the same tunnels which the cables run through. Nothing of the propelling gear is visible in the street ; and in the places where the rails of the ordinary tram-line run are two narrow longitudinal slits or grooves communicating with two tunnels under the street. In these tunnels, which are of oval cross-section, the rails are laid, and the wheels of the car travel along them. The car itself is supported

over the wheels by two iron flanges or keels, which run in the slits above-mentioned, and by a bifurcated support are borne by the axles of the wheels. The cables, of which there is one in each tunnel, run over pulleys mounted on the sides of the tunnels. These tunnels are of iron, and connected together cross-wise by iron flanges bolted together. The use of two cables—one a high-speed, the other a low—permits the cars to be run at fast or slow speeds when desired, by the driver causing one or other cable to be gripped by the catching mechanism of the grip-car.



The Potetometer.

"Potetometer" is the name given to an instrument for measuring the transpiration of water by plants. As shown in the illustration, it consists of a glass tube, *a d*, open at both ends, and blown out into a bulb near the lower end; an aperture also exists on either side of the bulb at or about its middle. The two ends of the main tube are governed by stopcocks, *a d*, and the greater length of the tube is graduated. A perforated india-rubber stopper is fixed into one aperture of the bulb *e*, and a tube, *g h*, fits hermetically to the other. The latter tube is expanded into a cup at *h*, to receive the caoutchouc stopper, into which the end of the shoot to be experimented upon is properly fixed. The shoot is fixed by caoutchouc and wire, or silk, as shown at *i*, and is done so that a clean-cut end of the shoot is level with a tube passing through the perforated stopper, *e*, of the bulb. This is provided for by the bending of the tube *g h*. The tube *f*, passing through the stopper *e*, is intended to admit air-bubbles, and so equalise the pressure, while at the same time affording a means of measuring the absorption of water by the transpiring shoot. The apparatus is filled by placing the lower end of the main tube under water, closing the tubes *f* and *i* (with india-rubber tubing and clips), and opening the stopcocks *a* and *d*. Water is sucked in from *a*, and the whole apparatus carefully filled. The cocks are then turned, and the cut end of the shoot fixed into *i*. Care must be taken that no air remains under the cut end at *i*, and the end of the shoot must be at the level *k l*. The tube *f* may then be opened. The leaves of the shoot transpire water, which is replaced through the stem at the cut end in *i*, from the water in the apparatus. A bubble of air passes through the tube *f*, and ascends into the graduated tube *a c*. The descent of the water-level in this tube enables the experimenter to read off the amount of water used in a given time. The apparatus is the invention of M. Moll, a Dutchman, and is likely to be useful in the science of vegetable physiology.

A Mercury Galvanometer.

M. Lippmann, the inventor of the Lippmann capillary electrometer, has devised an ingenious galvanometer, or electric current measurer. He takes an ordinary mercury manometer, or pressure indicator, and embraces the thicker mercury column between a magnet. Platinum wires are let through the glass to the mercury in the thicker tube, and the electric current is sent through the liquid metal. Now the mercury, being a movable or fluid conductor, experiences a magnetic repulsion due to the mutual action of a magnet on an electric current, discovered by Ampere; and this alters the equilibrium of the gauge. The movement of the mercury is seen in the smaller tube, as a rise of the column, and is considerable for a comparatively feeble current. The rise or fall of the mercury measures the strength and indicates the positive or negative quality of the mercury.

The Largest China Vase in the World.

It has been left to a well-known firm of English potters to produce a china vase that is not only the largest in the world, but is also a beautiful work of art. The chief feature of the vase is a globe representing the earth, which is supported on a pedestal rising from a square plinth and surmounted by a figure of Ceres, who, aided by a number of Cupids, is occupied in showering her gifts of fruitfulness and plenty upon the earth. Round the centre of the globe runs a frieze divided into four panels, on which more Cupids are seen busied in the pursuits typical of the four seasons. The subjects are separated by brackets, on which are other figures emblematic of the seasons. The pedestal contains a splendid frieze, on which are represented as many as sixty Cupids occupied in rural work. The plinth supporting the whole is ornamented in keeping with the general design. The colour of the globe is a subdued green called celadon, the figures are china bisque, and the other decorations white glazed china. From the pedestal to the top of the figure of Ceres, the vase is eleven feet high, and the diameter, including the

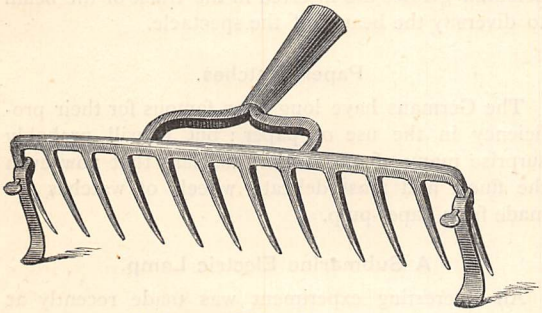
ornamental figures, is six feet four inches. Notwithstanding its massive proportions, it is elegant and chaste, the design, which is by Mr. L. H. Jahn, being in the Renaissance style and thoroughly artistic. The figures have been modelled by the distinguished French sculptor, M. Carrier, and the whole has been constantly superintended by Messrs. Brownfield and Sons. Before the vase left their works at Cobridge for the International Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, it was allowed to be inspected on one day only by the workpeople of the Potteries district, and 25,000 persons availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing it. The vase cost £3,500.

Burns from Nitric Acid.

Nitric acid, when spilt on the skin, gives rise to a very painful kind of burn accompanied by blistering. No good remedy has hitherto been found for these burns; but Mr. Irving, a chemist, now finds that sulphurous acid, diluted with water, is an excellent cure, reducing the blister if formed, and removing the painful irritation.

Automatic Wings.

Aërial locomotion is a subject which the French treat in a serious scientific spirit, and the French Academy of Sciences have recently awarded three prizes to pioneers in this domain. M. Gaston Tissandier, the balloonist who now makes trips in the air with a balloon propelled by electricity, is one of the prizemen; another is M. Tatin, who designed the membrane propeller of Tissandier's electrical balloon. M. Tatin's prize was, however, obtained for an ingenious artificial bird of his design. This bird actually flies like a living bird by strokes of the wing, the power being derived from clockwork inside the body.

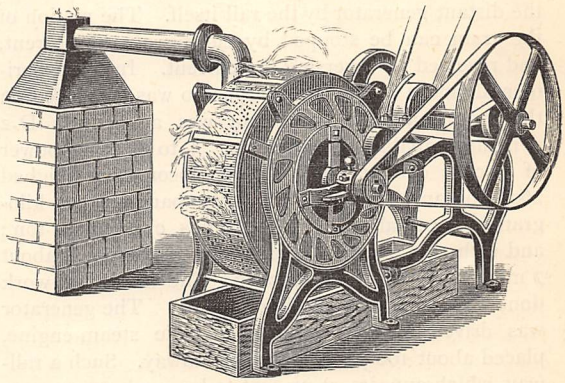


A Lawn Rake Attachment.

Our engraving shows an ingenious device by means of which an ordinary garden rake may be made available for clearing a lawn of grass or leaves, or for removing fallen leaves from flower-beds. The attachment consists of a pair of feet which may be clamped to the outer teeth of the rake by means of screws, which will, of course, keep the teeth of the rake at any height from the surface that may be desired. All who have experienced the difficulty—and what gardener has not?—of removing leaves and cut grass from a lawn or flower-bed without injuring the roots and plants, will find this latest addition to their outfit useful.

A Tea-Dryer.

A very useful machine for drying moist tea, hops, and other produce has been invented by Mr. J. Greig, Edinburgh, and is at present at work in Ceylon and India. As shown in the engraving, the machine con-



sists of a cylindrical hollow receptacle with wire-cloth sides. Dry air which may be warmed to any desired temperature is led, by the flue shown, into this cylinder, where it circulates through the tea in every part, and the revolution of the latter in the blast, which is effected by the belts and pulleys illustrated, secures a thorough drying. The steam which results escapes through the wire-cloth in clouds. The machine illustrated is capable of drying one and a half chests of tea (one charge) in a few minutes. It is also applicable to the drying of grain, draff, and so on; and air heated to a temperature of 600° Fahr. is frequently used with it.

A One-Rail Electric Line.

It a recent GATHERER we gave an account of M. Lartigue's one-rail line for conveying esparto grass from the Algerian hills to the sea-ports of that country, and we have now to chronicle the adaptation of electric motor power to the working of such a line. An experimental line of this kind was recently exhibited at Paris, in the Agricultural Exhibition held at the Palais de l'Industrie, where it was shown drawing passengers. The passengers sat in iron chairs, or panniers, back to back, like the travellers in an iron jaunting-car, and thus helped to balance each other, or rather to equilibrate the load upon the rail. The whole load, including freight and cars, is supported on the single rail by small wheels, which run in a groove along the surface of the rail. A train of cars is drawn by a dynamo-electric locomotive carried on a platform car, similar to the freight-cars, and containing, besides the motor, the starting and stopping switches, the brakes, and a rheostal for graduating the strength of current, and thus the speed of travel. The electric current driving this electric locomotive arrives from a stationary generator at one end of the line, by two conductors insulated from the ground. One of these conductors communicates with the rail itself, the other with the dynamo-electric

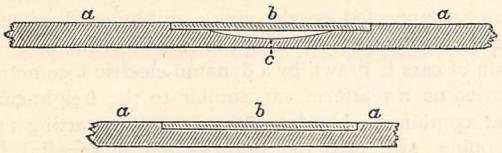
locomotive, by means of the usual copper brushes, which are fixed on a hinged support to allow them some play. The brushes are in connection with the commutator of the dynamo, and the current traverses the bobbin of the latter, which consequently revolves and works the driving-wheel of the locomotive, thereby keeping the train in motion. The current returns to the distant generator by the rail itself. The motion of the train can be stopped by cutting off the current, and reversed by reversing the current. In the experimental line a Siemens D-6 dynamo was employed on the motor, and the generator was a Siemens D-2 dynamo, capable of generating 5 to 6 horse-power of electric energy. The electric locomotive weighed 260 kilograms, and the train of five panniers 900 kilograms, or a total of 1,160 kilograms, or about a ton; and with this weight a speed of 11 kilometres (about 7 miles) per hour was reached. The maximum work done was at the rate of 3 horse-power. The generator was driven by a Herman-Lachapelle steam-engine, placed about 100 yards from the railway. Such a railway, which appears at present to be much more practical than the "telpherage," or single wire-rope electric railway of Mr. Jenkin, is likely to be useful in cities, in mines, and in forests or prairie lands, especially if steam or water power is readily available to drive the generator.

A Standard of Light.

The International Electrical Congress which held a recent meeting at Paris have adopted the absolute standard of light proposed by M. Violle. This is the light emitted in the normal direction by a square centimetre surface of platinum at the melting point, namely, 3,286° Fahr. The amount of light in question is considerable, being rather more than two French standard Carcel lights, each of which is equivalent to 9·5 standard English candles. Violle's standard is not adapted for practical purposes, but is intended as something fixed in nature which one can always refer to. Practical standards will be compared with it. A new practical standard proposed is the light emitted by a fine platinum wire heated by an electric current and standardised.

New Microscope Slides.

Slides for microscopes are usually made of a strip of glass having a disc of thin glass fixed to its surface by Canada balsam, or other suitable cement. For thick



objects the thicker strip of glass is sometimes hollowed out into a recess for holding the object; but all these slides leave the thin covering disc projecting above the surface of the other, and thus tend to produce some accident to the slide. Mr. Bernard Piffard has introduced the plan shown in the accompanying figures, where *b* is the thin covering disc, *a a* the thicker strip, which in one case is hollowed out at *c*. The disc comes flush with the surface of the strip, and thus any obstructing edges are avoided.

A Subterranean Fish.

An interesting fact in natural history is announced by Cavalier Moerath, an Italian civil engineer. While engaged in prospecting for water in Italy, M. Moerath tapped a spring with an "Abyssinian" tube-well, and to his surprise pumped out of it a tiny living fish. The fish had passed from the spring through perforations in the pump of ⅛ inch diameter. It was found to be destitute of eyes, showing that it belonged to a subterranean species.

Electric Light Effects.

An "artificial moon" is the latest spectacular effect produced by the electric light. The arrangement is due to Dr. Brandt. It consists of a frame containing eight Edison incandescent lamps, and covered in front by a translucent disc. The light produced is about 2,000 candles, and gas-jets are quite unsuitable from the heat and fumes which would be produced in such a small space. Apparitions are also produced by suddenly lighting incandescent lamps concealed in such a way that they throw their light on the object which before was in obscurity. While upon this subject we may mention that there are some pretty effects of illumination to be seen at the Health Exhibition of an evening. A fountain is lighted by incandescent lamps in such a manner that the water glows; and when it falls its spray seems to consist of golden drops. This fountain of gold is also made to play up through a beam of the white moonshine light of the electric arc; and coloured glasses are inserted in the track of the beam to diversify the beauty of the spectacle.

Paper Watches.

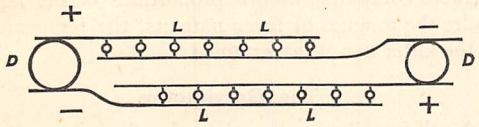
The Germans have long been famous for their proficiency in the use of paper; but it will probably surprise many of our readers to learn that now even the finest and most delicate wheels of watches are made from paper-pulp.

A Submarine Electric Lamp.

An interesting experiment was made recently at Greenock on the *Tilly*, a small steamer built on the Clyde for the Batavian fisheries. The ship has been fitted with a powerful electric arc-lamp of 15,000-candle power, which can be lowered into the sea, and is intended to be used in the fisheries for attracting the fish to the nets. Flexible conductors convey the current to the lamp, which can be raised or lowered by davits and pulleys from the ship's side. The lamp is enclosed in a flint-glass cylinder 9½ inches in diameter by 14½ inches long, and is protected by a copper grating. At the trial on the Clyde, the lamp was submerged for four hours while lighted, and the appearance of the illuminated water was very beautiful.

Distributing Electricity.

The figure illustrates a new method of distributing electricity to electric lamps or locomotives on an electric railway, which we owe to J. S. Beeman. In this method two dynamos or batteries, D D, are employed, instead of one as in the ordinary method; and the circuit is, so to speak, doubled, the lamps L L L L



being crossed as shown between the wire from the positive pole (+) of one dynamo and the negative pole (—) of the other dynamo. The method gives two groups of lamps of equal power; and if the wires be rails, the electric locomotive will have equal speed at any part of the line. In the figure the dynamos are shown by the hieroglyphic now being adopted by electric engineers to represent them graphically. It consists of a circle flanked by two straight lines, symbolising the bobbin or commutator and the brushes. One of the lines may be made thicker than the other to distinguish the + and — poles, after the manner of the customary battery symbol ı| where the thick line curiously enough represents the *negative* pole.

A Sheathed Razor.

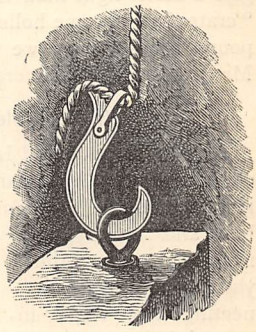
A razor has lately been produced by a Sheffield firm, which, instead of closing in the ordinary manner like a pocket-knife without spring, is placed in a scabbard somewhat like that of a sword, save that the handle of the razor, or the tang which in this case takes its place, enters the sheath first and is at the bottom. This tang is made rather longer than usual, and exactly fits into an aperture at the bottom of the sheath, so that the sheath may be reversed and thus form the handle of the razor when it is in use.

A New Speed Indicator.

At a recent meeting of the Physical Society of London, Sir A. Campbell and Mr. W. T. Goolden exhibited a beautiful apparatus for indicating the speed of revolution of the shaft of a marine engine. It consisted of a screw turned by the shaft of the engine, and keeping the same velocity as the latter. On this screw was a nut in the form of a disc with an india-rubber tyre. The disc rolled on a cone of brass kept turning at a uniform rate by means of clockwork, and the rotation of the disc was contrary to that of the cone. Now it is obvious that the disc rolling as it does on the cone, and carried by the screw, will take up a position on the screw dependent on the velocity of the surface of the cone at that point. If then the velocity of the screw changes, the disc or nut will change its position on the screw, and in doing so it passes over a series of electrical contacts, by which currents of electricity are made to actuate a set of counters which may be placed at a distance. These counters indicate the speed of the engine-shaft; and by adding recording apparatus a register of the speeds can be obtained. The clockwork driving the cone is automatically wound from the screw by the engine-shaft.

A Self-adjusting Hook.

An improved hook for raising heavy bodies, such as a block of stone, or a bale of goods, has recently been introduced by an American inventor. The novelty consists of the ready means of attaching the rope to the hook, and of altering the length of rope above the hook, without the intervention of a pulley. Near the top of the hook —the end furthest from the point and the weight, that is — a link is attached to it in the usual manner by means of a bolt. The link is of such a length that there is just convenient space between it and the lower edge of the hook to admit a rope,



and the edge is so inclined to the perpendicular that the distance between the link and the edge of the hook gradually decreases, and the link would, if there were no rope between them, actually touch the hook. Now, the edge of the hook being serrated, when a rope is slipped through the link, and the weight of the body suspended by the hook allowed to assert itself, the rope is securely clamped between the link and the serrated edge of the hook.

An Ancient Tree.

At a recent meeting of the Berlin Medical Society, photographs were shown by Professor Virchon of a gigantic plane-tree in the island of Cos. Tradition says that Hippocrates held medical consultations beneath its shade. The tree stands in the market-place of the town of Cos, on the east side of the island; and its limbs, supported by marble pillars, spread nearly over the entire market.

A New Pyrometer.

Mr. T. Carnelly and Mr. T. Burton have devised a new pyrometer of some interest. It consists of a copper coil or tube which is placed in the muffle, kiln, or furnace, and through it flows a stream of water. The temperature of the water is taken as it enters and leaves the coil, and from these observations the temperature of the furnace is given by a table. By its means temperatures up to 650° have been determined to within 25°.

A New Bell.

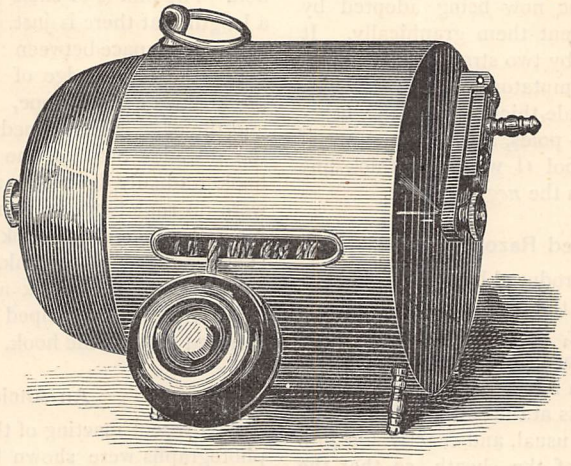
A new form of bell for churches, factories, and so forth, has been patented in America by Mr. Bowers. It is in the form of a truncated cone, and the lip, or "hammer swell," is made of extra thickness within the shell, while the head is made concave. These modifications of the ordinary bell are said to give a louder and better resonance.

Compound Carbons.

In the Trinity House lighthouse experiments are now in progress to determine the relative advantages of gas, oil, and electricity for lighthouse illumination. The carbons used in the electric arc lamp are of a compound nature, that is to say, each carbon, instead of being a solid rod, is a collection or sheaf of small rods, forming one thick rod. This arrangement is found to give a better light than the solid rod, which is apt to "crater," or become hollow in its burning end. Compound rods—which, we may add, were patented by Mr. J. Munro—do not crater in this way.

A Portable Electric Bell.

Messrs. Weedon and Irish have devised a portable electric bell which appears to be very convenient. It is illustrated in the figure, where the cylinder is the bell and battery, with from eighteen to thirty yards of flexible connecting wire rolled inside, and having the bell-push attached as shown. To use the bell it is only necessary to leave the cylinder at the place where the attendant is, and carry the push to the place where attendance may be required. Visitors to the sea-side, invalids in a garden, captains at sea, and others will find uses for the bell which the ordinary fixed electric bells could not serve. Such a bell can be also fixed up if need be, and, according to the makers, the battery will run for twenty months without re-charging.



A PORTABLE ELECTRIC BELL.

Asbestos Boxes.

Mr. Toope, at the Health Exhibition, exhibits a new application of asbestos which, in some countries, and for special purposes, may be very useful. This is an asbestos box or safe, made of asbestos and silicate formed into a solid stone-like material. The boxes are claimed to be "sound-proof" and "vermin-proof," as well as fire-proof, and they are, notwithstanding their massive appearance, exceedingly light. Such a box might be useful for preserving papers in.

New Stains.

Amateurs often wish to stain pine and other woods to resemble the more expensive mahogany. For pine, a wash of one part nitric acid in ten parts of water will answer admirably, if the wood does not contain much resin, and shellac varnish may be used to give a polish to the surface when the wood is quite dry. A glaze of carmine or lake will produce a rosewood finish. If the wood is new, asphaltum which has been thinned with turpentine will give a good mahogany tint.

Temperature Tubes.

Dr. F. Guthrie, president of the Physical Society of London, has found that glass tubes containing mixtures of water and triethylamine serve to indicate temperature. The mixtures of liquid become turbid at certain temperatures, and hence by putting glass bulbs or tubes containing known proportions of the liquids under the tongues of fever patients, the temperatures of the latter can be ascertained.

The Gravimotor.

A self-impelling roller skate has been invented by Mr. T. P. Hall, an American, which comes into operation when the body is suffered to press on the wheels. The device consists of a skate-frame having a small spring motor underneath. The latter is composed of two wheels, revolved by the spring in tension, by the intervention of toothed gearing. On relieving the frame from the weight of the body, the wheels cease to revolve.

The Pressure of the Sea.

It is often asked, when an ocean-going vessel has been lost at sea, and it is supposed she has foundered, why none of her timbers rise to the surface again and float, as submerged wood will nearer shore. The explanation is that if the vessel has been sunk in deep water, the pressure to which it is subjected will be so great that a certain quantity of water will be forced into the pores of the wood, and thus render it so heavy that, even when detached from the ship, a piece of the timber could not float. It is because of this constantly and rapidly increasing pressure, too, that a diver cannot descend to any very great distance below the surface. Fishes have, however, been caught at a depth at which they must have borne a pressure of no less than eighty tons to each square foot of their bodies.

A Cure for Steamed or Frosty Glass.

A very thin coat of glycerine applied on both sides will prevent a window-pane from becoming obscured by steam or hoar-frost—in fact, glycerine may be used in this way to prevent a film of condensed moisture gathering on any article.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Those readers who intended to compete for the Essay Prize are reminded that September 1st, 1884, is the latest day for receiving MSS. Full particulars will be found in the June number of the Magazine.

WITHIN THE CLASP.

A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE JET-HUNTERS.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "The Tenth Earl," "Lady Flavia," "Paul Knox, Pitman," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

"YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE."

SIR RICHARD MORTMAIN, it has been mentioned more than once, was naturally inclined to be violent in his moods. But there are many men, and perhaps more women, among us, who have early put themselves under strong moral discipline on this point, and who carry about with them a bad temper as harmlessly as some Fakeer in India leads with him a tame tiger. Throughout that day the baronet had had much to chafe him, and Crouch's offensive threats and vulgar insolence had at last fanned into flame the smouldering embers of his wrath. Had he not known the man from boyhood, perhaps his worldly philosophy would have better enabled him to endure the taunts and menaces of his coarse confederate. But to be braved and insulted by a born vassal of Mortmain, so to speak, by one who had eaten his father's bread, was too much for Sir Richard in his then state of irritation. Had his very life depended on it, the instinct of patrician anger would have been too strong at that moment for his prudence, and he avenged much disrespect and many affronts by two sharp cuts which, with his gold-mounted riding-whip, he dealt Rufus across the face.

The immediate effect upon Crouch of the stinging blows he had received was to make the ex-gold-digger and possible bush-ranger stand as still as if he had been some hideous effigy of a man carved in stone. But then his native ferocity awoke, and it was with a yell like that of a wild beast that the ruffian sprang forward, clutched the bridle of Sir Richard's gallant horse, and forced him back upon his haunches. The terrified horse snorted and reared arrow-straight, pawing the air with his fore feet, and falling back with a crash upon his rider. Stunned by the shock, and oppressed by the weight of the fallen horse, the baronet lay helpless, only stirring feebly in his weak efforts to rise.

"*I'll* pay you, Sir R.!" growled Crouch, whirling up his club, and dealing a furious stroke at Sir Richard's prostrate head. The very violence of the blow in part protected the destined victim, since the heavy stick, dashing off his hat and grazing his temple, struck into the soft turf at the roadside.

"I'll pay you!" again—and this time with the accompaniment of a volley of savage curses—snarled Crouch; and he swung his cudgel aloft, and grasping it with both his powerful hands, aimed a second stroke, which would probably have proved fatal, at the bare head of the fallen man, who now lay quite still, with half-shut eyes, and a thin thread of blood crossing his white forehead.

"Hold there! stop!" cried a ringing, clear young voice, as the sound of hurrying feet was heard; and the would-be murderer, club in hand, wheeled round, to find himself face to face with the man whom, of all men, he hated and feared the most—the youth whose skill and courage had saved him from the Soldiers' Slough—Don! At another time the ruffian would probably have shrunk from a contest with his former preserver; just then he was desperate.

"Don't interfere with me, youngster, if you care to keep a whole skin, and bones unbroken!" said Crouch, brandishing his cudgel.

Meanwhile the black horse, which had been floundering, as fallen horses will, had struggled to its feet, and stood, panting, with streaming rein and distended nostrils, a few yards off.

"I am interfering, comrade," replied Don resolutely, but with no sign of ill temper, "to save you from yourself. That cudgel of yours——"

"Try the heft of it!" answered Crouch savagely, as he lifted the club, and struck at Don with all his force. But Don, whose eyes were quick and his movements agile, eluded the blow, sprang forward, and had closed with the gold-digger in a moment.

"Now I've got you, my Jemmy Jessamy fine gentleman!" muttered Rufus, as the grapple began, for in all his many meditations concerning Don he had always felt assured that at close quarters he was by far the stronger of the two. He had wrestled often, in earlier days, in that west country where he was born, and where "Old Rufus has the hug of a bear!" was a not infrequent remark on the part of defeated opponents. The man's blood was up. He was by nature and habit a bully, and had much of self-confidence and much of cowardly ferocity to replace the real valour that never animates a heart so base as his. Therefore he began the struggle with the certainty of victory. "I'll spoil his pretty face before I've done with him!" muttered the wretch, as he put out his ungainly strength in a great effort.

It was all to no purpose. Rufus found himself in a grip such as in his whole life he had never experienced, and felt as though both breastbone and ribs must give way, while he vainly gasped for breath, and vainly, with lessening vigour, tried his wrestling tricks. Don, young as he was, seemed to have muscles and sinews of steel, and it was not long before his bulky an-

tagonist's fierce face grew livid with pain and despair. Then—Crouch never afterwards could realise how—the brawny man felt that he was snatched up from the ground, like a tree suddenly uprooted, and next he fell with a crash upon the earth, while sparks unnumbered seemed to dance before his confused eyes. The first thing that he distinctly saw, when at length he looked up, was the figure of his conqueror, Don, standing with one foot upon the bludgeon that he had wrenched from Crouch's hand, while he held the bridle of the frightened horse, patting its glossy neck the while, and speaking to it soothingly.

But Don's voice was stern enough as he addressed the gold-digger, now slowly rising to his feet:—

"Your wisest plan, mate, is to take yourself off, and if you have any conscience left, to be thankful that you have been saved from a great crime, and the hangman's noose as its penalty. I am sorry to be harsh with a jet-hunter, but I am more sorry to find that one of our company could deserve it. Now go!"

The last words were so imperatively spoken that Crouch mechanically obeyed, and with crestfallen air and dogged mien slunk off, feeling the while stealthily in the baggy pockets of the short loose coat he wore, as if in search of knife or pistol.

But either the gold-digger was unarmed, or, which is probable, he had been too much cowed to make use of such a weapon, for at last he slunk off homewards, like a baffled wild beast creeping sullenly towards its lair.

Don, passing the bridle of the black horse over a gate-post that stood near, proceeded to assist Sir Richard Mortmain, who was now stirring uneasily as he lay, trying to rise. The baronet staggered as he regained his feet, and would have fallen but for Don's support.

"Are you much hurt?" asked the young man compassionately.

Don knew the baronet, and the baronet him, after that odd fashion of semi-acquaintance which in a thinly-peopled neighbourhood sometimes prevails. And perhaps neither of these two had much cause to like the other, rivals as they were for the hand of Violet Mowbray.

We have seen how far along the path of guilt and treachery Sir Richard was willing to go for the purpose of removing an obstacle to his mercenary projects. But Don was of a different mould; and in the baronet, in his present condition, he only saw a wounded fellow-creature, to whom, as such, it was his nature to be tender.

"I am afraid you are badly hurt," he repeated gently.

"It's—it's all right!" muttered Sir Richard, leaning heavily on his preserver. "Yes, it's all right. I was a trifle dizzy at the first, but I'm quite right now."

The baronet was not very brave, but he was a public schoolboy—an Etonian—and still felt what many an English boy of less expensive education has felt: that it behoved him to make light of pain and danger. We English, had we been prone to make the most of our hurts and our hardships, could scarcely have filled so large a place in the world's regard as we do.

"You must let me take care of you as far as your home," said Don, as he noticed how weak and white Sir Richard Mortmain looked. "Helston, as luck will have it, is not very far from here. Do you think, Sir Richard, that you have strength enough to mount your horse? I could walk beside you."

The baronet shook his head.

"You're a good fellow," he said feebly, "and a gentleman, Mr. Don, if ever I saw one. It must have been Heaven's own mercy that sent you just when——"

He shuddered at the recollection. It was his first experience of how savage violence can, for the moment, bear down the barriers that hem it in. And, too, he had learned a lesson. During his long and dubious intercourse with his rascally ally he had felt as if, the hollow truce being broken and hostilities proclaimed, he was a match for the villain with whom he had leagued himself. But the villain had defeated him as easily as if he had been a child. And it was due to Don—young Don, the hated and despised foundling of the sea-beach—that the haughty master of Mortmain was not lying now, with a smashed skull, by the roadside.

"I can't get on the horse. Never mind me; some cart will come by," said the baronet, in a thin, reedy voice.

"Perhaps, sir, you could walk if I held you up Helston Hall is within half an hour from here," suggested Don; and Sir Richard murmuring a weak assent, the young man struck into the lane hard by, leading the black horse, and bearing upon his strong arm the tottering form of his rescued rival.

The black horse went quietly now, resting its velvet muzzle at times on Don's wrist, and whinnying low, as horses will at a period of excitement, and when they find a human being whom they can trust, and whom they feel really to sympathise with their natures. Sir Richard was a good rider, but a bad horse-master. In his eyes a horse was a horse—a mere animated machine to carry him over the ground. But all animals seemed to recognise a friend in Don.

As he feebly walked towards Helston, propped up by the strong arm of his rescuer, that unquiet inward monitor that we call conscience cost the baronet many a qualm. There he was, leaning upon Don as he would have done upon a brother. It was Don's courage and Don's strength that had saved him from the bludgeon of the burly ruffian who had unhorsed him and beaten him down. He owed his life to this gallant young fellow—once a jet-hunter, and now a clerk in the land-office of his sister's noble husband. And yet, but a few minutes before, he had been "consenting to the death"—to use the Scriptural expression—of the youth who had come so boldly and so frankly to his help in the hour of need. He had not been as explicit as Crouch had with regard to the conspiracy. He had not, as Crouch had, gloated over the latter's fell intention to push Don over the beetling path, to perish on the jagged rocks below, nor had he dilated on the formidable height of Hordle Cliff, and the certainty of success for the foul design. But none the

less had Sir Richard agreed to pay over a large portion of Violet Mowbray s fortune, should he gain it through the putting out of the way of Violet's lover.

There was not much conversation, naturally, on the slow walk along the lane that led to Helston Hall. Once the baronet plucked up spirit enough to say what he thought of the late aggressor.

"The brute—the coward—the savage!—that Crouch I mean, a son of my father's bailiff, a dog who was always glad to come sneaking up to me at Mortmain, and carry my second gun or run my errands—the beast!" ejaculated Sir Richard. "But if there's law or justice in England, I'll——"

He stopped short here confusedly. Perhaps he had remembered that Crouch, too, might have ugly revelations to make in a court of justice.

"The man, I believe," said Don tolerantly, "is but partly responsible for his actions. He is mad drunk sometimes. He was so to-day, till the fall I gave him sobered him. I hope this may serve as a lesson to the fellow. But he is a bad sort of man, and we jet-hunters will be well rid of him. I suppose, Sir Richard, that he did not attack you for the mere purpose of robbery?"

"He—I—yes; but I feel rather faint, somehow," murmured the baronet; and he said no more until he reached his own stable-yard, with the grey old manor-house towering aloft, and his serving-men came hurrying to conduct the horse to his stable, and to express their conventional horror at the cut forehead and pallor and feebleness of their master.

"I may leave you now," said Don, with his bright smile.

"If you please, I should like to shake hands with you," said Sir Richard hesitatingly; and he held Don's hand for a moment. "You have saved my life; and whatever I may be, I shall not forget what I owe you."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

WYVERN, EARL WYVERN.

THERE was a stir and a bustle at Thorsdale Hall. A Triton was to come among the minnows there. Changes, no doubt, there had been among the guests whom the countess's efforts had secured when first Lord Thorsdale chose to bury himself and his wife, during the heyday of the London season, in the seclusion of the country. Some of the invited had business to attend to, others had engagements to fulfil; but jovial Captain Crasher, and lively little Mrs. Scoresby, with the sleepy colonel, whose duty in life it was to be the husband of a professional beauty, and Lady Paget and her insignificant husband, Sir Augustus, and Lord and Lady David Todhunter, yet stuck to their comfortable quarters. Charley Fitzgerald had, indeed, been called away by the severity of an exacting colonel and the rules of the Horse Guards, to do regimental duty at Coventry, but half a dozen young subalterns of the Guards or the Light Cavalry were there in the place, and several civilian dandies, who never donned scarlet except for hunting purposes, had joined the muster.

It was not the London season now. It was August. There were grouse to be shot, and, short of Scotland, few moors promised more broods, or stronger on the wing, than those on the well-preserved territories of the wealthy Lord Thorsdale. The earl, personally, never fired a gun. He had even a dislike to the rude bang-banging of double barrels discharged, within earshot, by other people. But his partridges and his ground game cost him a good deal. His pheasants, by the time they reached his larder, or filled the baskets that great landowners are expected to send to their less fortunate friends, were ruinously dear, and his grouse were especially expensive. In a country so thickly populated as ours, even in Yorkshire, you must hire a man to see that not one, out of some ten men dwelling near, bears off your grouse-eggs, or nets or shoots your young brood; and then you must buy eggs and young birds from the accommodating dealers, must have drivers as well as keepers and watchers, and task the skill of your French cook to satisfy the hunger of the gentlemen whom you have invited condescendingly to slaughter your *feræ naturæ*.

From a guest's point of view, the Thorsdale shootings that year turned out exceedingly well. It had been dry enough for the young birds neither to be drowned when they first stagger about after the chirping parent hen, nor to sicken mysteriously, while it had not been dry enough to stint the supply of insect food. The earl's watchers, the earl's keepers, perhaps stirred to unusual efficiency by the proximity of their noble master, had shot or trapped the pole-cats and hill-foxes, driven off the amateur poachers, and compromised with or prosecuted to conviction the professional poachers who were once regarded as very interesting innocents by a large section of the British public, but are now viewed in their natural character of slinking, furtive-eyed, unscrupulous purloiners. There were plenty of grouse, a fine head of hares—not yet, of course, these last, legally assailable, any more than the brown coveys of partridge cheepers nestling on the headlands; the house was roomy, the cook an artist, the entertainers persons of rank. There could scarcely at that time of year have been a lack of guests.

The particular guest of guests who was now expected at Thorsdale was in the social scale a heavier fish, and one of more gorgeous aspect, than had yet been netted. As yet, Lord David Todhunter, an unassuming, jovial aristocrat, who was willing to stay almost for ever, so long as the fare was good and the style of living liberal, had been the most imposing member of the company. Lord David, the brother of a marquis, and thus a lord by courtesy, was, in fact, a silver-gilt article that we agree to class as gold. But Wyvern, Earl Wyvern—or more correctly, as the *Peerage* puts it, the Right Honourable Alfred Henry Talbot Wyvern, Earl Wyvern, Viscount Ludlow, Baron Downton and Gresford—was what our French neighbours describe as a personage, quite as great a man, so far as wealth and pedigree went, as Lord Thorsdale, with whom he was somehow remotely connected by ties of kindred.

"He's one of your awful diplomatic swells—know's what Russia's really up to, and understands the dodges of Germany and France as you *don't* understand, my boy, the odds you ought to take on the Doncaster Leger," Captain Crasher observed, in confidential intercourse with one of his admiring pupils as to sporting matters. And indeed Lord Wyvern had held high ambassadorial rank, and had been charged with extraordinary ambassadorial duties abroad. It is not always, of course, that the Foreign Office can find such a man as Earl Wyvern, so rich, so high in station, so able, to undertake duties that, in these halcyon times of ceaseless telegrams and newspaper-accredited interviews, usually fall to the lot of estimable public servants of a different degree. The earl was a childless widower. He was still of middle age. He was clever enough, had he preferred it, to have made a figure in our home politics, and rich enough, had he so pleased, to have been noted in London society. As it was, much of his life had been spent, officially or unofficially, on the Continent.

Lord Wyvern arrived; and Lord Thorsdale, his entertainer, actually paid him the compliment of dining for three consecutive days at table. Nothing could be more erratic than the conduct of the noble owner of Thorsdale Park. Sometimes for days his guests saw nothing of him; he was reported as ill, and his countess trembled as he consulted fresh physicians, talked of the Rocky Mountains, and mentioned the dreaded name of Schültz the courier. Then, in quite the homely style of a breakfast-table benevolent despot, the earl would appear at the morning meal, and skim the newspapers, and join in general conversation as if he had been a mere domestic magnate.

One secret of Lord Thorsdale's changed demeanour was that, for the first time, he had a visitor whom he could respect. The former partakers of his hospitality had not stood high in his regard. Lady Piminy, and, for that matter, Sir Nym, her husband, and noisy Captain Crasher, and Charley Fitzgerald and his compeers, and the Pagets, and the Scoresbys, had been of light metal, one and all. Jolly, kind Lord David Todhunter and his meek wife were simply aristocratic trencher-folk and hangers-on. The Piminy girls were showy merchandise, hawked about to tempt somebody to marry them. Miss Martin was a pert, smart young person, who acted a *soubrette* so well that it seemed a pity she should ever be divorced from the coquettish cap and bepocketed apron of a spruce lady's-maid. The rest of the men, and the rest of the women, had all in their turn been weighed, and found wanting. But Lord Wyvern was, as the learned and highly-salaried Scotch gardener observed to Mr. Bartlett, the land-agent, "a bird of another hackle." The other earl, his host, who had known him well in much earlier days, took the pains to try to please and satisfy this new guest, and seemed almost nervously reluctant to appear in the character of a mere whimsical valetudinarian. Truth to tell, Lord Thorsdale was a little afraid of Lord Wyvern, whom he felt secretly to be of a tougher fibre than that of which the indolent dilettante was himself composed, and who had done real work in the world, and done it, too, with the grave, unselfish earnestness which seemed the very key-note of his nature.

It had been Lord Wyvern's lot to hold, at very critical moments, posts of high responsibility at foreign Courts, and no envoy had ever discharged his difficult duties better—as undisturbed by the silly or spiteful diatribes of ill-informed newspaper critics on his forbearance, as he was indifferent to the fulsome praises that were heaped upon him when the fickle weather-cock of popular opinion had veered round. Even his enemies—and a successful diplomatist must have enemies—respected him, and acknowledged the dignity and self-control of a statesman who put up with no affront, but whose sound rule of conduct it had been never in the name of his country to threaten unless he were sure to be able to strike.

There was not a visitor at Thorsdale Park who did not feel it, somehow or other, a sort of distinction to be an inmate of the house that sheltered so famous a fellow-guest as Earl Wyvern, a man of whose name the papers had rarely anything but good to say, and who had kept himself clear from the ready ridicule and the belittling nicknames that must be faced by those who win their laurels in the home arena of English politics. We are mild, compared with our thorough-going ancestors, as good haters, for the most part, as even the dictionary doctor could have wished them to be, and our keenest caricaturists dip their etching-points in new milk, as compared with the savage pencil of hard-hitting Gilray. But still, it is not possible to sit on the Treasury bench, or to lead Her Majesty's Opposition, without being morally tarred and feathered, hooted, jeered, and supplied with a fool's cap that fits more or less; for every man has a weak side to his nature, and his foes are quick to find it.

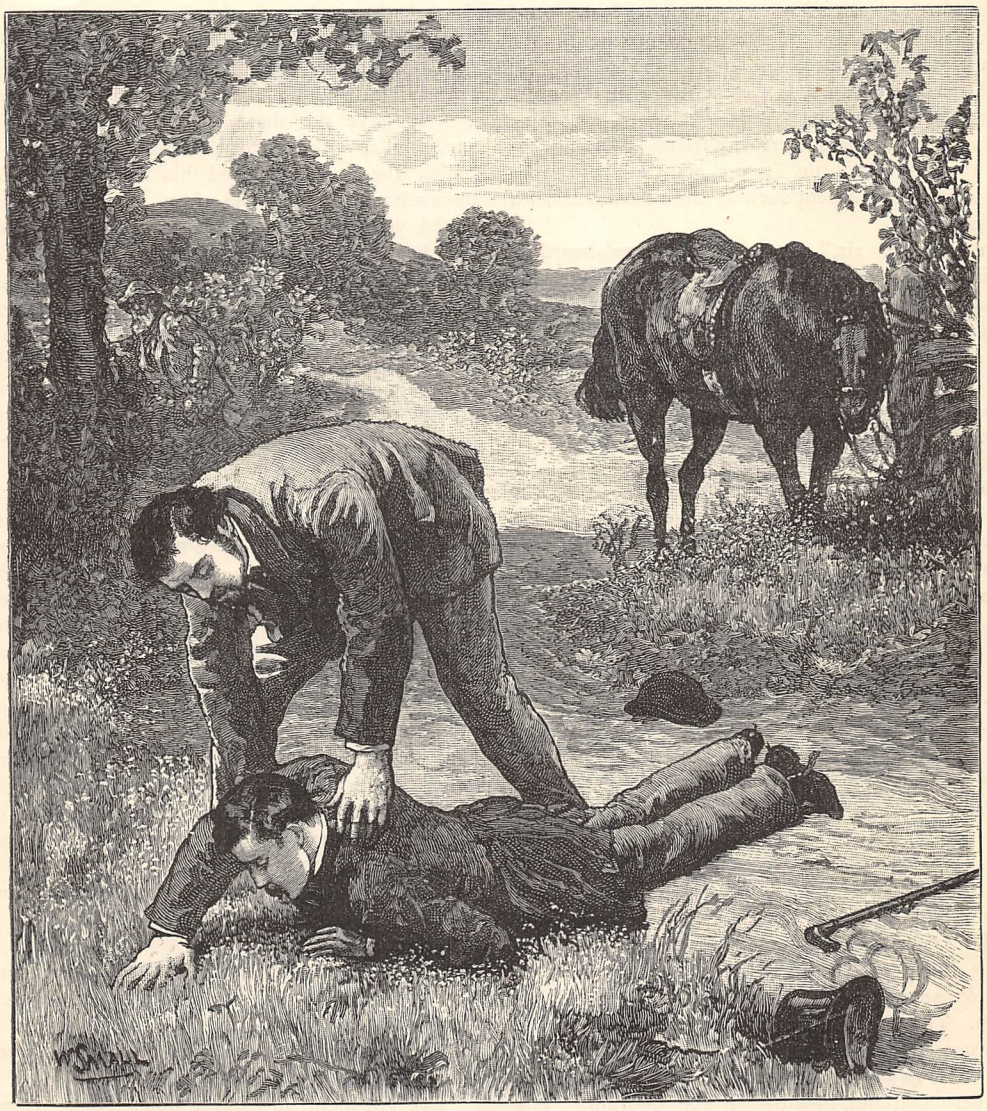
There was that in Lord Wyvern's bearing, and in the stern, calm look of his handsome face, which seemed to forbid raillery and to make disrespect impossible. He was a man of middle age, tall in figure, with dark hair dashed with grey, and thoughtful eyes. His manners were pleasing, somewhat formal and over-courteous, perhaps, for our modern canons of taste, but then it was pardoned in one who had been on intimate terms with kings and emperors, and royal and imperial highnesses of both sexes, during the best years of his life. Nor did the ex-ambassador disdain to join, to some extent, in the every-day amusements of those amongst whom he suddenly found himself thrown.

"Will you join the grouse-shooters, Wyvern, to-morrow?" his brother-earl had asked, when first the visitor arrived.

"I have not fired a gun for years—except a rifle at some battue in Austria—so the grouse are quite safe from me," Lord Wyvern had smilingly replied; "but if there is to be an expedition, I will accompany the lookers-on willingly enough."

That the newly-arrived earl rode exceedingly well, even Captain Crasher and Sir Harker Topham, who on such points were hard to please, admitted, while he

presently gave proof that with the billiard-cue, as with the pistol, he was more than a match for any there. But he was not in the least vain of these or of other minor accomplishments, and, indeed, seemed to care very little for the trifles that with most of his present



"DON, PASSING THE BRIDLE OF THE BLACK HORSE OVER A GATE-POST, PROCEEDED TO ASSIST SIR RICHARD MORTMAIN" (*p.* 578).

associates made up the real business of life. He read a good deal, and wrote a good deal, and preferred the conversation of such few of the guests as were men of erudition. That he was, and had been now for many years, a childless widower, was known.

"A happy stroke, wouldn't it be, for Lady Piminy, if one of those Piminy girls," said Captain Crasher, as he knocked the ivory balls about, "could become Countess Wyvern Number Two?"

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

AT LAWYER STURT'S.

"THIS is an awkward business, my man—an awkward and a disagreeable business, I may say."

The speaker was Mr. Sturt, one of the principal solicitors in Daneborough, and clerk to the magistrates—the county magistrates, not the borough dispensers of justice. He was in his office in Priory Lane, a narrow, neat thoroughfare, that conducts from High Street to a grass-grown open space, surrounded by tenements, where once the old Priory stood amidst its leafy gardens. Mr. Sturt—better known among the humbler of his fellow-townsmen as Lawyer Sturt—was a dapper little man, with fair hair cropped short, very

white hands and wristbands, and a dandified exterior, from his bright boots to his carefully-trained whiskers. He was about the last man in Daneborough whom a stranger would have picked out as a member of the legal profession—not that the law cannot be embraced as a calling without detriment to the cleanest of hands and the most spotless of linen, but that we most of us draw an ideal portrait of a lawyer, which differs a good deal from that of "Alexander Sturt, gentleman."

"An awkward business for him, I hope!" growled out the person addressed, with a fierce malediction following on his words.

"You mustn't swear here, my friend!" authoritatively rejoined the little lawyer, who had a proper horror of all oaths, except such as are associated with the witness-box.

"No offence, sir," answered the red-bearded, slouching fellow who stood, hat in hand, beside the office table, and who was indeed no other than Rufus Crouch; "but a man can't pick his words, as I've heard seafaring chaps say, in a gale of wind. And it's far from being fair weather between Sir Richard Mortmain, Baronet, and me. Let him look out for squalls. I'm not the sort to put up with a blow, not I; and he shall pay for it, dear enough."

"You persist, then, in your accusation against the gentleman whose name you have just mentioned?" said Lawyer Sturt. "Very well. I have sent a message to Dr. Leader. I have no doubt, if he is at home, that he will oblige me by stepping round. No other county magistrate could be so promptly communicated with. You can sit down if you like, and wait for him. I have papers to attend to."

Crouch took the chair that was indicated to him, while Mr. Sturt went on with his writing. In perhaps twenty minutes more a boy clerk ushered in "Dr. Leader."

"I hoped you would be at home, sir. It was kind of you to come so quickly," said Mr. Sturt, as he shook hands with Dr. Leader, who was a large, elderly man, with kind, wise eyes, and a head partly bald. The doctor had been a fashionable physician for long years in some watering-place, and had then unexpectedly inherited the comfortable property of a distant kinsman, consisting in land close to Daneborough. The doctor, there being a dearth of working magistrates, had been put into the Commission of the Peace, and was supposed to make a very sensible, but also a very merciful, member of the quorum. His house was on the outskirts of the town, and he had readily responded to Lawyer Sturt's appeal. A short preliminary explanation put the doctor-magistrate, skilled in diagnosis, whether of disease or crime, in possession of the principal facts. "This man insists," said Lawyer Sturt, "upon bringing a formal charge against Sir Richard Mortmain, of Helston, a landed gentleman, a baronet, and brother to Lady Thorsdale." And there was something quite regretful in his tone, as he enumerated the social advantages of the accused person.

"Ah, indeed!" said Dr. Leader, seating himself in a leathern arm-chair, and surveying from beneath his bushy grey eyebrows the truculent countenance, shaggy red beard, rolling, restless eyes, and broad form of the accuser.

"And," added the clerk to the magistrates, "he admits that it is private resentment which has induced him to come forward in this matter."

"Nothing more probable," tolerantly observed the doctor, who perhaps remembered the proverb about thieves falling out with good results. "We had better get in a succinct form his statement of the case, and reduce it to writing. Then we shall see our way."

"He gave me these, Sir R. did," said Crouch, savagely, as with a brown forefinger he pointed to two bluish wheals that scarred his ugly face, "as if I'd been a hound, to bear the whip. And, but for a conceited young no man's son who came up, I'd——" But here Crouch seemed to remember that even a garbled account of the affray in which he had been worsted by Don would not tell in his favour, and pausing, he said sullenly, "I'm not here to jaw about a mere assault. I've been a quill-driver myself, and ought to know something of this kind of thing. I charge Sir Richard Mortmain, Baronet, with forgery to the tune of eight hundred pounds sterling. He did it at a time when he was on bad terms with his father, the late Sir Richard, who was master to my father, long farm bailiff at Mortmain. The forged cheque purported to be signed by a nobleman who lived near us—at Mortmain I mean—and I was the man who presented it, and got the cash for it, at the Threddleston and County Bank at Threddleston. They knew the name of Mortmain there, and that of the nobleman who drew the cheque, or was supposed to have done so, even better—anyhow, I touched the tin. Then there came to be a coolness, and there were words between me and Sir R. And that was how he wrote me two letters, which I have by me to this day, and which are proofs that he wrote Lord Wyvern's name on the cheque, and that he begged and prayed me, his accomplice, not to split."

"This sounds a cock-and-bull story, my man," remarked Lawyer Sturt. "I doubt if any jury would believe your tale."

"That depends, of course," said Dr. Leader mildly, "upon the amount of corroborative evidence. The witness—if I may call him so—talked of proofs. If he has them to produce, they would certainly strengthen his case."

"I've got them, sir; never doubt me!" responded Crouch confidently. "I can lay my hand at an hour's notice on what will send my fine gentleman to spoil his white hands with oakum-picking and quarryman's work."

Lawyer Sturt bent forward, and in a low voice said something to the doctor-magistrate about "frivolous complaints," "insufficient grounds," and so forth.

But Dr. Leader shook his head. "There must be no such thing in England, my good sir," he said, "as a denial of justice. A charge must be heard, and not frowned upon or disregarded. I need hardly say how glad I should be to learn that Sir Richard Mortmain—whom I have not seen, though I had a slight acquain-

tance with the former Sir Richard, his father —— Lord Wyvern happens, curiously enough, to be in this neighbourhood, as you, Mr. Sturt, may probably not be aware. I dined at Lord Thorsdale's yesterday, and met him there, a visitor in the house."

Crouch's eyes sparkled. "My lord's up at Thorsdale, is he? Then, gents, I'm sure he'll bear me out that he never signed the cheque for that eight hundred. It's years ago, but that sort of thing is easy to trace out. I saw Sir Richard write the forged signature, in the 'True Blue Hotel' at Threddleston, after a quarrel with his father, which caused him to leave Mortmain Hall or be turned out of it. He was short of money, and would have sold his all for cash to pay some play-debts, without doing which he durstn't face his London club again. Four times he tried at Lord Wyvern's signature, with a model before him, and four times he made a mull of the quill-work, but at last he hit it off, and bade me burn the rough copies in the fire—'twas Christmas—and I made believe to do it; but I slipped them into my pocket on the sly, and I have got them still, along with the letters Sir R. wrote me, acknowledging the forgery."

After this, there could be no doubt as to the propriety of allowing Crouch's sworn information to be taken down with the customary formalities. Indeed, the clerk to the magistrates had some hesitation as to whether the informer should not be detained in safe custody, since, from his own account of the transaction, he had been an accessory before the crime. But Dr. Leader demurred to this proposal, and Crouch, having signed his affidavit, was allowed to go, promising to return with his documentary evidence on the morrow.

"A very serious affair," said Dr. Leader, as he shook hands, at parting, with Lawyer Sturt.

"A sad thing for the countess up at Thorsdale—her own brother!" ejaculated sympathetically the clerk to the county magistrates. It was plain enough that both of them were convinced already of Sir Richard's guilt.

Meanwhile, Crouch, after indulging for a time in liquor and boastful talk—to both of which he was greatly addicted—at a low public-house on the verge of the town, where he was known, and where he found in the tap-room obsequious listeners, who, for the sake of a possible glass of beer, hearkened with rapt attention to his bragging anecdotes of Australian life, left Daneborough, flushed with drink, and in a state of high excitement. The fact that he had actually begun to do an injury, probably irreparable, to Sir Richard Mortmain was so pleasing to his unamiable nature, that it was not until he had threaded the straggling length of Limekiln Lane, and had begun to scale the steep path that leads to Beacon Hill, and thence, by way of Hordle Cliff, to Beckdale and Woodburn, that he remembered the possible consequences to himself of his late denunciation of the detested baronet.

"I shall be Queen's evidence, and so come safe out of the forgery job," he muttered to himself; "but I can't keep it dark that I was the bolting clerk of old Lawyer Bowman. And, besides the papers, there was the cash box."

He knew enough of law to be aware that the Crown cannot hold an informer harmless as to the penalty due to other offences than the one for which he has bought a pardon by a betrayal.

"But if I *am* lagged," said Crouch, through his red beard, with a malignant grin, "I shall bear it better than Sir R. will. I'd give a hundred guineas, I would, to see him under the scissors of the prison barber. And then there's the gaol discipline, the floor-scrubbing, the polishing up of every bit of metal, the diet, and the warders, whose word is always taken against that of a prisoner. Yes, Sir Richard Mortmain, Baronet, will have good reason to repent the day when he laid his whip across my face—the face of a better man than ever he was. Once, at Mortmain, he gave me a rough rap with his fist, and I laughed, and pretended to take it as a joke, but that was because he was the old master's heir, and I was only the bailiff's son. We recollect old grudges, some of us; and if it hadn't been for that upstart Don——"

And then—so illogical and inconsistent are the trains of thought in an ill-regulated mind—Rufus, by the time he had gained the steep summit of Beacon Hill, whence once tar-barrels and fagots in a blaze had given notice that Spanish frigates were in sight, and Her Highness Elizabeth unsafe on her throne, was regretting the collapse of the safe, snug plot for Don's destruction. It would have been a pleasant, profitable task; but Sir Richard's petulance had spoiled all. It was a pity. So easy, Crouch thought, to lure the destined victim, by the aid of a false message, to the perilous path at the edge of Hordle Cliff, and then to send him, with a sudden push, to be food for fishes below. It was a bit of cruel treachery, delicious to the ex-gold-digger's envious mind. And, so thinking, he quite regretted his estrangement from Sir Richard Mortmain and the break-down of the conspiracy, as he reached Hordle Cliff.

Hordle Cliff, as Rufus had truly said in his conversation with the baronet, is a formidable place—a mighty rampart frowning down upon the sea. Six hundred feet of rock—sea-birds wheeling and shrieking below, sharp stony ridges, alternating with pools, shingle-banks, and stretches of yellow sand, or the beach that the beetling path in places actually overhung, honeycombed as the sand-stone rock has gradually become by the sapping touch of age and weather.

Crouch, excited by drink and the tension of his nerves, walked recklessly at the very verge of the giddy height, kicking over now and then a pebble or a clod of earth, and then laughing, as an ogre might have done, at the grim visions that passed through his seething brain.

At last Rufus reached the tempting spot which he had lovingly described to Sir Richard—the scene of the intended murder. How he had gloated over the details of the projected crime! It would never be done now—that dark deed—never! never! Crouch was not one to risk his neck gratis; and yet——

At the selected spot the ruffian turned, with his face towards Daneborough, the town he had just left, and by an effort of the imagination saw before him, hurrying along and unsuspecting, the hated form of Don.

"Aha! my gentleman foundling!" he snarled—

"'THIS SOUNDS A COCK-AND-BULL STORY, MY MAN!' REMARKED LAWYER STURT" (*p.* 582).

"One good push, and over you go, never, never to come up again!" And as he spoke he stamped his heavy foot on the beetling cliff, and threw forward his great hands in hideous imitation of the purposed crime. But then the crumbling path gave way beneath his unwary feet, and with one wild yell of despairing anguish, down, down went Rufus himself to the jagged rocks below!

It was two days before the body was found.

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

A BROKEN APPOINTMENT.

IN August, as the almanac informs us, and as some of us know by experience, the sun still rises early, and the days are yet long. The day that succeeded Crouch's denunciation of Sir Richard Mortmain at the office of the clerk to the magistrates for that riding of the county of York was a very long day for Dr. Leader. It was also a very uneasy day for Lawyer Sturt. But there was a difference between the feelings of the two. Lawyer Sturt ought not, according to the fitness of things, to have been a lawyer at all. He was a brisk little man, who might have been a pushing commercial traveller, or, possibly,

promoter of a newly-inflated City company, for the doing of, say anything, for next to nothing, and with several hundred thousand pounds of capital. But he had not a lawyer-like intellect. To punish poor rogues, to repress vagrancy, poaching, window-breaking, and rick-firing, seemed to him the Alpha and the Omega of the duties of a rural magistracy. Of course, he did not wish an aristocratic culprit to go scot-free. Of course, he thought that a baronet who had forged a lord's name on a cheque ought to suffer for his misdeeds. But he was annoyed that the untoward affair should have come to light within his own circuit: wishing, very naturally, to make things pleasant for, and to stand well with, the great ones of the earth.

Dr. Leader's mental constitution was more finely strung than that of Mr. Sturt. He, too, was sorry that disgrace should come, in a sidelong way, to the noble name of Thorsdale. The earl had been hospitable to him, and civil too, for Dr. Leader was a man to be respected. But not for a moment did he think of screening the earl's brother-in-law from merited punishment. The only question was, whether there were real grounds to go upon. Dr. Leader, judging by Crouch's demeanour on the previous day, and by the coherence of his tale, thought that such grounds did exist. So, too, did Lawyer Sturt. But then, minds are so differently constituted as regards the reception of evidence. Some resist it as a slate roof resists the rain. You may prove, but they, perversely, remain deaf and blind, and non-absorbent. Others swallow your proofs, but reluctantly, and with an ill-grace, as a child takes nauseous physic. So it was with Lawyer Sturt. But it was far otherwise with the medical magistrate. No justice of the peace in his division of the great county of Yorkshire was so gentle, so discriminating, it was said, as Dr. Leader, the ex-physician; but none the less did he feel that right must be done.

Rufus Crouch had fixed an hour for his second visit, backed up with documentary proofs, to Lawyer Sturt's office. At noon he had promised to be there. Dr. Leader came duly a little before the clock on the red-brick front of Daneborough Town-Hall doled out the sharp strokes of twelve. But Crouch did not come at twelve. The magistrate waited; the clerk waited. It was ten minutes to one when they gave up the idea that the Australian gold-digger would be, if not exact, at least approximatively punctual to the appointment which he had made.

About two o'clock, after luncheon-time, Dr. Leader returned. Two o'clock struck; still no sign of Crouch. And yet, but yesterday, the man had seemed so intent upon his purpose, so bitterly in earnest, that both magistrate and clerk felt sure that Crouch's promise had been made in all sincerity.

"The fellow has been drinking, I dare say, and has slept till late," suggested Lawyer Sturt.

But Dr. Leader shook his head.

"The man drinks," he said, "as we could both of us observe yesterday, but he is a seasoned vessel, and even in his cups would scarcely rest while his brain was on fire with revengeful purpose. He has, too, as my old habit of observation enabled me to remark, a constitution of extraordinary vigour, and it would take much to stupefy him. There is something odd about his non-appearance."

"Perhaps the rogue has changed his mind?" hinted Lawyer Sturt contemptuously. He did not like those who spoke evil of dignities, and would have smirked delightedly at finding out the rough accuser of so distinguished a gentleman as the master of Mortmain to be a mere libeller.

"I fear," replied Dr. Leader, with his quiet smile, "the man's mind was made up—terribly made up—and was proof against change. A rogue he is, self-convicted, but very positive, and very real. I will sit here with you, if you please, Mr. Sturt, for awhile, so as to be here if our lagging witness should drop in."

Three o'clock, four o'clock, and still no Crouch. Lawyer Sturt was uneasy, and the magistrate thoughtful.

"We must give the fellow up," said Mr. Sturt, as the hands of the office clock indicated a quarter to five.

"I think, with you, that the appointment will not now be kept," said Dr. Leader gravely; "but that the man meant to keep it I am convinced. If he does not give any sign of life, it will be our duty to seek him out."

"You think so, doctor?" returned Lawyer Sturt unwillingly.

"I am certain of it," answered the magistrate firmly. "This case is by far too important a one to be trifled with or burked."

And then Lawyer Sturt, adjusting his blond whiskers, and remembering the newspapers and their pungent comments on the shortcomings of those who assist Themis, with her sword and scales and bandaged eyes, ruefully coincided with the doctor.

At half-past five o'clock, Superintendent Whistler, of the county constabulary, was in Dr. Leader's cool dining-room, which overlooked the lawn and the flowers and the rook-haunted elms of the garden, to receive the magistrate's orders. A tall, lean man was this policeman-in-chief, and in aspect very unlike his fleshy compeer, Superintendent Swann, of Daneborough. He had been a dragoon, and held himself upright, in military fashion, ready to obey orders.

"A bad lot, sir, that Crouch, from the little I've seen and the much I've heard of him," said the superintendent, peering grimly at the imaginary impersonation of the man of whom he spoke. "Jet-hunters, generally, are a very decent set. But this fellow is a disgrace to any company. He lives all alone on the moors as a trespasser, I'm told, or a squatter, as they call it, on Lord Thorsdale's land. But, such as he is, I'll bring him to you, sir, if I can find him."

"It is possible that the man may have got himself into trouble in some tavern brawl, which would account for his failure to keep his appointment with Mr. Sturt and myself," said Dr. Leader thoughtfully. "He seemed to me, from what I saw of him, to be both of a boastful and quarrelsome disposition."

"That's a true bill, sir," said the superintendent assentingly, "The chap has been in the thick of more rows at fair and market than any bad character of these parts. It's as likely as not that he has been in liquor, and fighting or doing damage to property, and so got himself locked up for disorderly conduct. I'll inquire about him at the borough police-station before I go up the hill-side."

Having said this, Superintendent Whistler saluted and withdrew. Dr. Leader remained behind, musing over the strange revelation which Crouch had made, and on its probable results.

An English magistrate differs very much from a French one, in that his duties are strictly, for the most part, judicial. He sits to try cases, but he seldom occupies himself in hunting up cases for trial. All that restless activity which French procureurs and substitutes and judges of instruction display in ferreting out hidden crime, is left in England to the police, and that novel institution, the Public Prosecutor. But none the less did the medical magistrate feel that it was incumbent on him to do his duty in this matter, even although it might be uncongenial to his nature and his habits.

The August day burned itself out at last with a red sunset, like the embers of a dying fire; and Dr. Leader, who was a bachelor and dined late, had finished his solitary meal, and was sitting alone and thoughtfully sipping his claret, when the police-officer returned.

"I'm afraid, sir, I've not much that is satisfactory to report," said Superintendent Whistler, with rather a crestfallen air, "since I have not succeeded in getting speech of the party. A long walk it is, and a wildish one, to the chap's lonely little place among the high moors, where, if a fog came on, there is always a chance of floundering into some bog that it's not so easy to get out of again. And the house, or hut—for it's a shame to call the tumble-down shanty a regular house—is hard to find. Most of Crouch's neighbours seem to be mortally afraid of 'old Robinson Crusoe,' as they call him behind his back, with his savage temper, and his dogs, and his gun; and when I got a boy to guide me, he wouldn't come a step further once we sighted the roof, for fear, as he said, 'old Crusoe' should raddle his bones for bringing the bobbies upon him. A nice name he's got in the country, that Crouch."

"I gather, from what you tell me, superintendent," said the doctor, "that you were refused admittance, or that you found the bird had flown."

"I found the hut, sir," answered the superintendent, "fastened up more strongly than you'd believe likely in such a miserable place, for I pushed the door hard, besides knocking and calling loud enough to wake the dead. But I got no sort of answer, nothing but the barking and howling of the dogs—the fellow keeps a lot of 'em, chained up outside—and they, I reckon, poor brutes, were more hungry than fierce, for they were as gaunt as greyhounds, and whined when I went away, as if they had hoped I'd brought them food, and were nigh clemmed" (*starved*) "for the want of victuals. I dropped in, on my way back, for a second time at the borough police-station, sir, in Daneborough here; but my brother-officer, Superintendent Swann, could only tell me that Crouch had not been run in for any offence, and that no constable had set eyes on him lately."

"You have had a long walk, and a fruitless one, Mr. Whistler," said the doctor, considerately filling a large glass, which the chief officer of county constabulary emptied with much satisfaction; "and I need not to-night trouble you any further on this subject. The man's absence may, after all, have been caused by some unexpected circumstance, and he may have honestly meant to keep tryst, and have been prevented from doing so. I shall see Mr. Sturt again about this matter, and will send word round to the station when I require the assistance of the police."

"Good night, then, sir; yours to command," said the superintendent, as he stiffly made his martial salute, and retired.

Dr. Leader sat for some time in deep thought. "The man meant to come," he said to himself. "Something must have caused him to change his purpose. I wonder if his captain, that old Obadiah Jedson, the jet-hunter, knows what it is. If Crouch delays much longer, I must try to find him through that channel."

END OF CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

A WORD ABOUT DISINFECTANTS.

BY AN ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

WHEN epidemics threaten our islands, and may at any time break out among us, every reasonable precaution should be undertaken for the purpose of "setting one's house in order." More especially in the case of cholera does the important task of preventing the spread of the disease depend upon individual exertion; for quarantines have by experience been proved unequal to the end for which they were instituted, and at such times the medical faculty wisely trust less to their ordinary restorative weapons than to the more powerful preventive ones which sanitary science has taught us, and with which they bravely fight the enemy face to face, nip the disease in the bud, cut the ground from beneath its feet, and ultimately destroy and exterminate the hydra-headed monster.

Our maritime situation and extensive commercial relations expose us more openly than perhaps any other nation to attacks of infectious diseases, which

originate or are prevalent in countries with which we are commercially connected. At present we are not protected by any system of quarantine, which, besides being ineffectual, is injurious to trade, and on that account it is the more necessary that every one should be acquainted with the best means by which the spread of the disease can be prevented, and so be ready when the time comes to strike an effectual blow. It has been proved by experience that the best means of checking the progress of cholera and other such diseases is by the proper use of disinfectants, and on that account a few words about them will not be inopportune.

The use of disinfectants has of late years greatly extended; few private houses are without them: in fact, none should be. Their value as a means of preventing the extension of infectious diseases is attested by the fact that the municipal authorities of many large towns made arrangements, when cholera was last threatening us, for distributing to every householder in the district a free supply of disinfectants if the disease should appear therein.

This plan was adopted in Bristol during the last outbreak of cholera, and was attended with most satisfactory results—results which were certainly no less due to the energy and promptitude of those whose duty it was to prevent the disease spreading than to the efficacy of the disinfectants. Indeed, by the free and proper use of disinfectants cholera has been reduced from the very terrible position it had attained in the eyes of our forefathers, to a much lower—to a reachable—level.

There are many kinds of disinfectants known, and sold to the public at varying prices, some valuable, others entirely worthless, as disinfectants. Every one is familiar with bleaching-powder, which was formerly (and is still to a considerable extent) so much used. It is very effectual, owing to the chlorine gas which it freely gives off when exposed to the atmosphere, or moistened with dilute acids, such as vinegar. Charcoal, too, is well known as a disinfectant, and as a powerful deodorant. We may here remark that a deodorant simply disguises the bad smell without destroying the poison which it may contain, and in this respect differs from a true disinfectant. Of all known disinfectants, carbolic acid is now generally admitted to be the most efficacious, and it is the basis of most of the disinfecting agents now sold. The acid is too powerful to be used alone, and is therefore generally mixed with eighty or ninety per cent. of some other substance not possessed of disinfecting properties. Sometimes the bisulphites of lime and magnesia are added, and these substances are themselves possessed of disinfecting properties; but more generally chalk or sand is used; or the acid is simply diluted with water. A small portion of the mixture sprinkled in water-closets and other places where decomposing matter is allowed to remain will diminish, if not entirely remove, the chances of contagion, and sweeten and purify the atmosphere.

Although carbolic acid is so efficacious, there are some who object to its use. It smells rather strongly, and many persons are thereby prevented from using it. It is a pity on this account to be robbed of its advantages; and such persons would do well to try and educate themselves to the smell. Moreover, it is better to breathe an unpleasant and pure atmosphere than a pleasant but unhealthy and dangerous one. The smell of pure carbolic is much more easily borne than that of crude carbolic; and we would recommend the use of the purest carbolic procurable, diluted with eighty or ninety per cent. of water, or mixed with the same percentage of precipitated chalk. It is difficult for the chemist, trained and accustomed to the offensive and unwholesome smells in the laboratory, to understand how any person can retain a strong dislike to the comparatively sweet smell of carbolic acid.

There are some reasonable objections to the use of carbolic acid as a disinfectant in a concentrated form. In the first place, it is a powerful poison, and if taken internally, is almost certainly fatal. The liquid carbolic acid varies in colour, as the crudeness of the product increases, from pale straw to dark brown, approaching almost to black in the very impure kinds. This darkening is due to the presence of tarry substances, which add considerably to the offensiveness of the smell. This changing colour renders it liable to be mistaken for other liquids. On more than one occasion it has been mistaken for the black draught usually sold by chemists as a common purgative. A very melancholy case occurred in Ireland a few years ago. A young gentleman had gone from Dublin to Limerick to take part in a cricket match. Not feeling well on his arrival at the latter place the night previous to the match, he crossed from the hotel at which he lodged to a chemist's shop opposite, and asked for a dose of black draught, which was supplied him from the bottle usually containing this preparation. Unfortunately, the porter had been allowed to re-fill this bottle the same morning, and in ignorance drew the supply from the stock of carbolic acid. The cricketer, to avoid as much as possible the nauseous taste of the draught, hurriedly swallowed it; but had scarcely reached his hotel, when a violent burning sensation within him convinced him of some error, and although medical aid was immediately obtained, he died the same night in the most terrible agony. A similar case occurred in the Midland counties of England a few months ago.

Notwithstanding its general use, these are the only fatal cases reported, and it has been stated that no instance is known where carbolic acid kept solely for disinfecting purposes has caused the death of any human being. In the form of powders, the chances of such mistakes occurring are few, if any; and if kept in the diluted form the danger is very greatly diminished.

The smell of carbolic acid is very characteristic, and can readily be distinguished.

When it has been accidentally taken internally, castor-oil and sweet-oil should be freely administered, and a doctor obtained without delay.

It is very painful when externally applied, as it rapidly cauterises the fleshy tissues. In the concentrated form it should be very cautiously handled. Oil or carbonate of soda rubbed on the parts are the best

remedies for external injury and pain. Water may be applied externally, but should not be taken internally.

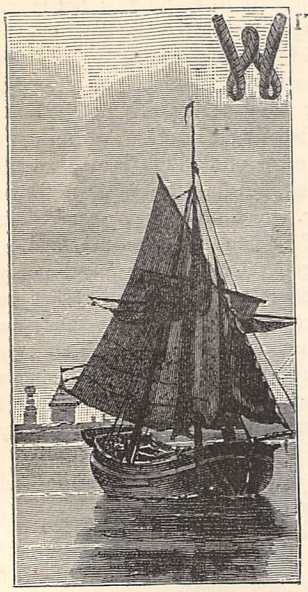
Another objection to the use of carbolic acid in the concentrated form is that it is apt to be wasted, for many persons are ignorant of or incredulous as to its powerfully destructive effects on animal life, and are sometimes so forgetful of principles of economy in this matter as to use carbolic acid in an undiluted form, and in quantities far in excess of what is required.

To prevent waste, the acid is used to form the basis of what are known as "carbolic disinfecting powders," which consist simply of chalk, or some other cheap substance, in a finely divided state, to which from ten to twenty per cent. of carbolic acid has been added, and sometimes from five to twenty per cent. of the bisulphites of lime and magnesia, together with some colouring matter, to give a pleasing effect to the eye.

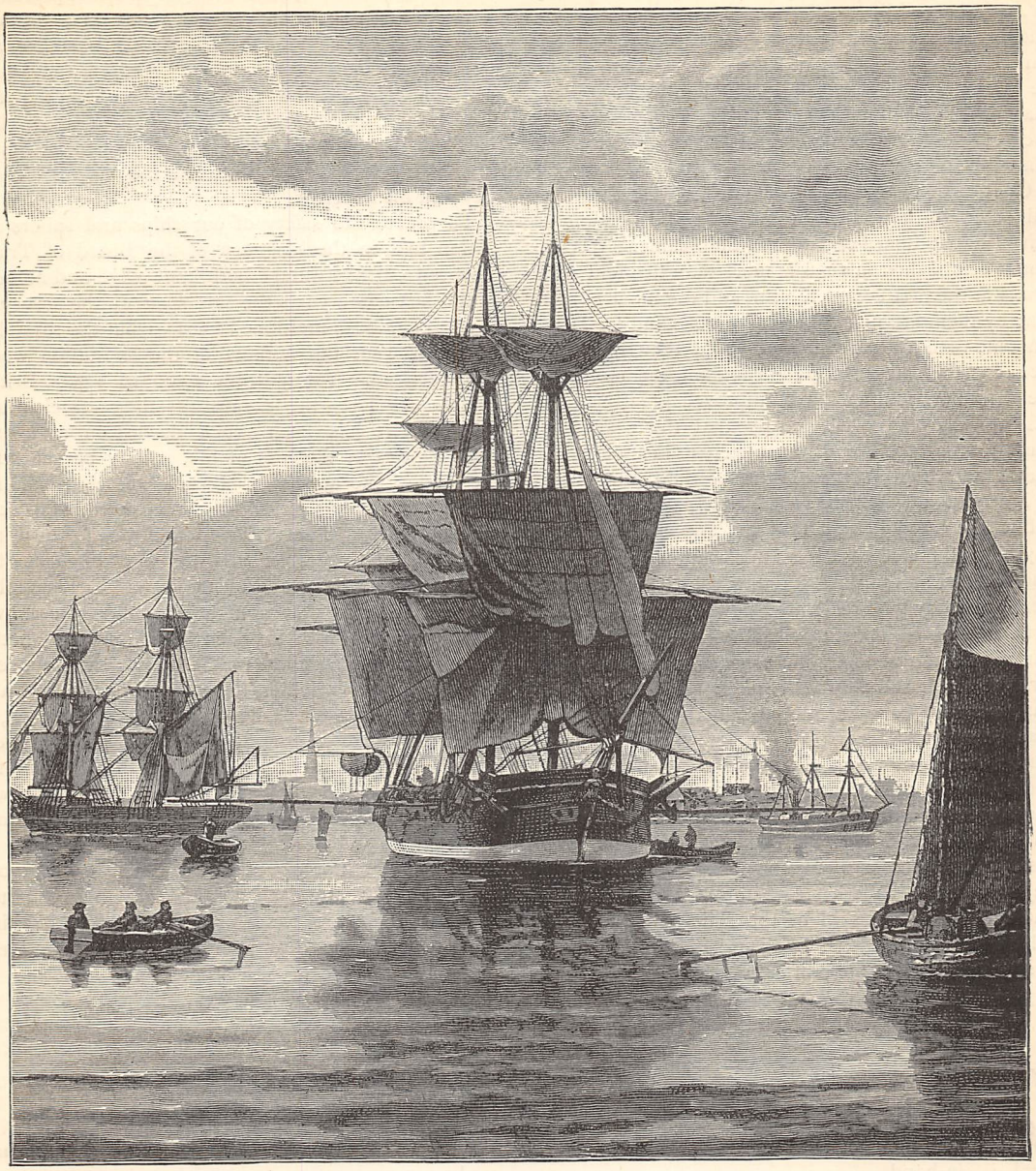
Powders are an expensive form of disinfecting by carbolic acid; and a considerable saving might be effected by persons who use it largely if the mixing were done by themselves instead of by the manufacturers, and the same tins used over again, while the article so made would have many advantages. It could, in the first place, be made as strong as the necessities of any particular occasion might require, and in the next place, the pure acid may be used for house disinfection, and so lessen the disagreeableness of the smell, while the commoner kinds may be employed for yards, stables, fowl-houses, &c. The method of making powders is very simple. About four ounces of the acid, by weight or measure, should be added to one pound of precipitated chalk, or fine sand, or mould, or any other harmless substance in a finely subdivided state, and thoroughly mixed in a large bowl. This powder will be suitable for all ordinary purposes, and will be far superior to many of the disinfecting powders sold at twice the cost.

Why, it may be asked, cannot our chemists discover some pleasant and non-poisonous disinfectant? Why are we under the necessity of substituting an intolerable smell for a bad one? The answer is that nothing but poisonous substances can be good general disinfectants, as the dangerous matter which it is the aim of disinfectants to destroy is chiefly organic, of which too, though of course in a far higher degree, the vital parts of the human being consist. Of disinfectants, charcoal is perhaps the least objectionable; it is neither dangerous nor mal-odorous; but though extremely valuable as a deodorant, its usefulness as a disinfectant is very limited. A disinfectant must be capable of destroying the lower forms of organic life, some of which constitute disease; and the province of the chemist is to find out that substance which is most destructive to these lower organisms, and least dangerous and objectionable to man. Carbolic acid best answers these requirements, and on this account has recently come into extensive use.

OUR SAILORS AND SHIPS.



WITHOUT venturing to decide where doctors disagree, let us look if possible to some of the indications of changes that have of late taken place in our ships and our sailors. It may be premised that during the past few years Government has supervised sailors as it has no other class, defining where they shall be engaged, the space they shall have to live and sleep in, the food they shall eat, how and when they shall be paid, and other particulars; and from the knowledge thus obtained, we gather authentic particulars of the numbers of ships and sailors. Recently some of these particulars have been presented to Parliament in very elaborate tables, and some of the figures may be given. The merchant navy of the United Kingdom was in the year 1850 composed of vessels the tonnage of which was 3,504,944, and only 167,000 tons of that was "steam tonnage." Since that time the proportionate number of sailing vessels has been dying off, and the steam tonnage has been growing, and last year we had a merchant navy including 7,196,401 tons, of which more than half—or 3,725,229 tons—was that of steamships. For years we have been building from 200,000 tons of vessels up to 900,000 tons annually, and increasingly these have been of iron, until wood as a material for vessels is almost extinct. But we have not added to the number of the sailors in the same ratio in the same time, for a reason that will be shortly stated. In all in 1851 there were 141,937 seamen employed (captains or masters being excluded), and out of that number only 5,793 were foreigners. In the last year, 1883, 200,727 seamen were serving, and the number of foreigners was 28,313—or, in other words, rather over *four* per cent. of the seamen employed were foreigners in 1851, and over *sixteen* per cent. were foreigners last year. The cause just referred to, as that which has prevented the number of seamen increasing concurrently with the increase of tonnage, is that thirty years ago the sailing vessels em-



ployed 4·97 men to every hundred tons of ships on the average ; but the steamships have in many cases made machinery do the work of men, and in consequence there are employed on the average of the sailing ships and steamships only 2·86 seamen for every hundred tons. And whatever may be the other causes of the growth of the employment of foreigners in our British ships, an important one is that of the lessened number of apprentices. In the year 1850 there were 5,055 apprentices enrolled; last year the number had dwindled to 2,524—one-half, that is—and the number of indentures of apprenticeship in existence had been falling for years. This falling off is singular when it is known that the official returns show that the wages of seamen and firemen and the salaries of engineers have, generally speaking, increased in the three last decades.

One other fact should be borne in mind—not only has the steamship grown in tonnage, and the sailing vessel declined, but the change represents an increased *capacity*—the steamship being able to do, ton for ton, about three times the work done by the sailing vessel. It is largely to the determination of our merchant navy to steam that we have been able to do more of the work in ocean carriage to and from our ports and the ports of the world. In the year 1860, of vessels entering and leaving our own ports, 13–24ths

were British; in 1883 that proportion was increased to 47-64ths; whilst a still greater proportional growth had been known in our vessels that brought and carried cargoes only. And the general remark may be made, without the citation of figures in support, that our vessels now do a larger proportion than ever of the trade of other nations, especially of the United States.

Of our sailors it must be said at first that they have gained in thrift in these decades. The amount received by the Board of Trade in the Seamen's Savings Banks established in 1856 is more than five-fold what it was in the first complete year, and the money orders sent by them are much more numerous and for larger amounts than a few years ago. And though the one vice of drunkenness is far too common, the morals of the merchant seamen have improved greatly in the past three decades—so greatly that the seaman is changed in disposition as completely as in appearance, and in nature of work, from that of the type pictured by Marryatt and Cooper as the Tar of past generations.

But it cannot be said that the seamanship or the physique of the seamen has improved in that period. There were, in the past, training schools of service; there are many who remember how the coal trade, for instance, trained up sturdy sailors—not skilled in the learning of the schools, but especially taught by experience in all the duty of a sailor. And there were many such trades. But the introduction of steam has lessened the need for part of that knowledge. For instance, there are in every steamship certain workers whose duty is that of attention to engines and fires, who *need* not be practical sailors, whatever the desirability of that knowledge. The steamship moreover lessens the distance between ports, and so lessens the length of the experience of storms and of dangers that called out the skill of the sailor, and thus the skill in some has rusted by disuse. And the disuse to some extent of apprenticeship has lessened the number of the able seamen brought up to the profession here; whilst the dependence at times on a "scratch crew" has drawn into the trade some unskilled and not always most orderly men. Yet, on the whole, as complete as the difference between the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic in nineteen days and the floating palaces that now course across in less than seven, is that between the "sailor" of to-day and his ancestor.

To secure the safety of our ships and sailors the nation has, in the language of the Board of Trade, "poured out like water" both knowledge and money; in the last dozen years the sum spent on the surveying of ships has been multiplied fourfold, but the result has not been what the authors of the legislation would have desired. Yearly from 1,200 to 1,300 British vessels are lost—the majority sailing vessels; and though there has been much discussion as to the exact figures of the loss of life, it may be said that the loss of life at sea in British vessels (including fishing vessels) has in recent years varied from 2,000 to 3,000 yearly. That terrible toll of men taken by the sea must in fairness be said to be chiefly from the sailing ships that are growing older yearly; and it may be believed that it includes some whose lives might be saved with lessened speed in fogs, better lights, and other appliances. Whether the law needs alteration, and whether there is responsibility, and where, for the loss of life, need not be here discussed, as it is a strongly controverted question. But that there is need for greater care at sea, that there is need for crews shipped more soberly, and of officers who will rise to the occasion with practical knowledge in times of danger, as well as of greater vigilance on shore to secure the detention of vessels overladen or dangerous—these things cannot be doubted, any more than the fact that there are times as of old, when "sailing was now dangerous," and when it is well if the crew, like Paul's, can escape "all safe to land."

A YEAR AGO.

A YEAR ago, my darling, we wandered hand-in-hand
Down Moira Vale, as sunset cast its splendour o'er the land;
The world was bright before us, green leaves and tender flowers,
Young summer breathing warmth and love through all her pleasant bowers,
And oh, our hearts so rarely beat, and oh, 'twas sweet to be,
For I was all to you, *ma belle*, and you were all to me.

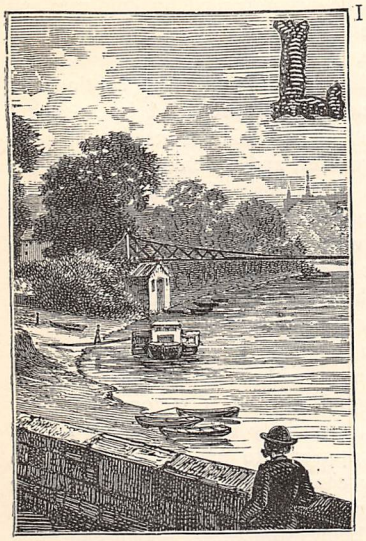
A year ago, my darling!—it seems a weary while,
And Moira Vale is gloomy now, and fading summer's smile;
The green leaves wither on the boughs, the tender flowers are blown;
And passed for ever from the world the glory it has known.
And oh, my heart is sad to think that time no more may be
When I was all to you, *ma belle*, and you were all to me!

A year ago, my darling! and where is now your troth?
The vows that bound not me alone?—the love that linked us both?
Tush! what were vows or feelings to stay the light coquette?
Enough that you no more recall what I can ne'er forget!
But oh, my heart is sad to think *that* time could cease to be,
When I was all to you, *ma belle*, and you were all to me!

J. H. D.

MORE IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

BY THE HON. P. CARTERET HILL, FORMERLY PREMIER OF THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA.



LIFE in England is many-sided. Containing within its narrow circumference the heart and centre of an empire of many lands and varied climates, England presents an infinite variety of hues and aspects to any observer who will take the trouble to open his eyes and look around him. A visitor from the New World cannot but be struck with the absolute independence with which Englishmen live up to their own ideas, whether they coincide with the general current of opinion or not. On the other side of the Atlantic public sentiment rules with almost irresistible force; no erratic departures from the general law are tolerated; every man must conform to the rules of the majority. If you know one young man in the United States you know them all. They resemble each other with curious fidelity in dress, manner, and appearance. Their very thoughts, racy and original as they are, run in the same groove, and they give expression to them in the same crystallised forms of speech. This iron rule does not prevail to nearly so great an extent in Canada, but it exists with sufficient force to make the independence of the individual Englishman marked even to a Canadian. The old Indian generals who affect Eastern modes of life in misty England, the retired sea-captains whose talk is ever in nautical phrases of nautical matters, and other riders of hobbies innumerable, who have furnished materials to many authors, and amusement to many generations of readers, abound in England and help to render the land picturesque and attractive.

All these harmless and amusing eccentricities are almost ruled down into a dead level of monotonous uniformity in the New World. Perhaps I should except New York from this general statement. This, the greatest city in America, is the most cosmopolitan in its character. Men of all nationalities go to make up its vast population; it is less distinctively American than Philadelphia or Boston. Its young men, whether intentionally or not, closely resemble young Englishmen; indeed, all classes exhibit their own peculiarities uninfluenced by the repressing tyranny of general habits or opinions.

It is impossible for any colonist, especially for one who has ever taken any part in public life himself, not to look with deep interest on the public life of Great Britain, and to note the points in which the systems differ. Standing as the Imperial Parliament confessedly does at the head of all the representative assemblies of the world, a man must be hopelessly dull who does not see in its constitution and working subjects of profound interest. Nothing can illustrate so forcibly the perfect adaptation of the machinery to the end proposed as the marvellous smoothness and harmony with which its work is accomplished. Measures of the utmost importance, amounting almost to revolutions, are introduced, debated, and carried with little apparent acerbity of feeling or bitterness of language. Not, of course, that the actors in the arena do not feel deeply, but because the traditions of centuries have produced a moral atmosphere which, by an unseen yet irresistible influence, represses all unseemly ebullitions of feeling and violence of language. Nor is this merely the veneering and varnish resulting from education and refinement. There are men of education and refinement in the Parliaments of Germany and France, and yet they become bear-gardens whenever anything that approaches the character of a burning question is being discussed. Over and above the high personal tone of the great majority of the members of the British Parliament, the unwritten law—the traditions of many ages—exercise a silent influence which cannot be ignored or trampled on with impunity.

I have in a former paper spoken of some of the customs, especially in connection with elections, in the Colonies, which tend to import into their public life more acerbity than is exhibited in the political contentions of the parent land. Whether the amenities which now so happily distinguish English Parliamentary life will survive the gradual lowering of the franchise, I do not venture to predict, nor indeed is it my province to enter in these columns into any discussion which has a political aspect. All I am concerned with at present is to notice the almost unbroken smoothness with which the political machinery runs, when we consider the vast interests which are involved in the decisions of Parliament, and the tremendous importance to the classes affected, of every great change in the laws.

A very interesting feature of English life to a colonist is the survival of old customs and institutions in the midst of the busy life of the nineteenth century. No one can see, for example, a Bluecoat Boy in the quaint costume of Edward VI.'s time, quietly walking the streets of modern London, without being struck with the wonderful vitality not merely of ancient institutions, but even of the outward forms originally impressed upon them. There is a tremendous *vis inertiæ* in the English mind, passively opposed to all change, which partly accounts perhaps for the preservation of many customs and institutions even where they might with advantage be altered or modified. There may be good reasons with which I am not acquainted for re-

taining the Bluecoat School in the same locality which sufficed a former generation, but I never looked through the iron gates as one looks through the bars of a lion's cage, and saw a crowd of boys playing in a dismal paved courtyard, without being filled with wonder and admiration—wonder that any governing body should keep six or seven hundred youthful Britons caged up in such a melancholy prison—admiration at the tenacity which over-rides even well-grounded objections which are not vital, and which reverences and preserves the heritage received from the past unless driven by some overwhelming necessity to abandon it.

Perhaps it is the same passive resistance to change which has prevented Englishmen from availing themselves of some changes which are improvements, and which are in use in other countries. I think the average Englishman is very suspicious of anything which is not hammered on his own anvil, and so adheres to his own way as the safer course. Thus the railways in the United Kingdom are admirably and solidly laid, and the trains run with a smoothness and freedom from jarring which is delightful; but any person who has travelled in Canada or the United States will miss the admirable system of "checking" luggage which prevails in those countries; every traveller in England is familiar with the vexations resulting from the necessity of personally looking after his various boxes and trunks, especially where there are several changes of train in the course of his journey. In any part of the continent of America the traveller may pass from one point to another, however distant, without any thought or anxiety about his luggage; he simply on starting receives a numbered check or counter for each piece, and on arriving at his destination, it is delivered up to him on the production of his check. I have travelled frequently and over many thousand miles in the United States and Canada, and I never lost an article.

I have often looked on with astonishment when, on the arrival of a train at one of the great London stations, I have seen a vast pile of luggage in hopeless confusion surrounded by a clamorous crowd of claimants, and wondered why railway directors in England do not adopt the simple and efficacious check system, and so rob railway travelling of one of its greatest annoyances. Blessings many are in store, I doubt not, for the manager who will first bestow this boon on the travelling public, especially from the "unprotected females" who are obliged to travel alone, to whom the prospect of a frantic struggle to secure their luggage at a crowded station is really appalling.

In connection with this subject, there is another feature which has often struck me with wonder. English trains run rapidly; let us say, for example, at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, which is a not uncommon speed. If a storm of wind is blowing at the not very high rate of fifteen miles an hour, and in an opposite direction to that of the train, it is quite clear that the train is exposed to a current of air which rushes past it at the rate of sixty miles an hour, or in other words, at a rate not far short of the velocity of a hurricane. And yet the engine-driver is often exposed to the full force of the storm without any other shelter than that afforded by a wooden fence or parapet, which in reality is no protection whatever except to his lower extremities. If we suppose the gale through which the train is rushing to be accompanied by cold rain and sleet, the exposure seems to be too great to call on any man to endure.

In Canada, and indeed all over the continent of America, the engine-driver is protected by a shelter composed chiefly of glass, which shuts him in completely from the weather, and which yet permits him to see clearly in all directions. I noticed a few days ago several locomotives at one of the large London stations furnished with a shelter for the driver very much the same as those used in Canada, and I have no doubt that all the lines will eventually adopt them, as indeed humanity appears to dictate.

A few years ago it would have been sufficient to prevent the adoption of either of the changes I have referred to by English railway directors that they came from abroad, especially from the other side of the Atlantic. It appears to me, however, that a marked and happy change has taken place in the feelings of the nation in this respect. Most educated Englishmen now know something about the great territory stretching from ocean to ocean, embraced within the limits of the Dominion of Canada; they know it as a part of the great British Empire, in whose cities and villages the Queen reigns as absolutely and as firmly as in London or Edinburgh. But even with regard to the United States, a great change of feeling has taken place; the antipathy to everything American or "Yankee" has given way to sentiments of esteem and respect.

The whirligig of time has brought round strange revulsions of sentiment. Those who were present at the International Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876 will remember it as a magnificent scene, worthy of the great nation whose one-hundredth birthday it was intended to celebrate. But the most remarkable feature of all the splendid scene was not the collection of treasures from all quarters of the globe, nor the unrivalled beauty of the grounds. That great pageant was held especially to commemorate the throwing off of their allegiance to George III. by the old Colonies, and their solemn determination to abide by that decision to the death. His granddaughter, reigning in his stead, sent her representatives to join in the celebration, and the British Court exceeded, as was universally admitted, that of every other foreign nation in splendour. Had any of the actors in the bloody scenes of the American Revolution ventured to predict that one short century would have worked such a wondrous change, he would have been deemed either mad or disaffected.

The visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860 had done much to produce kindly feelings in the American people. The Exhibition in Philadelphia tended largely to deepen those feelings, and at length all the remaining bitterness which had sprung from the bloodshed of the previous century was buried with the Queen's wreath of flowers in the grave of President Garfield.

All who have read, even in the most cursory way, the history of the American Revolution, must remember the bitter taunts and reproaches to which Benjamin Franklin, as the representative in London of the disaffected Colonies, was obliged to submit in silence before the assembled Cabinet of that day. But the iron entered into his soul and he never forgot the indignity. He had his *amende* when some years afterwards he was presented to the King, as the first American Minister at the Court of St. James', in the very same dress in which he was reviled while the Colonies were yet struggling for their independence.

But time has brought round a more remarkable compensation even than this. The genius and work of the American philosopher are now recognised and admired by the nation which once derided him, and even the place of his temporary abode in London is marked as a distinguished spot to be had in reverence of the passers-by. I noticed recently in Craven Street a tablet affixed to a house bearing the following inscription: "Lived here, Benjamin Franklin, Printer, Philosopher, and Statesman. Born 1706, died 1790." If he could have had a vision of that tablet, I doubt if he would have preserved his historical coat with such vindictive care.

There are two features of the English soil which always attract a visitor from the New World—the ancient buildings surrounded by a halo of historical associations, and the charming rural scenery. I know of no more interesting mode in which a day may be spent than by a visit to Westminster Abbey, except perhaps a day spent in the Forum at Rome, as one of an audience assembled to hear its points of interest described on the spot by one of the resident archæologists. It just seems to make history real, and to clothe the dim figures of the mighty dead with all the freshness and vitality of the living. And what can be more interesting than to see the best-preserved baronial hall in England at Penshurst Place, and to walk round the ball-room with all its antique furniture just as it appeared when Queen Elizabeth was entertained there?

Accustomed as we are in Canada to boundless extents of forest in its natural state, the almost garden-like cultivation of every available acre of soil in England is at first very attractive. The trim hedges, the sweet-smelling may, the undulating fields, the melody of the lark—whose notes are not heard in Canadian meadows—all make up a scene which both by its intrinsic beauty and novelty is for a time very fascinating; but shall I confess that this feature of fair England at length loses some of its attractiveness for me, and that I long for a glimpse of some limitless reach of forest and mountain and lake as nature made them? I do not know that I am singular in this; some Englishmen have the same longing. In one of Charles Kingsley's letters he mentions that in a part of the glebe at Eversley he had formed, so far as he could, a "forest primeval" for his children. Perhaps this craving for nature is hidden more or less deeply in every heart. Whether this be so or not, he must be very difficult to gratify who feels no emotions of pleasure as he looks round on the smiling fields, the venerable architectural remains, and above all on the moral aspect of a country, the seat of an Empire which has no parallel on earth.

THE ART OF SOUP-MAKING.

AN author has truly said that "Cookery, though a science, is not, and cannot be, an exact science; while the professors of cookery propound their recipes as if it *were* exact. They give a recipe with so much particularity, that they have to give another and another to cover a different set of particulars not included in the first."

There is a constant controversy going on as to the economy, digestibility, and necessity of soup at the commencement of a dinner; some maintaining that a dinner without it cannot literally be called a dinner; others, prejudiced against "slops," discarding it from their tables altogether; while a few who would gladly, perhaps, take advantage of an opportunity to reduce the meat bills, have only the *will*, being ignorant of the way. The average middle-class wife and mother may have sighed over the items of ribs and sirloins of beef, and legs and shoulders of mutton, and said to herself, "Ah! we must take to having a little soup." With praiseworthy promptitude and zeal, she has perchance opened her cookery-book, of the old extravagant style, and closed it sorrowfully, a sadder, if not a wiser woman, with brain all dizzy from the strings of ingredients, and the long line of knuckles of veal, shins of beef, "old fowls," and slices of ham, which she is commanded to "throw into the stock-pot" if she would insure success.

Now with soup-making, as with all else, once master the theory and the practice is comparatively easy; while, on the other hand, *years* of practice *without* a perfect knowledge of the why and the wherefore will prove of no avail. Let me illustrate my meaning clearly: the would-be soup-maker, in scanning a recipe, discards it as impracticable because she lacks one or more of the ingredients mentioned, while she who grasps the *modus operandi*, owing to her theoretical knowledge, at once substitutes others, or perhaps dispenses with them altogether.

No doubt, in many families, the prejudice against soup has arisen from the fact that it is usually prepared and served in large quantities, instead of, as at the tables of the rich, in small portions, though many of the kinds which I hope to enumerate would furnish in themselves a substantial meal for a growing

child. At any rate, the advantages of commencing dinner with soup are manifest in the saving of the meat bills, and economy practised in utilising scraps of all kinds for the making of the soups, and the comfortable sensation experienced after a little has been taken; for let any person who feels, as the saying goes, "too hungry to eat," swallow a few spoonfuls of soup, and the feeling of exhaustion will quickly pass away. Indeed, a well-known authority has said that nothing tends more to restore the tone of the stomach, and make easier of digestion that which is to follow, than a little soup.

There are three kinds which may be termed every-day soups, viz., clear soups, thick soups, and purées: the first especially suitable for hot weather, and to commence a good dinner; the second and third for colder weather, or when soup constitutes the greater part of the meal.

Cleanliness in every detail is the first thing necessary, and, after that, the gradual bringing to the boil of the stock; many people know very well that it is absolutely necessary that meat for soups, stews, tea for invalids, and the like, should cook as slowly as possible after the liquid simmers; but they are unaware of the great importance of letting the process of ebullition be a slow one. The reason is simple; the more slowly the meat cooks, the more it expands and yields its juices; indeed, it is well to add a spoonful of cold water from time to time, to check the heat and assist in throwing up the scum; for, in the case of clear soups especially, the liquid must be skimmed thoroughly *before* it boils; then, after the simmering has commenced, it must be continuous until the end.

As to the stock itself, in spite of the usual recommendation to keep the stock-pot always simmering, and throw in from day to day whatever in the way of bones and trimmings will yield any nourishment, it is a very great mistake; for, in the first place, the contents will be unequally cooked, and long stewing will spoil the flavour; the stock, that is to say, will have a stale taste if cooked over and over again. It is far better to empty the pot every night, set the stock in a cool place until morning, and skim carefully. Wash out the pot, and if any of the previous day's bones do not seem as dry as they should be, stew them a few hours longer, with any other fresh or cooked bones that may be handy, scraps of meat, ham, bacon, game, or poultry, in fact anything but fish; vegetables *may* be added, but the stock will not keep so long. It is best not to put in seasonings of any kind until it is determined for what sort of soups or gravies they may be required. Those who do not possess a stock-pot may substitute a stew-pan if the lid be a well-fitting one. Keep the steam in and the smoke out; never take off the lid of a saucepan on a smoky fire, but fortunately in these days of close ranges and gas-stoves, the open fire-grates of our ancestors are almost obsolete for cooking purposes.

To commence, then, with purées and thick soups; and for the first it is essential that the whole of the ingredients be rubbed through a coarse wire sieve (those who do not possess one may use a colander), but they may now be bought very cheaply, with a wire bottom inside the usual holes. Many people will not take the trouble to rub anything through a sieve, but only those who have never proved the advantage will shirk the little extra labour, for the difference in the flavour of soups, curries, &c., thus treated can only be proved after experience. The first lesson I learned in this way was some years ago, on seeing a Frenchman make a delicious "vegetable soup," by throwing all kinds of vegetables and herbs into cold water, the only additions being salt, pepper, and a small piece of dripping. The whole—when the vegetables were quite tender—was rubbed through a sieve. A friend thought the last part of the business quite unnecessary, and served the same kind of soup with the vegetables just cut up, and floating in it, and needless to say the result was *not* satisfactory. Besides, it should be borne in mind that the thorough amalgamation of the ingredients tends to increase the digestive properties of the dish, and this certainly is a point worthy of consideration.

In the case of vegetable soup as above, stock is, of course, superior to water, and then no dripping will be required. A mixture of carrots, turnips, and parsnips in small proportion, onions or shalots, a good supply of fresh parsley, with any other herbs that are liked, and the outer sticks of celery will furnish an excellent soup at a merely nominal cost. The water in which a piece of meat has been boiled will form a good groundwork. The changes may be rung *ad libitum* by adding at one time a kidney cut finely, at another a piece of milt, a cow-heel or calf's foot; and the thickening, too, may be varied almost indefinitely. Pea flour, lentil flour, arrowroot, or wheaten flour, will all answer the purpose, and sago, rice, and tapioca are admissible, while if a few potatoes are used with the other vegetables, the soup will be found thick enough for most people. Carrots should never be peeled, only brushed or scraped; their best flavour and colour are near the surface; indeed, in France the outer part only is used for the best dishes. Turnips, on the contrary, should be thickly pared, as they are pithy and indigestible unless so treated. Curry powder or paste may be used with advantage in thickening this soup. The hot compounds of a few years back are out of date, and there is now no lack of delicious curry powders in the market at a low price. This is a first-rate thing in cold weather, giving zest to the dish and great support—especially if rice be served in or with the dish—to those who partake of it. A pinch of sugar is at all times an improvement to brown soups generally; and whenever Spanish onions are out of season, if English-grown ones are parboiled with some sugar, and the first water thrown away, their strong flavour will be considerably reduced. Leeks when obtainable are valuable for soup, so are shalots, the flavour being so mild.

With regard to seasoning, be careful at first. Some people put in sufficient salt to season the whole, forgetting that although two quarts of liquid can be boiled down to half the quantity, the salt *does not* evaporate, therefore it is best to defer, at any rate, part of the seasoning until nearly the end. Celery seed may

always take the place of fresh celery, but it must be very cautiously used—a salt-spoonful is quite enough for a gallon of soup; a bottle sufficient for a year's use in ordinary families may be bought for a shilling. Mixed herbs, too, must not be forgotten by those who would excel in soup-making, as they not only impart flavour, but develop more fully that of the vegetables, meat, &c., of which the soup is compounded. In the case of white soups, when milk is added, it should be brought separately *just* to the boil, and then put in at the last moment of serving, just as cream is in the *richest* white soups. Eggs should be stirred in off the fire—never boiled in the soup, or it will curdle—then returned for a moment to the range and well stirred.

Nothing, perhaps, makes a more nutritious purée than haricot beans or lentils; thorough washing of the latter especially is the first thing, then several hours' soaking and very slow boiling, followed by a vigorous rub through the sieve. Tomatoes, too—those sold in tins will be quite good enough—furnish a tasty dish at a small cost. When the soup is required to be brown, a little sauce or ketchup and some browning should be added, and the meat and vegetables first fried a little. For white soups the vegetables only, not the meat, may be cooked in a little fat without taking any colour. This is a process known as "sweating," or, better still, "steaming;" a few minutes will suffice, then the cold water or stock should be poured over; soup thus made has a very superior flavour. A purée of green peas (than which there is no better) is rendered still more delicious if the shells are cooked in the stock, which must be strained off before the peas are added. I have by no means exhausted my list of purées, but sufficient has been said, I trust, to give the amateur a fair idea of how to commence; other kinds may have attention (space permitting) in a future paper, together with recipes for clear soups, but it is best to try one's prentice hand on the thick kinds.

L. HERITAGE.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY THE REV. A. H. MALAN, M.A.

THIRD PAPER.—PORTRAITURE.

PRINT I.—"VIGNETTE."
(*From a Photograph by the Author.*)

STRANGE as it may seem, this is the least satisfactory branch of his art to the amateur. He is unfairly handicapped, yet he is required to produce portraits equal in merit to those taken by others who have facilities altogether beyond his own reach. His friends know little about his disadvantages, and care less; they are content with the fact that when they go to a "real photographer" they "come out" nice-looking people; when an amateur takes them they come out frights. Let us analyse this matter for one moment. To begin with, the thing is looked at from opposite points of view. The amateur—at least while in the early stage—aims only at technical excellence—a good photograph. If people will not put on pleasant expressions he laments the omission, but does not rate his work thereby; whereas sitters naturally care only for their looks, and, moreover, have a curious knack (with, of course, the exception of the reader and the writer) of expecting to come out far better-looking than they actually are.

Now the real photographer has a studio, with well-arranged side and roof windows, facing north, independent of the sun. His lighting is ready-made; a thousand previous attempts, under precisely the same conditions, have made a badly-lighted model almost an impossibility. He has a portrait lens of large calibre, which will take a likeness in two or three counts; a head-rest for nervous folk; also a clever re-toucher.

And how is it with the much-abused amateur? Well, he wants to take a portrait of somebody, and as it is raining and blowing he ushers his guest into a sitting-room. Then he shuffles about the furniture, arranges the person near the window, and prepares for action, when—the sun blazes out: furniture, camera, and sitter must undergo a fresh re-arrangement. That effected, his small-apertured lens requires at least a dozen counts, during which, possibly, the sitter wobbles, and must be taken again. Or there may be no wind or rain, so he tries his luck outside; takes some portraits, as he thinks, on the whole creditably; and then, when the proofs are presented to the originals, there follow the usual comments:—"Anyhow, I'm not like *that;* I've no hollow in my cheek!" "*What* an expression! I suppose it was the light."

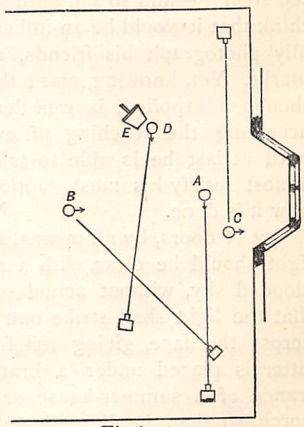


Fig.1

"I always *do* take badly; but why is my nose covered with black specks?—Perhaps you poured on the acid

PRINT II.—GROUP. (*From a Photograph by the Author.*)

too soon"*—and so on, until the portraitist begins to think that it would be an infliction, indeed, to perpetually photograph his friends, and listen to their remarks. Yet, knowing, alas! that much of the blame, though misapplied, is well deserved, he plods along, accepting the teaching of every imaginable error, until at last he is able to take a portrait which will almost satisfy his most captious critic. And this is how it is done.

Out of doors, by all means, when practicable. The light should be clear, with a sunny gleam through a clouded sky, without actual sunshine. It is desired that the light shall strike one cheek-bone, and brush across the face, giving relief and roundness. The sitter is placed under a branching tree, at the entrance of a summer-house, or under the canopy of a porch, so that the diffused sky-light may be partially cut off. The back-ground is natural; a *picture* as well as portrait aimed at. The exposure being brief, the position may be sitting or standing, hat on or hat off, as preferred; only let the model be doing something—reading, working, picking flowers, stroking the cat—anything, in short, so long as it appears that nothing was further from the thoughts than the proximity of a camera.

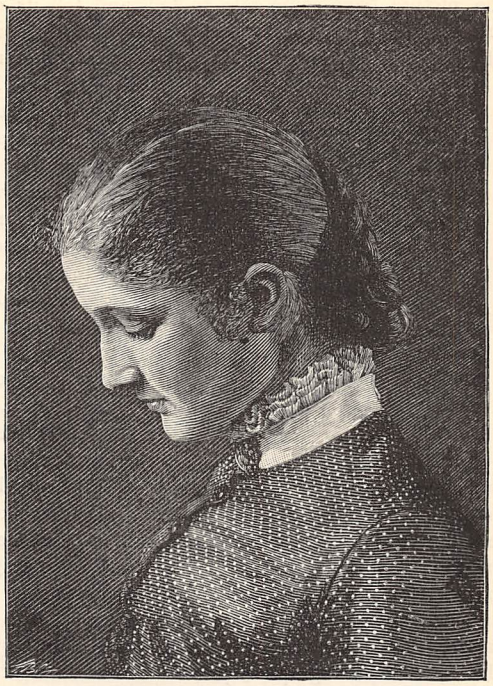
In-doors the task is harder; but a large room with high bay-window will give the required space and light. Let Fig. 1 be such. Wanted, a screen, say five feet high, three feet wide, covered with white calico, with a hinged leg behind, to keep it upright; also, a back-ground, light one side, dark the other, to contrast with the clothes, unless the wall is painted with a dull body-colour, free from any device, which forms a good substitute. The lighting is studied before-hand, not to weary the model nor waste time. Suppose the sitter at A, looking in the direction of the arrow; one side of the face will be too light, the other

* Scathing sarcasm, from a fair creature desirous of airing her knowledge of chemistry.

too dark. Refer to the December Part of this Magazine, page 52; that is how a sitter would look, stationed at B; both sides of the face equally illumined—flat and insipid. The lighting will be regulated by the style of face. For instance, if the nose be an uncomely member, full face will be best; but if the profile be fair to look upon, then the sitter is placed at C, and a Rembrandt easily obtained (Print IV.). As a general rule, however, a "three-quarter" face is the most becoming (Print III.), for which the right position is D. Refer, once more, to the frontispiece of the December Part, and notice how transparent the shaded side of the face is rendered by the reflection of the fire-light from the white shoulder of the dressing-gown. This transparency, in a portrait, is effected by bringing the screen E near the sitter, and inclining it at such an angle as to reflect the sky-light upwards.

Then the posing. Sitters are plastic, not originative; they usually loll back helplessly in a chair, attitude and expression alike suggestive of a visit to the dentist. A vignette-head is the easiest and most pleasing—one side rather better lighted than the other, but the whole harmonious, and in good relief (Print I.). If the whole figure be desired, the person should be seated; if standing, the sky-light might not reach the head, which would be then badly lighted. Whatever be the position, let no part of the subject draw off the attention of the eye from the face; a bunch of white flowers, for example, on a black dress, should be temporarily removed. Aim at a graceful, unconstrained pose, and let any accessories be simple and tasteful.

PRINT III.—SEATED FIGURE.
(*From a Photograph by the Author.*)



PRINT IV.—"REMBRANDT."
(*From a Photograph by the Author.*)

In every-day life people do not stand, dressed in their gayest apparel, against marble balustrades, with mountains at their backs; neither do they recline on velvet arm-chairs when in the leafy umbrage of a wood; nor even go boating in a craft licensed to carry one baby; these remarkable phenomena must be looked for only within the "artistic" precincts of a real photographer's studio. Let the model lean forwards (Print III.); if leaning back, in an *ordinary* chair, the chin will be out of proportion, the forehead too small. The camera should look down upon, not up to the face.

When the lighting and posing are accomplished, the spark of light well in the eyes, but the eyes not squinting, nor too much on one side, and the appearance on the ground-glass exactly what is wanted, then it should be remembered that it is unfair to stare at a person during the agonising moments of exposure, and that before removing the cap it will ease the mind of the sitter, and probably insure a better result, if one says, "Keep as still as you can; but I shall not look at you, to see if you move." However, if, when all is ready, just the right expression is on the face, then off with the cap, without a word; watch the sitter, and at the first sign of movement, replace the cap, if only a quarter of the right time has elapsed. One is content with a mere sketch instead of a finished portrait, so long as the *right expression is secured.*

Groups should generally be taken out of doors. Lawn tennis, five o'clock tea, the pony-carriage at the door, &c., suggest suitable surroundings. Let there be some central idea, and arrange the figures to suit it; let

the picture have some tale to tell, and tell its own tale (Print II.); and altogether avoid placing a row of chairs in a semi-circle, with a row of staring people thereon, like Christy minstrels awaiting the opening joke.

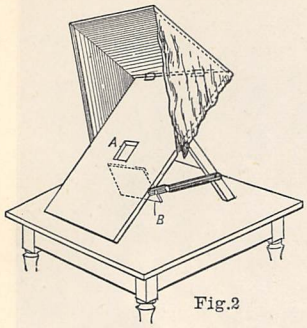


Fig.2

Fig. 2 shows a re-touching desk; it is placed close to a window, and no light is allowed to reach the eye but that which is strongly reflected by a mirror, B, up through the negative contained in the aperture, A. People generally do not know how many of their charms, photographically speaking, they owe to the re-toucher. The light on the face, at the time that a portrait is being taken, is so bright, that every wrinkle, spot, and small inequality in the skin will be intensified and exaggerated on the negative. Freckles, being yellow, come out quite black in a photographic print. To remove these (*i.e.*, to build up the negative-film where they occur), to lessen over-strong shadows, and cover any blemish, is the legitimate work of a re-toucher; but when, especially in the elderly, every wrinkle is taken out, and the whole skin looks as if it were smoothed with sand-paper, then truthfulness is altogether sacrificed to flattery. The negative being rubbed with powdered cuttle-fish on the ball of the finger (or being varnished with a matt varnish), to give a suitable "bite," a sharp, hard, long-pointed pencil is very gently pressed on the various defects, until the texture of the film is homogeneous; then the shadows under the eyes are lessened; and high lights are put in, with a brush, and neutral tint—if the pencil will not give sufficient density—over the eyebrows, on the bridge and end of the nose, and on the chin (Print I.).* First attempts at re-touching will be dreadful; it requires a delicate touch and skilful eye; but patient practice gives such a command over a negative, that the amateur will never regret having taught himself how to do it, and his old sitters will come back, with smiles of approval on their brow, because he makes them now "so like themselves." Such is human nature.

Enlarging a portrait is an easy and pleasant amusement; it can be effected independently of the weather, and the enlargement nicely worked up in oils, chalks, or even pencil, or neutral tint and Chinese white. An enlarging lantern is often used; but preferring daylight, our own method is as follows:—A mirror, B (Fig. 3), is fixed at forty-five degrees on the lower sash of the outside window. A shutter, A, in two parts, the joint covered by a slip of wood, F, is fixed on the whole window, with a square hole, G, to receive the light reflected from the sky by the mirror. Inside, a strong board, Q, resting at one end on a bracket, L, fastened to the shutter, at the other on a table, supports horizontally a box, H, held in contact with the shutter by a hinge and peg, E, containing, as shown, a carrier, D, in which is the negative upside down, and a lens and well-fitting interior box, C. The image is received on a perpendicular screen, P (covered with white paper), which slides along Q, and can be clamped at any spot by the thumbscrew K; C is moved backwards or forwards, both to adjust the focus, and obtain the requisite size of the enlargement. When all is ready the end of H, containing a pane of ruby glass, R, is shut down, the sensitised material pinned to P, R raised again during the time of exposure, and then lowered once more; and when the chemicals have done their duty, the print, dried, touched up, and made beautiful for ever, is despatched to some surprised and unexpectant recipient.†

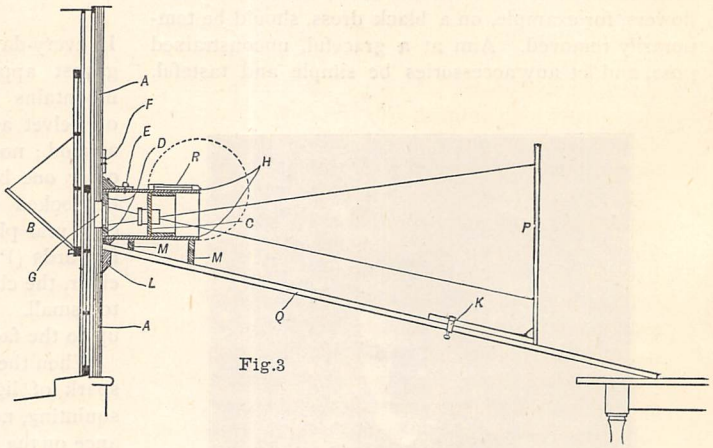


Fig.3

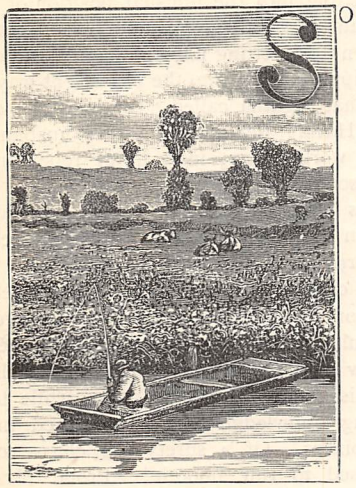
* Crystoleum painters might take a hint; they too often make the complexion all one tint, almost destroying the natural modelling of a face.

† See also "Photography for Amateurs," by T. C. Hepworth, Chapter IV., page 45 *et seq.* (Cassell & Co.)

DISCOVERED IN TIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHO IS SYLVIA?" ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



SOME three miles back from our Eastern Coast, just within sight and scent of the salt water, lies a Suffolk village, Wynford by name, of whose scattered population four-fifths find their living and centre their material interests upon that broad area they call "the land."

A sleepy parish? An unemotional congregation of clodhoppers then? By no means, indeed! Wynford has decided opinions, brisk little quarrels, many social grades of its own, and has, moreover, its full *quantum* of human joys and sorrows; perhaps, hidden among its sober generations, some tragedies, and to a certainty now and then a bit of romance.

On Wynford Green, near the flint-towered, thatch-naved St. Nicholas', cluster all the dwellings of the rural upper ten; from the smart white villa of a late shopkeeper's buxom widow, close by the Rectory, to the red-brick residence of a vice-admiral's relict—Mrs. Orde—from whose casements one can look across the narrowing road into some twenty acres of park, where stands the chief house of the parish, "The Beeches."

Here lived the lady of the manor. Not a stately, exacting dame, ruling jealously over a tribe of bobbing, hat-touching rustics, but a young and beautiful woman, who inherited through her mother a position none ever needed to grudge her sweet and noble nature.

"Miss Temple, my daughter that is to be, seems part of Wynford's very self, Mr. Murray," explained Mrs. Orde to the newly-come rector, on his first call, one autumn day. He was an Oxford Fellow, who, in sudden impatience at the barrenness of book-life, had deserted it for the opposite extreme—a moderate living in the depths of the country. "The people think so much of her, and she of them, that I fear it will be a lamentable day when my son comes to take her from us."

"Your—son?" repeated Mr. Murray, politely—almost more than politely attentive.

"Yes, from India. He returns soon, to rob your parish of its mistress. You had not heard this? Oh, well, I think our clergyman ought to understand what goes on among us. It makes him more at ease, does it not?" And, with the friendly view of furthering this pleasant footing, Mrs. Orde chatted complacently into accounts of the neighbouring family, and told how a Mr. Temple, well connected but of no fortune, had married the heiress of Wynford Manor, who, sadly enough, had died when their one child, Agatha, was born.

"But there are two Miss Temples?" interpolated Mr. Murray, puzzled by remembrance of two attractive faces near his pulpit, of which one had earnestly marked (or so he fancied) every syllable of his first nervous sermon, while the other had wandered from pointed attention, through smothered yawns, into a comfortable little nap. "Surely I see two ladies often together, both young; I thought them sisters."

"So they are—at least, half-sisters," explained Mrs. Orde; "for Mr. Temple foolishly married again—a French lady, little Agatha's governess; and Miss Leonie is her child—younger than Miss Temple, by five years. Poor thing! her father died long ago, leaving not the least provision for her; for, of course, he had only a life interest in The Beeches. So his widow and little girl were simply dependent on the elder daughter. But the trustees were liberal, Miss Temple most unselfish and generous, and they all lived admirably together till Mrs. Temple's death."

"Which was——?"

"Four years ago; six months before our dear Agatha came of age. It was just when my son got his assistant-judgeship, Mr. Murray—an excellent appointment—and, on the strength of his promotion, wrote home as he did. It has been a long engagement, has it not? But Geoffrey would never live on his wife's income, without means or position of his own, so he determined to keep abroad till he earned a pension; but, I am thankful to say, the last three years of his exile are not to be lonely. *Now* you understand what brings him home, Mr. Murray."

Mr. Murray understood Mrs. Orde's modestly triumphant confidence only too well. By some process of reasoning he had no mind to trace to its source, he felt the revelation had spread a shadow over his own life; and as he went back alone, past the golden-brown beeches, to his solitary fireside, was half inclined to wish he had never ventured from the scholarly seclusion of Corpus, into the perils of a country pastorate.

And how was Mr. Geoffrey Orde's return awaited by the tenants of the manor-house? Seemed the days long or short to Agatha Temple till he came?

Why, scarcely could she tell. The playfellow of her almost babyhood—the lad who used to bring his schoolboy laurels for her praise—the youth who had gone from her while she was in her first girlhood—had wooed her as yet only with written words; and though she trusted every syllable, and idealised her absent love perchance more than most maidens—for, save Leonie, no other was near and dear to her—yet, to leave for him the home she clung to more each year, to cast her lot in with his, was a point over

which sadness and gladness often fought, and victory lay as yet on neither side.

"I know what *I* shall do," asserted Leonie, very positively, one night in the midwinter, when, being telegraphed as arrived at Southampton, Mr. Orde might any hour appear at Wynford. "When that man comes I shall hate him!"

"Oh, Leonie! why?" laughed her sister, stroking the pretty, wilfully-posed head, shorn of its sunny tresses in a freak of fashion, and left shining, curly, provokingly coaxable. "Remember, when Geoffrey left it was you, not I, who cried unceasingly. And who, pray, wrote to him and begged him to come back, for fear tigers should eat him? Who——"

"H-u-s-h! Scandalmonger!" cried Leonie, her cheeks aflame. "Then I was small and foolish: now I am old and wise, and I wish he had kept across the sea for ever. He'll take you away, and what *shall* I do?"

"Keep house till we come back. Three years will soon go by, Lono darling. There will be so much for you and Aunt Helen to do" (Aunt Helen was a distant relative—companion, now, and chaperone to the two girls) "that time will fly. Mind, you are not to miss me, nor let any one else miss me, either."

Leonie gave a disconsolate shrug. "Aunt Helen will rule me with a rod of iron. She means to be good, but she's like Mrs. Orde, and knows I'm poor, and—and—she'll make me mend my gloves and be industrious."

Agatha's dark eyes rested lovingly on her sister's young face, so like her own, save that its lines were always gay, while hers were often grave.

"Be industrious, little woman," she said, with a half-motherly tenderness. "We richer folks have no right to be lazy, but—wait a moment," as Leonie crumpled her forehead into negative wrinkles over "we richer folks"—"but no one, Lono, will trouble you about being poor. You know how often I have been letter-writing lately? Well, it was for you. And to-day all is settled. You are independent enough, now, with all that my careful guardians have been saving for your fortune. I wanted to tell you before Geoffrey came home. Now you know, and we will say no more about it."

"But I must!" cried Leonie, clasping her sister impetuously. "Oh, Agatha, how good you are to me! How can I thank you? Why, every single thing I have I owe to you!"

"There is no owing between our father's children," answered Agatha, yielding herself to a shower of grateful caresses, "so there's nothing to pay back, and I want no thanks; only, please, keep this secret till I am gone."

"Till you are gone!" echoed Leonie ruefully. "Oh, Agatha, to have you kinder than ever, just before you go, is dreadful! I hope *you* may be happy, but *I* shall be miserable! When that horrible man comes, I'll try not to be wicked, but—I—shall—*de-test* him!"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

WHEN Mr. Orde really did return, then, Miss Leonie accorded him a jealously-cool reception, vastly amusing to those accustomed to her natural warm-hearted frankness; but, fully occupied in attention to his *fiancée*, the gentleman appeared perfectly callous to this ungracious treatment. So, perceiving to her amazement that she was receding into the unusual position of a nonentity, the younger Miss Temple was piqued into becoming her own self, letting fall her droll mask of ceremony, and slipping again into the old bright ways that made her what Agatha called "the sunshine of The Beeches." Hating her sister's future husband was unprofitable work; now, in a fit of repentant amiability, she resolved to please him.

By the time this happy transformation was effected, Mr. Orde had been back a month, and had discovered the value of the prize he had come home to fetch.

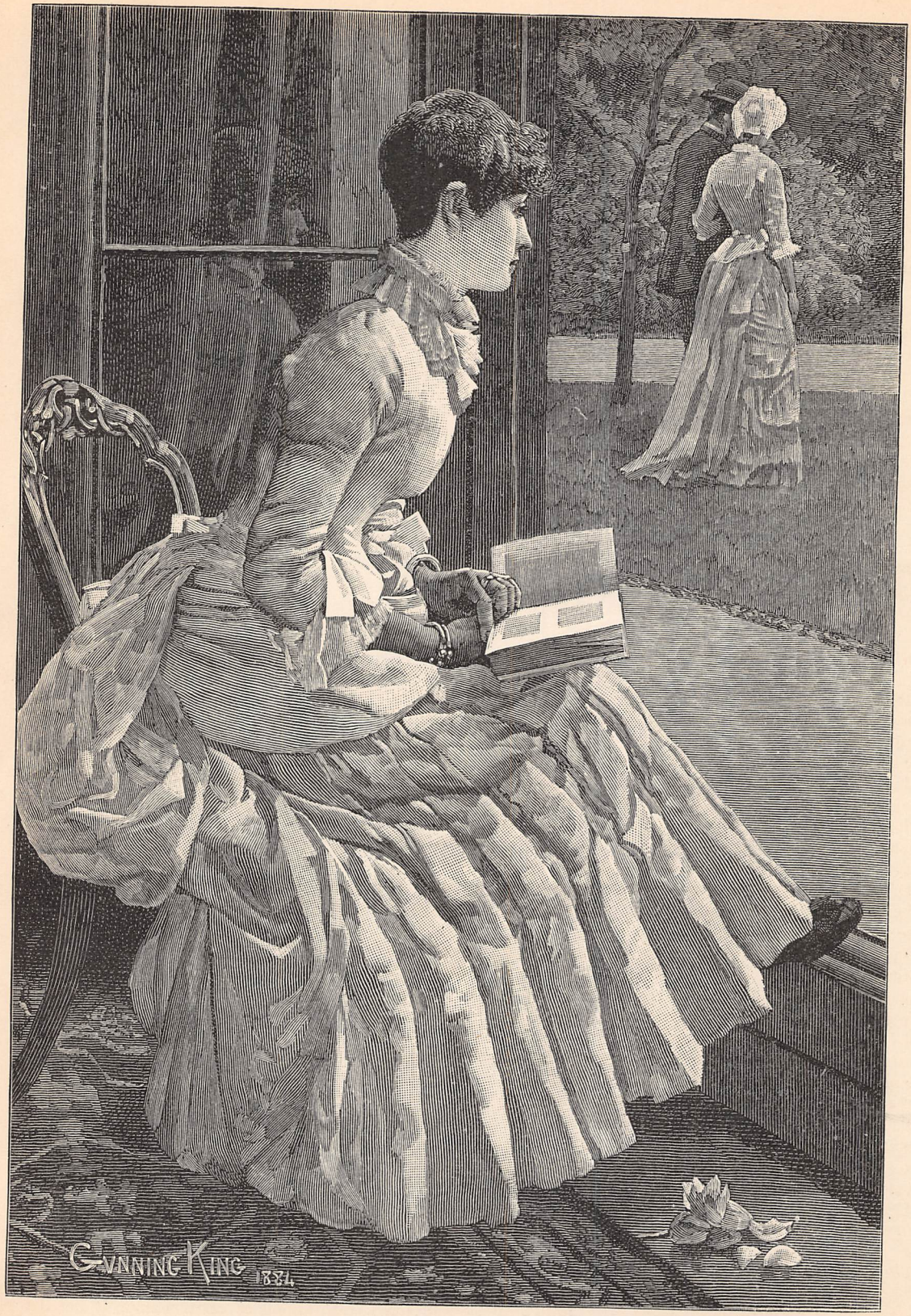
Five years had changed the girl-friend he had left into a beautiful woman, whom he was bound to love, not by promise only, but by keen appreciation of her worth, grown now and ripened even as she herself. And for weeks his task seemed very easy, while to Agatha, increasing knowledge of her betrothed increased her happiness. Of a surety the course of *their* love promised to run smooth! Proud Mrs. Orde's air of dignified gratulation over her son's excellent match grew day by day; the village grew deeply interested in the coming wedding; and the bride-elect began to be busy exceedingly, over plans for her wide circle of humble friends' well-doing while she should be away. Jestingly, Geoffrey Orde would tell her he grudged the time she spent in confabulations with Aunt Helen over the many trusts to be left in her or the rector's hands, but the eager confidence with which she would seek to draw him into her projects, and her delight in his approval, disarmed him of any passing chagrin, and left him no shadow of excuse for complaint.

They were all of them certainly very happy—perfectly content. And yet——

How a cloud rose on this fair sky, none knew exactly. Those whom it overshadowed most, acknowledged it last of all. For it was so easy, so right of Leonie to glide into treating her almost brother with the free winsomeness that kept her childish, spite of her nineteen years. He was of necessity almost as often her companion as Agatha's. She had been fond of him long ago, and—was it not her duty to be fond of him now? To what precise depths this duty led her, she didn't stop to measure, until, alas! they were unfathomable.

And Geoffrey Orde, his word and honour pledged to Agatha, felt himself safe to bask, pleasantly amused, in the animated presence of her younger sister, never finding out, till May's warm weeks were entered, and his wedding fixed for the first day of June, that he was turning traitor to his troth; that the charm of Leonie's gay nature was stronger than the sweet gravity of that to which he owed allegiance. But not to himself would he allow this possible at first.

"I think," urged his mother anxiously, one night, when they were leaving The Beeches, "I do think, Geoffrey, as Agatha sings no duets with you, you would be wiser to sing fewer with Leonie."



"SHE WATCHED TWO FIGURES PACE ACROSS THE LAWN."

"*DISCOVERED IN TIME*" (*p.* 601).

"And why?" said her son shortly.

"Well, Agatha—may not like it. Other people may—at least, they do notice it."

"Agatha is entirely above any wretched jealousy," said Mr. Orde impatiently.

"Still, I should be sorry," his mother ventured on, "that you should even seem to slight your wife that will be. People might say you were marrying for money, and Agatha doesn't deserve that, Geoffrey."

"With or without money, she deserves the best any human creature can give her," returned Geoffrey warmly. "Don't fancy I underrate her, mother." And with that Mrs. Orde had to be satisfied, though the ambiguous speech left her disquieted.

Still, he meant to be—nay, he vowed he would be loyal; and, strong in self-trust, went next day to The Beeches and found himself listening for Leonie's step, watching for Leonie's coming, made infinitely glad by the dangerous hour's music which unsuspecting Agatha pressed on them while she gave audience to homely guests.

That hour he vowed, though, should be his last of dalliance with a temptation that was getting too strong. Resolutely he would avoid Leonie henceforth, resolutely devote himself to Agatha. And so for days he did, dulling his own spirit into unutterable acning, bewildering Agatha, who thought the two had quarrelled, and filling with pain unspeakable the heart that was just learning its luckless secret.

"How the child frets over your leaving!" said Aunt Helen pityingly; and Leonie's sister, gazing at her, white and listless, wandering through the garden, wondered, with a sudden fear, was it for that alone she sorrowed!

A doubt, double-barbed, shot through her mind. Guiltless herself of falsity in a single thought, it seemed unworthy, evil, treasonable to two she loved. But truth or treason it must be. Which, for the peace of all, she must find out.

It wanted only two days of her marriage, and on that last evening but one her nearest friends were gathered at The Beeches, all noting approvingly the close attendance of Mr. Orde at her side.

Once only he left his post: when Leonie, who had obstinately refused a single song, suddenly yielded and sang, not the gay air that used to suit her best, but the very saddest of her strains, with a tremulous pathos that ended in a sob. Then Geoffrey Orde drew slowly towards her, as if scarce master of his steps, and, as the notes ceased, looked down into her fever-bright eyes with such a glance as love of Agatha had never wakened.

Standing near, with his young hostess, was the rector, looking ten years older than when he came to Wynford. People said the place couldn't suit him.

"Your sister sings with tears in her voice," said he; and, waiting vainly for response, saw to his pain that tears were trembling, too, on his companion's dark lashes.

"I am—tired," said Miss Temple. "Will you tell Aunt Helen to bid all good night for me?" and, turning swiftly away, abruptly left her guests, of whom one departed soon, sharing, if not comprehending, the pang that drove her into solitude.

"She was tired"—a plea that barred all talk with Leonie that night, all share in next day's preparations for the festive morrow. Geoffrey Orde, coming, as usual, early, was met by a message only—"Would he return towards evening?" And when he did return, for the first time Agatha descended from her own room, and went for a last hour with her lover.

Leonie, too restless for all company, wandered hither and thither; now flushed, now pale; betaking herself at last to the small "study," where, with her more than sister, she had worked and played her way from childhood up to now, and thence, with door fast locked, she watched two figures pace across the lawn, intent on speech so earnest, neither turned or noticed her.

A book was in her hands: what book she never knew. A rose she had idly plucked fell to the ground uncared for. As the two passed from sight, the self-control, so difficult to her impulsiveness, forsook her utterly. Back into the room she shrank, covering her face; with a sharp cry of pain, whispering, "So false! so false! Ten thousand times I have deserved it all. And yet it is so hard!"

While she sat shivering through her trouble, sunbeams sank into twilight: wood-pigeons cooed forth their slumber-songs in boughs without; and in the gloom she dared at last to weep—for herself; for him who, worst pang of all, shared her great grief; for Agatha, before the very thought of whom she cowered guiltily.

"But she shall never, never know!" she cried, through her tears. "If only she can go, and I can die, why, she need never know."

"Never know what?" said a soft, sad voice close by; and the next instant Leonie was in her sister's arms.

"Oh, Agatha," she entreated, striving to get free, "let me go! Don't come so kindly to me! Don't ask me what I mean!"

"Wait!" answered Agatha, with a wonderful calm on her pale face. "I can tell you, Leonie, what it all means. That two of us have nigh made a terrible mistake, but have found it out in time. I was slow to see it, Lono, but I know it now. I have no right to Geoffrey. He loves you best."

"Agatha——!"

"Hush! He belongs to you, not me. It has been a tangled skein for us, but this is the only right way out of it; and Geoffrey sees that it is so."

"But, Agatha," urged Leonie, trembling between exceeding pain and marvellous joy, "he has never said——"

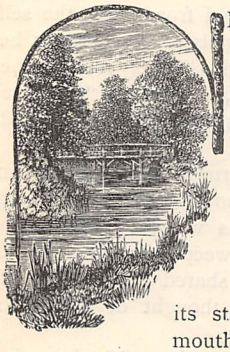
"A word. I know he has not. Both of you meant to be faithful to me. Perhaps"—with a wistful faltering in her tender voice—"it was my fault you could not be. There, darling, there!"—as Leonie wept passionately on her bosom—"let Geoffrey come to you" (his step was sounding on the path outside), "and thank God for all of us, this hour is not too late!"

How this extraordinary news was received by household and wedding guests, by poor, disappointed Mrs. Orde, by the whole startled parish, we must leave to our readers' imaginations. Long before the ferment of excitement had subsided, a quiet marriage had taken place—so Agatha had willed it, and all yielded to her—and with his bride (not portionless, as, to his contrite surprise and his mother's comfort, he discovered) Geoffrey Orde was speeding away to the far East.

Till the hubbub of discussion was past, Agatha Temple deserted The Beeches, and, returning after weeks of absence, brought back in her brave serenity scarce a trace of the trial that had driven her away. "Leonie is happy!" she says, and allows no tongue to blame her sister in her hearing.

Perchance her home, her people make up to her for what she lost. Perchance the very power to renounce what she did wakens mistrust as to her fitness ever to have filled the state she missed. Or perchance (and this way run many wishes) it may be dawning on her that womanhood's fair crown is yet waiting, if she will but wear it; that in her hands lies all the happiness of a man who has loved her from the first moment he saw her, and that the sure response stirring within her own heart promises her yet a glad future as John Murray's wife.

EXETER'S AMERICAN NAMESAKE.



IN the south-eastern part of the State of New Hampshire, where the granite peaks of the White Mountains slope away into low hill-ridges, and the dancing mountain brooks, sobered by lowland life, wind silently through green meadows or salt marshes, is Rockingham County, with its group of quiet farming towns, its staid little seaside city, Portsmouth, and its old county seat, Exeter.

Were an English traveller to journey through Rockingham County, he would think himself in some wonder-land of English geography, for, at brief intervals, he would see on the way-side stations the familiar names of Nottingham, Epping, Brentwood, and Kensington, and half an hour later would steam into the quaint little city of Portsmouth. Portsmouth was the colonial capital of New Hampshire, and is now the site of a United States navy-yard; it has a fine harbour, which can accommodate 2,000 vessels in water deep enough for the largest ships. In a suburb of the city is the old Wentworth House, long the residence of the colonial governors of New Hampshire.

The earliest Wentworth who settled in America, came from Lincolnshire, in the first part of the seventeenth century; several of his descendants were appointed by the Crown governors of the province of New Hampshire, and were men prominent for ability and for interest in educational work (two of them, at least, gave large gifts to Dartmouth College). The romantic story of Governor Benning Wentworth's marriage with his housemaid, Martha Hilton, has been celebrated in Longfellow's poem, "Lady Wentworth."

The traveller may choose between three routes from Portsmouth to Exeter: he may spin over the railway in half an hour; or may take a boat on the river, which winds through salt meadows; or, best of all, may drive over the old highway, on which, in former days, rolled the stage-coach with its six prancing horses, and the merry sound of the guard's horn.

This road runs through a rich farming district; if it is early June, the way-side fields are waving with golden buttercups and white American daisies, and are fragrant with clover; the great apple-orchards are gardens in which hundreds of delicate pink nosegays delight the eye and nose; large, comfortable farmhouses are seen upon every side, and here and there is a neat school-house or small white church. As we mount some rise of ground, we have a glimpse of the river; and, far away, the hazy Deerfield hills and the blue waters of the Atlantic, bordered by the white sands of Rye and Hampton Beaches, and the rocks of Boar's Head.

After climbing the last hill-slope, we see before us, lying in the river-valley of the Squamscott, the town of Exeter; the wide streets are bordered by great elms which throw feathery shadows in the green yards lying between the highway and the large wood and brick houses of the town; these houses combine with an air of stately old age an expression of gracious hospitality, shown in the wide doorways and the heavy knockers, which announce the arrival of a guest in hearty tones, far different from the querulous peal of a modern door-bell.

Beyond these old houses are streets of modern cupola'd and bay-windowed villas, while still farther out of town, fertile farms climb the gentle slopes of Kensington and Stratham Ridges.

Near the river and the railway station are carriage and cotton factories, foundry and machine shops, with their busy din and company of operatives.

On a small hill, near the Squamscott, stand the Town Hall and the old building of the First Church, which was organised in 1638; and in whose tower hangs the town-bell which nightly rings the curfew.

Opposite the *common*, on Front Street, are the handsome modern buildings of Phillips Academy. This school is, probably, the most famous college-fitting school in America; it has prepared for college or for business life nearly 5,000 boys. The course of study

is much like that of the great English preparatory schools, including work in English, French, and German, and, especially, in the classics and mathematics. Phillips Academy, which was founded in 1783 by John Phillips, counts among her sons many men of fame beyond the sea, as well as in America; among them are the historians Jared Sparks, John G. Palfrey, and George Bancroft, and the statesmen Edward Everett and Daniel Webster.

Near the Academy are the fine grounds and buildings of Robinson Seminary, a well-endowed institution for girls, founded by William Robinson for the purpose of giving girls "such instruction as shall fit them for the work of life, and enable them to compete successfully with their brothers in that work." Courses of instruction are given in English, science, mathematics, French, German, Latin, Greek, art, and music. This school is a noble philanthropy, since it is, in accordance with the founder's will, for ever free to the orphan and the poor girl.

The "Old Curiosity Shop," near Great Bridge, is a "thing of beauty and a joy" to the modern dame who has a taste for the antique: tall eight-day clocks look down upon ancient spinning-wheels, restored to daylight after a Rip Van Winkle sleep in shadowy garrets; blue and brown platters dream of old time Thanksgiving dinners, and real willow-ware tea-cups cherish fragrant memories of long-ago tea-parties; dusty shelves are piled high with leather-bound copies of old sermons, as dead as the men who preached them, and with little New England Primers which combine remarkable literary and theological instruction.

At the remote end of Front Street is the "Old Graveyard," beneath whose singing pines lie buried two early governors of New Hampshire, Jeremiah Smith and John Taylor Gilman; among the sunken stones with winged death's-heads and moss-grown inscriptions, is a slab sacred to the memory of a Rev. Mr. Rogers, who, as a preacher, followed in the footsteps of his famous ancestor, John, who was burnt at Smithfield, "in the presence of his wife and nine small children."

The best relic of the past in Exeter is the "Old Governor Gilman House," a mansion of early colonial days. The huge chimneys, the curiously sloping roof, the massive walls of brick covered with wood, and the small-paned, deep-set windows have all an air of "ye olden time;" and when we step into the square hall, and shut out the nineteenth-century world, we find ourselves in the atmosphere of 200 years ago.

The rooms are large, but low; there are wood panels in walls and ceilings, uncovered oaken frames, windows in recesses so deep that daylight becomes twilight, and great fire-places surrounded by richly-carved panels; there are closets in place and out of place, marvellous in design and mysterious in purpose; closets that penetrate the walls, wander behind chimneys, turn right angles, describe triangles, and suggest geometry run mad. The kitchen has a huge fire-place, where whole animals were roasted in the days of ancient state banquets; the stairs are worn to smooth hollows by the footsteps of two centuries; in one of the chambers is a resounding panel behind which, perhaps, is a hidden escape to the cellar, and thence, by a secret passage, to the river-bank; the gaol-chamber is said to have been used as a prison, and traces of the whipping-post and narrow window-chinks bear evidence to the truth of this story; the rambling garret, dimly lighted by dormer windows, is fitly inhabited by decrepit chairs, ghostly spinning-wheels, long-armed warming-pans, and dust-covered, mouldering books.

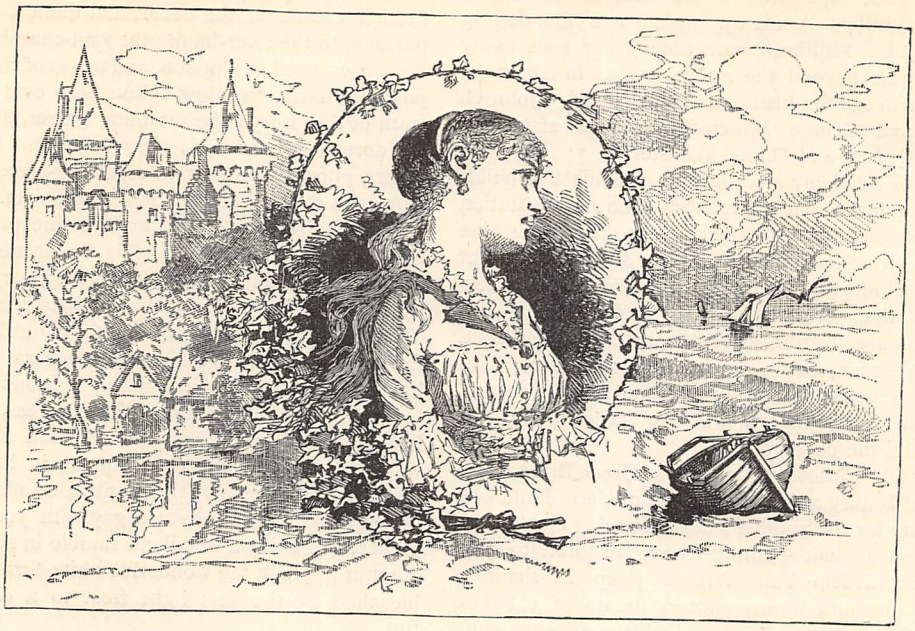
The Squamscott River affords a fine practice-place for the Academy crews, and is the scene of many a moonlight row, and the pleasant country roads are excellent for driving and riding. About a mile from the Town Hall, is the Eddy, a beautiful natural park, which the young men and maidens of several generations have used as a trysting-place; various bridle and foot-paths run under the tall pine-trees, stray sunbeams flicker on the mossy banks and the groves of waving ferns, and the river ripples in blue waves at the *Eddy*, or bend in the banks; on pleasant afternoons the Eddy woods are gay with young persons, gathered to enjoy a woodland ramble in summer, or in autumn to pluck the wonderful white ferns, which are bleached by the first light frost to a delicate ivory tint.

In 1629, the Rev. John Wheelwright purchased from Passaconaway, the chief of the Pennacook Indians, a tract of land including the site of Exeter; in 1633, the little settlement was duly christened; and in 1638, the town was legally organised. During the first century of its existence Exeter suffered much from the depredations of the Indians, and many citizens were killed or led into captivity; in 1697, the savages formed a plot for the destruction of the town, and were lying in ambush near the settlement, when the reports of some guns caused them to retreat hastily, killing a few persons as they fled. To protect the towns-people from the Indians, a garrison-house was built, and this relic of the little frontier settlement remains in the midst of the large town.

Wheelwright, who had been driven from the Massachusetts colony because of his peculiar religious views, was, after a time, banished from New Hampshire also, but some years later he returned, and preached in a town near Exeter.

The manufacturing interests of Exeter, and its position as the commercial centre of a farming region, have saved it from the fatal stagnation of many of the older New England towns, while the fame of its schools brings a constant stream of young life and fresh thought to mingle in a wholesome way with the conservative elements of the place.

A town of Exeter's age in England is in the very hey-day of youth, but Exeter in America is old: yet gracefully old, like one of its own elm-trees, whose great trunk becomes rough and weather-beaten, but whose branches year by year put forth their delicate foliage, and make the old tree beautiful with the charm of new life and continuing growth.



Beside the Sea.

Words by HENRY GEORGE MURRAY. *Music by* E. BURRITT LANE, L.Mus.T.C.L.

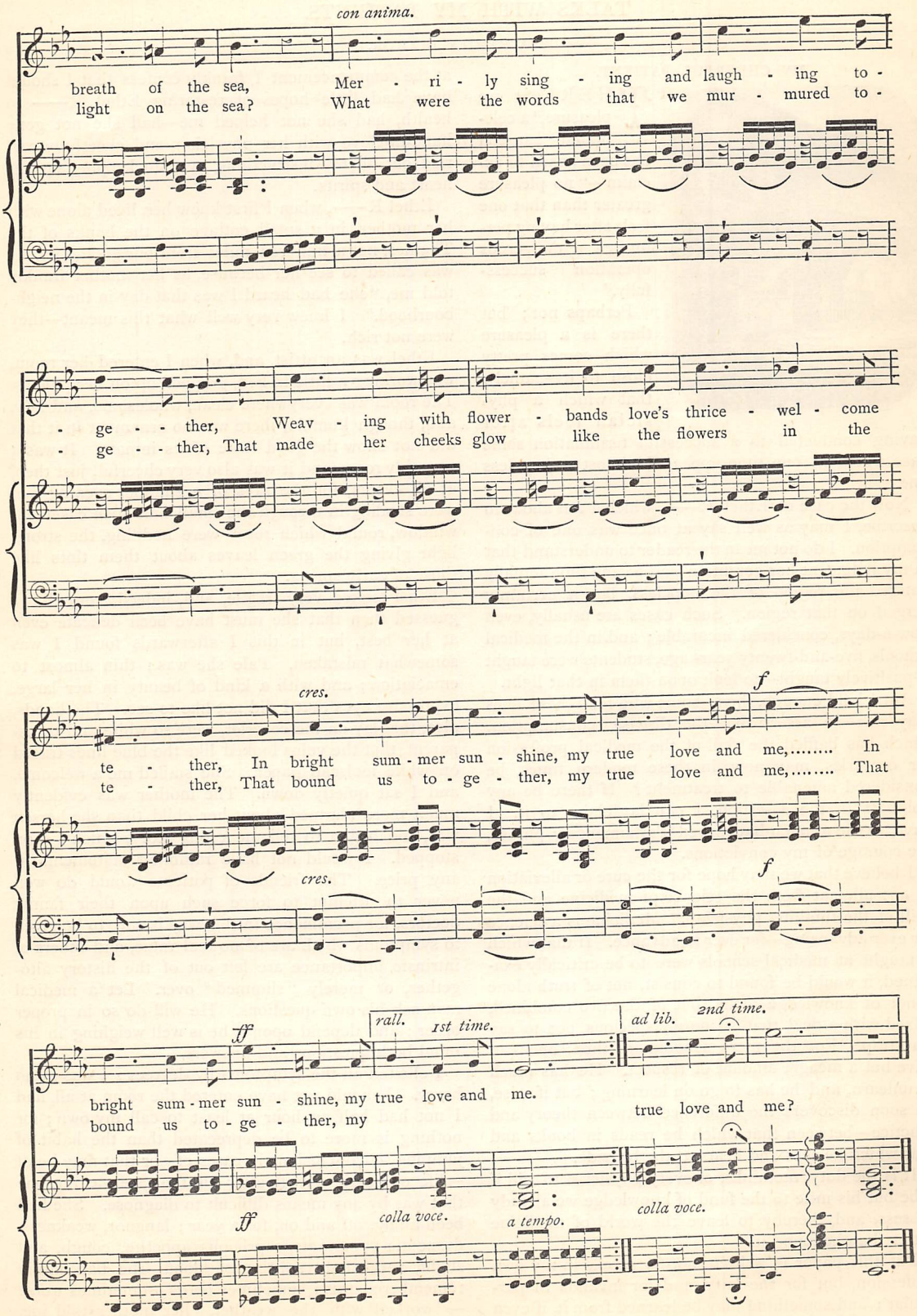
VOICE.

PIANO.

Andante affettuoso.

f *p* *mf*

1. Up on the hill where the o - dor - ous hea - ther Min - gles its sweets with the
2. What did we say in the bright sum - mer wea - ther, With the bloom on the flower, and the


con anima.
breath of the sea, Mer - ri - ly sing - ing and laugh - ing to -
light on the sea? What were the words that we mur - mured to -
- ge - - ther, Weav - ing with flower - bands love's thrice - wel - come
- ge - - ther, That made her cheeks glow like the flowers in the
cres.
f
te - ther, In bright sum - mer sun - shine, my true love and me,..... In
te - ther, That bound us to - ge - ther, my true love and me,..... That
cres.
f
ff
rall.
1st time.
ad lib.
2nd time.
bright sum - mer sun - shine, my true love and me.
bound us to - ge - ther, my true love and me?
ff
colla voce.
a tempo.
colla voce.

TALKS WITH MY PATIENTS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

MY CHEERFUL PATIENT.

"THERE is no pleasure," a celebrated surgeon has been heard to exclaim—"no pleasure greater than that one feels after having performed a dangerous operation successfully."

Perhaps not; but there is a pleasure which comes pretty close to it—namely, that which a physician feels after having conducted to a successful termination some case which at one time appeared almost a hopeless one.

Now the case of Ethel R——, which I am about to describe, I may as well say at once was one of consumption. I do not mean the reader to understand that in my judgment her condition had at any time actually entered the region of the hopeless, but it certainly verged on that region. Such cases are usually, even now-a-days, considered incurable; and in the medical schools, five-and-twenty years ago, students were taught —positively taught—to look upon them in that light.

Am I bold enough, then—some who read these lines may ask—to assert that the disease, consumption, which has baffled the skill of the medical profession for centuries, may now, in these modern times, be considered amenable to treatment? If there be any boldness in the assertion, I can lay claim to it. I have, to use a much-hackneyed Parliamentary phrase, the courage of my convictions.

I believe that we may hope for the cure or alleviation of *any* ailment from the science of medicine and the skill of the thinking physician. Medicine is a science for ever advancing—for ever to advance. If that which is taught at medical schools were to be critically examined, it would be found to consist, not of truth alone —not of knowledge alone, but of the two combined, mixed with a deal that is merely specious, not to say clap-trap. For the mere schoolman, then, one can have but a meagre amount of respect. He has much to unlearn, and he has to go on learning; but if wise, he soon discovers the difference between theory and practice—between that which he reads in books and that which he sees and hears at the bedside.

It is the duty, methinks, of every physician to add if it be but his mite to the fund of knowledge we already possess, and thereby to leave the world of medicine better than he found it.

But this paper is written, not for people in my own profession, but for the laity, and for invalids in particular; and something may be learned from it, if even at the commencement I frankly confess that I should have had little hopes of restoring Ethel R—— to health, had she not helped me—had she not gone hand-in-glove with her physician, and cheerfully carried out all my instructions, even to keeping up her heart and spirits.

Ethel R——, when I first knew her, lived alone with her mother, in a small cottage on the banks of the Thames, not a hundred miles from our great City. I was called to see her because, as her mother frankly told me, "she had heard I was that day in the neighbourhood." I knew very well what this meant—they were not rich.

Ethel was an artist, and, when I entered her room, was working a little in bed, propped up on her pillows. The room was everywhere clean, wholesome, and tidy, and, though humble, there was no ornament in it that did not show the good taste of its inmate. It was a very tidy room, and it was also very cheerful, just then, at all events, for the rays of a summer evening sun were stealing in through the small, half-open casement window, round which roses were nodding, the strong light giving the green leaves about them tints like those of early spring.

Ethel looked very fragile, and, indeed, very ill. I guessed then that she must have been delicate even at her best, but in this I afterwards found I was somewhat mistaken. Pale she was; thin almost to emaciation; and with a kind of beauty in her large, expressive eyes that I did not like to see. The hands, also, that lay on the coverlet, were so white and transparent, that the veins looked like the blue lines traced on white foolscap paper. She smiled me a welcome, and I sat quietly down. The mother was evidently much more alarmed about her child than she herself was, and began to tell me a long story, which I soon stopped. I would not have rambling statements at any price. The friends of patients would do well never to attempt to force such upon their family doctors, for prominence in this way is sure to be given to symptoms which are of no real value, and others of intrinsic importance are left out of the history altogether, or merely "slimmed" over. Let a medical man ask his own questions. He will do so in proper order; and depend upon it he is well weighing in his mind both questions and answers.

I elicited all the symptoms by degrees; I was in no hurry. I should not have entered the room at all, had I not had half an hour at least to call my own; for nothing is more to be deprecated than the habit of jumping at conclusions in cases of—or that may be of —life or death. Well, after all, the case was not one that was by any means difficult to diagnose. She had been ailing, off and on, for a year; languor, weakness, dyspeptic symptoms, capricious appetite, cough, and slight, very slight spitting of blood—she had hardly remembered this; sometimes better, sometimes worse —"worked with the weather," her mother told me.

Thus she *had* been; *now* she was what I saw her, as she lay before me, and the cough was worse, with a good deal of expectoration; she complained that her nights were restless, her sleep "bad," and that she was troubled with sweating, but shivered soon, if she eased off the bed-clothing to prevent this. I do wrong to use the word "complained," in the last sentence. Ethel *told* me of all her symptoms; she *complained* of only one, and that was her recent loss of the power to sing.

Well, I had my stethoscope and tiny thermometer, to tell me all else I wanted to know.

"What had she been taking?"

"Not much of anything, sir. Just the cod-liver oil, which she doesn't care for, and a mixture she had from the dispensary which she has attended."

Most excellent establishments, those dispensaries, reader mine! Pity, though, that they do not more often serve out a little common-sense sound advice with the medicines they give. Physic is not everything, and cannot work alone. My experience, however, is that poor people who go to dispensaries for medicines, nearly always bring along with them a little something which they themselves put into the bottle, without knowing it, after the doctor has done with it, and that this little something sometimes—nay, but often—does more good than the physic. I refer to faith.

The cottage where my patient dwelt was, as I have said, on the banks of the Thames, and not quite far enough from the city to secure air so pure as I could have wished. There were many mill-stalks, too, about, and sometimes ugly dews rose up from the river. Both these were enemies I should have to battle against, if I was to do this poor girl any good at all. The dews were a depressant. The bad air was worse: it was in her case, though it would not be in that of a strong, healthy person, a positive poison. When I say poison, I wish you to look upon the word in its most strictly literal sense, as though you actually saw the poison in the air; saw the food and substance on which disease germs or sporules floated and lived, and without which they would cease to exist. Could I have had my wish, Ethel would have gone to live in a purer atmosphere—say, in the country or by the sea-side, or to sea itself. This was out of the question for some time, so I had to do my best for her where she was.

It will be seen from my mention of the word germs, that I am in some measure a believer in the theory that consumption is a parasitic disease. That tubercle in the lungs and in other organs of the body can kill in other ways than by a multiplication or growth and birth of disease germs, there is no doubt; but that these germs are increased at a terribly rapid rate by the patient breathing and re-breathing of air congenial to them, I think has been proved beyond doubt, and upon this fact depends our belief in the curability of consumption.

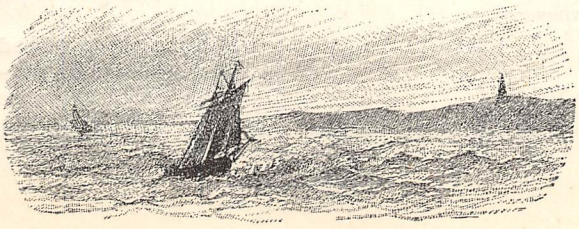
In a few words, the plan of treatment, which, for the simple reason that it can only be well carried out by the family physician, I cannot describe specifically, consists in an attempt, by the inhalation of certain medicaments, to destroy the germ-nest in the lungs, and to prevent the breathing of germ-laden air or impure air of any kind, or too cold air to irritate and inflame, or damp air, that would depress; for depression of the system, whether from physical or mental causes, is most inimical to our hopes of success. It is for this latter reason that we do all we can to support the system by good food, cream, oil, and easily-borne tonics to increase the appetite for nutriment. In addition to this, we guard against cold and changes of climate; we try to give sleep at night by natural means; we do not over-clothe to sweat. And we find ourselves more successful, in carrying out all this treatment, if we have a patient with a cheerful mind.

I want the reader, be he a consumptive or any other kind of patient, or no patient at all, to bear in mind that the air we breathe is usually filled with disease germs of all kinds, but that only the *weakly* and *depressed* need fear them.

Much of the good that is done to consumptive patients by sea-voyages depends upon the fact that the ocean's ozone is the best disinfectant, and contains fewer germs than that on land. And I must say this, that if patients could take all home-comforts with them to sea, they would assuredly return healthy and strong from a long cruise—that is, if they departed with any life in them worth speaking about.

Ethel R—— was a cheerful patient. There was nothing she did not do that I wished, though often it must have been with a struggle. To close her story, she is well now, and recently married. But is cheerfulness of mind, you may ask me, a thing that can be made to order? Is it not a gift, or the outcome of some particular state of brain or body? I think there is a certain quality of mind that every one, well or ill, would do well to develop, and that is self-control; and from this cheerfulness springs; in this it grows.

I cannot close this paper without one other remark. Ethel had a mind deeply imbued with religious feeling; and true religion I have ever found to be one of the greatest factors in the cure of disease.



GWENDOLEN

I HAD gone fishing on the Wye:
Young was I, and romantic, then,
That summer, full of sun, that I
Met Gwendolen.

What eves and morns, 'neath gleam and cloud,
Had I by stream or coppice green,
With her, my beauty, sweet and proud
As any queen!

Her words made music in my ear,
That trilled—I have forgotten what:
No tenderer talk had Guenevere
For Launcelot.

And what fruit grew of it, you say?
O we were only friend and friend:
We hugged chance bliss a little day,
Till came the end.

Our joys were bubbles on a stream,
That meet and mingle into one;
That in the sun a minute gleam—
Break, and are gone.

To look into each other's eyes,
A fleeting while, we felt a gain;
But love was never winged with sighs,
Nor grew to pain.

We had no hope, we had no fear;
We met—and parted—with a laugh.
She gave me but—you see it here—
Her photograph.

A DOG STORY.

MR. SEVERN'S marvellous story in the July number—all the more marvellous as he vouches for the truth of the story—reminds me of a very touching instance of the love of animals in the lower grade of creation for man—a love strong as death, testified by as tragical an ending as that of the poor boa-constrictor, Cleopatra. Mine, too, is a true story; and as I am long and well known to the Editor of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE, my name—which I give him—will be a voucher for my veracity.

When I was a boy—more than half a century ago—living with my parents in a remote part of the country, we had a very remarkable carriage-dog, the first of his kind imported into that part of the world, though the breed is now common enough—one of those dogs speckled all over with black spots on a white ground, and then called Dalmatian boar-hounds.

Nelson was large, strong, muscular, and deep-chested; surly and unsocial in his habits, verging on the misanthropical (an unusual quality in dogs), save to the favoured few whom he honoured with his friendship. To these he was as true as steel; faithful and fond, though not demonstratively so, like those fawning dogs that are perpetually jumping upon you, soiling your clothes and slavering on your hands. He was decidedly a canine "character"—an oddity of a dog—grave and taciturn, rarely giving vocal expression to his feelings, save when irritated—and then his growl, his bark, and, above all, his bite, were to be dreaded, as many a frightened boy and tattered garment testified; for he hated beggars like a parish beadle, and treated ragged peasants with aristocratic hauteur.

Many a time have I seen the workmen, as they passed him at a respectful distance, take off their hats to him; for the coachman, who was a wag in his way, told the simple peasants that by so doing they would be sure to avert his animosity.

He disliked his own race as cordially as he did that of men, and rarely approached other dogs except in a combative spirit; and few of his species came off victorious in an encounter.

To complete his physique, I have only to add that he had one "wall eye," white and glaring, which gave a special ferocity to his countenance; so that one might say of him, as Launce said of his dog Crab, "I think he be the sourest-natured dog that lives."

He was a dog, too, of marvellous adroitness. I taught him to walk up a ladder placed at a rather steep inclination, into a hay-loft over the coach-house, and down again, which was a more difficult feat. It was an amusing sight to see the gaping rustics watching this performance, especially as he descended with an increasing velocity till he reached the third lowest rung, from which he sprang to the ground.

And he had other accomplishments. He would ride one of the carriage-horses when taken out to exercise, sitting on his back like a monkey on a bear, the coachman riding the other. How well I remember it, as if it were but yesterday—those two noble bay horses, Peer and Andrew, walking slowly along the road with their dissimilar riders! The horses took kindly to their dog-groom, for they loved him and he loved them, so that this equino-canine affection was ludicrously touching. They spent their lives together—they and the coachman. They were rarely separated, for he went with the coachman when he walked or rode, and ran after the carriage when he drove. And now comes the tragic part of my story.

It happened one summer that my father and mother went to the metropolis—a rare event with them—and took the carriage and horses. The dog my father would not take; so he was locked into the stable when they left, and I and a brother alone of the family remained behind.

When Nelson was liberated, some hour or so after the party had gone, he was in a state of great distress and perplexity. He rushed about in every direction, seeking his companions in vain. He did not howl or whine, but bore his grief in silence.

At last he went into the coachman's bed-room, and, poking out a pair of his old shoes from under his bed, lay down beside them, expecting, no doubt, that the man would return and look for his shoes. From this spot he rarely moved. With each day his misery increased. After a time he refused all food, and

moped about sad and stupid, so that it was most affecting to look at him. No one ventured to soothe or caress him, for we began to fear that he might be falling into a state of melancholy madness, and that it would not be safe to meddle with him. All we could do was to leave food and water near him. And so he went on day by day, moping and pining, growing weaker and weaker, till he scarcely stirred from the room.

It was nearly a week later, as well as I remember, when my father and mother returned, late in the evening. The sound of the carriage-wheels and the tramp of the horses, as they entered the stable-yard, was audible enough, and reached the ears of poor Nelson. He rose, staggered into the yard, and over to the coachman, who had come down from the coach-box. Then, licking his hand as the man stooped down to caress him, he uttered a faint cry and fell down at his feet. *He was dead!*

Need I say how we all mourned over poor Nelson—how we forgot his strange and surly ways in this touching exhibition of love and fidelity? We buried him as reverently as Byron buried his dog, though we wrote no misanthropic epitaph over his grave. But I have moralised over his life and death.

Assuredly the dog is one of the greatest blessings in animal life that God has given to man. It is, I believe, the only creature that prefers man to its own species, loving him with a love that is utterly unselfish—a love that neglect will not weaken, that chastisement will not destroy. Yet, strange to say, many nations have held the dog in contempt, if not in detestation. With the Jews and other Asiatic nations the name of dog was a term of reproach ("Is thy servant a dog?" said Hazael to Elisha), and the most offensive expression that could be used was to compare a man to a dead dog. This no doubt arose partly from the fact that dogs were considered unclean, and partly from their habits when left wild and undomesticated.

But we have learned better things, and have found that the domesticated dog is the noblest of creatures, the most loyal of servants, the most inalienable of friends. Were I to choose a crest to my arms I would take the dog, as Sterne did the starling; and say with him, "Let the herald's officers twist his neck if they dare!"

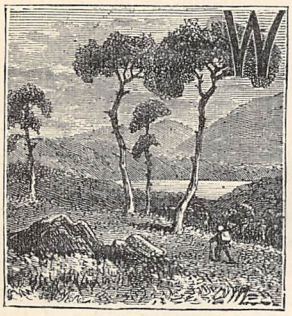
W.

JOHN FORD:

HIS FAULTS AND FOLLIES, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Honest Davie," "Hidden Gold," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.



WELL, if you're for going quiet, so am I," said Bax with alacrity, remembering my fighting powers as a lad, possibly, too well to wish to try conclusions with me now that I was in the strength of manhood. "Bring the bag and the gun, Nat. You ain't a-going to deny as they're yours, Master Ford, I suppose?"

"Did you ever know me to take the trouble to deny a lie of your telling, Bax?" I asked.

"Oh, of course, if you can prove as they don't belong to you——" he said, in a conciliatory tone of suggestion. I made no reply, and we walked down the path, Bax with his hand laid lightly on my arm, and his mate following behind with the things abandoned by the poacher.

The firing had brought some of the people out of the house. Sir Andrew and four or five gentlemen stood on the lawn. A light in the vestibule showed a group of ladies and gentlemen in the open doorway. Bax went out of his course to approach Sir Andrew; he was anxious to be seen the captor of a man standing a head and shoulders higher than he.

"Got one on 'em, sir; and a fine run we had for him, too," said he.

Sir Andrew recognised me. He looked grave and troubled, I could see, for the light of the moon fell upon his face. He said nothing until we had passed, then he called the keeper named Nat, and spoke to him.

"He's not to go in with the others, guvnor says," said Nat, overtaking us. "We're to put him in the old still-room."

We altered our course, which was towards the stables, and took the path leading round to the back of the house: this obliged us to pass by the group of persons standing in the doorway. A lady stood upon the terrace, a little apart from the rest. I knew the beautiful figure at once. It was Miss Westlake. We passed so close, that I saw the expression of sad reproach in her eyes, and their eloquence touched me, and made me conscious of my own baseness and want of generosity.

The old still-room was in disuse. It was unfurnished. The windows were barred upon the outside.

Here the keepers left me when one of them had brought me a chair. And now I began to reflect upon my folly and shame. Again I was under the same roof with her, but in how changed a condition! When I came to demand an interview with her, I had some foundation for hope, but now I had none—I had destroyed everything by my own mad jealousy and folly. Had I gone back to my work with a manly resolve still to advance, I might yet have hoped to be worthy of her love, even if I failed to obtain it. Instead of that, I had rather sought than avoided the disaster which must separate me from her for ever. I had disgraced myself before her friends, and lost even the respect she had shown for me. Sir Andrew had warned me that he would show no partiality to me if I fell into the hands of his keepers, and I felt sure that he would keep his word, and send me to gaol. After that, could I expect that any tender feeling for me would linger in Miss Westlake's bosom? Would she not rather regard me with disgust?

The moonlight fell upon the window. I lifted the sash and felt the bars; they shook under my hands, and I perceived that I could wrench them out and make my escape if I chose. I was inclined to take advantage of this opportunity in order to spare Miss Westlake the mortification and pain which my imprisonment as a common malefactor would cause her; but seeing that my escape would convince her that I had courted disgrace to inflict pain upon her, I abandoned the idea, and resolved that on the following morning I would plead my innocence before Sir Andrew, and for once give Bax the lie.

Whilst I was yet discussing these matters in my mind, the sound of a key moving in the lock of the door fell upon my ear. The house had been for some time perfectly silent. An hour after my incarceration the doors had been closed, and the distant murmur of voices had ceased. The church clock had struck three. I listened attentively. The key was turned cautiously, but the spring was rusted, and the bolt grated harshly against it, despite the care with which it was moved. It was an old clasp-lock, and, as I expected, when the bolt passed the bite it gave a sharp click. I had my hand upon the handle, and at that moment I turned it sharply and opened the door, for a wild hope had sprung up within me that it was Miss Westlake who had come to release me. The light from a candle at the further end of the passage fell upon the face of a maid-servant, who fell back against the wall with an exclamation of terror at my sudden appearance.

"Why have you unlocked that door?" I asked her, with a voice made warm by fierce excitement.

"Lor, sir! I didn't mean any harm," she stammered. "I—I only opened it to let you out."

"Who told you to let me out?" I asked, after a pause.

She was a stout, bold girl, and having got over her fright, she replied with sufficient effrontery—

"Not Sir Andrew, you may be pretty sure. Next time I'm minded to save a young man from being sent to prison, I'll take care he likes me well enough to give me credit for doing a kind action without being told to do it."

"Ah! you unlocked the door from your own motive?" said I.

"Of course I did."

"Then," said I, with an involuntary sigh as I went back into the room, "you may lock it again."

She did not close the door, and when I turned round, I saw her standing in the passage with the light falling on one side of her face, and showing a disconcerted look upon it.

"You mean to say," said she, coming forward, and leaning against the jamb of the door, "that if I leaves all the doors open you won't escape?"

"No," said I, seating myself.

The moonlight falling upon the white boards was reflected upon her face with sufficient power to reveal her inquietude as she lingered there, looking at me in perplexity.

"You're bound to be sent to Maidstone. I heard Sir Andrew say there was no help for it when they were talking about it the last thing."

"Who were talking about it?"

"Miss Westlake and the others."

"Well, if I'm sent to gaol it will be no fault of yours."

She still lingered. Presently she said, with some hesitation, in a subdued voice—

"Supposing it wasn't all my own idea? Suppose somebody else was anxious you shouldn't go to Maidstone?"

"Come," said I, rising quickly, "tell me the whole truth about this matter, or I won't stir from this room till Sir Andrew sends for me."

"Well," she said, shrinking back a little, for I was again excited, "I'll tell you the whole truth if you won't be violent. Miss Westlake said to me what a pity it was such a fine young man should be sent to prison with a set of worthless, pitiful rascals as the police caught, and she asked me if I shouldn't like to set you free; and seeing she wanted you to escape, of course I said 'Yes,' and told her I could easily unlock the doors, if she didn't object to it. Then she said if I chose to unlock the doors I might, only I was to be sure and let you know that Bax was in the quarry."

"Tell her," said I, my voice faltering by reason of the great joy in my heart, "tell her she has given me more than my liberty—ten thousand times more."

I had no money, but I tore off my watch, and put it in the girl's hands; she protested, but took it, all the same.

"Yes, I'll tell her that," said she. "The doors are open: it's all right."

"Oh, I don't want doors," said I, laughing—"they would get you into trouble, perhaps. You can lock them securely. Here's my way."

I went to the window, which I had left open, and catching hold of a couple of bars, one in each hand, and setting my foot against the wall, I dragged them both out, bent, from their sockets. Then I caught hold of the two remaining bars high up, and threw my body through the opening.

I remembered what had been said about Bax—

indeed, can I ever forget a word that she has spoken?—but instead of avoiding the quarry, I made straight towards it, but with such precaution as my purpose required. I approached the quarry with the stealth of a Mohican, creeping from bush to bush, and sometimes crawling upon my hands and knees. At length I spied my man seated with his back to a tree by the path above the quarry. He may have been asleep: certainly he knew nothing of my presence until he found his collar in my grasp, and my knuckles in the back of his neck.

"Come, Bax," said I, "get up. I've a little affair to settle with you."

He would have resisted, but I lifted him by main force to his feet, and when he saw with whom he had to do, he took another course.

"What's the matter, Master Ford?" he asked in a tone of entreaty. "You're not going to do me a mischief, are you? I'm only a servant, and bound to do my duty."

"I know that," said I. "All I want is to teach you to be truthful. Come on."

I led him across the path to the very edge of the quarry, and here the poor wretch's knees gave under him, and he would have screamed for help, but that my hand tightening on his collar strangled the cry.

"Now for the truth, Bax," said I. "Whose gun and bag was it you picked up?"

"Not yours, Master Ford, I'll take my oath. They belongs to young Johnson, as slipped out into the woods when he see you."

"Do you think that if you are alive when Sir Andrew sends for you in the morning, you shall have the courage to tell him the truth?"

"Yes, I'll take my oath I'll tell him; and Nat 'll agree with anything I say. I'll take my oath, and I'll keep it."

"I intend that you shall. Did you ever know me to go from my word, Bax?"

"No, that I never did."

"Then just bear this in mind. I promise to bring you up here and drop you down into that quarry if you fail to tell Sir Andrew the truth about this affair."

"Right, Master Ford; and thank you, sir, thank you. I'll do as you bid me. I'll keep my word, for my own sake; and you may be pretty sure I shall keep my word; for if I don't there 'll be a warrant out for your arrest, and that would do my business!"

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

I WILL pass over the events that followed this adventure, and summarise all that happened in the twelve succeeding months in as many lines if possible.

I went to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and there, having excellent recommendations from Mr. Miller, and making a favourable impression by a straightforward statement of my purpose, I obtained employment without much difficulty in the works of Messrs Tadloo and Hicks, marine engineers, where by downright hard work, steadfast application, and good fortune, I advanced not less rapidly than at Maidstone. At the end of the year I was earning better wages than I had received from Mr. Miller—albeit I had gone in at a disadvantage—and my future was even more promising. My father, who obstinately refused to leave Kitford, I went to see once a month, instead of weekly as heretofore; in other respects my life at Newcastle resembled that at Maidstone. I did not allow myself an hour's idleness; from the time I rose till the time I lay down my mind was constantly engaged, either in study or in business.

Now it will be thought that the comparative calm of such an existence enabled me to see my own folly, and to look at my position in a rational way. It did this in some measure. I saw the difference between Miss Westlake and myself. I saw that she was a lady, and that I was not a gentleman. I saw that she possessed qualities of mind and disposition which no masters or books could give me. As I learnt this my hope diminished, and I worked by constant effort, knowing that only by such steady application could I keep my mutinous spirit under subjection. I resembled a wild beast coerced to a certain degree of docility, whose savage instincts may in one unguarded moment re-assert their sway. The training of three years had not eradicated the moral defects of my character, and had hardly added one good quality to it. I lived for myself, as I had always lived, unguided by a single noble principle. If I had any aim in cultivating my intellect and improving my position, it was to obtain the esteem of Miss Westlake. It was something that she should not despise me, but it was not enough. All that I had gained by three years of unceasing labour I would have cast aside, and willingly sunk back into my former state of brutal ignorance, for one moment's bliss in touching her hand.

My father invariably met me at the station on the first Sunday in the month, trotting over from Kitford in a hired cart. If the weather was bad, we stopped at Sevenoaks until it was time for me to return to Newcastle; if it was fine, we jogged along the lanes until the horse was tired, and we found an agreeable resting-place, and there stayed till the hour came to jog back again. I would not go near Kitford. My father's affection for me was as strong as ever, and relatively he must have been happy on these days, or he would not have deserted the ale-house and kept himself sober to meet me; but there was nothing in his character to warrant the supposition. He sat beside me melancholy and silent, and he rarely showed any animation, except when he thought that an innkeeper had drawn him more ale than he charged for, or *vice versâ*.

It was on the first Sunday in August that I noticed a remarkable change in his manner. There was a degree of vivacity in the tone of his voice when he greeted me, that led me to imagine he had got the better of some unfortunate innkeeper on the road, and instead of becoming lethargic when the emotion of meeting had passed over, he cleared his throat, and said—

"You never tell me what you are doing, Jack."

"You never ask, father."

"No. Dussay you think I never care neither. Looks as if I had never cared for you from the time you were born—never cared for any one but myself since—since my misfortunes began. Other way about, Jack—it's you who've cared for me always. But I do care for you, Jack—I do think of you—especially o' nights. Can't sleep as I used to do, you know. Wake up when I've slept myself sober, and lie awake then till it comes light thinking about you. Only one in the world I've got to think about now—only one that's got a kind thought for me. Think it all over night after night from the beginning up to now, I do. Think what you might have been if it hadn't been for me, and if it wasn't for me now—think what a miserable old fool I am, Jack, and what I should be if you didn't look after me. I want looking after just like a child—worse an' a child; if it hadn't been for you, I should have died in a workhouse long ago."

I said what I had said a dozen times before when he fell into this lugubrious, self-accusing, sentimental vein. Usually he lapsed into dismal silence after the little outburst of feeling, but this time he was not to be quieted.

"That's why," he said, rather inconsequently, "I thought I'd ask what you'd been doing to get all the money you've spent on me."

"I make money by designing for an engineer."

"That's what some folks have said, but others would have it you were nothing but a poacher. I knew you wasn't that, Jack, for though I see by your hands you've given up smithing, I knew you was a mighty deal too good to be a sneaking thief. 'Tain't in my Jack's way, says I." Then, after a pause, and turning his dim eye furtively towards me, he said inquiringly, "Ain't married, Jack?"

"Not I!"

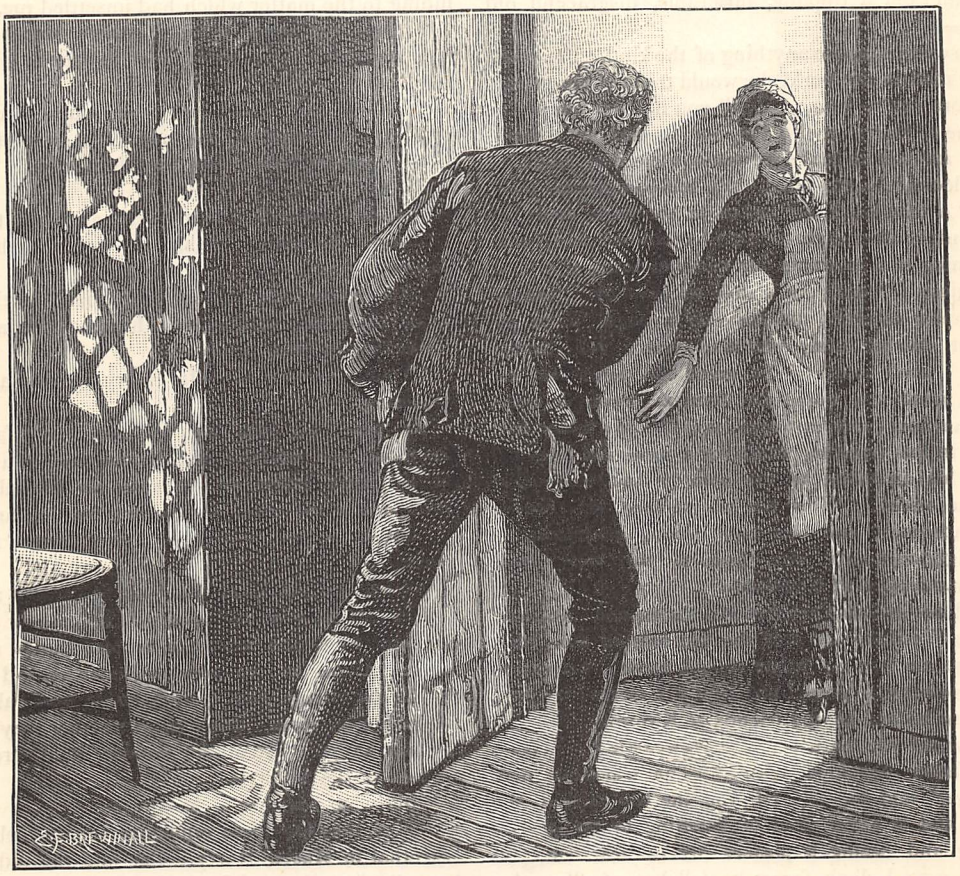
"No sweetheart hanging on to you?"

"Oh dear, no!"

"Was a talk, Jack, some time ago, as you were sort of mad after Miss Westlake—'bout a year ago, Jack."

"Perhaps I am as mad now."

"Don't blame you if you are. She's the only woman in the world that's good enough for you, and you're the only man ever I've seen good enough for her. For her sake and for yours I'd like to see you married together



"THE LIGHT FROM A CANDLE AT THE FURTHER END OF THE PASSAGE FELL UPON THE FACE OF A MAID-SERVANT" (*p.* 611).

before I'm took away. You'd marry her if you could, I suppose?"

"As I never can, it's no use talking about it," said I.

"Oh, I know why you think it's impossible. I've thought about that times out o' mind. It ain't likely she'd be your wife with me getting tipsy day after day, and disgracing the whole village, as they say; 'tain't likely she'd harness herself with a father-in-law whose portrait is drawed in white chalk on every bit of black paling the boys can find to do it on—'tain't at all likely, *that*. But supposing I was out of the way—supposing you hadn't got a tippling, miserable, disgraceful old father——"

"We won't suppose anything of the kind. I'm about the last man in the world she would think of marrying."

"There you're wrong. I tell you if I was out of the way she'd marry you. I'm not so dull as I seem. People are apt to make mistakes when they judge me by my looks," he chuckled, in a self-complacent manner. "A man can't lay awake in the dark, hours together, night after night thinking about one thing without coming to a tolerable fair understanding of it in all its bearings. I can't put a shoe on now, but I can see just as clear as ever I did the way it ought to be put on. I'm sharper in my wits than ever I was, though maybe I don't look it. So much the better for me, and so much the worse for them as trusts to looks. Oh, I can hear with my eyes shut!" My father continued in this boasting strain for a time, and then resuming his discourse at the point it had meandered from, he asked, "Why has she refused Mr. Richie, the handsomest and best-to-do young gentleman in the neighbourhood? why, because she knew there was a handsomer at Newcastle."

It did not astonish me that Mr. Richie had proposed to Miss Westlake and that she had refused him, but it surprised me that my father should know I was working at Newcastle, since I had kept it a secret from him, and knew no one having friends at Kitford.

"How did you learn I was at Newcastle?" I asked.

My father chuckled again. "That's neither here nor there," said he. "I tell you she has refused Mr. Richie, and is never tired of listening to my praises of you; and seeing it pleases her to hear 'em, you may be sure I don't forget to tell her of all you've done for me."

"What opportunity have you of communicating with Miss Westlake?" I asked sharply, divining the truth that he was still profiting by the young lady's bounty.

"Why," he answered evasively, "didn't she look after me like an angel when I came by a hurt trying to stop her ponies?"

"That is a year ago. You have seen her lately."

"Never mind about that, Jack."

"But I do mind!" cried I, in anger. "It is shameful that you should take undeserved charity from the hands of a stranger. Am I not sufficiently humiliated without that?"

"This is the first time, Jack, that you've ever spoken a cruel word to me," whimpered my father; and for the rest of the day he was as silent as previously he had been loquacious.

This revelation upset me for the month. It was with difficulty I controlled my impatience to learn more from my father, and the desire prompted me to quit my work and seek him before the end of the month. When at length our day of meeting arrived, I found him much less eager than I was to re-open the subject. He was taciturn and lugubrious as we rode along the road to Wrotham; and, knowing that it was useless to question him while in that mood, I waited until we had dined, and a tankard of ale had rendered him more communicative, before alluding to the matter which had unsettled me.

"Have you seen Miss Westlake since we were last together?" I asked, pushing the ale towards him.

"It ain't likely, Jack, after what you said to me," he replied, after emptying the mug. "And what's more, I don't greatly want to see her," he added.

"Why?"

"Made a mistake in her, Jack—ain't got the heart I thought she had. 'Twasn't for you she threw over Squire Richie."

"For whom was it, then?" I cried, starting back in my chair, and chilling from head to foot, as though a spectre had risen before me.

"Young Armstrong—Mr. Harry, as you saved from drowning."

My heart was sick with despair. My father left the room, and returned with a fresh mug of ale, which he set down before me, then he set himself on the other side of the table, and leaning his big arms upon it, looked at me under his heavy brows in silent sympathy.

"When did you learn that, and where?" I asked.

"Oh, it's all over the county. Mr. Harry comes of age next week, and there's to be rare things up at the house: dinner for the poor, musicianers and dancing for all the village, and I don't know what, all in the old-fashioned style. Don't know whether they're going to roast an ox. I shouldn't wonder, Sir Andrew being so fond of the old style."

"But what has that to do with *her?*"

"Why, they say these rejoicings are to celebrate her betrothal to Master Harry. I'm told the old baronet has all along been fell on the young people getting married, and he's got a reason for hurrying it on now."

"What reason?"

"They say he's never been right since that return of apperplexy he had in the spring. Do tell me that if you've had one fit o' that you're never safe for a day afterwards—may come another, and carry you off in a moment. Pity that sort of complaint hasn't fallen on me, Jack." He shook his head gloomily, and then said, "I wouldn't have thought it of her, though, not if any one had paid me, a month ago."

My throat and mouth were dry, my tongue seemed to cling to my palate. "Why?" I asked hoarsely.

"I could have sworn her heart was for you; so it may be now, as for that. Suppose it's only nat'ral she should marry in that way, though. Been brought up to luxury, and can't do without it. They say she

hasn't got any money of her own; dependent on Sir Andrew for all she has. After all, how could she say 'No' if he said 'Yes,' after being a father to her all these years? Still, it do seem degrading like for a young girl to give her heart to one like, and her hand to another. But there, what could she do? She ain't fit to be a poor man's wife. Only it ain't our notion of marriage, is it, Jack? A village girl just gives herself to the man she loves without quirk or question. Though it ain't to be wondered at she preferred Sir Andrew for a father-in-law to such a miserable old wretch as I am; not but what——"

"When does this *fête* take place?"

"Day after to-morrow, Jack; but, sure-ly, you don't mean to go to it?"

"I do," said I, springing from my chair as if the hour were already come. No stronger confirmation of my fears and suspicions was needed by my jealous mind than those trifles which had fallen at second hand from the lips of my father.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

A LARGE marquee had been set up on the lawn before Armstrong House, and here the gentry were to have gathered on Monday, the eve of Mr. Armstrong's birthday. A thunder-storm in the afternoon, however, upset this arrangement, and the party was held in the house.

The night was heavy and close. I know not where I had wandered since I quitted my father on Sunday; but it happened that something before midnight I was in the Sevenoaks Road, when I heard the sound of music. I was taken by surprise, for I had spoken to no one but my father, and he had told me only of the *fête* to be held on Tuesday. Had he deceived me? I asked, standing still to listen, or was I deceived by my own imagination only? The sound fell more distinctly on my listening ear. I recognised the rhythmic measure of a dance tune—an air that I had heard whistled in the work-shop at Newcastle. I made my way to the house. There seemed to be a light in every room. The windows of the ball-room were thrown open, and I saw the dancers moving gracefully within through the gauze curtains. I clambered up into the deep casement of a window, and looked through. I could not see her. The music had ceased, and then the dancers had dispersed. Some were seated, some stood in groups, some promenaded. The clock began to strike the hour; it was twelve o'clock. Just then there was a hush, and those who were seated rose to their feet. All eyes were turned to one end of the room, and then a loud murmur of voices arose, and Mr. Armstrong came down the room, his friends pressing towards him to take his hand. Then I saw her—Miss Westlake—dressed in some pale lustrous material, with bare arms and shoulders, advance radiant and smiling. She met him, took his hands in hers, and kissed him. An involuntary cry rose from my distracted heart, and I threw myself from the casement upon the ground, wishing that I might never again rise from it.

Perhaps that cry of despair was heard. I may have been seen by some of the servants, or my coming was anticipated. I cannot say. Only I know that when I attempted to pass by the lodge with the stream of villagers on the following night, a man stepped forward, and would have stopped me.

"I've got orders not to let you in," he said. I threw him aside, and marched on.

The villagers had been invited to dance in the marquee. The difficulty on such occasions is to overcome the timidity and awkwardness they feel in the midst of rich appointments and the presence of well-dressed people. The music had begun, but no one had yet dared to dance. Mr. Armstrong and Miss Westlake stepped out, and he offered his hand to a comely woman of the village; whilst she, with a graceful inclination of her head and a smile, waited for a lad to do the same by her. It was at that moment that I passed the entrance of the tent.

I pushed the gaping rustics aside and strode forward. Miss Westlake saw me; the colour left her cheek, and she shrank back.

Before I could reach her, Mr. Armstrong, quitting his partner, threw himself between us, and three or four gentlemen instantly did the same. If they had known nothing of my history, my appearance would have prompted them to come between me and the delicate young lady. I had not slept since Saturday; my clothes were torn and spattered with mud; I must have looked as I felt—mad.

I was forced back and carried away from the tent My struggles were unavailing against the many hands upon me, and at length, being out of her sight, I suffered them to do what they would with me, and made no resistance.

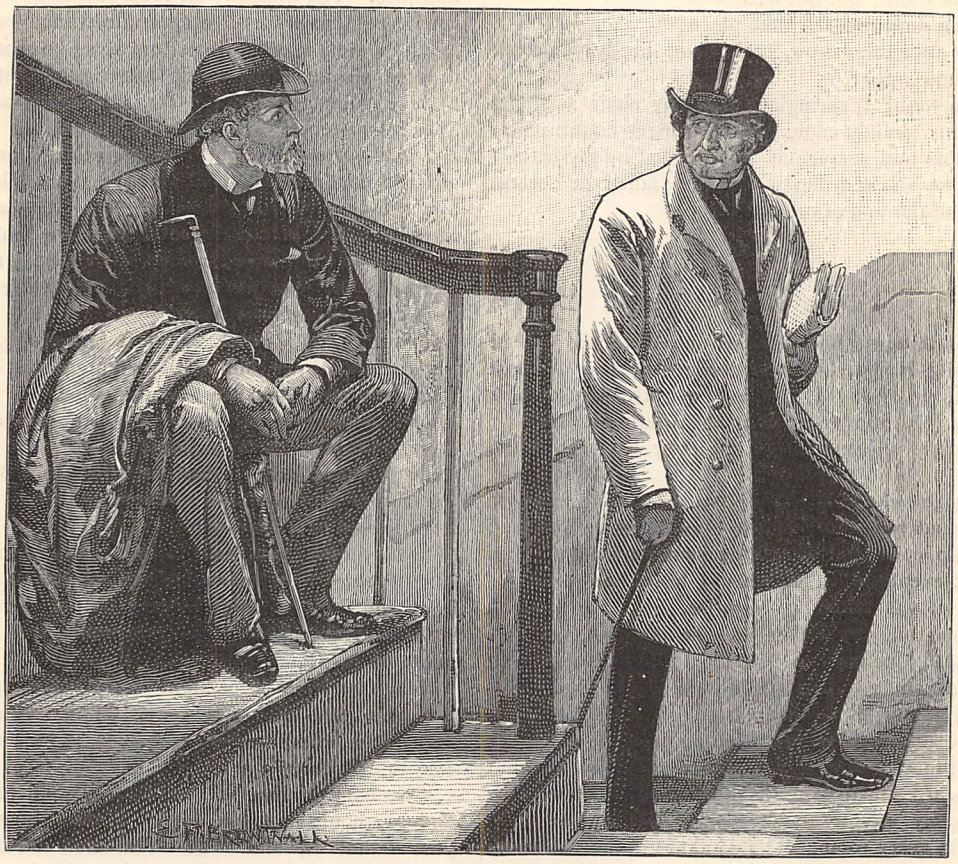
When we were out of sight of the house, one of the group, a tall, well-built young fellow, with a dark moustache, whom I afterwards knew to be Mr. Richie, said to Mr. Harry—

"Go back to the tent, Armstrong. There'll be no end of an upset if you don't. I know how nervous your father is, and Miss Westlake's terrors. We shall have the whole kit out here in five minutes. Cut away back, you fellows!"

There was some remonstrance in an undertone.

"Oh, that's all right!" said Mr. Richie lightly. "I know how to deal with this sort of fellow. You leave us, and keep the yokels out of the way.—Now then, Mr. Ford," he added, turning to me as the other men withdrew, "you and I will have a little talk together." He pulled out his case, and stuck a cigar in his mouth. "Have a cigar?" he added, offering his cigar-case. I made no reply. I listened mechanically; all will or power to act seemed to have left me. "Better, you know; nothing like a good cigar for making a man look at things in a reasonable spirit. Won't?—Good!" He shut up his case, put it away, and proceeded to light a vesta, standing astride in the path before me. "What's your game, Ford?" he asked, holding the light to his cigar. "Don't care to

show your hand, eh?" he said, putting his own construction on my silence. "It puzzles some people, you know, to make out what you're at. About three years this sort of thing has been going on, I suppose. Most people think you're mad, you know—I don't. Seen a good many cranks in my time; never knew one who carried out his object as you have. There's enough thew and sinew in you for a couple of ordinary men; enough intelligence, intellect—whatever you like I admit; but, hang it all! you know, I wonder what would become of society if poetic justice was dealt out all round! Precious damp here. Suppose we move on a bit. Don't feel like moving? Well, stop where we are, then. Anything so long as you don't go down there frightening the life out of that poor girl, and raising the dander of young Armstrong. Poor old baronet can't take care of Miss Westlake any longer, so she must look to Mr. Harry to keep you in order."



"HE LOOKED AT ME AS HE PASSED ME" (*p.* 618).

to call it—for a couple of dozen. You know it as well as anybody. Got a lot of revolutionary nonsense into your head—listened to some frothy demagogue, I'll be bound—taken 'A man's a man for a' that,' or some such nonsense, for your motto, and fancied you had only to make yourself a model working man to be able to marry Miss Westlake, or any one else you singled out. Taken 'Self-help' or some such rank rubbish for your gospel, I bet. You've worked like Hercules, and now you can't make out why the golden fleece shouldn't be given you after your twelve labours." I did not attempt to show this sapient young gentleman that the golden fleece had nothing to do with the labours of Hercules. "It's rough on you,

"Who authorises him to interfere in the matter," I asked sharply—"his father or Miss Westlake?"

"Hum!" replied Mr. Richie, pausing to discharge a volume of smoke. "Gentlemen, as a rule, Ford, don't require the authorisation of any one to protect a woman from insult."

"A woman is insulted, in your opinion, by the love of such a man as me?"

"No, Ford, not that. I shouldn't think any one *out* of a melodrama would be fool enough to think that, still less to say it, in these times. If you wish to know what I do think is an insult, it is for a man to come into the presence of a well-bred and well-dressed young lady in such a get-up as you present at this

moment. That was a little oversight on your part, I dare say. I'll bet you'd have turned up in a claw-hammer coat if it had occurred to you that that would serve your purpose better. Don't know how poor old Harry will manage if you make your next attack upon Miss Westlake in grey kids, with a squash hat under your arm. Upon my word! it would be embarrassing," he said, dropping from the bantering tone to one of serious reflection as he knocked the ash off his cigar. "Don't know that I should feel quite as easy in lecturing you if you had taken the precaution to put yourself into evening dress and come in a brougham. That admission will show you, Ford, what effect certain social conventionalities have upon men, and if the effect upon men is great, how much more must it be on women? Which brings us back in a roundabout fashion to our starting-point. Yes, that's it, you know, Ford. It's not a bit of good your springing upon that poor Miss Westlake like a sprite out of a trap. If you can't make her your wife, you ought to keep out of her way—every bit as much as if you were a lord fascinated by the pretty looks of a shop-girl. It's altogether unfair to the girl. Girls are sentimental; and you don't know what misleading hopes this romantic attachment may be putting in her head. Girls of that age are all romance—fancy every good-looking beggar will turn out to be a prince in disguise. I don't say that Miss Westlake is a girl of that kind. She has sense, but at the same time she has the feelings of an ordinary girl in some things. At present she stands a capital chance of becoming—well, of marrying very advantageously. If she does marry she will make a good wife, you may be sure, and a happy one, I should think. Now tell me, John Ford, do you think it's manly, do you think it's generous, do you think it's just for you to inspire her with a sentiment which will destroy her chance of prosperity and happiness?"

"Will that sentiment destroy her chance of happiness?" I asked eagerly.

"Undoubtedly; if she rejects a baronet, for example, with the hopes that you will turn out to be a prince. You know that you'll never be a prince—never be anything but Jack Ford, son of old Ben Ford. And do you think," he asked, emphasising each word slowly—"do you think that such a girl as Miss Westlake will marry you with such a connection as that?"

They were my father's own words, and they went like bullets into my heart.

"Come, Jack," said Mr. Richie, in a genial tone; "'Crying ills need bitter pills,' I think they say in Kitford. If I've given you pain, it's only that you may see where your weak point is. Every one of us has to take misfortune at some time, and the best thing is to meet it with a brave face, and live it down like a gentleman. "I'll let you into a little secret now we're such good friends—I don't promise that I shall see you the next time we meet in the street, by-the-by—you shall know my trouble now we've about talked out yours. I also have been hit; I also entertained the idea that I might make Miss Westlake my wife; and I tell you this: I think I should have realised my wish if I had been heir to a baronetcy and six thousand a year, instead of being a plain mister with only as many hundreds. Not that she loves me. 'Pon my honour I don't believe she loves any one of my acquaintance—it's quite possible that she has more feeling for you than for any one else in the world. I can understand that; but I am vain enough to suppose she would have accepted me if my position had been better—if, for example, I had stood in Mr. Harry Armstrong's shoes. Knowing how little feeling she had for me, I proposed in such a manner that her refusal should not oblige me to lose the pleasure of her society. I proposed, and she refused. There was no frantic wringing of hands, no rushing about like a maniac, no ridiculous scene of any kind. I took her refusal as calmly as I had made my offer, and the consequence is that I raised myself in her esteem, and enjoy the pleasure of an undiminished friendship. Now, don't you think, Ford, that it's a thousand times better to have the esteem, the respect, the confidence of a person you love than to force her to treat you like a dangerous brute? If I had made an ass of myself, as you have, do you think I should have the pleasure of her society this evening? Not much. Take my advice, learn self-control: it is the primary qualification of a gentleman. Obtain the mastery of yourself, and there is no reason why you should not one day be admitted to Miss Westlake's friendship. I think I've said enough to dissuade you from making yourself contemptible in Miss Westlake's opinion. And now, as I'm getting decidedly damp about the feet, I'll leave you. Won't have a cigar?—No?—Good! Good night."

Mr. Richie's advice was thrown away on me. I had no desire to hold a position near Miss Westlake such as his. My love would not admit of restrictions. She must be mine altogether or not at all, I felt. But the rest of his argument had the desired effect. It made me see that it was hopeless to hope: that so long as I was John Ford she could never be my wife. Also it made me feel that I was playing an unseemly and cruel part in pursuing my own vain desires; and the bitter conviction dawned upon me that if she had any feeling of affection for me, it was more imperative that I should separate myself from her.

I went to my father's rooms in Kitford with the determination to bid him good-bye, and return at once to Newcastle.

"Your father in?" said the woman of the house, when I asked for him. "La', sir! I ain't seen him anywhere abouts since he went away o' Sunday, and we made sure he was with you."

I had not seen him since I left him in the ale-house at Wrotham. Never before had he stayed away from his village. Had he fallen ill or met with an accident?

"I hope nothing has happened to him, sir," said the woman. "To be sure, he have been unsettled and restless for a good month or more—quite unlike himself, as every one remarks. The remains seemed to be preying on his mind like. Won't you take a seat, sir?"

"No, no. What remains do you refer to?"

"Dear, dear! Hasn't he told you, sir, about the remains as were found in the back garden?"

"Not a word."

"That's odd, to be sure, for he certainly could not have forgot about 'em. Well, there now! I do hope there's nothing wrong. Still, he hasn't been the same since that day. And—and—a telegram letter came for you yesterday."

"Give it to me at once," said I.

She went into her parlour and fetched the telegram, which was sticking in the chimney-glass. I read:—

"From LEADER and LEADER, Sun Court, Temple.—We have important information of immediate importance to communicate. We are here from ten till five, or will wait upon you by appointment, if you prefer."

I was overtaken with exhaustion when I arrived at Sevenoaks, having been without sleep since Saturday, almost without food since Sunday, so there I rested for the night, and having given my clothes to the chambermaid to put in order, I started the next morning in decent trim for London.

I had some difficulty in finding Messrs. Leader and Leader, for they were newly established in their office, which was at the top of a dingy little house in the corner of the court; but I was still too early. The door, with the name of the firm upon it, was locked, and I had been sitting on the stairs fully half an hour, when a stout, middle-aged gentleman, with his face shaven, except upon the upper part of the jaw, where two little bunches of black whiskers remained, dressed with scrupulous neatness in a black frock coat, protected by a light overcoat, came bustling up the stairs; he carried a packet of blue papers tied with red tape. He looked at me as he passed me.

"Mr. Leader?" I asked, rising from the stairs.

"That is my name."

"Mine is John Ford. You have something to tell me about my father, Benjamin Ford."

"Benjamin Ford—oh, yes, yes, yes! Ah! you are Mr. Ford. Very glad to see you, my dear sir. Come with me into my office."

His tone assured me that nothing serious had happened to my father, and I followed him into his inner office, wondering what he had to tell me.

"Take a chair. Splendid morning, is it not? One moment, Mr. Ford, and I shall be entirely at your service."

"You can tell me at once, perhaps, whether your telegram refers to my father. I expected to find that he had met with some serious accident, or been taken ill."

"Oh! nothing of that sort has happened to him, I assure you. He was perfectly well when he left this office yesterday morning. Shan't keep you *half* a moment, Mr. Ford."

He left me to survey the row of tin deed-boxes which, with half a dozen chairs and a writing-table, furnished the little office, and then came bustling back without his overcoat and hat, and smoothing back the very glossy black hair from his temples.

"Now, sir," said he, sitting down before the table and unlocking a drawer in it, "we will proceed at once to business." He took out a folded sheet of blue foolscap, opened it, and glanced at its contents. Then turning his chair towards me and crossing his legs, he said, "In the first place, I must inform you that we are solicitors. Now, the day before yesterday we received a visit from Benjamin Ford, blacksmith, of Kitford, in Kent. He informed us that he had a very important statement to make, and proceeded to relate a history of such an extraordinary character that we were doubtful whether to receive it as absolute truth, or as the result of—of an excited imagination. Before communicating with you, we determined to examine the facts so far as circumstances allowed. My partner started at once for Kitford, and there made inquiries which to a certain extent corroborated the statement of Benjamin Ford. You will, perhaps, not object to answering a few questions before I proceed upon the evidence already obtained. In a matter of this kind we cannot be too particular."

"I will answer to the best of my ability what questions you please to put," said I.

"Thank you." Mr. Leader again consulted his sheet of foolscap. "Before being removed by your father to Kitford, you lived in Surrey, with Maria Jude?"

"Yes—she was my grandmother."

"You have no reason to suspect that she was not your grandmother?"

"No."

"Now tax your memory, sir, and tell me if you have ever had a passing suspicion that Maria Jude was not your grandmother?"

"No," said I emphatically, after due reflection.

"Ah!" A pause, and a further reference to the foolscap. "From your boyhood you have been of great service to Benjamin Ford?"

"I earned enough money for his support and mine when I was about twelve, and I don't think he troubled himself to work after that."

"He lived in a very miserable condition until you took lodgings for him, saw that he was decently clothed and fed, and, in fact, took the whole management of his affairs in your hands?"

"My father has always lived miserably."

"Just so. Subject to great mental depression, periods of melancholy, fits of remorse?"

"Yes."

"But, so far as his material condition was concerned, you left him nothing to desire?"

"I have tried to do so."

"His moral inquietude has increased of late. You have found him, perhaps, more solicitous for your welfare than formerly?"

"Yes."

"The question I am about to ask is of a delicate nature, but I am compelled to put it. You have for some time been passionately attached to a young lady in a superior station to your own?" I bowed my head. "The fact that your father's character is open to reproach must naturally preclude the realisation of your wishes with regard to this young lady?"

"Yes."

"Your father gave you no intimation of his intention to consult with us?"

"None whatever."

"So far, your answers tally exactly with the statement of Benjamin Ford. Now, sir, tell me if the discovery of those remains in the garden which was in your father's possession at the time of your birth has not, together with other considerations, opened a doubt in your mind?"

"I know nothing of those remains. I heard them spoken of for the first time yesterday."

"Nevertheless, there was a paragraph concerning them in the *Wrotham Guardian and Ightham, Serle, Plaxtol, and Kitford Messenger*."

"I never read that newspaper. I know nothing about the remains you speak of."

"Here is the fact:—A gardener employed by the person to whom your father's former residence now belongs, while engaged in sinking a pit in the garden adjoining the house, came upon a piece of rotten leather, and on pulling it up from the ground, discovered some fragments of bone which excited his suspicion. He spoke to the police at Sevenoaks; the bones were subsequently examined by a medical man, and declared to be the bones of an infant, but how long they had been in the ground it was quite impossible to tell. Now, sir, this discovery seems to have had a powerful effect upon Benjamin Ford, and stimulated, perhaps, as much by a fear of justice as by a sense of gratitude to you, he came here on Monday, and told us"—another reference to the paper—"first, that the leather was part of an old apron of his; and secondly, that the bones were those of his son, John Ford."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

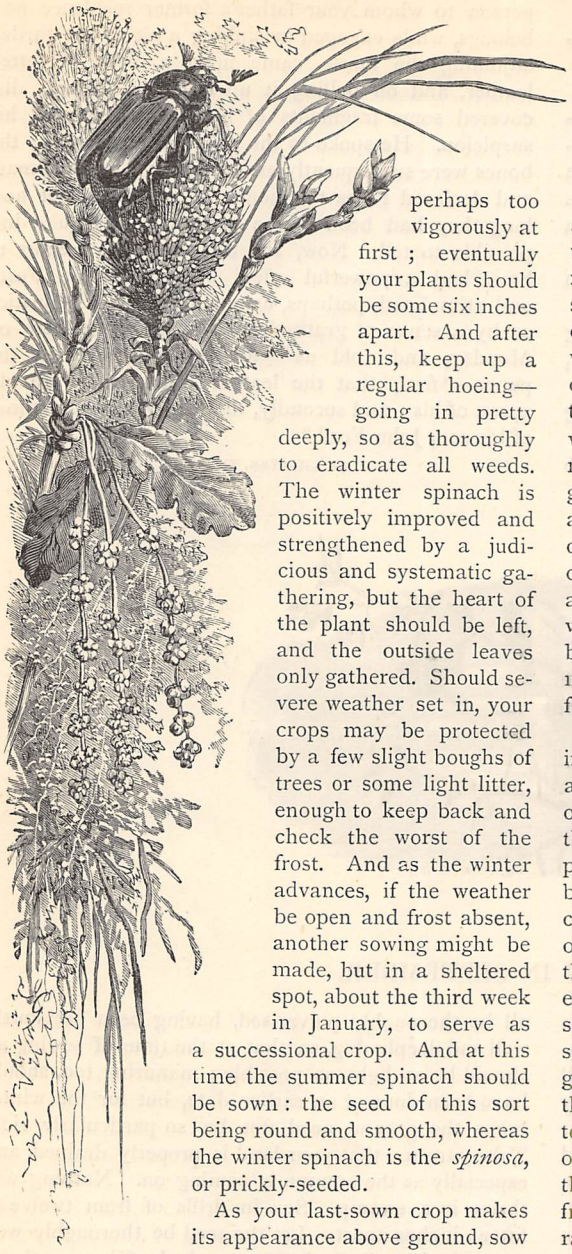
THE GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER.

SO much attention have we given to flowers of late, that as the time of year is beginning to overtake us when flowers, at all events in the open garden, are certainly on the wane, we will, before turning our attention to the housing of them and other kindred matters, say a few words about a very homely subject, and a very practical one to boot, and that is the cultivation of our spinach. And the fact that it is so often badly managed and wasted is an extra inducement to say something about it, particularly too as about the end of August or the first week in September is the very time for sowing our winter crop.

A good old English authority in gardening matters tells us that spinach "was first noticed as a culinary vegetable in this country about 1568, but there can be little doubt that it was in cultivation long before that period even in this country, if not elsewhere, in the religious establishments, which in the times preceding the above date were almost the only places where anything deserving the name of gardening was carried on."

For the sowing of the winter spinach, then, choose a fairly sheltered situation. The soil should first of all be thoroughly pulverised, having been previously well and deeply dug, so that at the time of sowing all should be as light as possible; manuring, too, should have been done at an earlier date, but for the winter crops the ground need not be so particularly rich. Take care too that your land is properly drained, and especially as the autumn is coming on. Nothing will thrive in a swamp. Sow in drills of from twelve to fifteen inches apart. Let the seed be thoroughly well covered with soil, having, say, an inch of it upon them. And to expedite the vegetation of the seed it is a good plan—especially at the end of a dry August or early in September, the first half of which is so often quite hot—to water the drills before you put the seed in them. At any rate, you must give an occasional watering in sultry weather, or choose a thundery and showery day for sowing.

Rake your ground over level, and you may tread the seed through very slightly, but as far as you can avoid it, walk as little as possible between the rows. Watering, however, is very important, for a failure in water will mean a failure of your spinach itself. When the young plants have attained a size sufficient for manipulation, you may begin thinning, though not



perhaps too vigorously at first; eventually your plants should be some six inches apart. And after this, keep up a regular hoeing—going in pretty deeply, so as thoroughly to eradicate all weeds. The winter spinach is positively improved and strengthened by a judicious and systematic gathering, but the heart of the plant should be left, and the outside leaves only gathered. Should severe weather set in, your crops may be protected by a few slight boughs of trees or some light litter, enough to keep back and check the worst of the frost. And as the winter advances, if the weather be open and frost absent, another sowing might be made, but in a sheltered spot, about the third week in January, to serve as a successional crop. And at this time the summer spinach should be sown: the seed of this sort being round and smooth, whereas the winter spinach is the *spinosa*, or prickly-seeded.

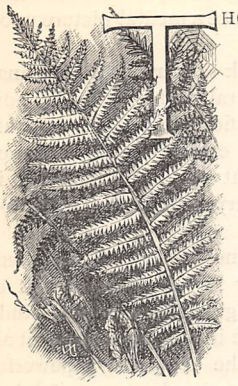
As your last-sown crop makes its appearance above ground, sow a third lot, having, of course, your chief sowing, as of most other vegetables, about the end of March. And in the summer season it is a good plan to sow your spinach crop between your rows of peas, beans, &c., as the shade thus afforded to the spinach is certainly a great advantage to it, and what is more, you economise your room by this means, and there is also a less chance of the spinach being drawn by the sun, and suddenly running up to seed. But in any case we unhappily too often contrive to have a large quantity of refuse from our spinach, though for this the pigs will always thank us, as they are particularly fond of it.

But this month we are particularly busy in our flower garden, preparing for our annual change from the open beds to the greenhouse. August is generally recommended as the month in which cuttings of geraniums, &c., should be taken, but in a favourable summer, if all be done in the first week or ten days of September, the operation may generally be postponed with safety to that time, should we happen to be particularly pressed for time.

The objection to taking our cuttings at too early a date, especially where our space is limited, is that by this means our young stock of cuttings will make such a vigorous growth that by the following spring we often find ourselves inconvenienced and overcrowded. Moreover, the longer that we can with safety postpone packing our greenhouse full with our miscellaneous plants, the hardier will they be, and the better chance do they run of standing a severe winter, should one be in store for us. By Michaelmas, however, the camellias should certainly be under glass, as their buds are already sufficiently apparent, and by Christmas or soon after we look for flowers on some of our early-showing specimens. Now, our cinerarias we look to for flowering about February, and very gay they are after the worst of a dreary winter is past. The earliest of these will be assisted by re-potting and a little weekly dose of diluted manure-water. A similar medicine will help those fuchsias that seem still disposed to go on blooming.

As for the calceolarias, if you are pressed for room in your greenhouse there is no occasion to stow them away there. An old cucumber or melon frame set out in a sheltered spot will be sufficient protection for them. We do not mean that it is necessary for their preservation to plant them in the old decayed manure, but the frame itself can be moved away, and the young cuttings will thrive very well if planted in rows in the ordinary soil, having the frame simply placed over them: upon this in intensely severe weather a little extra protection might be thrown if necessary. Inside the same frame, too, you might stow away for safe custody during the winter some few of your large geraniums that you have cut down and taken up from the open flower-beds: they should be reduced almost to dwarf stumps, and set in a small flower-pot. The only fear is of their damping and dying away under the frame; therefore in the best of the day give a little fresh air, and let this be done daily. Water they will rarely need during the winter months; the season itself must, however, influence you a good deal in the management of your flowers. The chrysanthemums next require attention, being the last flower of the season. If you are growing them in pots, and have not yet placed them in their blooming ones, this should be done at once; or if they are planted out, they must now be taken up and potted; and in doing so, take up with them as much earth and roots as you can, place them in some sheltered situation, and give a good watering. A little clear manure-watering will benefit them once or twice a week. Or if you want some dwarf plants, the tops of the blooming shoots may be either layered or planted as cuttings, but the shoots should not be topped later than about the middle of September.

WHAT IS THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE?



THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE, or as it is more commonly, but less correctly called, thought-reading, is a subject which has recently provoked a considerable amount of discussion and controversy. From being ranked at one time amongst the multitudinous tricks of legerdemain and modern charlatanism, it is now taking its stand as a scientific fact, incontrovertible as to its actual existence, but yet involved in a large amount of mystery as to its real cause and workings.

First brought into general public repute a few years ago, the various phenomena connected with it have since then excited the attention of many scientific societies: more especially of the Society for Psychical Research, which is devoting a considerable amount of labour towards investigating the result of individual experiments on the subject.

Thought-transference is really the power by which a thought or act of will emanating from one person's brain may be produced, or exerts an influence upon the brain of another, otherwise than through the recognised sensory channels.

It has for some time been imagined that since all the more striking experiments of thought-reading were performed with the subject and operator in direct contact, either personal or through the medium of copper-wire or some other communication, therefore the result was gained through an unconscious muscular agitation on the part of the operator, who in his intense desire that the exact locality of a certain missing object might become known to his subject, actually revealed it, although perhaps unconsciously, by the action of his muscles. And certainly this theory on the face of it sounds not only very plausible, but by far the most correct and reliable one. Take one of the most simple experiments in this line, known as the "willing game," which has been practised in many drawing-rooms for several years past. The subject was blindfolded and ordered to stand in the centre of the room with his limbs in as plastic a condition as possible, and his waist or neck was then encircled by the hands of two or three operators, who willed that he should fall in a certain direction. In this case the result might certainly have been unconsciously, but none the less actually, caused by the force of the muscular energy on the part of the operators, who, by indirect pressure, compelled the subject to fall towards the direction required. In the same manner, some object being secreted, its locality was discovered by the subject when in direct contact with one or more operators who were conscious of its whereabouts.

In fact many have gone so far as to state that the wonderful experiments of the pin-finding feat, and reading the number of a Bank of England note, were actually owing to the fact that the direction of space in which the object lies is unintentionally indicated by the operator's muscular pressure. After a prolonged scientific inquiry on the claims of one of the best-known exponents of the art as a "thought-reader," the committee decided that he had only delicate muscular sensibility, and no power as a true thought-reader. Yet to this decision Professor Barrett, a great authority on the subject, in a lecture on "Thought-Reading, True and False," delivered before the members of the Literary Society attached to the Richmond Club, Dublin, adds the altogether unsatisfactory remark, "that although a large number of these experiments might fairly be set down as muscle-reading, yet there remained a certain number of phenomena which could not be attributed to muscle-reading," thus virtually stultifying the committee's decision.

That this is not the true solution of the difficulty, any one who has entered upon the threshold of the subject can easily demonstrate, for while undoubtedly many of the phenomena connected with the study could to a certain extent be explained away by this hypothesis, yet there remains behind an unbounded mass of evidence which cannot be gauged by the limitation of muscular power.

A course of simple experiments, attempted with a qualified subject, will soon convince the most sceptical that to look to unconscious muscular agitation as the sole secret of this transmission of energy is a totally erroneous idea, and does not at all meet the exigencies of the case.

I adduce the results of one evening's experiments carried out with my brother, who is of rather an excitable temperament.

The subject was blindfolded, and after the application of my hand to his forehead, reeled to and fro, drew one or two deep inspirations, and then went off into a kind of mesmeric sleep. Throughout the whole series of experiments there was an entire absence of muscular effort, and no nervous excitement as is the case with many percipients.

Articles hidden in the most unaccountable and unlikely places were discovered and returned as required.

From a number of coins and books the chosen one was immediately pointed out.

Several tunes being hummed over, the tune in question was at once selected.

A pipe and pouch of tobacco were hidden in different places; the pipe was filled from the pouch, lighted, and placed in the mouth of one of the company. During this experiment another pipe was substituted, which, after some hesitation, was filled, but immediately discovering the mistake, my subject hastily emptied the pipe and threw it on one side.

A name written on a piece of paper was correctly read out.

Arithmetical and geometrical figures were repro-

duced on a blackboard. The last-named experiment was carried out by another percipient in his normal condition.

There was one circumstance connected with these experiments which exercised a great influence on the minds of the company present. After any article had been touched and returned to its original position, my brother, although blindfolded, and some distance from the object, was immediately conscious if any one even touched the article, and would instantly rush back and seize it, using great force if it were not at once returned to him.

Now, I am perfectly aware that several of these results might perhaps be owing, or at all events might have the appearance of being due, to this unconscious muscular pressure, but I defy any one to produce many of the results by simple muscular power. It is evidently apparent that there is some more complex and involved reason for these phenomena, and that the mere assumption that they are solely due to muscular pressure is erroneous and misleading. The mere fact that after a protracted series of experiments there is generally an acute feeling of exhaustion, is by no means conclusive evidence that it is muscular exhaustion, as the same feeling would undoubtedly arise from exhaustion of the brain, even if the muscles were at rest.

I go a step farther and bring forward some more surprising experiments, which I do not consider at all exceptional, as similar results are being obtained in many quarters.

I place my hand upon the forehead of my subject, and by the exercise of will-power to the greatest possible extent, and by the entire concentration of energy, I throw him into an hypnotic condition, or kind of mesmeric trance—a condition very similar to that in which a person is when actually dreaming, although the ordinary senses are not suspended as in sleep. This state appears identical with that induced by the Hindoo Yogins who by several modes of concentration, such as fixing the sight upon the space between the eyebrows or the tip of the nose, render themselves by several intermediate stages insensible to heat and cold, and become impervious to blows and even to the effects of fire. Indeed, while in this condition they may be confined for many days without food or drink and yet remain alive.

When in this condition of trance the voices of all in the room (although conversation is being carried on as usual) become entirely inaudible: the eyes close: and the subject or percipient is then *en rapport*—as it is termed—with me. My voice can be heard if uttered only in a whisper, my slightest commands are obeyed. I can make my subject eat the warmest condiment without being affected by it. In fact, he is entirely under my control. I rivet my attention on a watch which I have placed upon the table, and as it were by the power of my will impress the object before my eyes upon his own brain, until the object itself seems to be transferred to him, and he not only describes the article itself, but tells me at once the correct time the watch indicates.

Now there is something far more recondite and involved in this than any such theory as many bring forward of simple muscular agitation, for no amount of muscular power could reproduce a mental picture upon the brain of another.

It is plain that we must look to some other explanation. But what? The general opinion that is now gaining ground among scientific men, is that thought-transference is virtually and essentially the influence of mind upon mind. In what way the impression is conveyed is of course a mystery, but, as one writer on the subject remarks:—

"The phenomena of magnetism show that there need be no perceptible carrier for the transmission of force: or we may instance gravitation, which binds together the universe. Hence it does not appear at all preposterous to assert that the action of a powerful brain may exert an effect upon a less powerful but equally sensitive one, although the means by which it accomplishes this may not be perceptible to the ordinary senses."

A very plausible theory is that a subtle virtue or magnetic flow emanates from our bodies in undulating waves, as is the case with light, heat, and sound, and these waves being set in motion by the movement of the molecules of the brain, which occurs in thought, awaken similar vibrations in the brain of another, provided that he be in sympathy with the generator of the wave-motion, as is the case with a piano or other stringed instrument, wherein all notes of the same vibration will sound in response to another instrument, but all of a different rate of vibration remain silent.

The fact that this mode of communication of thought does not take place in all subjects in the identical manner is no argument against its adoption, for it is a well-known truth, but still for all that one which cannot be explained, that all persons do not possess the power of mesmerising, or of being mesmerised by, others; neither are all persons somnambulists.

The production of mental pictures while in this hypnotic condition is a very remarkable fact. I have stated one out of several that have come under my immediate notice, instances with diagrams have been published in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, and I now adduce one which appeared in a weekly journal a few months since, and is authenticated by a gentleman of the highest literary standing and character.

"A young lady friend of mine had been to a pantomime; an evening or two later she and another lady upon whom I had been making several experiments were with me, and it occurred to me to try if the second of my subjects could be made to see the pantomime through the memory of the other. I put them both into trance, and then occurred what no one who witnessed it is likely to forget. My subject fairly shouted with laughter, followed and described the action, and often repeated the words, of the pantomime which she had not seen herself. Suddenly she exclaimed, 'The lights are gone out.' I had that instant by my own will, and without saying a word, broken the connection between my subjects."

This is but one of many similar experiments that have been successfully carried out after the operator had thrown his subject into a state of trance, and which it is in the power of nearly every one possessed of a strong will and concentrativeness of purpose to demonstrate for himself.

Nor is this mental transfer confined to the reproduction of impulses and mind-pictures, but in the same manner pains and tastes can be transferred from the operator to the percipient. This is generally done in a state of trance, but I carried out a most successful series of experiments a few months ago with my subject in a normal waking condition, and without contact.

I pinched my right leg: subject at once rubbed the identical spot on his own leg. I nipped my left arm: the exact place was at once indicated by the subject on his own arm.

I then gave my left leg two consecutive pinches, and afterwards bit my lower lip, both of which results were immediately and accurately described by my subject. In fact the experiments were altogether most successful, and I did not experience a single failure.

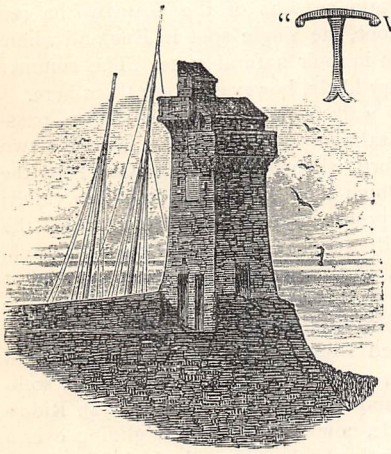
But there is still one more remarkable feature in some of these instances upon which I will only touch, as it passes almost out of the region of thought-transference to the more complex subject of mesmerism, of which thought-transference is but a branch, and that is that the influence of mind over mind, when persons are in intense sympathy, seems completely to annihilate all space and time. The subject of telepathy, as it is called, has created a vast amount of discussion lately, and an exceedingly interesting and remarkable article appeared in a well-known Review on the subject, by Messrs. Gurney and Myers, entitled "Transferred Impressions and Telepathy;" but as these are of very exceptional occurrence, and only manifest themselves in persons of extremely sensitive temperament, such instances do not strictly demand a place in a paper on the subject of thought-transference.

In conclusion let me observe that although this power has only recently attracted public attention, there is very little reason to doubt that we can look to it to explain away a great amount of the witchcraft, demonology, and superstition of the Middle Ages. Indeed, even at the present day such experiments cannot be carried out without a strange feeling of awe and astonishment at the subtle connection of mind and matter, and we are bound to exclaim in the words of Hamlet:

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

GEORGE D. DAY.

IN THE ENGLISH SWITZERLAND.



TOWER ON THE BEACH, LYNMOUTH.

"TWENTY miles from everywhere," nestling on the shores of the western sea in a lovely little bay, lies the village of Lynmouth, to the country round which has often been given the name of the English Switzerland. Seldom, indeed, can a district be found which unites in itself such an infinite variety of scenery. The thickly wooded valleys, through which flow the mountain streams, seeming, as they roll over the huge stones, to make one long waterfall, open downs, the rock-bound coast, heather-clad moorland—all are found here in their most lovely forms.

There are several ways of reaching Lynmouth and its sister village, Lynton, which is some 400 feet higher—any one of which forms a pleasant change to the usual routine of travel. You may take train to Minehead, to which a branch line runs from Taunton through very fine scenery, and from there reach your destination by coach, passing through Porlock and the very heart of the wild Exmoor district. If this be your first experience of Devonshire hills and Devonshire horses, you will probably be somewhat surprised at the little account the latter make of the former, a stumble being an almost unknown thing.

The journey may also be made by coach from Ilfracombe and Barnstaple, but the Minehead route is certainly to be preferred.

Then, again, if you are not afraid of a sea-passage, you may leave the train at Portishead and take the steamer which plies daily to and from Ilfracombe during the season, calling off Lynmouth. The voyage is a very pleasant one on a fine day, and as the channel gradually widens out, the coast-line becomes more and more rugged, till, as you round the Foreland, a huge promontory about 1,100 feet high forming the eastern boundary of the bay, you see the little boats waiting to land you, for there is no pier or landing-place; and should the tide be low, you will probably have a somewhat rough scramble over the rocks.

The village of Lynmouth is very primitive. At the top of the harbour, which is marked by irregular posts driven into the beach, stands a quaint old tower, much beloved of artists, and which was built some

THE DOONE VALLEY.

years ago in imitation of one on the Rhine. A very picturesque row of old cottages straggling up the hill marks the road to Lynton, the ascent to which is very steep, and enough to test the staying powers of the most active pedestrian. The rest of the village follows the course of the river which picks its way to the sea through its midst.

Two rivers join at Lynmouth, the East and West Lyn, both of which flow through wooded gorges; the course of the latter, the vegetation of which is the more luxuriant, lying for the last half-mile through private grounds, to which the public are admitted on payment of a small fee, which is given to local charities. There are two hotels at Lynmouth, one near the sea, and the other at the head of the East Lyn Valley, both of which are very comfortable, and the charges reasonable, as you can be boarded well *en pension* at from £2 10s. to £3 10s. a week.

The place is much frequented by anglers, who find ample employment, salmon and trout being caught in the rivers. Fishing tickets are obtainable at the hotels at the rate of one shilling a day. The water is often very low, and sport is then bad; but after heavy rain, when the river is flooded, the salmon come up in large numbers, and if the "snatchers" are not too active, the catch is large. The waterfalls, too, are then very fine, and amply make up for any inconvenience which the weather may have caused during the preceding day or two.

A very favourite excursion from Lynmouth is to the Watersmeet, about two miles up the valley of the East Lyn, where the Brendon stream joins it, leaping down two very fine cascades. Watersmeet is one of the loveliest spots in the neighbourhood, the steep sides of the ravine being covered thickly with wood growing among a perfect jungle of ferns. It is frequented at certain seasons of the year by the red deer from Exmoor, the single spot in England where they still remain in their natural state. The summer visitor is not very likely, however, to see them here.

A very pretty walk further up the left stream, passing some fine salmon-pools, brings us in about two miles to Rockford, whence the return route is by the carriage-road which runs along the top of the valley, and is also very pretty. If a longer walk is intended, the road leads past Brendon, famous for its fine old church, to Malmsmead, where refreshment can be obtained at a farm-house. This is the place where pedestrians usually rest before starting up the Badgworthy Water for the celebrated Doone Valley, a trip which should certainly not be omitted. The walk lies up a well-wooded valley, and on the right is passed Jan Ridd's famous waterslide, now a small stream gliding over a smooth mossy rock, the beauties of which have been considerably overdrawn.

At the head of this valley, the character of the scenery entirely changes. The Doone Valley, so called from a set of outlaws who — so tradition says — once infested the place, is a very wild, desolate spot; and with the exception of the sheep which dot the slopes, and an occasional herd of deer or wild ponies, is quite deserted except in the tourist season. One small shepherd's cottage, some little way up the valley, breaks the monotony, but this is the only habitation for miles round. The walk from Lynmouth to the Doone Valley is about nine miles. A very usual

route for visitors who do not care for so long a walk is to drive to Malmsmead, and walk the two miles from there to the valley. The return walk or drive should be taken by way of Oare Church, and up an ascent to the coast road past Glenthorne, the beautiful seat of the lord of the manor, which lies below, and which should certainly be visited on another day. The road continues through Countisbury and down Countisbury Hill, which is very steep, back again to Lynmouth. Another nice little excursion, by road or sea, is to Porlock Weir, a little village distant about twelve miles by road and less by sea.

In the opposite direction, a very enjoyable walk of about eight miles may be taken to Heddons Mouth. Ascending and leaving the old church of Lynton behind you, you reach the North Walk, which is cut in the steep slope of Hollardy Hill on the seaward side. You soon reach the Castle Rock, a huge mass of limestone, rising some 400 feet almost perpendicularly out of the sea, and from the top of which a fine view may be obtained. This rock stands at the head of the "Valley of Rocks," about which Southey wrote so enthusiastically. This is a very weird spot, the rocks being scattered about in all directions, one of the finest being the "Devil's Cheese Wring," which lies on the opposite side.

Continuing our journey, a little further on lies Ley Abbey in the midst of its lovely grounds. The road then winds through some beautiful pine and larch woods to Woodabay, past Inkerman Bridge, where the path is again cut out of the side of the cliff, till you are obliged to turn inland to Heddons Mouth.

The road continues over the moor to Combe Martin, an untidy, straggling village, over a mile in length, and then on to Ilfracombe, a busy, thriving watering-place, which may be called the capital of North Devon.

We have not space to enumerate all the pleasant rambles which may be made from Lynmouth, and can only advise our readers to try it for themselves.

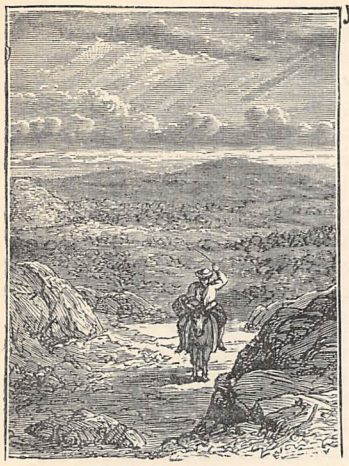
The climate is mild, and is said to be rather relaxing; but after a day or two this is not felt, and the purity of the air makes up in great measure for its mildness. The bathing is bad, as the shore is very rough, but a cove has been constructed for the ladies, while the gentlemen mostly go outside the harbour and bathe from boats. Ponies are easily obtainable, and can be hired cheaply by the day, though when a meet of the staghounds is held in the neighbourhood they are in great demand.

Lynmouth is really at its best in the early summer, though the regular season is not till August and September.

Altogether, the quiet beauty of the inland scenery, the wild grandeur of an iron-bound and exposed coast, and the long expanse of heather-clad moorland, make up the attractions of a spot which is certainly unequalled in our favoured island, and which many who only look abroad for their relaxation would do well to visit.

THE "DEVIL'S CHEESE WRING," LYNTON.

SOME VANISHING RURAL TYPES.



THE Elementary Education Act of 1870 is truly effecting a revolution. The prophets have to this extent been justified by the fact, although in details their forecasts may have gone astray—as forecasts will—and the fears of the pessimists have proved as unfounded as have the rose-coloured dreams of those who looked for a speedy millennium through the systematic diffusion of the three R's. Gradually, yet surely, the influence of the School Board is spreading into the most remote corners of the land. Dwellers in country places have especial opportunity of observing how broad and deep is the change which the leaven of even a little learning brings about. It transforms the very peasant, the sturdy tiller of the soil, who from time immemorial has been spoken of with half-affectionate, half-contemptuous familiarity as "Hodge," "Giles," &c. He is not the man he was. There is already a distinct line of separation between the old order and the new. The grandsire may cling, with the tenacity of aggrieved conservatism, to the roomy round smock as garment fit for either work-day or gala; but the grandson disdains even corduroy, and must have his suit of "check" conveyed through the hands of a local clothier from city machine-rooms. And as with attire, so with food and with amusements. The wheels of progress may still be clogged with the dust of centuries, but they are no longer stationary. They quiver and revolve under the pressure of the mighty spring called FASHION.

The result of nearly a decade and a half of compulsory school attendance, and of regularly recurring Government examinations, is of a decidedly levelling character. The levelling is upward, no doubt; but, nevertheless, it has its awkward side for lovers of the abnormal, the quaint, and the humorous. The generations of embryo agriculturists that crowd the "Board" classes to-day will not be as were their fathers. The iron of remorseless culture smooths out many an odd crease in mind and disposition, and will inevitably rob the playwright and the novelist of the future of much rich material. Certain types of social life and activity that have figured again and again in successful works of fiction are plainly journeying at a constantly accelerating pace towards extinction, and to the character-sketcher of the twentieth century will be historic myths, and nothing more.

There is the entirely illiterate self-made man. Dozens of amusing stories might be collected of this certainly praiseworthy, though sometimes excessively vain, individual. He is an artless proficient in the humorous misuse of words. Able neither to read nor to write, he yet has grasped the grand idea that speech, to be impressive, must be sonorous, that five syllables are always more striking and effective than two; and this theory he cheerfully puts into practice. A representative of this rapidly shrinking class was present at a country auction, and inspecting some lumber in out-houses, with a view to thrifty purchase, had his attention attracted by a dilapidated cart, marked in the catalogue, say, as "Lot 99." He walked round and round the vehicle, as though dimly conscious that there was somewhere a flaw in the presentment, if only he could be shrewd enough to discover it. Suddenly his broad, bucolic face broke into a smile. He had solved the mystery.

"Why, Dick," he cried to his companion, "it's one wheel *sufficient*."

The same worthy ultimately drifted into the ranks of the professional brokers, and at the commencement of this section of his career borrowed money on occasion of a philanthropically disposed old lady, who, in darker days, had kept the wolf from Tim Blount's door by casually employing him in her garden; and, feeling a genuine interest in her *protégé*, the generous capitalist was accustomed, on the morrow of any important stroke of business, to ply Tim with inquiries as to his success. With the new-born reticence of the rising tradesman, Tim came to resent these questions, however reasonable and however friendly they might be, and at last he dared sullenly to protest. The lady was at once amazed, pained, and indignant.

"Why, Tim, you know I have always been willing to help you," she said.

Tim admitted a truth he was powerless to deny.

"Yes, yes, ma'am—that's so," he replied; "but what I say is, as you al'ays wants to know too much when I pays you. You ain't satisfied wi'out all the *inticulars* of t' deal."

As a buyer, Tim was usually a model of caution; but his lack of education now and again led him into ludicrous blunders. One specimen will serve amongst many.

A pile of red-backed army lists came into a market Tim frequented, and were offered for sale at the price of the proverbial song. They were old, and hence valueless, except as supplies for the butterman. But the brilliancy of the covers caught our friend's eye. Here, surely, was the chance to turn a nimble shilling—perhaps half a score of such handy coins. Tim bought them, carried them home in triumph, tore off the lids, made them as tidy—the lids—in appearance as he could, and marched courageously away to the shop of a local newsagent and bookbinder.

"You want to sell me these!" said the stationer, in astonishment. "I've no use for them whatever."

Tim's face fell. "No use for 'em?" he echoed.

"Certainly not."

"But you make books here, don't ye?"

An inkling of how the matter really stood broke in upon the tradesman's mind, and with difficulty he repressed a burst of laughter.

"We bind them for our customers," he answered.

"Ah! just so," in tones which seemed to show that the speaker imagined himself at last on the high road to the achievement of his purpose; "and that's why I want to sell you these, cheap as——"

"They are quite unserviceable."

"What, sir?"

The verdict was repeated.

"Whew! I thought as how—fine an' gay they are—as how they'd very likely do for Bibles."

Complete explanation was a work of time and difficulty, but at length it was accomplished, and Tim carried off his scoffed-at treasures, reflecting, no doubt, on the imprudence of tampering with trade mysteries, and on the vanity of great expectations.

Another type, doomed to disappear before the on-creeping wane of culture, is that of the thoroughly ignorant and obstinate man—the being whose perversity, ungoverned by judgment, is continually bringing him into comical collision with equally stubborn facts. At country polling places, at such an important crisis as an election for some rural Board, these idiosyncracies are abundantly revealed.

An amusing case in point occurred at a contest in an agricultural township but a few months back. An honest but dubiously enlightened voter came away from the hall which was the centre of attraction in high glee.

"I wasn't goin' to do as yon whipper-snapper of a clerk ordered, not I," he boasts. "Mark the paaper just here,' he says. 'Ay, my man,' I thinks, 'I'll see to it.' 'Down this side's the list of names of the candidates — Brown, Finch, Goldthorpe, and the others,' he says agin. 'Mind you put the votes against your men, and give the correct number.' Thinks I, 'You're wastin' yer breath, young fellow; I'll be led by none o' ye.' An' so I outs with my pencil—bought it o' purpose—and I takes the paaper, and I scratches on it t' names of the men I wanted—none o' them as was printed down yon. Hah! hah! I always was for havin' my own way, an' I find as it's generally the best way in t' long run, too."

And amid the smiles of a group who know by experience the utter uselessness of remonstrance, feeling himself every inch a conqueror, and perfectly oblivious of the circumstance that in every sense his votes have been wasted, the ancient labourer chatters on. He is pleased, and therefore garrulous.

Again, the system of compulsory education is making a swift end of that mirth-provoking rural oddity, the unlettered victim of sentiment. Cupid is an archer who aims indifferently at high and low, and sometimes his shafts pierce deepest where least expected. A country printer was able, not long since, to afford the writer an amusing proof of this.

"Talking of minor poets, I once had a singular patron in that department," he said. "The would-be wooer of the muse—and of a charming young lady as well—was a farmer's man."

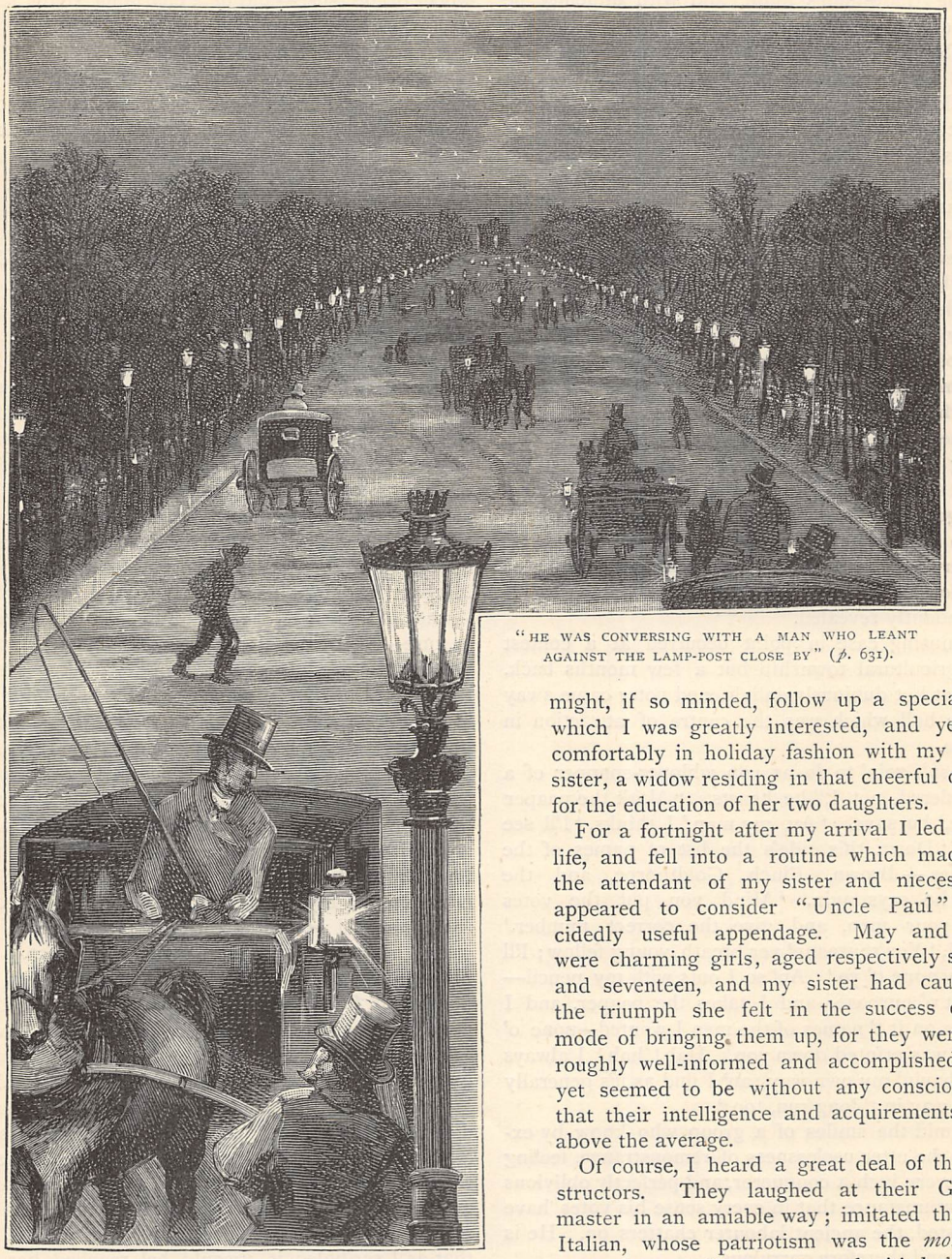
"A second Bloomfield, perhaps."

"Hardly. He was very illiterate—could only just manage to read and to write; and was past the age, I should imagine, at which much improvement was probable. But he was a sufficiently eccentric individual, if not a genius. He called at my printing office first one Saturday evening, rather late. 'You be a printer, I reckon,' he said. I replied that I had that honour. He fumbled for some seconds in the depths of a capacious grocery basket, and ultimately produced a blurred and blotted sheet of paper, which, on examination, proved to contain some half-dozen verses of the veriest doggerel it was ever my lot to read, and evidently the compilation of a love-sick swain. 'What'll it cost to get this po'try printed?' he asked. 'That depends on how many copies you require!' I said. 'Copies!' he repeated, 'I only want one, o' course.' Accordingly I gave him my terms; and he accepted them, and left the dingy manuscript. The next Saturday evening he called, received his precious production in all the glory of type, paid for it, and departed. A week later he returned with a second order. 'But'—and he shook his head at me with a deprecating gesture—'you'll not alter t' words this time; I wants it done 'zactly as I brings it.' I am afraid it was hardly remorse so much as a sudden and overwhelming sense of the comedy of the situation that made me bite my lips and remain momentarily silent. I had taken the unwarrantable liberty of revising the 'poet's' spelling and grammar, so as to bring them into, at any rate, an approximate agreement with modern usage. I bowed, and without expostulation promised for the future implicit obedience. And again a tattered MS. was committed to my care. But for the printed slip of this the writer did not soon appear. Only after a three weeks' interval he once more invaded my office. From his dejected air it was evident something had gone amiss, and from the nature of the rhymes I had 'set up' at his command—addresses 'To my dear Luv,' &c.—it was easy to guess what the trouble was. And bit by bit—without the least shamefacedness—he told me his story. He was madly enamoured of his master's daughter, and fancied that in her frank, girlish smiles as they occasionally met on the farm precincts he read reciprocated affection. To her he sent his pathetic missive, with the result of parental contumely and dismissal. 'Ah, sir!' he sighed, 'maybe if you'd a' done that as I scribbled it, 'twould ha' touched her heart better.'"

With this narrative of an episode not fictitious, however far removed from the ways and doings of a more disingenuous society, we take leave of a tempting and wide subject.

"LA FILOMELA."

A STORY OF PARIS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. KEWTHORPE'S ACCIDENT," ETC.



"HE WAS CONVERSING WITH A MAN WHO LEANT AGAINST THE LAMP-POST CLOSE BY" (*p.* 631).

THE hard work of my practice in London had so completely exhausted my energies, that in January, two years ago, I was obliged to seek rest and change. Having great faith in variety of work as a tonic and restorative, I determined to spend some months in Paris, where I might, if so minded, follow up a specialty in which I was greatly interested, and yet live comfortably in holiday fashion with my eldest sister, a widow residing in that cheerful capital for the education of her two daughters.

For a fortnight after my arrival I led a lazy life, and fell into a routine which made me the attendant of my sister and nieces, who appeared to consider "Uncle Paul" a decidedly useful appendage. May and Lucy were charming girls, aged respectively sixteen and seventeen, and my sister had cause for the triumph she felt in the success of her mode of bringing them up, for they were thoroughly well-informed and accomplished, and yet seemed to be without any consciousness that their intelligence and acquirements were above the average.

Of course, I heard a great deal of their instructors. They laughed at their German master in an amiable way; imitated the fiery Italian, whose patriotism was the *motif* for most eloquent discourses; and pitied the Parisian, who could not persuade herself their accent was sufficiently pure. Their love and admiration were reserved for their singing-mistress, for whom they had nothing but praise so unqualified, that I saw the girls were victims to one of those passions evoked in school-days, which, for strength and vehemence, are often prototypes of the love of later life.

They called this lady (whose name was Giulia Martigny) "La Filomela," and told me that if I could but hear her sing, I should never again *mention* such second-rate voices as those of the *prime donne* of London, Paris, and Vienna, whose organs I had hitherto been accustomed to consider entirely satisfactory.

My sister was very fond of Signorina Giulia, but told me she would like to know something of her history before permitting the intimacy for which the girls were eager.

"Does the lady encourage them?" asked I.

"By no means," was the answer; "she *dis*courages the slightest attempt to establish more friendly relations; and all I know of her is that she was trained for a public singer, and has for some reason entirely relinquished the career, and will only teach or perform at private concerts, and even then she is capricious in her choice of houses to which she will go."

"In what way?" I inquired.

"She has never sung for any of the Americans here, but for French, English, or foreigners of any other nationality she will always appear; and her voice and style are really quite out of the common. She would have succeeded well in public, I feel certain."

"Strange!" I said. "What belongings has she?"

"That I really do not know," replied my sister. "I have heard her mention her father, but I do not feel sure that he lives with her. She never goes anywhere before nine in the evening, or stays after eleven. She has a little brougham, and at night a young maid-servant is always in it. She seems to have no acquaintances, and not to wish for any. I confess the slight mystery piques me a little, as we usually learn the histories of the girls' teachers so quickly."

"She is probably very poor," suggested I, "and does not wish to display her want of means to all beholders."

"I think not," was the reply. "I should judge her to be comfortably circumstanced as far as money goes."

The conversation ended, and as I had not seen the lady, the matter faded from my mind. One day I came back from a visit to a *confrère* earlier than I expected, as he was summoned away, and on opening the door of my sister's "flat," I heard some one singing, with a voice so pure, so melodious, so round and full, that I stood transfixed. The opening words of Braga's sérénata, "*O quali mi risvegliano*," filled the vestibule with wistful, longing tones, and a soft accompaniment on piano and violin harmonised to perfection. It was only for a few bars, however, for Lucy's little voice took up the strain, and the spell was broken. I went to the morning-room in search of my sister, and asked if it were "La Filomela" I had heard: a needless question, for I knew it could be no one else, and was filled with desire to hear her notes again. Laura told me that most likely she would not sing any more, as she very seldom did so, and that her method of teaching was one of her peculiarities, being conducted so much more by precept than example, and yet entirely successful.

"But," she added, "I have taken tickets for a concert in aid of some charity which is to be held at the house of the Duchesse de L'Agan next week, and as 'La Filomela' is to sing two songs, you had better go with us and hear her."

"Willingly," I replied. "It would greatly please me to see the possessor of such a voice."

My nieces were delighted that I had heard their nightingale, and told me she had seated herself at the instrument to show Lucy it was possible to play the song and sing it too, and had let Mary take the violin accompaniment.

The night of the concert arrived, and then I saw "La Filomela." How shall I describe my impressions? We all know how difficult it usually is to recollect the idea we formed of those with whom we are now intimate, when our acquaintance with them was only beginning, and yet the memory of the picture this girl made on my mind is clear enough to me now. A crowded room, a fashionable audience, a popular tenor, a tremendous pianist—heat, light, perfumes, flowers—all that had made up the scene faded, as the folds of the heavy curtain at the side of the platform were parted, and a slight girlish figure appeared, dressed simply in creamy satin and with a string of pearls round her throat, and a bunch of crimson rosebuds for sole ornament. She walked gracefully, and was entirely self-possessed; when she stood before the audience, she raised her lovely grey eyes and gravely, quietly scanned the faces of the listeners. Her manner struck me greatly; there was no trace of excitement, scarcely a sign of interest in what she had to do, yet the look she threw along the rows of seats made one feel that it was a matter of consequence to her who filled them.

She sang some music by a young amateur which had been written for her, and the composer was her accompanist. The words were sad ones, and each verse ended with a refrain of "*Ma pace mai, mai!*" The idea was that the singer could taste love again, fame, ambition, but that remorse prevented any hope of peace; and the earnestness with which the Signorina gave "But peace, oh! nevermore," was almost terrible. When the song ceased the audience remained perfectly still for some seconds, and then a whirlwind of applause literally shook the room. No encores were permitted, owing to the length of the programme, so "La Filomela" was not seen again till her next turn came in its course, and then she sang an elaborate scena, which displayed the excellence of her training, and the beauty of her voice, but to me it was meaningless. In the first piece was the soul of the singer, in the second only the power of the songstress. After she left the room it became dark to me, and promising to return in time to escort my sister to her carriage, I went out into the starlit streets, thankful to be alone, for I realised at once what had befallen me. I, Paul Messent, wrapped up heart and soul in a profession which devours the minds and bodies of its votaries, had fallen blindly,

desperately in love with this girl whom I had seen once and heard twice, and for me the world was changed.

I passed a wakeful night, but by the morning my resolution was taken and my plans made. I would seek this girl, and if possible win her. Why should I not? I felt certain that no fault of her own caused her isolation, and for anything else I cared not at all.

A week after the concert my sister gave a musical party, and then I had a chance of speaking with La Signorina Martigny. She was sweet and gracious; and one evening's companionship seemed almost to make us friends. I went to every house I could at which she sang, and used every means in my power to penetrate the veil of mystery with which she enveloped herself: in vain. At the end of a month I found myself more fondly attached to and more hopelessly apart from her than I could have believed possible. I had never passed her threshold, but I haunted the street in which she lived, just for the sake of seeing her enter or descend from her carriage, and gaining a smile or look of recognition.

I was becoming desperate, and meditating an avowal of my passion to her, when one afternoon my sister said, "Paul, I have been to 'La Filomela's' house."

"Indeed!" said I; "have you made any startling discoveries?"

"No," was the answer; "but I think Giulia was vexed with me."

"Why did you go?" asked I.

"I had a note from her this morning, asking if she might postpone to-morrow's lesson till Thursday," was the reply, "but that cannot be, as we go to Versailles on that day, you recollect. I forgot to write to her before going out, and as I was passing the door this afternoon I sought admittance, really without giving the matter two thoughts."

"Well?" I queried, as my sister paused.

"The door was opened by a very old servant, who looked at me with surprise, but ushered me into the prettiest little sitting-room I have seen for a long time. There is no lack of comfort in her surroundings. I had time to notice that there was a large armchair near the fire, with plenty of cushions in it, and beside it a small table, with a spectacle-case and an embroidered velvet cap on it, before Giulia came in. Her manner was stiff, but she thanked me for the trouble I was taking to arrange the change of day, for which she apologised. Her father lives with her, I feel sure, and he is old and infirm."

"You ought to be a detective, Laura," said I, "with such powers of observation and deduction."

That evening as I was making my accustomed patrol in front of Giulia's house, I noticed a man tall and dark, with a pointed beard, who also walked up and down before the same residence. He looked continually at the first-floor windows of No. 17, where were "La Filomela's" apartments. He was dressed as a gentleman, and looked strong, but I observed he had a slight limp. For three evenings I noticed him, and began to wonder why he was watching my darling's home, and if he were connected with the strangeness of her behaviour.

On going into my sister's drawing-room a week after she had called at No. 17, Rue du Colisée, I found her and Giulia in earnest conversation. Giulia was crying and my sister seemed agitated.

"Here is Paul," she said, "we had better tell him, Signorina, he will help us."

"My father is very ill," she said, looking up at me with her eyes full of tears. "He will see no doctor. I don't know what to do."

"Tell me his symptoms," said I.

She described his sufferings, from her careful account of which I easily gathered the nature of his malady. "Have you tried such-and-such remedies?" I asked. For answer she showed me three or four prescriptions, which told me his case was a bad one, and of long standing; the only other help of which I knew, I could not order without seeing the patient.

"I believe I know a palliative," I said, "but I dare not prescribe it without seeing your father."

"He will let no one come to us," she said sadly, and I could see she clasped her hands tightly, and maintained her composure with an effort. "He wishes to be quite unknown in Paris, and fears seeing any stranger, lest it should lead to his being recognised."

"But, Signorina," I said, "his condition is serious; to a doctor his patient is only a 'case.' Explain this to him; let me call this afternoon. You cannot witness his suffering without feeling it is imperative he should have help."

"I will try," she said. "Will you come at four on the chance of seeing him?"

"Assuredly," I replied. My heart ached at having to let her go with such a weight of care on her sweet face.

Laura told me that Giulia had been obliged to tell her the seclusion in which they lived was caused by the dread of their being discovered by an enemy who ruthlessly pursued them with some motive for revenge. She had been forced to give up the career for which she had been educated, because it made hiding impossible; and she further confided to my sister that this enemy would give up his wish to injure her father if she would consent to marry him, but that she could not do.

The next few hours passed slowly for me, and yet my spirits rose. Surely this chance would bring me nearer my darling. I could undertake her father's case with confidence, for his disease was one I had specially studied, and success in dealing with which had been the chief cause of my gaining with somewhat unusual rapidity a large practice.

At four o'clock I was admitted to the patient, whom I found suffering under a distressing paroxysm of his malady, and I was thankful to be of use to him. At length he fell asleep, and I persuaded Giulia to leave him to the care of their old servant, and to take some rest. She was engaged to sing that evening, at the house where I had first seen her; she told me the duchess was to have a large party, and counted on her presence, and as she had been one of her earliest, and was always one of her kindest friends, she was anxious to keep her appointment. I could assure her

I thought her father would suffer no more for the present, but hid from her that his case was desperate, and the end not far distant, though I apprehended no immediate danger. She consented to allow me to sit with him during her absence at the concert, and I promised to go to the Rue Bel Perpino, where the duchess lived, to meet her as she left, and convey the latest news of the patient.

My watch by the old man's side soon passed; he was dreadfully weak, but talked to me apparently with confidence. He said that with his death Giulia's life would change, and that he believed it would be a happy thing for his darling when he was taken. "She will not think so," he added in his feeble voice, "we love each other so dearly."

Before eleven I took my way down the Avenue Friedland, to the Rue Bel Perpino; the duchess' house was near the corner, and as I was early I did not enter the street, but walked up and down. It was April, and the soft spring night was delicious. There had been a shower, and the pavements gleamed in the lamp-light; carriages were rolling to and fro, but of pedestrians there were few. I saw Giulia's brougham waiting near the turning to the street; the driver's face was towards me, so I quickly recognised him; he was conversing with a man who leant against the lamp-post close by, and whose head was raised so that the light fell strongly on him for a moment. I saw a black-pointed beard, and needed not that he should move away with a slight limp to enable me to recognise the stranger who had been watching "La Filomela's" dwelling. I felt that I *must* tell Giulia of him, so I begged for a seat in her carriage that I might go home with her. She seemed surprised when I accompanied her into the house and asked her to give me a few minutes' conversation. She went to look at her father, who was sleeping peacefully, and then came back to me. I plunged at once into the subject, and told her I thought she ought to be warned about this man whom I had seen watching her house and talking to her coachman; when I described him, and mentioned the limp with which he walked, she sank into a chair, and became so white, I feared she would faint. Her dilated eyes had such a look of terror and anguish in them, that I could not forbear taking one of her cold hands in mine, and saying earnestly—

"Signorina, trust me! tell me your secret; I implore you to let me try and help you."

"I will! I must!" she said, "I can bear it no longer alone. This man whom you have seen is Seth Walton, our enemy; my father wronged him; he was agent in New York for him; his own business was grievously unsuccessful, and he took some of Mr. Walton's money. It was to give me the three years' education in Rome, which would enable me to sing in public. He hoped to repay it before it was necessary to settle accounts, but could not. Mr. Walton discovered it, and came to us in Vienna; it was the night of my first concert; how well I remember it! I had made a success, and when we reached our home this man was waiting for us; and I heard what father had done. Since then we have wandered about. We are Americans, and our name is really Martin– mine, Judith. We have tried to hide, and have been in many cities, and I have shunned my country-people everywhere, but still he has always found us. He threatens to have my father arrested—unless I marry him. Ah!" she said, with a broken sob, "I cannot do that—death would be preferable—we must go away again."

"Will he not take the money and relinquish his revenge?" I asked.

"No," she said; "of course we have offered him that—nay, thrice the sum—and the amount is lying at his bankers' in New York; but he holds proofs of the deed, and seems to care only to be revenged."

This was indeed terrible, and I could only implore her to let me see this man if he should attempt to invade their home. I left her, promising to come early on the morrow.

I told Laura the sad history, and we agreed that she had better accompany me to the Rue du Colisée in the morning, and that we should try to keep watch all day. At ten o'clock we were there, and I found, to my sorrow, that a change had taken place in Mr. Martin's condition. He was sinking rapidly, and a few hours might see the end. I was obliged to tell Judith as gently as I could, and she bore the news bravely.

It was as I had surmised; by the evening Robert Martin's sins and sorrows were over, and I gazed at the calm features almost with thankfulness. His face looked much younger than it had done in life, but there was a weak expression on it, even in death. Judith's grief was sad to witness, but she was patient exceedingly, and permitted me to arrange for her all details, as if I were an old and trusted friend.

I went to her house on some business the afternoon after the death, and hearing she was sleeping, I asked that I might go into the sitting-room to write a note. The old servant was out, but Judith's little maid showed me in, and gave me what I needed.

I was busy writing when there was a loud ring at the outer door, a rough voice said, "I shall enter; let me pass, girl," the door was flung open, and Seth Walton came rudely in. He paused a moment in surprise at seeing me, but began coarsely—

"I know that Robert Martin lives here; I insist on seeing him!"

I stood up and gazed at this man; a grim idea came to me. "You shall see him!" I replied, and opened the door of the room where all that remained of the poor old man was lying; his white bed decked with flowers. Turning down the covering, I showed to Seth Walton the features of him who had injured him.

"Foiled!" he exclaimed, as he fell back against the wall. Almost immediately he recovered, however, and without more words left the room and the house.

Little remains to tell. I won my darling, and Seth Walton with his threats and terrors has vanished from our lives. He accepted the money of which he had been defrauded, calculating to the last penny the interest due thereon, and he is prosperous in his native land; while in all London cannot be found a happier couple than "La Filomela" and her hardly-worked husband.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

SEPTEMBER finds us bidding farewell to summer with regret, but the open season lingers late with us, and this is ofttimes one of the sweetest months of the year.

Summer materials and tailor-made materials are both requisite, but it is too early as yet to speak definitely of any autumn modes. If you wish to smarten up any dark dresses, make them with a waistcoat which can be changed. Russia leather, white drill, or flannel—red and other colours—are all worn in turn. The bodice itself has a turned-down collar, is fastened with a clasp, and is left quite loose. Sometimes the waistcoat is a mere narrow slip buttoned on either side, and sometimes it is a mere plastron at the throat. You may now have a jersey bodice in the form of a waistcoat and jacket, with velvet collars, saving a dressmaker's bill, and just the thing for lawn-tennis. A black one, with white waistcoat, is very useful, and suitable with many skirts.

In England, women seem to be content to wear écru spotted muslin, richly trimmed with lace, but in Paris these muslins are worn over a colour which is also introduced into the bonnet—as, for example, écru over blue, with a blue tuft in the bonnet, or peach, or amber, or any other becoming tone in lieu. It is becoming the fashion in Paris, and is always a mode which has had a certain amount of favour in England, for ladies to adopt some one or two shades which represent either some family tradition, or the colours of their coat-of-arms; this gives a little additional interest to their costume.

Bangles, by-the-by, are quite out of date now, so that all the compliments and love-tokens wished or willed in such *gages-d'amour* have either to be done away with or hidden out of sight; chain and broad band bracelets have superseded them.

Whether because it has been an unusually hot season or from any other perversity of our nature, woollen gowns of all descriptions have been more worn than any others; they are trimmed a great deal with velvet; and the spotted dresses—by which I mean tufted spots of chenille matching or of a contrasting colour—are much worn at the seaside in England, as well as France. For evening wear at the various spas, &c., white and black lace dresses have been popular. I will describe one: cream nun's-cloth, a full-banded bodice trimmed with wide Valenciennes lace, a double flounce of lace round the skirt, then a wide flounce half a yard in depth of Valenciennes net, and a long draped tunic of the nun's-cloth, with the Valenciennes let in diagonally across the tunic. It is a great comfort to people accustomed to the harmony of tone which characterises French dressing, to find Englishwomen content to keep to black or cream, for a knowledge of colour is not one of our strong points. It is an old saying of one who understood the subject well, that "the best-dressed woman is she who is never quite in the van of fashion and never quite in the rear." It is not such a woman who runs into the last extravagance of colour which fashion brings out—the effort of the shopkeeper, the milliner, and dressmaker to necessitate new clothes each year. "Steer between the lines" is wise advice. Those who care to adopt violent colouring should choose well. It requires an innate perception of the harmony of tone. Pink and brown are a happy combination, but they require the right pink and the right brown. So little has been written to the purpose, and so little is really known, of the science of colour that great care is necessary in choosing.

No hat is so fashionable as the sailor; but the crown is generally covered with muslin or silk—white, with a white ribbon-band round, and white muslin over the crown.

Many most seasonable dresses—with hats to match—are made in the new silk longcloth, which looks like Tussore, and is really most durable, washing like ordinary longcloth. It is capital, too, for dust-cloaks.

All sorts of reforms are perpetually being preached with regard to dress, but I cannot say that I think they have a happy effect at all. Women will neither wear Turkish trousers nor divided skirts, though a few are not unmindful of the merits of knickerbocker trousers and gaiters under short woollen skirts for Scotland and elsewhere. Short skirts for hard country wear are certainly to be commended—short enough to keep them well out of the mud and allow freedom of motion to the limbs: more becoming, more convenient, more healthy than skirts neither long nor short, which in wet weather are apt to be held up ungracefully high, and in fine weather become unnecessarily dirty at the edges. The caricatures of 1820 show skirts barely below the knee, but this is simply the exaggeration of a caricature. Dress must always be an outward indication of the mind within, and should always be suitable to the occasion—which is the first consideration—and as becoming as possible, for it is a woman's duty to look her best.

Bathing-dresses are beginning to be put away, but they have been very pretty this year. The most useful are made in serge and trimmed with striped cotton or flannel, either the bodice and full trousers to the knees, cut in one, or the bodice and short skirt, the knickerbocker separate; they are all loose at the throat, with revers and sailor collars. Sometimes a piece of the stripe is inserted as a vest. For swimming, bunting is the best material; it is strong, and retains its colour to the last. Navy blue is the best

for the sea. A cap should very certainly be worn; it preserves the hair, which is not benefited by salt water. Frenchwomen go into the sea with shoes fastened on with a crossed gartering round the legs like sandals; they also have wonderful hats, and do not let the head go under water, a plan not at all to be commended. There is a kind of shoe made in the French prisons useful for bathing, and sold chiefly at Dieppe and Boulogne. Straw-soled, and Spanish-soled shoes too, are strong enough to withstand any hard beach, however pebbly.

The sad outbreak of cholera will have kept English-people much to their own shores this year, for a scare is so easily established, and the horrors of quarantine must be experienced to be fully realised. If you are going abroad, however, you will find a "vest-gilet" a most useful addition to your dress. Take half a yard of figured net, full width, gather it at one end into four inches, which sew to one end of a black velvet band the size of the throat, and made to fasten on one side with a bow; gather the net again across to four inches and a half at the waist, adding a bow there, leaving the rest of the net to fall as it will; this is becoming, and turns a dark costume into a dressy one at once, and takes no room while you are travelling. It is better to have a frilling of lace at the neck sewn on to the velvet band, and some lace cuffs to make the effect more complete.

VISITORS TO ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

The all-round skirts continue the most fashionable. You require a foundation of the ordinary dimensions; border this with a kilting, then the skirt falls over this; it is half as wide again, gathered at the waist, hemmed and bordered with lace, if the material admits of it, and tucked with three or five tucks above the hem. The bodices are made full, with belts, and only now and then are draperies considered necessary on the hips: as a rule, the full skirt is deemed sufficient. Muslins, barèges, and woollen stuffs are all thus made.

I am going, now, to speak on a subject which is well worthy of the thought of every woman; for, however much the sex are to be considered the companions of happy homes, they are peculiarly the ministering angels in illness, and suitable dress on such occasions forms an important item in doing the duties of the sick-room. Such duties fall to the lot of most women sooner or later. Many have no more instinctive capacity for sick-nursing than for housekeeping, needlework, and other womanly duties, about which there is so much to learn. Woman should prepare herself for ministration in sickness. Professional nurses generally wear pretty, fresh, muslin caps, grey cotton and grey stuff dresses, brown or grey being the colours most chosen. Black and long funereal garb should not be adopted. The nurse should look cheerful in both dress and face, and be scrupulously neat and clean. A loose dress at hand, easily slipped on in cases of emergency, is really a boon. A grey alpaca, with pink front trimmings, is useful and pretty. Nothing that rattles, creaks, flaps, or catches, is fit for a sick-room. Miss Nightingale is very emphatic on these points; and who knows so well? Distended skirts and long trains are reprehensible, or tight bodices, which make lifting the patient a difficulty. High heels are out of the question. Quietness, cheerfulness, and repose should be suggested by the very presence of a woman in a sick-room, and I am inclined to think the professional nurses are right in keeping to greys and browns.

A few pretty models for costumes will be found in the group of visitors to Anne Hathaway's Cottage, which we illustrate. The young lady busily engaged in turning over papers, wears the style of dress now frequently seen at spas and gay watering-places on fine afternoons. The skirt is of shot silk, studded over with dots, in delicate shades of colour, and trimmed down each side with embroidered net—that triumph of machine-made lace that has been produced in such quantities in Switzerland this season, and has met with such a warm reception for all *fête* dresses. In this instance it forms a quille down the side of the skirt, as well as three frills round its edge. The over-dress is of soft, fine cashmere, to match the pattern on the skirt in hue. Here it is pale blue, and its paniers are draped in front under a flot bow of terry ribbon, the knot at the top being encircled with a spray of eglantine. The straw hat has a tall tuft of blue feathers in front, for the size of both bonnet and hat trimmings increases, rather than diminishes, as the year grows older.

The figure standing at her back, and with a hand on her shoulder, is very suitably dressed for such an excursion, for useful serge is the material of her costume, and serviceable braid is its trimming. The colouring may be either forest green with red braid, or navy blue with cream or metallic braid. With the former selection the full plastron on the bodice should be red foulard, and with the latter cream silk of any soft yielding make. The flounce on the skirt is first braided, then box-plaited, and the tunic is laced together with cord and fanciful tassels that match the braid. The colouring of the bonnet accords with that of the costume; and note the short strings, for Fashion now decrees that these useful appendages should form a compact bow beneath the chin, and that there should be no superfluous length in the ends.

The costume of the second standing figure is happy both in colour and arrangement. It is a combination of two shades of bège and brown summer-cloth, and of broché ottoman. The last forms the tablier and pointed plastron, while the band on the bodice, the collar, and the cuffs are brown velvet. The hat is also trimmed with velvet, for milliners seem suddenly to have discovered that velvet of dark shades proves becoming to the generality of complexions. They use it unsparingly, and have devised many novel ways of trimming with it.

In the last costume—the second seated figure—we have the favourite combination of grey and red, the frisé spots on the polonaise and the aigrette in the hat being red, giving that cheerful touch of colouring that grey necessitates to render it distinctive from half-mourning. The cuffs and bretelles are dark grey velvet.

Sometimes albatross cloth, which is a woollen of light weight, is used for this style of costume, and the skirt is accordion-plaited in the new manner. The variation on the regular kilting all round the skirt is more stylish. It consists of clusters of kilts separated by a wide box-plait, on which braiding or appliqué can be introduced—a vast improvement on the accordion pure and simple, which had a somewhat monotonous effect, and quickly became common.

Frenchwomen have worn very little jewellery this summer with their morning costumes. American women have taken to wearing their watches in a new place, the result being the introduction of short fob chains of dull silver, with a quaint, heavy coin at one end to balance the watch and prevent it from falling low inside the bodice when there is not a small pocket especially made for it outside, high on the left side of the bodice.

And in the bracelets of the Americans who have visited Paris, a marked change is also notable on full-dress occasions. They are either a narrow rivière of diamonds, with scarcely any setting visible, or pearls of various tints—grey, rose, cream, and white, for there is quite a furore for costly pearls—or else the bracelet consists of square block-shaped stones of several colours—diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. Diamond bees, butterflies, and flowers are often seen, nowadays, on the velvet bows of their dressy bonnets.

THE GATHERER.

A Hydrogen Lamp.

The well-known fact that a stream of pure hydrogen impinging on spongy platinum makes it red-hot has been utilised in constructing the lamp we illustrate. The lamp consists of an outer jar, A, containing acidulated water, and hanging from the brass top, B, is a bell-shaped glass jar, F, without bottom, and closed at the top by a stop-cock, D. A small nozzle is attached to the stop-cock, and opposite is fixed a brass cap, C, containing a piece of spongy platinum. Inside the glass bell is a wire, on which is hung a piece of zinc, Z. The glass vessel, A, is filled to a depth of four inches with a mixture of one part pure sulphuric acid to fourteen parts water. When the brass top is on, the bell-glass is full of air; but by pressing the lever, E, the air is let out, and the acid rises to the zinc, decomposing it and producing hydrogen. This gas is retained in the jar under pressure of the water, but on pressing down the lever it is projected on the platinum, which becomes white-hot for a time. The flame may be used to light candles, lamps, and so on.

A Steam Fishing Fleet.

A Yarmouth company have recently acquired two new specially-built steamers, to act as rapid carriers between the trawling fleet in the North Sea and the London Billingsgate Fish Market. The vessels are 128 feet long, 21 feet in beam, 11 feet 7 inches in hold, and have engines of 50 horse-power. They can travel at the rate of 11 knots per hour, average speed. The fish-hold is lined with a non-conductor of heat to keep it cool. Ice is taken out to the trawlers, and packed along with the fish in boxes, which are packed on board the steamers. Five iron trawling-boats have also been built for the same company, each 72 feet long by 19 feet broad, and 19 feet deep in the hold. They are fitted with steam capstans and winches for working the trawling-ropes.

Manganese in Plants.

Experiments of M. Maumené show that the metal manganese exists in wheat, rice, and a great variety of vegetables. Wheat contains $\frac{1}{5000}$ to $\frac{1}{15000}$ of its weight of the metal, which exists in it as a salt of an organic acid. It is also found in potatoes, beet-root, carrots, beans, peas, asparagus, apples, grapes, &c. The leaves of the young vine are very rich in it; so are the stones of apricots. The proportion in cacao is very great, as it is in coffee, tobacco, and tea. In fifty grammes of ash left from incinerating a kilogramme of tea, M. Maumené found five grammes of manganese. Oranges, lemons, onions, &c., are vegetables containing no manganese. Many medicinal plants contain it: for example, cinchona (the source of quinine), white mustard, and the lichen *Roccella tinctoria*. Animal blood does not always contain it, but it is found in milk, bones, and hair. The blood, indeed, rejects it; and M. Maumené thinks that manganese and iron should not be administered together in medicine, as the iron is useful to the blood and the manganese is not wanted. Tea, coffee, and some other plants require abundance of manganese in the soil, and the failure of some plantations is attributable to a lack of it.

An Electric Chicken-Hatcher.

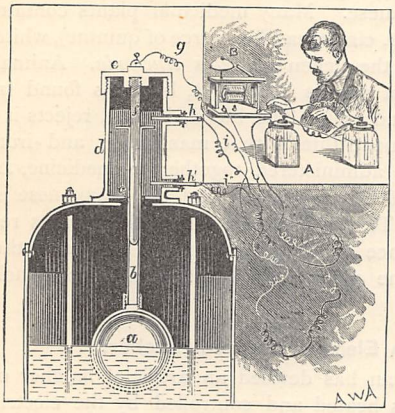
A Frenchman has devised an artificial hatcher of eggs, which is heated and controlled by the electric current. The heating is effected by a series of bare platinum wires made incandescent by the electric current. The heat of these burners keeps the temperature of the box or hatcher containing the eggs constant, for by means of a regulating thermometer the current can be cut off when the temperature becomes too high. Such a mercury thermometer can be made by making the rise of mercury "short circuit" or cross-connect the poles of the battery supplying the current when the column rises to a particular height. The short circuiting shunts the current off the platinum wires through the mercury. The application is a very interesting one, and presents no practical difficulties.

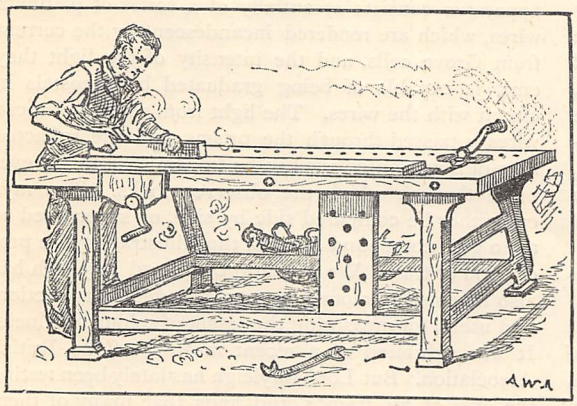
A Colour-Combiner.

At a recent meeting of the Physical Society, Mr. Hoffert exhibited an ingenious apparatus for colour-synthesis and the study of colour-blindness. The apparatus consists essentially of a series of platinum wires, which are rendered incandescent by the current from Grove cells, and the intensity of the light they emit is capable of being graduated by rheostals in circuit with the wires. The light from several of these wires is passed through the prisms, and the refracted rays of a certain colour can be transmitted to the eye-piece through which the observer looks. The rays can either be compared side by side, or superposed so as to give compound colours, thus illustrating the production of tints. We may add that Lord Rayleigh has also invented a colour apparatus founded on refraction, and useful for measuring the extent of colour-blindness. It was exhibited at a recent meeting of the British Association. But Lord Rayleigh has lately been testing the eyes of his friends, and finds that many of them are more sensitive to red than himself, while others are abnormally sensitive to it. Ordinary colour-blindness consists in a total want of sensitiveness to red, but there have been cases in which the eye was insensitive to green. These new apparatus will probably lead to that scientific study of Daltonism which is much to be desired.

An Electric Water-Alarm.

Our illustration represents an electrical arrangement for ringing a bell whenever the water in a boiler rises too high or falls too low. It consists of a voltaic battery, A, and an electric bell, B, fixed in any convenient place, and a float, *a*, in the boiler connected to a metal tube, *b*, which rises perpendicularly through an aperture, *c*, in the shell of the boiler. Over this aperture is a vertical chamber, *d*, having a rod, *f*, connected to the cap, *e*. The rod, *f*, passes down the tube, *b*, and the cap, *e*, is connected by a wire, *g*, to the bell B. On the float rising and falling, the tube, *b*, slides up and down over the rod *f*. Through the sides of the chamber, *d*, are introduced two contact-pieces, *h h'*, connected by a branching wire, *i i'*, to the battery A, thus helping to form the electric circuit. The lower piece, *h'*, is for low water; the upper, *h*, for high water. Now, when the water in the boiler rises, the float and tube, *b*, are carried up, and a flange of the tube, *b*, makes contact with the upper piece, *h*, when the level is too high. This completes the electric circuit and the bell rings. In the same way, when the level falls too low, the circuit is completed and the bell rung by the flange of *b* coming in contact with the piece *h'*.





A Portable Work-Bench.

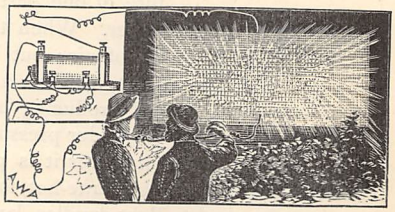
Our engraving illustrates a neat and portable work-bench, specially designed for amateurs and practical mechanics. Every part of it can be disconnected and re-connected with the aid of an ordinary spanner. Being on metal supports and firmly bolted, it cannot rack and get loose at the joints, as ordinary benches are apt to do. A bench-knife, shown in the figure, is added for holding wood during the process of planing or rebating, and it can be removed to any distance, or taken off the bench altogether.

A Light-Reflecting Ventilator.

In a recent GATHERER we gave an account of a simple ventilating frame for flowers, and we have now to mention the light-reflecting ventilators of Mr. H. Gruenbaum, which are applicable to conservatories, railway or other coaches, as well as dwellings. In these, as in the frame before described, the in-coming air is so directed that no draught is possible, while the sides of the ventilator serve to reflect light into the interior.

Artificial Lightning.

A very simple way of getting long electric sparks, or mimic lightning, is due to Mr. Reynold Janney, of Wilmington, Ohio. Dry boards were fastened together to make a plane surface four feet long and three feet wide. One side of this was varnished, and before it was dry Mr. Janney pressed over its entire surface sheets of tinfoil. After letting it stand over-night to dry slightly, he cut with a sharp knife and ruler a series of lines across the foil about a quarter of an inch apart. Allowing it to dry some time longer, he cut another series of lines across these, thus cutting the foil into squares. Connecting the poles of his coil to opposite ends of the board, a phenomenon of dazzling beauty was produced. Each time the circuit was broken, from six to twenty lines of sparks were seen traversing the foil between the poles of the coil, as shown in the figure. With a coil giving $4\frac{1}{2}$-inch sparks in air, Mr. Janney obtained flashes ten feet long in the way described, and he considers it possible to obtain them from fifteen to twenty feet if the tinfoil were placed in a narrow strip along a wooden bar.



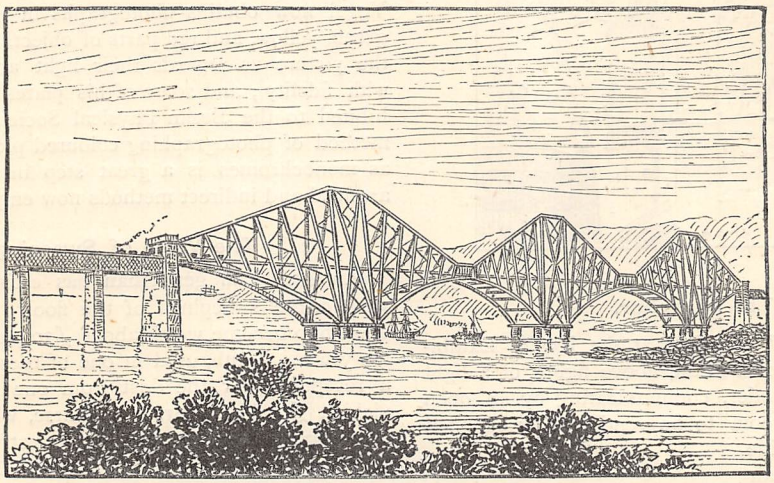
Vultures and Telephone Wires.

In Rio Janeiro, the beautiful and flourishing capital of Brazil, there is a scavenger bird of the vulture species which is permitted to infest the town by law because of its sanitary usefulness. This "aasgier," as it is called in Portuguese, has a habit of flying low over the house-tops, and, being a heavy bird, it causes much havoc among the telephone wires, either breaking them or becoming entangled and snared in them. The result is that a large staff of assistants is required by the telephone company to keep the lines in good working order.

There seems no remedy for the disorder except biding until the official birds learn that it is better to fly a little higher and over the wires, or until the wires can be carried underground.

The Forth Bridge.

Our engraving will give a better idea than mere description of the general character of the great bridge now being erected over the Firth of Forth, between North and South Queensferry, on the Fife and Lothian shores. The works are proceeding rapidly, and are engaging a staff of from 900 to 1,200 men. The works are being carried out at both shores, and on the intermediate island of Inchgarvie. On the north side, there will be a girder viaduct on stone piers 130 feet high; but the girders will be placed in position when the piers are only 30 feet high, and the masonry of the piers will be carried up 100 feet higher with the girders resting on the top. On the south side there will be a similar viaduct on nine piers, besides a great pier at the edge of the deep channel for the intermediate cantilever arches to rest upon as shown. Each cantilever arch will spring from four stone piers; and for the foundation of each of these, an immense caisson or hollow tower 61½ feet in diameter will be sunk in the bed of the estuary and filled in with concrete. Each cantilever will rise to a height of 350 feet above the piers, and stretch out an arm 650 feet long right and left of the centre, and support the framework of iron carrying the permanent way. The cantilevers are steel tubes, and the base part of one is now in course of construction at the workshops at South Queensferry. It is 150 feet long and 12 feet in diameter; there being ten steel plates 1⅛ inch thick in its circumference. So large are the tubes composing the cantilevers, that as they are built up, the workshop is shifted along them. The cost of the construction is estimated at £100,000, and it is expected that six more years will be required to finish it, although the works are carried on day and night.



THE FORTH BRIDGE.

Self-Lighting Beacons.

In America a system of self-acting beacon-lights has been introduced. Each beacon is furnished with a reservoir of sheet-iron containing gas under a pressure of fifteen atmospheres, and in quantity sufficient to light the beacon for three months, at the end of which fresh supplies are delivered to the beacon. A clock-work mechanism installed in the beacon turns on and lights the gas at the hour fixed for the purpose. Several months' experience has shown the advantage of the plan, the only attendance being a watchman on the shore to see if the beacons are properly lighted.

Preserved Eggs.

Eggs, it is stated, may be preserved for a long time by rubbing over the shell with tallow or oil, in order to fill all the pores and so exclude the air, the presence of which would in due course make them go "wrong." Further, if the contents of an egg be placed on a plate and thoroughly dried in an oven, the whole will become hard and horny, and may be kept in this condition for years without showing any signs of badness, moisture as well as air being essential to the process of putrefaction. Eggs thus dried, having been soaked in cold water and then boiled, will hardly differ, it is said, in flavour and taste from an ordinary boiled egg.

Velocity of Sound in Air.

Mr. Blaikley, an English physicist, has made some further experiments on the velocity of sound in tubes of small bore. He finds that the velocity decreases with the bore in a fairly regular manner: thus, with a

tube of 11·4 millimetres in diameter, the velocity was only 324·28 metres per second; whereas, with a tube 88·2 millimetres in diameter, the velocity was 330·13 metres, or nearly that of free air. Mr. Blaikley finds that the best pipes or tubes to use for his purpose are those in which the upper proper tones are in harmonic order, or, better still, those in which they are far removed from the harmonic order—that is to say, dissonant.

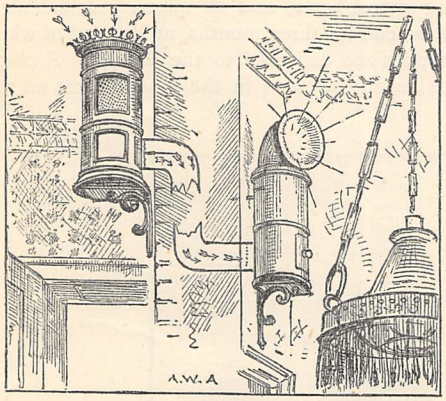


FIG. 1.

The Aërophor.

The "Aërophor," exhibited at the Health Exhibition, consists, as shown in the above figure, of a light iron casing or cylinder, communicating by an open mouth with the room to be ventilated or supplied with air, and by a wide pipe with the outer air or quarter from which the fresh supply is drawn. The air current is maintained by a revolving screw inside the cylinder. This screw is revolved by a small turbine, acted on by three jets of water, steam, or compressed air. These three jets are shown in Fig. 2, at C C C, acting upon small buckets or catchers on the periphery of the turbine. Moisture or disinfectants can be added to the air in the form of spray by means of a special supplementary apparatus. The Aërophor works silently, and such is its capacity that a million cubic feet of fresh air can be supplied by it with an expenditure of one horse-power.

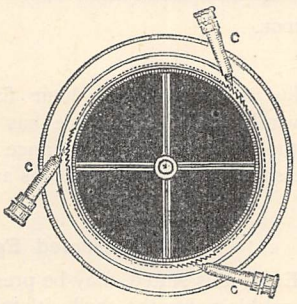


FIG. 2.

Colours Photographed in Natural Shades.

Professor H. W. Vogel has been making some fairly successful experiments on photographing objects in their natural shades, as an engraving would reproduce a coloured picture. The fact that the ordinary sensitive plates used in photography are chiefly affected by the more refrangible or blue rays, makes blue come out white, and red or yellow appear as black, in an ordinary photograph. Dr. Vogel, thinking that sensitive collodion is affected only by the rays absorbed by it, succeeded in rendering his plates sensitive to yellow rays by alloying the silver coating with a substance capable of absorbing these rays. Though he succeeded in photographing the yellow of the solar spectrum at first, he failed in getting the fainter yellow of pigments until he tried eosine and its derivatives mixed in due proportion in conjunction with dry gelatine plates. Though the yellow of an object came out clearly on the photograph, the blue was still unnaturally bright. He corrected this, however, by interposing a yellow glass between the camera and the object, so as to tone down the blue without affecting the yellow. Dr. Vogel now obtains photographs in which the blue, green, yellow, and red parts of objects are imitated in the picture as regards their light and shade effect with fidelity; and some of his plates have been exhibited to the Berlin Physical Society. This direct method of photographing coloured pictures or objects as monochromes is a great step in advance of the artificial and indirect methods now employed.

The Value of Sweepings.

An American gentleman has estimated that the value of the sweepings of the floor of a goldsmith's workshop become worth about £30 per square foot in ten years. A tub, used in one of these workshops as a receptacle for the dust from one polishing lathe, yielded £10 in a year. Of course, where such valuable prizes are to be got from "dust," tricks are not wanting to secure them. It is said that the workmen sometimes oil their hair, and then run their dusty fingers through it, and that the gold-dust which then adheres to the hair is afterwards washed out. One man carried off in a few weeks, on the moistened tip of his finger, £6 worth of gold-filings.

Electricity and Vine-Growing.

Vine-growers in France have adopted the practice of protecting their vines on cold nights by fires of brushwood, which give off clouds of warm smoke. The suggestion has been made that these fires should be lighted by an electric current as mines are now exploded. The proper time could then be chosen for lighting them all at once, when the temperature required it; and watchers in the fields would be unnecessary.

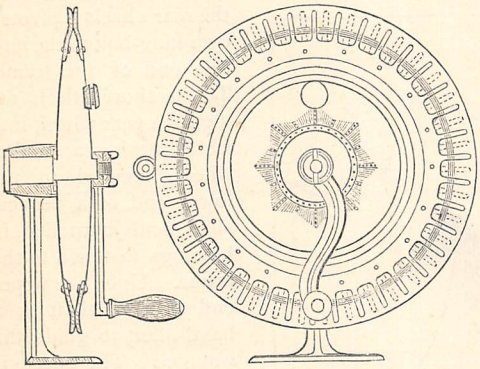
Soldering Aluminium.

Aluminium is a very useful metal, partly because of its lightness; but it has seldom been employed in the mechanic and electric arts, because it could not be soldered. M. Bourbonze, a French engineer, has, however, found a way of soldering it. His plan is to use a solder of tin, bismuth, and aluminium. For parts to be hammered and fashioned afterwards, the best proportions are forty-five parts of tin and ten parts of aluminium. No bismuth is required. For work requiring no shaping by heat, less aluminium will suffice. The solder can be applied with a hot iron or

a flame. No flux or prior preparation of the surfaces to be joined is necessary, and it is sufficient to spread the solder with the iron. When aluminium has to be soldered to another sort of metal, it is best to coat the part of the other metal to be soldered with pure tin, then solder with the alloy in the ordinary way.

A New Knife-Cleaner.

The figures represent an elevation and section of a new knife-cleaner, called by its inventors the "Sun"



cleaner. The section explains the working of the machine, the knife-blade being inserted between the leather jaws of the edge, and the handle turned. The disk or cleaner is supported on a light cast-iron standard. The polishing powder is applied to the leather through a hole in the face of the front spring. Any portion of the blade particularly soiled can be cleaned by itself. Examples of the machine are exhibited in the Health Exhibition.

Bed Railway Carriages.

The Great Southern and Western Railway Company of Ireland have introduced some new first-class carriages, with lavatories, and seats convertible into beds, for the night mails between Dublin and Cork. The convertible seats occupy about three-fourths of the width of the whole compartment, and, when turned completely over, disclose soft woollen mattresses and pillow, together with a comfortable rug.

A Pneumatic Light.

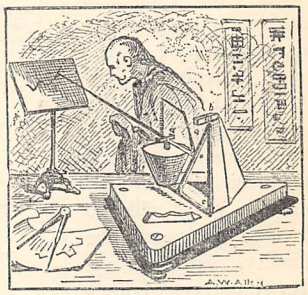
A new system of lighting has been installed for some time past at the Café de Paris, of the Avenue de l'Opéra. The inventor is M. Victor Popp, and the plan consists in burning a mixture of gas forced by pneumatic pressure against a gauze basket or cap of platinum wire. The figure illustrates the burner adopted, N being the platinum basket and D the pipe conveying the gaseous mixture. The platinum wire glows white-hot, and is exceedingly brilliant. We have already referred in the GATHERER to a similar process of M. Clammond; but Mr. Popp's system includes some improvements, which make it very practicable.

Paper Pails.

A paper factory in Syracuse, N.Y., United States, is now manufacturing paper pails at the rate of 500 a day. They are made by steaming rags and paper waste in vats for a few hours, then "beating" them in troughs with revolving knives, which reduce the rags to pulp. Paper pulp is then run in and blended with the rag pulp, and the mixture formed into pails on wooden moulds covered with zinc, and pressed on a machine like a silk-hat shaper. The pails are dried in a room kept at a temperature of 150° Fahr., and afterwards "ironed" to smooth the sides. The bottom and handle are then added, and a waterproof composition painted over.

An Earthquake Recorder.

Professor J. A. Ewing, of Dundee, has devised the apparatus illustrated below for measuring earthquake shocks, and it has been applied to this purpose in Japan. It consists of a light steel triangle, *a*, supported at *b* and *c* by two steel points working in an agate V-groove and a conical hole. The triangle carries a metal mass, pivoted at *d* on a vertical axis which passes through the "centre of percussion" of the frame. The tracer—which serves to magnify as well as to record the motion—is a straw tipped with steel, and attached to the pendulum by a horizontal joint at *d*, which allows it to accommodate itself to any slight inequalities in the surface of a glass plate on which its distant end rests. A portion of its weight is borne by a spring, adjustable by a clamp, by which the pressure of the tracer on the glass plate is reduced until it is just sufficient to scratch off the lamp-black or soot with which the glass is coated. The line traced by the point on the sooty surface is a record of the earth-tremor. In a country like Japan, where nearly a hundred earthquakes take place annually, such an instrument enables the engineer and architect to measure the extent of oscillation their structures are likely to suffer.



Manganese-Steel.

Manganese has long been used in the manufacture of steel, but until the researches of Messrs. Hadfield, of Sheffield, not more than 1 per cent. was admitted. Indeed, it was believed that a higher percentage would impair the steel; but this has been shown to be an error. Messrs. Hadfield now make steel containing 10 or 12 per cent. of manganese, the former being used for armour-plating, the latter for steel tools and toys, while 11 per cent. is the proportion preferred for railway steel. The alloy is added by pouring rich ferro-manganese into the molten steel, and mixing the

two together, before running off into ingots. The steel thus formed is harder, stronger, denser, and tougher than most steel now made, even after it is forged and rolled. The last-mentioned processes are not essential to the preparation of the new steel, and thus much time and expense are saved. Nevertheless, manganese-steel can be so treated if desired. It is peculiarly tough and hard; the castings are remarkably free from flaws; it is said not to tarnish easily; and, curiously enough, not to be attracted by the magnet. Moreover, it is found that heating it to white heat, and quenching it in water, makes it soft, instead of harder as in the case of ordinary steel.

A Shooting-Screen.

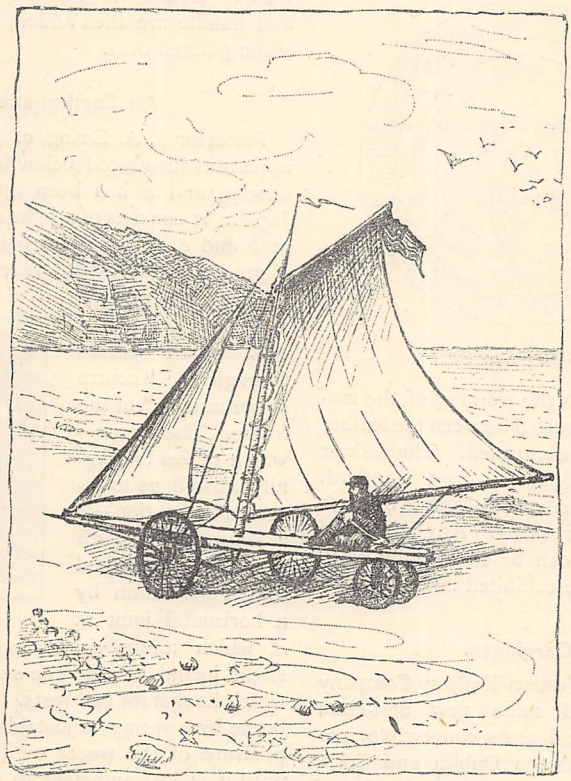
The commanding officers of volunteer regiments very frequently complain that their men have insufficient facilities for rifle practice, owing to the difficulty of getting to and from proper shooting-ranges. The Morris shooting-screen introduced at Wimbledon this year will do much to overcome the difficulty, since it enables volunteers to practise in any drill-yard. The marksman stands a few paces from the screen and fires at the target, which is seen through a loophole in the screen. If the shot passes through the loophole, it will strike the target somewhere; but if not it strikes against the metal screen, and is deflected on to an iron curtain or the ground. There are tiers of such holes in each screen, to allow for different modes of shooting—standing up, kneeling, or lying down. With such a contrivance, rifle-ranges may be placed in very limited areas, and a large number of men trained to shoot well, at least at 200 yards. Mr. Morris has also invented a "shooting-tube," which fires a miniature projectile with a diminished charge of powder, thus training the novice at a saving of materials.

A Smokeless Engine.

A new kind of locomotive, the invention of M. Honigmann, is to be introduced on the St. Gothard Railway instead of those at present in use. The passage through the St. Gothard Tunnel occupies twenty minutes, and the smoke and steam given off by the locomotive are not always pleasant to travellers. Honigmann's engine gives off neither smoke nor steam. It is provided with steam and boiling water from a stationary boiler at the end of the tunnel, and the steam thus taken in is sufficient to draw the train through the tunnel, while the waste steam is absorbed by an alkaline liquid in a special chamber.

A Sail-Waggon.

The engraving illustrates an American waggon propelled by sails like a ship, and in great part explains itself. The short axle of the rear wheels is pivoted by a king-bolt to the narrow end of the frame. To the short axle is attached a gear wheel, into which meshes a smaller wheel, secured to the lower end of a vertical shaft, and journalled in bearings fastened to the frame. Upon the upper end of this shaft is a hand-tiller, to guide the waggon. The speed is regulated by brakes on the front wheels, connected with an upright lever pivoted in the middle part of the frame, and provided at its upper end with a cross-head, so that it can be worked with hands or feet. The vehicle runs on an open plain, road, or sandy beach with considerable velocity.



A SAIL-WAGGON.

A New Butter-Worker.

At the International Health Exhibition an ingenious butter-worker is shown, consisting of parts of two wooden cylinders, which are mounted in a frame, and by means of levers are made to move face to face through segments of circles. The butter is placed between these faces, and receives that squeezing motion which is so desirable, in preference to any grinding or tearing motion, tending to make the butter soft and greasy, and to destroy the firmness which is a sign of good quality. The "Springfield" butter-worker, also shown at the Exhibition, consists of a fluted roller working on a circular tray, or table. Both roller and tray revolve, thereby breaking up the butter between them and expressing the milk.

STORY COMPETITION.

Intending Competitors are reminded that September 1st, 1884, is the latest date for receiving MSS. The regulations for this and other Competitions were published in the June number.

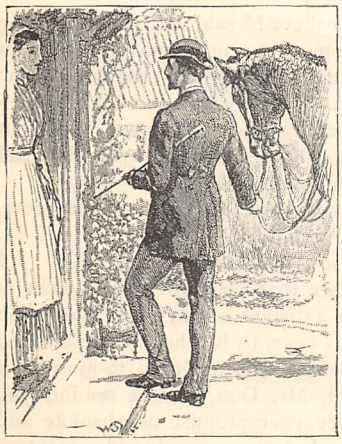
WITHIN THE CLASP.

A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE JET-HUNTERS.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "The Tenth Earl," "Lady Flavia," "Paul Knox, Pitman," &c.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

"I OWN I WAS WRONG."



ON the day on which the medical magistrate waited in vain for the reappearance of the accuser of Sir Richard Mortmain, Don called at the Parsonage of Woodburn. He had been a frequent visitor there, when he wore his sailor's garb, or the red woollen shirt and rough clothes of the jet-hunter, and came to study under the auspices of kind, learned Mr. Langton.

He was now in the usual attire of a gentleman, but there was a sadness in his bright young face that only dated from the day when his hopes of Violet for his wife had been rudely dashed away.

"Is Mr. Marsh at home?" Don asked.

Servants know most things. The very housemaid of whom Don asked the question knew all about the engagement and the guardian's harshness, and hated Mr. Marsh for his cruelty in "coming between young loving hearts like theirs—she a sweet young lady, and he so like a lord," as the housemaid had often remarked to her fellow-servants over the social tea-cup.

Mr. Marsh, when he came into the drawing-room of the Parsonage, and found Don standing there alone, was moved by a generous impulse.

"I have to beg your pardon, Mr. Don," he said heartily; "and, as an honest man, I feel it my duty to own that I have done you, unwittingly, a great injustice. Every injurious expression that I used in my anger towards yourself applies, I find, to another person, of whose very existence I was ignorant. I withdraw and regret those words, and—a hard thing for an Englishman to do—I own I was wrong."

"Dear sir, you have said enough," answered Don readily. "I was certain that you had mistaken my motives, but I felt sure that you acted from a sense of duty. I am glad to hear you speak as you do now."

"Then let us shake hands on the strength of it," said the London merchant cordially; and the elderly man and the young one did shake hands frankly enough. Mr. Marsh himself was quite in a glow of self-satisfaction. He had owned himself to have been in the wrong. He had apologised to a nameless youngster—a mere jet-hunter some weeks since—only a clerk now. He had humbled himself before his junior—no trifling task to as stiff-necked a citizen as any within the London postal district; and he felt the more kindly towards Don because he had acknowledged his former injustice towards the gallant lad.

"But, Mr. Don," remarked the drysalter presently, shaking his head, and assuming his most serious aspect, "though Ephraim Marsh regards you as a fine young fellow, Miss Violet Mowbray's guardian must not sanction any betrothal—any love-passages—between his ward and a young man whose worldly position is so unequal to her own. She is a high-born young lady, and I, plain City man as I am, cannot forget that fact. Her parents were proud people, in their quiet way. Pedigree is not what it was; but when there are high connections, and money too, Mr. Don——"

"I understand you, sir," said Don sadly, as the merchant hesitated; "but, believe me, I did not need fresh proofs of the hopelessness of my suit. I am here to-day to ask your permission to my seeing Miss Mowbray once more—only once—before I leave England."

"Leave England!" exclaimed Mr. Marsh.

"Yes, sir," Don explained. "It is for Miss Mowbray's—for Violet's—dear sake that I have made up my mind to seek a short cut to fortune. Mr. Bartlett, Lord Thorsdale's land-agent, has kindly recommended me to a brother of his, who is manager of a great estate and of some rich silver-mines in Mexico. The property, a very valuable one, is in a wild part of the country, in Chihuahua, and belongs to a wealthy Mexican, who lives in Paris, and spends his revenues there. An assistant-engineer and, in fact, assistant-manager is wanted. Mr. Bartlett's recommendation makes me sure of the post, and in a fortnight I am to sail."

"My young friend," said Mr. Marsh, very seriously, "do you know what Mexico is—I have business relations with the country—and especially what Chihuahua and such states, exposed to the inroads of the savages, are? Upon my word, if you value your scalp you should re-consider the matter."

Don smiled with his usual fearless modesty. "I *have* considered it, sir," he said. "One cannot gather fruit from a high tree without the risk of the climb. I, too, have heard and read something as to Mexico. Mr. Bartlett's brother makes no mystery of the lawless condition of the country. My predecessor, it seems, was killed by Indians. 'Send me a dare-devil,' he writes, 'but let him have cool brains and common sense, as well as courage, and he may live to be a rich

man among us, and retire on his savings. There is not only pay to be earned, but a percentage on the profits of the mine.' I should not have mentioned the money, sir, nor would it have tempted me, but for Miss Mowbray's sake," added Don, with a blush. He looked so noble and so brave, standing there, that the drysalter felt an actual pang of regret that it should be necessary to separate such a pair of young lovers as Violet and Don.

"Upon my word," said Mr. Marsh, "I am sorry! But never mind that now. Mr. Don, if I consent to your request for a parting interview with my ward, I must stipulate for no pledges and promises, such as, with a sensitive-minded girl like Miss Mowbray, might fetter her for the future. There must be no positive engagement to prevent the young lady from forming future ties."

There was a proud sadness in Don's voice as he replied—

"My own honour, sir, would forbid me to be married, or even betrothed, to Miss Mowbray, rich and well-connected, unless I had won for myself the advantages of a position in the world, and of a competence. Should I succeed, I will come back to ask for her love and her hand. Till then I will accept no plight from her. Of that, Mr. Marsh, I can assure you."

"I will, on receipt of this assurance, go to my ward, mention your wish for a meeting with her, and arrange for it to-morrow, Mr. Don, if, as I doubt not, the young lady be willing," said the merchant. "Wait for me, if you please. I shall soon be back."

Five minutes after Mr. Marsh's departure the door of the room was opened, and "Lord Wyvern" was announced.

The earl entered. He had ridden over from Thorsdale on one of his noble entertainer's horses, and attended by a mounted groom, to call upon the rector, whom he had known and esteemed long ago in London, in days when the Reverend Samuel Langton had looked forward to be something grander than a rector.

"You are a son, I suppose, of my old friend, Mr. Langton?" said the ex-ambassador, graciously, to Don.

"I am not related to Mr. Langton, my lord. I am merely waiting here on business, if I may call it so," answered the young man, with a slight bow.

Lord Wyvern seemed to resume his haughty coldness of demeanour. He seated himself, and, without speaking again, awaited the arrival of the clergyman. But from time to time he could not prevent himself from glancing at Don, as the latter stood, in an attitude of unstudied grace, near a window that commanded a view of the sea. Of what did this young man's dark eyes, his features, and the very turn of his proud head, remind the earl? Lord Wyvern almost felt as though he had known Don—or, at least, seen him before: felt as though the sight of the handsome, manly youth awakened in him vague memories, though of what he knew not. Waiting there on business!—an elastic phrase that may mean anything. No; there was nothing in that to give an inkling of the speaker's social position. A gentleman, surely, as his carriage and his mien, and the very accents of his clear rich voice, implied. And yet—— Earl Wyvern was not an inquisitive personage, but he in vain consulted his recollections to discover where or when he had seen such a face before.

"Lord Wyvern, I believe?" said Mr. Marsh, coming hastily into the room. "I must apologise to your lordship for the stupid blunder of the maid who showed you in. Mr. Langton—my niece's husband—is in his library, I believe, and quite unaware of your visit. If you will wait one moment, my lord. And you, Mr. Don, please to step this way."

And the drysalter hurried Don out of the room, and so into the hall.

"I have spoken to Miss Mowbray," he said. "I have explained to her that you are on the point of leaving England for a distant country, and only wish to see her alone this once, to bid her farewell. And she will see you—poor girl!—at eleven to-morrow, if you will come. But, Mr. Don, I must remind you again that I consider your promise as absolute and binding, not to entangle so young and tender a nature as my ward's in the meshes of that fatal thing—a hopeless engagement. I may regard that as a settled matter, may I not?"

"You may, sir," said Don sorrowfully, but firmly. "Not only will I not seek, but I will not take, any promise from her whom I love so dearly and so truly. I will leave her free—quite free. And I thank you, Mr. Marsh, for so much of confidence as you are willing to put in me, and for your granting me leave to see her—it may be for the last time on this side of the grave."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the drysalter, as he wrung Don's hand, "you are a very fine young fellow, and I should have been thankful for such a son, or for such a son-in-law, for my own part. Take care of yourself—don't be rash; make a fortune, and come back; but for the moment we must be prudent. Bless me! I am keeping this grand lord waiting for my nephew by marriage all this time, and I had nearly forgotten him."

Don took his leave and went, while Mr. Marsh made haste to repair to the library, where he apprised the rector of the coming of the noble visitor, who remained alone in the drawing-room of the Parsonage. And when Mr. Langton had hurried away to greet his titled guest, the drysalter seated himself beside the writing-table, and for some moments reflected on his recent interviews with Don and with his ward.

"Poor lad! poor lad!" he soliloquised sadly, and shaking his head, as if in anticipation of coming evil. "I wish him luck, I'm sure. But these are not the days of Richard Whittingtons. No, no! And I have heard tales of the worse than lawless land in which he is going to seek his fortune—tales that make me augur ill of a happy ending to this little romance. It is a pity, too!" he added, in conclusion, with

another shake of the head. And then, as if the mention of Mexico suggested the logwood, the indigo, the dragon's blood, the cochineal, and other materials for dyes which are shipped at Vera Cruz, and Mazatlan, and Belize, and other ports of these remote regions, the London merchant took up a pen, and speedily absorbed his whole faculties in a letter of instructions to the steady foreman whom he had left in Creek Lane, E.C., to carry on as best he might the old-established business of Crump, Marsh, and Caxton.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

FAREWELL TO VIOLET.

AT the appointed hour on the day succeeding to that on which Lord Wyvern had paid his visit, Don rode into the pretty garden of the Parsonage. There was work to be done, his interview with Violet over, on behalf of his present employer. Many a mile of moorland had the young assistant of Mr. Bartlett to scour that day. He was going away: he was going to Mexico, and to a disturbed province, there to take his chance amidst fierce Indian raiders, fevers, ill-disciplined soldiery, and Mexican banditti, But none the less was he earnest in fulfilling the duties of his present post to the last. A gallant rider was Don. The steed he rode was a strong, wiry horse, such as befitted the needs of the active subordinates in Lord Thorsdale's land-agent's office, of a dark bay colour—no beauty to look at, but with Don on his back the animal carried himself almost as proudly as did Sir Richard's black courser. The young man dismounted and rang the bell, and, leaving his bridle in the hands of the weeding-boy, went in.

"I will tell Miss Violet, sir," said the maid-servant, who ushered Don into a little side room, where the rector gave occasional audiences to plumbers, carpenters, and such other useful persons. Then Don was, after a brief delay, inducted into the drawing-room, where he found Violet Mowbray, looking very pale and pretty, and motherly Mrs. Langton gathering up a heap of unfinished letters and envelopes.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Don! No, never mind me; I intend to leave you two young people to talk it out."

Mrs. Langton trotted off, and Don and Violet were left alone together. Violet was the first to speak.

"So you have made up your mind, Don dear, to go away and leave me?"

Men have been leaving the women they loved and the women that loved them since the world began, by sea and land, on errands of war or of peace, and still—still has arisen the same plaintive cry, "You are going to leave me!" It is sad. But it is in the nature of things that it should be so. The stay-at-home sex must wait and hope and wish, while men face battle and storm, and traverse earth and water. How many a girl said to her lover—before Waterloo, for instance—"You will soon come back?" Those tears are dry long ago.

"I am going, Violet darling," answered Don, drawing nearer, "that I may come again all the sooner to claim her I love as my wife, to win my sweet prize, and be very happy ever after, as the dear old story-books say. In England, Violet, I should not have had a chance. I am not, I hope, ungrateful. I have found kind friends. Who has more cause to be thankful than I have for kindness on the part of those who were not akin to me—a nameless, lost child, picked up on the sea-beach by good, half-tutored jet-seekers? But in England, my own, I could never rise as I hope to do—as I shall try to do—quickly. I want to get suddenly rich; then I must go where fortunes are rapidly made."

"But, Don—Don," answered Violet, looking at him tearfully, with large eyes wistfully fixed upon his face, "suppose you never come back to England—never come back to me? Girl as I am, I have read something of the wild country whither you are bound. I know partly what lurking dangers await you there. There is sickness; there is frequent civil war; there are brigands; there are Indians—more terrible still. How, my love, my love!"—she cried out these words with a pitiful accent of sobbing entreaty—"if you never come back to me?"

Don did his best to comfort her. "The place," he said cheerfully, "is not as black as it is painted. Mr. Bartlett's brother has been thriving there for years. Chihuahua is a mountainous part of the country, and therefore fairly healthy. It will be a rough life, but I do not care for that; and I hope soon to come to an understanding with my neighbours there, of whatsoever colour their skins may be; and I believe we shall have a variety of shades, from black or red to brown and yellow. I must take my chance with the rest. Do not be afraid for me."

"It is because you are so dauntless, Don," said Violet, looking up with fond pride at the young man's noble face — "it is because all the world knows how brave you are, and how you have risked your young life often for others on our Yorkshire coast here, that I am afraid for you, who fear nothing. There are cruel savages, there is a treacherous climate; there are perils from earthquake, robbers, and pestilence, where you are going; and yet, if you were not so fearless, my love, I should be less anxious for you. Will you not be careful, Don, for your little Violet's sake?"

She sobbed here. He took her hands in his; they were cold and trembling. He pressed them to his lips.

"Come, come!" he said encouragingly. "We must not make out my future abode a place from which no traveller returns. Mexico is a country in which, I am told, even French shopkeepers and teachers of accomplishments, who come straight from Paris, and have no romantic ideas about them, amass dollars and doubloons, and come home rich, to buy a village at Auteuil or at Poissy. Mr. Bartlett, who has been there nine years, reckons on coming home in six more with a fortune. I d

not want," added Don modestly, "to earn so much or to stay so long. But stay I must until I can claim my Violet without being thought a needy schemer."

"I will never, never marry any one but you, Don!" said the girl, sobbing. "I am yours, dear, as much as if you had put the ring on this poor little finger of mine; and till you come back, I shall think of you—dream of you—night and day."

"Violet, love," said Don tenderly, but firmly, "there must be no engagement—no binding troth-plight—between you and me. That much I have promised to Mr. Marsh, your guardian, to whose indulgence I owe it that I am allowed to see you—to be here alone with you—to-day. There must be no pledge, dearest, to hamper you in the future—nothing to make you think that you are bound to Don, should Don come to be half-forgotten."

"Cruel! cruel!" was Violet's reproachful answer, as she looked at him, all her soul in her eyes. "Do you, too, wish to be free to change?"

"I shall never love any one, never marry any one, except Violet Mowbray, however long I live!" answered Don simply; "but I am merely a nameless young fellow going across the ocean, as thousands of young Englishmen have done, hoping to shear the golden fleece in some El Dorado or another. Had I stayed, our separation must, I fear, have been final. Even when your guardian's authority over your actions shall come to an end, I—I—Don, the jet-hunter, the foundling—could not bear to have it said of me that I had sought an heiress—for her money."

"How I hate that money! how I wish——" said Miss Mowbray, almost angrily, and looking about her as if she saw an actual and palpable barrier, erected in the form of heaped-up gold, between her lover and herself. "Mr. Marsh is too prejudiced."

"I am afraid, love," said Don sadly, "that we should find, did we but hear the gossip of others, that his prejudices are largely shared by the world around us. It is reckoned a shame for a man to marry for the sake of gain; and that blame would have attached itself to me, even had your guardian not felt it his duty to——But, Violet, my sweet, it is hard to say the word. I must go, leaving you unfettered, untrammelled, by any sort of engagement with such a one as Don."

"For Don to come and claim me, I would wait," answered Violet, with a firmness strange in one so mild, "until my face was wrinkled, and my hair was grey, and I was quite—quite old. You may go out there, Don, alone, but you will take my heart with you to Mexico. So be sure you do not stay too long beyond that weary waste of waters, for Violet's sake."

Then there followed that question as to correspondence which has occupied and perturbed many pairs of faithful lovers torn apart.

"Your letters, Don," said Violet shyly, "would be such a comfort to me. And I would write very often, and that would be a pleasure to me, too, in my loneliness, for I should feel as if I were talking to you, dear; and that would be something, though thousands of miles of sea and deserts and sierras would lie between us. You might not have time always, I dare say, to read my letters—you will be so busy—but I am sure you will be glad to know that your girl that you love at home in England was thinking of you, her darling, far away."

Don promised that he would write, and write often, if Mr. Marsh's consent could be obtained to such epistolary intercourse between his ward and the self-expatriated exile. He had, personally, doubts as to the guardian's pliability in this respect, but he kept such doubts to himself, just as he omitted to mention the fact that his immediate predecessor in the post he sought had been speared and scalped but a few weeks ago by roving Indian warriors of the Apaché tribe.

There was more of fond talk, the little, sacred reminiscences, the lovers' prattle, that all can remember, that seem so sweet and precious, and which, if transferred to prosaic print and paper, would lose all their charm. And then came the bitter, bitter moment of the actual parting, when the sad words "Good-bye" had to be spoken, and the last look exchanged. Perhaps never more on earth were those two loving hearts, so young, so honest, and so true, to beat near to one another. Violet's cold hands were in Don's stronger ones. She looked up at him, as if to take comfort in his courage and his strength, looked in his fair young face as though to treasure up in her memory the recollection of it.

"My love! my own!" she murmured. "Make haste and come back—to me!"

Then Don caught her in his arms, and kissed her pale soft cheek once and again.

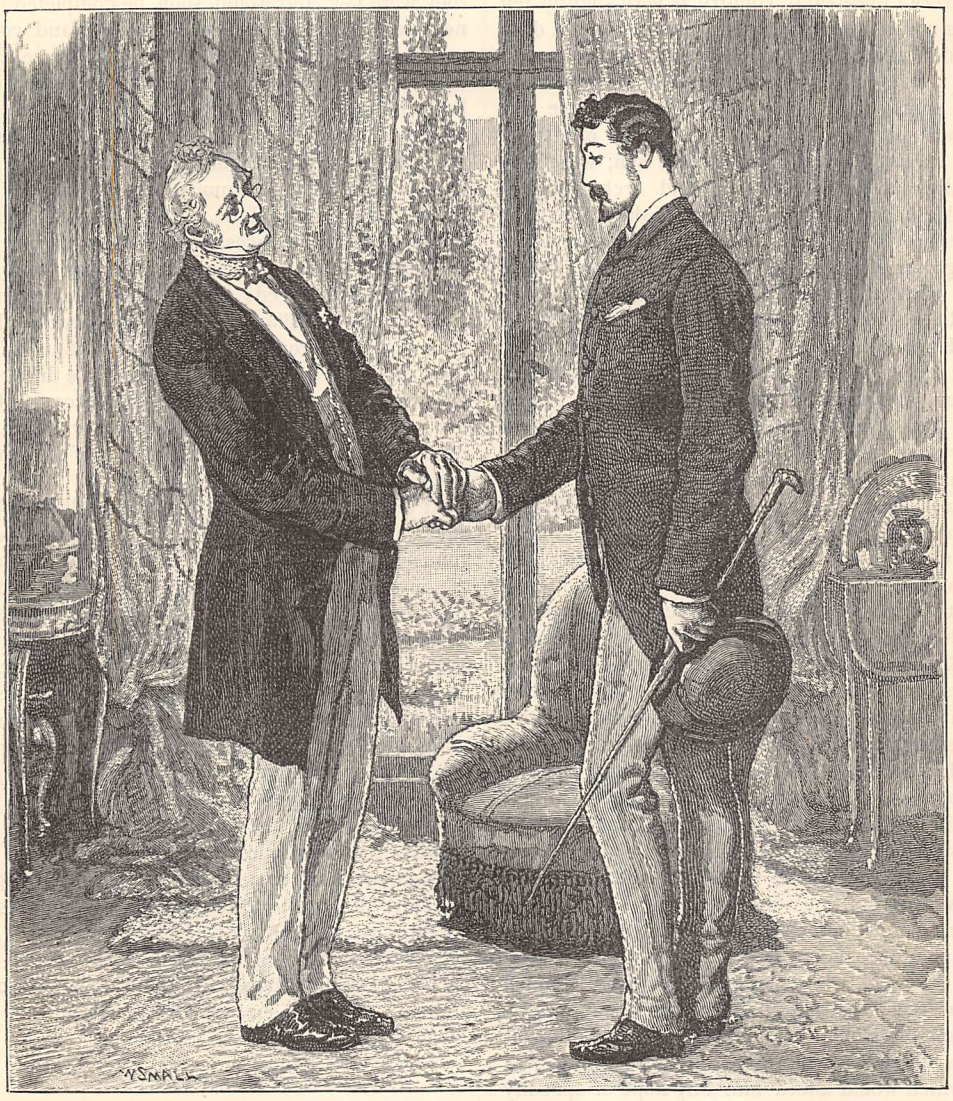
"Good-bye," he said, "my love, good-bye—Violet dear!"

The girl was weeping now, weeping piteously, as she clung to him. Gently he disengaged himself from the slender arms that wreathed themselves round his neck, kissed her again, and with one deep sob turned away, and hurried from the room and from the house. He sprang into his saddle, and without a backward glance towards the Parsonage, rode rapidly away.

Don rode away. To love and to ride away has been the lot of many a gallant youth since those old days when ballad rhymesters commemorated the event in their jingling lines as one of the commonest in the world. Those were the old stirring times of battle and tournament, of pilgrimages that were more fraught with risk and more beset by hardships than a modern campaign, of adventure-seeking, prompted by glory or by gain, as circumstances might dictate, but seldom by any motive more æsthetic.

And here a word as to our remote ancestors, whose long-vanished era seems to us through the dim haze of the past so gorgeous and so graceful. There is a marked difference, however, between our conception of them as a whole, and their own recorded utterances, whenever a knight like Joinville, or a courtier like Chaucer, proved able to handle the pen as well as the sword. They did romantic things, but they never seemed to know that they were romantic. Half the Crusaders who ruined themselves, health and purse alike, in the

long struggle to take and keep Jerusalem, went forth to fight because crusading was the fashion, just as Londoners now scale Alpine peaks or rush to shoot big game in the Rocky Mountains. The rebel of to-day expected his slice of the forfeited lands of the Spain sent forth to the New World could dream of nothing better than deep silver-mines full of natives working under the lash and worse tortures still; and beneath the glaring sun, plantations where spice and sugar and tobacco were produced under similar



"'THEN LET US SHAKE HANDS ON THE STRENGTH OF IT'" (*p.* 641).

opposite party, when once he should have set upon the throne a king of his own choosing.

Don was of a nobler mould than the average of the knights and squires, pages and men-at-arms, of whom we see the picturesque shadows flit across the magic mirror of imagination. He was bound, it is true, for the El Dorado of the companions of Columbus, but it was to do honest work for which the world would be the better. Whereas the chivalrous gentlemen whom philanthropic conditions for the Cadiz market. Don, at any rate, was not going to rob and rifle Caciques for their gold, nor to depopulate districts in the effort to get at hidden treasure. His was to be a fair stand-up struggle with wild nature and ferocious foes. The danger was great, but the toil was honourable.

As Don returned from his visit to the Parsonage his heart swelled high within him, sad as it was, and sad as it is always to a young man who loves as he

loved to be banished from the dear one's side. But for the fact that he must leave Violet Mowbray, there was little in the mere circumstance that he was about to quit his native land to depress him. That "patriotism of the church belfry," that cat-like local attachment which debars the Frenchman from emigrating, and acts, more or less, on the inhabitants of almost every Continental country, is very slightly felt among us roving English, seldom born without a dash of the old Norse spirit to quicken us for the conquest of seas. It is not that we love our country less than the sentimental Gaul loves his. There are Englishmen parching in the hot winds of Upper India, or slaving beneath an Austral sun, who have nightly dreams of the daisies, and orchards, and honeysuckle hedges of Hereford or Cheshire, that they may never see again, and who speak cheerily for years of "going home one of these days." It is always "home," with the exile. It was "home" to the estranged American colonist before the great day of Independence dawned. George Washington never could get rid of the notion that the England he had never seen, and against whose generals and grenadiers he had to put his wits and muster his raw militia, was in reality his home, though his interest lay on the banks of the Potomac instead of those of the Thames, and though the accident of birth had made him a Virginian.

There was not much, save his love for Violet, and the charm of her society, on the rare occasions of their meeting, to detain Don in Yorkshire or in England. He had done with his old life, and was a jet-hunter no more. Somehow, that had been settled for him. When first he had accepted the offers of the earl's land-agent, and had become one of the salaried staff who superintended the vast Thorsdale property, he had felt that he should go back to the sands and the rough companionship and the drudgery of a jet-seeker's life no more. He had talked faintly, at the first, of such a resumption of his early habits; but presently he recognised the truth that, the start once made, his progress must be an upward one. The jet-hunter's career, after all, was not one fitted for an educated man, any more than is that of a gipsy. And Don was educated, while his intellect was not clouded and confused, as was that of his gaunt old captain, by the mystic visions of a seer. His present position at Thorsdale, though comfortable and creditable, was not one which would afford him any hope of speedily renewing his suit for Violet's hand. But in the wild land whither he was bound, sudden changes of fortune were not unusual. He had read much—for his taste for reading was, like that of most clever lads, omnivorous—of Mexican mines, and knew of recorded instances in which hazard or research, by a single stroke of the pick, had multiplied ten-fold—nay, fifty-fold—the net revenue of such a property. Mining, undirected by science and technical skill, is little better than a system of haphazard gambling, or of plodding routine; and there is no department of human industry in which intelligence produces better fruits.

Don had his own ideas. He would learn and listen, hear much and say little, but all the time he would keep his eyes open for amateur prospecting, and unless an Apaché tomahawk should put an end to his explorings, he hoped to be back at Violet's side without any very tedious delay.

There were preparations to be made, of course, but they were few, and would soon be completed. It was necessary to bid farewell to old friends and comrades, to Obadiah Jedson, and Don's former nurse, the good Keziah, above all, but what remained to be done was but trifling. We do not prepare ourselves as our fathers did in the days when an outfit for India meant three camel-loads of cumbrous trunks, and exacted huge outlay and enormous trouble before sailing. Don's baggage would be, as was natural, considering the state of his finances, of a less ponderous nature. An assistant engineer in an out-lying province of Mexico seldom needs to wear anything save the slop suit and Garibaldian red shirt, the poncho that protects him from tropical rains or mountain blasts, and the belt and sombrero that complete his costume. He was going out to work, and had occasion for little which was not adapted to a rougher life, in some respects, than even he, the foundling of the sea-beach, had ever known.

At the land office Don found himself an object of envy and admiration to the kindly, puzzle-witted youngster, whom he was wont to pilot at times through the mysteries of complicated arithmetic; while the superannuated old head-clerk contemplated him as a lunatic who was about to give up safety and a snug salary to take his chance amidst yellow-fever, malignant Mexicans, and remorseless savages. The estate-agent himself was of a different opinion. There were times, indeed, when he felt as if he could never forgive himself if, in compliance with his brother's request for a recruit, he should prove to have sent out Don to meet his death by the arrow of the Indian or by the sword of the pestilence; but then he comforted himself by the conviction that that brave, bright young fellow was just the lad to come scatheless out of such an ordeal as that which lay before him.

"At any rate," he muttered, as he drove his gig back to Daneborough, "it's done now, and can't be undone. And I'm sure it's for the best."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

UNDER THE HEARTH-STONE.

"WE are striking work here, sir. We are going south; but that matters little. As for Rufus Crouch, we have not had him among us these four days past. And that, doctor, is all I have to tell."

Obadiah Jedson, as he said these words, leaning on the long, sharp-pointed shovel which jet-hunters use, looked sternly and grandly picturesque, his grey locks streaming over his shoulders, and his tall, gaunt height towering aloft.

It was a picturesque scene altogether. There, in a corner of the beach, rock-sheltered, were grouped the jet-hunters, male and female, some with tools in their

hands, others with bundles and boxes and cooking utensils, as if making ready for a march; while in the background stood Superintendent Whistler, of the County Police, in command of what is technically known as a "half rank" of four helmeted constables. The medical magistrate was at the head of the party.

"This person Crouch," Dr. Leader was in the act of saying, when suddenly a procession of seafaring men came winding its way along the beach skirting the cliff-wall, and in the midst of the marching column was visible a rude litter, composed of a tarpaulin upheld by crossed oars and boat-hooks, and upon which lay a shapeless, motionless something, covered up decorously with another fragment of tarpaulin.

"An accident, do you say? Let me see it," said Dr. Leader, dropping the magistrate, and resuming his old functions as a medical man, as the men advanced, bearing their helpless burthen. The tarpaulin, when removed, gave to view the marble-white face and pinched features of a dead man. There was no mistaking the shaggy red beard, the fell of coarse hair, the broad, strongly-built figure of Rufus Crouch.

There he lay, the strong man, whose strength had rarely been used save for purposes selfish or evil, the defaulting clerk, the gold-digger, the bush-ranger probably, of that far Austral clime that he had never ceased to regret, the grim hermit of the moorland waste. Rufus Crouch had never cared to earn a gentle thought or a good word from his fellow-workers. He had lived and died unloved. Yet the jet-seekers clustered around, and the women's shrill voices were uplifted pityingly, and the men muttered "Poor chap!" because the senseless form on which they looked was that of a man, and death and suffering are common to us all.

Those who bore the corpse were not fishermen; nor were they sailors of the Preventive Service, three or four of whom were to be seen amongst the followers in their navy-blue, with brass-hilted cutlasses clinking as they walked, and burnished telescopes tucked under their brawny arms. The actual bearers, who had discovered the body on the beach, and seemed proud of their discovery, were workmen who had been sent to repair a breakwater underneath Hordle Cliff, and who had found Crouch there, dead, and with every appearance of having been dead for a long time, among the sharp rocks, with heaps of crumbled rubbish near him, that had fallen with him when the treacherous cliff-path had given way beneath his careless feet, and hurled him headlong down the giddy precipice.

"Yes, he must have been dead for days—the tide had reached the place where he lay, for here is the green slime of the seaweed mingling with his hair and staining his clothes," said Dr. Leader, after a brief inspection of the inanimate figure before him. "A coroner's inquest, of course, will have to be held, but the facts are so clear that the inquiry and the verdict will be mere formalities. He was on his way back from Daneborough towards Beckdale, when the path gave way, and he fell. No human being could have survived that fall."

Then came the question as to the disposal of the body. Inquests are often held, and the remains of those on whom they are to be held are often kept at public-houses, to the great emolument of the beer-sellers. But in this case all deferred to the magistrate, and Dr. Leader promptly decided that it would be better to remove what had lately been Rufus Crouch to his own miserable home, the rather that he, in his magisterial capacity, felt it his duty to institute a search for the documents which the ex-gold-digger had pledged himself to produce at Lawyer Sturt's office, in confirmation of the heavy charge which he had so vehemently brought against Sir Richard Mortmain. The crowd consented willingly enough to the extra toil which the long upland walk entailed. The bearers, in their white working clothes, had constant offers made to them on the part of the blue-jackets who formed the bulk of the procession to be relieved of their task; but they declined all proffers of assistance, and resolutely plodded on, with their ghastly burthen veiled by the decorous tarpaulin, evidently full of importance, and determined on no account to lose the dignity which rightly belonged to them in their double capacity of the first finders and the consistent supporters of their helpless load.

The straggling train of spectators, urged on by curiosity, and swelled ever and anon by volunteer recruits from farm or cottage, wound slowly up the bleak hill-side. First went a dozen or so of sturdy beach-men, in their blue garb and tight-fitting jerseys and sou'-wester hats; then trudged the slop-clad workmen who were the central figures of the pageant, carrying the litter; and next followed the rest of the sight-seers, the helmeted police and the magistrate forming the rear-guard.

The report spread through the thinly-peopled upland region as fast as ill news proverbially does fly, that "Old Robinson Crusoe" had been killed, and was being brought back to the hut that he could never leave again, save for the short journey to the nearest churchyard; and at gaps in the hedge, or at the corners of lanes, stood men and women, lads and children, greedy for a peep at the curiosity that was being borne along under the screen of tarpaulin, and hungry for details of the catastrophe.

At last the lonely hut was in view. There it was in its stony ravine, shut in by the barren hills, and standing ugly and solitary—as uninviting a dwelling as any within the compass of the four seas. There was now no furious baying on the part of the four-footed sentinels that guarded the door. The starving dogs could bark no more. Hunger had tamed them, and as they lay exhausted, with haggard eyes, even their complaining howl had died away into a feeble whine of supplication.

"Poor brutes! it goes to one's heart somehow to see creatures clemming" (starving) "that way!" exclaimed several voices, as half a dozen of the foremost bustled up to unhitch the chains or unbuckle the collars of the gaunt animals.

Then, by Dr. Leader's orders, the door was forced open. Slowly, and as it were reluctantly, the creaking bolt of the large lock gave way, and an entrance was

effected, so that the bearers could come in. They laid the body of Rufus Crouch reverently enough—for there is a majesty in death that for the time invests the meanest and the most uncouth with a sort of sanctity—on the wretched pallet-bed.

"HE PRODUCED A THICK, FOLDED PARCHMENT" (*p.* 650).

The gaping throng without crowded into the hut at the first, elbowing and pushing, until standing-room was scarce, but at a hint from Dr. Leader, the superintendent of police, and Obadiah Jedson, whose moral influence was fully equal to the authority of military Mr. Whistler, the interior of the miserable dwelling was cleared of inquisitive intruders.

"And now for our search," said Dr. Leader, and the superintendent and the more intelligent of his helmeted acolytes did their best, but on no shelf, and in no locker, chest, basket, barrel, or cupboard, could the most vigilant scrutiny discern anything answering to the papers which Rufus had promised so confidently to produce as proofs of the truth of his accusation against the baronet. There were some clothes, a few books, the stoneware jar of gin half empty, tobacco, fuel, a sack of potatoes, some chemicals, and certain scraps of food, relics of Crouch's last meal, which were tossed out to the famished dogs; but no documents of any sort.

Under some flour in a nearly empty meal-tub were found twenty-nine sovereigns, all from the Mint of Australia, two five-pound notes, crumpled and dirty, and folded tightly up, and a number of silver and copper coins. This, probably, was the dead man's

only treasury, for no other money was visible anywhere. Over the cold fire-place hung from its hooks the gun with which the ruffianly anchorite of this strange retreat had often menaced those who dared to pry into his habits. There was a bowie-knife, and there was a revolver, loaded, in a locked drawer. There were even some spangles and grains of gold-dust discovered in a folded piece of paper; and that was all.

"I am very much afraid," said the magistrate, as the tedious work of searching into all manner of receptacles, nooks, and corners came to an end, "that the man had some other hiding-place away from his hut, or that he had bestowed the documents in safe keeping elsewhere. At any rate, it seems as though we had had our trouble for nothing."

Superintendent Whistler, removing his helmet and wiping his heated brow, thought so too.

But Obadiah tapped his forehead suddenly, as if a new idea had occurred to him.

"I remember," he said, "yes, I remember how I once came here, and found the hearth-stone up, and Crouch sorely angered and ill at ease because I found him busy with something beneath it that he did his best to hide. If I am not much mistaken, Dr. Leader, you need but to tear up yonder rough-hewn slab of mountain limestone to find beneath it what you seek."

The hint was eagerly adopted. The very workmen who had found Crouch's body on the razor-edged rocks below the dizzy height of Hordle Cliff were ready, at a word, to use Crouch's own crowbar and shovel to force up the heavy hearth-stone, and to lay bare what, but for the former visit to the hut which the old captain of jet-hunters had paid, and Obadiah's suddenly awakened recollections, might never have been seen again by mortal eye. Amongst the crowd without the excitement grew intense, and although the police kept back those who tried to push their way in at the open door, the unglazed windows were darkened by peering faces.

"A miser, after all!" "A crockful of golden guineas!" "Always thought he must be rich—a close chap like old Robinson Crusoe!"

Such were some of the comments of the lovers of mystery outside the dead man's dwelling. But when, with some difficulty, the weighty stone had been lifted from its place, and the cavity which it concealed was exposed, no gold, to the great disappointment of the spectators, was revealed, but only a number of parchments and papers, heedfully wrapped in oilskin to keep them from injury by damp, and of these Dr. Leader at once took possession.

"Yes, yes," said the magistrate, after a cursory inspection of his prize, and addressing himself as much to Obadiah as to Superintendent Whistler, "these are the very papers, as far as I can see, which this poor wretch promised, and, no doubt, intended to bring with him to Mr. Sturt's office on the morrow of the day on which—by pure accident, of course—he met his death by a fall from that dangerous cliff. And there seem to be other documents, too, not less valuable to further the ends of justice, which Crouch may or may not have meant to use for a good purpose, but which are brought to light now, thanks chiefly to you, Captain Jedson."

Then the door was made fast as well as could be roughly effected, awaiting the formal medical examination which precedes a coroner's inquest, and, followed by the starving dogs, who willingly crawled along at the heels of their rescuers and future masters, encouraged by kind words and caressing hands, the party wound its way up the inhospitable ravine, and so along the bleak moorland path, leaving the hut, with its ghastly occupant recumbent on the pallet-bed, to silence and solitude. The police, as before, brought up the rear. As the outskirts of Daneborough were reached, Dr. Leader slipped some money into the hands of the workmen, who took it half reluctantly, as if payment dimmed the glory of their voluntary task, and again thanked Obadiah Jedson.

"You have done a good deed, captain," said the magistrate. "We were all at fault but for you." And then they parted.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

"I WILL GO."

EARL WYVERN, for the second time, was a visitor at Woodburn Parsonage. He had called to bid adieu to his friend of other days, the rector. It was a bishop, and not the mere incumbent of a sea-coast living in Yorkshire, that the earl had once expected to take by the hand. Frail lungs and a weakly constitution had served as a clog on the upward progress of Mr. Langton, but still, failure as he had been from a worldly point of view, Lord Wyvern was sorry for him: the more so, perhaps, because of the private sorrows of his own earlier life.

"I leave Thorsdale to-morrow," the earl had said. "I have promised to stay a week or so with a very old friend, Sir William Herrick, of Herrick Hall, near Shrapton, some thirty miles to the southward, and then, after a few days at Wyvern, I shall probably go abroad again—I scarcely know where."

Mr. Langton, who knew that Wyvern Castle was one of the grandest of English castellated mansions, overlooking the Severn, and surrounded by stately timber and an ancient park, may, on his side, have pitied the master of such a home, who could not find contentment there, but was going abroad, he knew not whither.

At that moment Dr. Leader was announced. The medical magistrate was a man whom all liked well, and the rector and the earl, who had made his acquaintance at Thorsdale Park, shook hands with him cordially.

Dr. Leader looked around him. All the inmates of the Parsonage, including Mr. Marsh, were present. Worthy Mrs. Langton was there. So was Violet Mowbray, looking very sweet, sad, and gentle. The earl, who had known her mother in days long past, was struck by the likeness which she presented to Mrs. Mowbray.

"My visit to-day," said Dr. Leader, with his grave

kind smile, which had been welcome beside many a sick-bed, "is partly to this young lady"—and here he bowed to Violet, who looked at him with astonished eyes, while a faint tinge of colour rose to her cheeks—"on account of a remarkable discovery which, in my capacity of magistrate, I have been fortunate enough to make. I am the bearer of unexpected good news, since here is a deed"—and he produced a thick folded parchment—"by virtue of which General Oliver Yorke, years and years ago, made over to three trustees the sum of seventy thousand pounds Consols for the benefit of his grand-niece, Violet Mowbray, whom I take to be as clearly entitled to a beneficial interest in this great sum and the back dividends as you are, Mr. Langton, to your parochial tithes."

Then followed an animated conversation, largely leavened with exclamations of wonder, chiefly on the part of excellent Mrs. Langton. The doctor briefly narrated the salient features of the finding of the precious document, while Mr. Marsh, on examination, vouched for the genuineness of the signature of the old Indian general long dead, and said what he knew as to the status of the three highly respectable trustees named in the deed.

"This must have been stolen," said the drysalter. The medical magistrate had no doubt of that. Papers and memoranda had been found proving Rufus Crouch to have been head clerk at a West-country solicitor's, one Lawyer Bowman, whose name chanced to be familiar to Lord Wyvern.

"I knew him perfectly," said the earl. "He acted for my father, as well as for old Sir Richard Mortmain, father of the present baronet, and I have heard that before he died, with very enfeebled faculties, and almost complete loss of memory, a rascally clerk had robbed him and absconded. Probably the gentlemen named in the trust-deed were quite unconscious that the necessary formalities had ever been completed, and that this large sum of money stood in their names in the books of the Bank of England. It was a singular coincidence, too, that General Yorke, whom I have dined with when I was known as Lord Ludlow, and was myself young, should not have survived the signing of this deed by a month."

"Three weeks at most, if I remember rightly," said Mr. Marsh, who piqued himself on the accuracy of his retentive memory.

"At any rate," rejoined the earl, "we may congratulate Miss Mowbray on her good fortune."

Violet could not repress a sob. The money brought no comfort to her: it was the golden bar to keep her and Don apart.

"But," said Dr. Leader seriously, "my duty as a magistrate is not yet discharged. I have another errand of a more painful nature. I intended, my lord, to have gone up to Thorsdale, but, finding your lordship here, I must request the favour of a few minutes' private conversation."

Inducted by the wondering rector into the comfortable dining-room of the Parsonage, Dr. Leader made haste to lay before the earl the proofs of Sir Richard Mortmain's guilt. There was a copy of Crouch's sworn deposition at Lawyer Sturt's office. There were—found beneath the hearth-stone in the dead man's miserable hut—Sir Richard's treasured letters, penned at Mortmain, to conciliate the goodwill of his offended plebeian accomplice. There were also the rough copies of the forged cheque for five hundred pounds, the imitation of Lord Wyvern's signature having in each instance been deemed too faulty to pass muster at the Threddleston and County Bank. Never was more convincing documentary evidence brought together.

"I am sorry for this," said the earl thoughtfully, as he passed his hand across his brow.

"So am I, Lord Wyvern," returned the medical magistrate; "and, indeed, it *is* a pity. This wretched man, being highly educated and of fair ability, will suffer more when he comes to pay the penalty of his offence than is the case with vulgar criminals. The very shame of his exposure will double the weight of the severest sentence that may be passed upon him. But justice must be done."

For a few moments the earl remained silent. "I thank you, Dr. Leader," he said at last, "for the delicacy and kind feeling with which you have acted in this distressing affair. If you will allow me, I should like to have a few days to reflect. I will write to you, certainly, but I should prefer a short delay."

To this reasonable request Dr. Leader acceded, and with renewed expressions on the part of Lord Wyvern of his sense of obligation and the assurance of his sincere thanks, they shook hands, and parted. The magistrate left the house without returning to the drawing-room.

"Your lordship will, perhaps, make my excuses?" said Dr. Leader, who knew that Mrs. Langton's curiosity must have been very greatly excited by the mysterious nature of his interview with her noble visitor, and who was glad to make his escape.

The earl went back, but there was a cloud on his brow, and he seemed strangely pre-occupied. He scarcely heard or heeded good, motherly Mrs. Langton's harmless babble concerning Violet's wonderful good fortune or the immensity of the golden windfall; and as soon as courtesy permitted, he took his leave. So soon as the carriage which had brought him from Thorsdale Park was clear of the Parsonage grounds, the earl gave the order, "To Helston—to Sir Richard Mortmain's. I wish to call there on my way back."

"Yes, my lord," answered the well-trained servant to whom he spoke, and presently the grey old manor-house, with its steep slated roof and the hills frowning down upon it, was reached.

"Sir Richard is rather poorly—has been, my lord, since his fall," said the footman who came to the door, hurriedly shaking himself into his livery-coat—and, indeed, the fiction of an accident while riding had been preferred to a true account of the scuffle in which Don had preserved his enemy from Crouch's bludgeon—"but he'll see you, my lord."

Earl Wyvern, inducted into the presence of the baronet, bent his head slightly, but stretched out no hand to take the white and jewelled one which the

master of Mortmain held out to him. He declined, too, to be seated.

"I am here," said the earl, in his sternest tone and with his coldest manner, "to give you a warning Sir Richard. It may seem strange to you, perhaps, that such a warning should come to the forger from the man whom he has robbed, but——"

"My lord, this language must be accounted for!" interrupted the baronet, as a patch of red mounted to his pallid cheek.

The earl eyed him with haughty scorn. "I shall account for it," he said severely, "before a proper tribunal, if necessary. Let me tell you, before you attempt to cloke your guilt by denial or bluster, that your accomplice, the fellow Crouch, has denounced you. Let me tell you, too, that within the space of one short hour I have had before my eyes the proofs—the absolute proofs—that Captain Richard Mortmain, the son of my best and oldest friend, wrote my fictitious signature to the forged cheque for which, at the Threddleston Bank, Crouch received five hundred pounds. I have seen your letters to him—they are tantamount to a confession. I have seen your first essays in the art of forgery, which your knavish ally feigned to destroy, but secreted, that he might be able at his pleasure to use you as a tool or to bring you to shame and punishment."

This was terribly plain speaking. Sir Richard, ghastly in his pallor, clutched at the table near him for support, and seemed as if about to faint. His white lips moved, but he strove in vain to speak.

"Mine, as I said before," continued Lord Wyvern, "is an errand of mercy, not of vengeance. I do not pretend, Sir Richard Mortmain, to pity you personally. But, as you know, your good father was an early and a valued friend of me and mine, and for his sake I am most unwilling to prosecute his son. Were it possible, I would leave you to your own conscience. But this cannot be. The proofs against you are not in my keeping—they are in the hands of a magistrate."

Here Sir Richard started, changing colour.

"And my request for delay has only put off the evil hour of your arrest and trial, at which I must, however reluctantly, bear evidence as to the reality of the fraud upon me. Take my advice, and fly! Leave England and that speedily, lest it should be too late; and in some distant country repent, if you can."

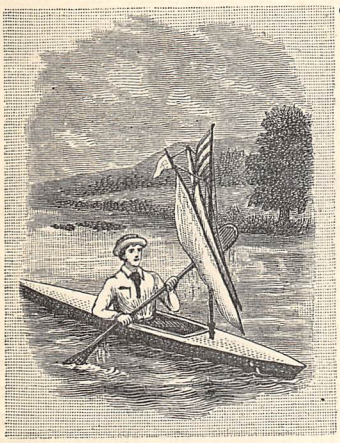
"I thank you from my heart—I will go," stammered out the baronet feebly, and again he extended his hand.

Lord Wyvern did not take the offered hand. He bowed stiffly and formally, and, turning away, left the room without another word; while the stricken man, staggering from the place where he had stood, dropped into a chair, with haggard face and trembling limbs.

"I think your master is ill," said Lord Wyvern to the Mortmain servant who was ready to open the hall-door for his exit. And then, re-entering the carriage, he went back to Thorsdale Park.

END OF CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

A CANOE VOYAGE DOWN THE WHARFE.



"ARE you ready?"

"Aye, aye!"

"Go ahead!"

The paddles dip merrily. The *Kelpie* and the *Volsung*, with their crimson-and-gold silken flags fluttering in the breeze, shoot out from the shelter of Ilkley Bridge into the swirling brown waters of the river Wharfe, and the voyage begins. There is a heavy "fresh" on, and the river rolls rapidly along, trailing the drooping willows as if it would tear them away, and gurgling over the meadow-railings and through the hedge-stakes. Both skippers are in high spirits, for the strong stream which is racing with them will float the canoes over many a long stretch of shallows where else would be much toilsome shoving and hauling. As we glide along the first quarter-mile of the journey, we get a capital view of the village, with its clustered houses standing on a level plateau above the river.

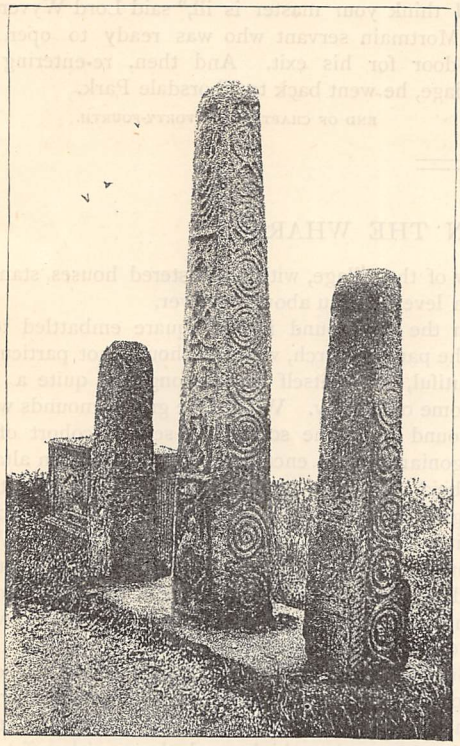
In the foreground is the square embattled tower of the parish church, which, although not particularly beautiful, is, in itself and belongings, quite a little epitome of history. Within the grassy mounds which surround it on the south, the second cohort of the Lingonian Legion encamped, and erected an altar to Verbeia, the goddess of the Wharfe, in the times of grim old Severus, when Ilkley was the Roman station "Olicana," and was being rebuilt by Virius Lupus, the prætor. On the south side of the churchyard are still three squared shafts of stone, graven with weird figures and mystic Runic knots, which are called the Saxon Crosses.

But whilst the archæological member of the expedition has been making these notes, the river has turned sharply to the left, and, with a series of rushes, eddies into a deep bight, and then swirls off to the right, down a long stretch of tossing wavelets. The high road skirts the right bank, and away above it Rombald's Moor terminates in a bold gritstone cliff, called the "Cow," from whose flat top there are splendid views both up and down dale, and at whose foot lies a huge boulder, yclept the "Calf."

"Look out aft, there!" comes a hail from the

Kelpie, as she hugs the shore closer; and, a second later, the "look-out" on board the *Volsung* sees a thin, taut line stretching from bank to bank, and dipping within a foot of the water in mid-channel. Half a dozen vigorous strokes on the port bow send her a yard or two nearer in, and then the crew bends forward desperately as she is swept beneath the wire rope of a ferry, which catches the back of his head and scrapes along his back and shoulders. Before order is restored the little ship is rolling and tossing through a series of white-topped breakers, which foam and tumble above a row of stepping-stones, or "hippen-steans," now lying a foot under water.

Now we are gliding merrily down a long run of deep water, with the west wind blowing steadily at our backs, and Denton Hall, once the seat of the Fairfaxes, and the birthplace of the Roundhead general, standing in its sloping park to the left. Again we are skirting the road, along which a gang of gipsies are leading a string of sorry-looking horses, with a couple of tilt-carts bringing up the rear. Dirty, ragged urchins swarm over the railings, and a volley of stones and mud comes splashing round the little fleet; but a Rob-Roy spinning along on the top of a flood is not an easy mark to hit, and before the second salute comes we are far out of range.



SAXON CROSSES IN ILKLEY CHURCHYARD.

A turn of the river brings Burley Weir—a bold, crescent-shaped fall—into view; and, as its four deep steps are too far apart to shoot, the word is given to "tumble out," and both vessels are hauled up on to the grass, in full view of the residence of the late Chief Secretary for Ireland. A cheery splash, and the *Kelpie's* captain slips off a rock into the water, the wee barkie veering out with the eddies just at the moment he is stepping aboard. Whilst the man overboard climbs dexterously over the gunwale, the *Volsung* sees how near she can poke her nose into the foaming water at the foot of the weir. Her pilot missing a stroke, she spins round like a top, and sweeps broadside on to the *Kelpie*, just as her damp crew is shoving her off with his paddle against the bank. For a moment he is resigned to a second plunge, but skilful "backing" gets him out of danger.

"Otley Top-Weir!" sings out the pilot, as the water deepens and the current slackens between walled banks.

The town is a sleepy little place, lying between the Wharfe and the foot of a lofty ridge called the "Chevin," which rears its rocky and wood-clothed front to the southward, and cuts off no small amount of sunshine from the dull streets. It once sent two members to Parliament, but grew too poor to afford the luxury, and lost its privilege. The church has a good Early Norman doorway, and contains some monuments to the various county families of bygone generations—Fairfaxes, Fawkes, Vavasours, and Pulleyns.

A second weir crosses the river at a sharp angle some 300 yards below the bridge, and its sloping face affords an easy descent for a canoe: so, "Get ready aboard! Run her boldly at it, bows on!" Over the curve she plunges, and, with a quivering rush, dashes down the water-slide into the foam below.

So the afternoon wears away, and we float onward, with jest and song, between rich meadows, where the cattle, deep in luscious herbage, raise their heads to gaze, or race, tails hoisted, alongside us; with now and then a weir to pass or bridge to shoot; whilst the sun slopes westwards behind us, and throws long shadows across the hill-sides, and a soft purple haze settles down upon the woods, where the singing of the birds is growing fainter.

The dusk is wrapping round us as we make out the dim outline of Harewood Bridge with the mill-dam above it; and as we haul up our fleet into a gallant colonel's cow-shed for the night, one of the crew under cover of the darkness makes the sorry joke, "What a weir'd river this is!"

Next morning, as we glide down the first reach, a fine view of the ruined Harewood Castle opens out on high ground, commanding a wide expanse of country round it. The woods and manor once belonged to the great Romelis, and through them came to the Aldburghs, another powerful county clan, by one of whom the castle was rebuilt in Stephen's reign. The river runs between high banks fringed here and there with tall trees until Netherby is reached, and then it flows onward between thickly-wooded shores which rise steeply on either hand. The current soon grows shallow, and the waters begin to leap and splash, curl and foam down

a long reach of rapids, where great stones and mossy boulders hide their heads in the brown depths. Our little ships plunge and roll in the rush and swirl as though they too feel the exhilaration of the dancing breakers, and it is no place for careless navigation, as it needs all a quick eye and ready paddle can do to prevent an upset as the current catches now the stem and now the stern, and swings them perilously near some half-sunken rock.

ILKLEY BRIDGE.

One of the great charms of canoeing an unknown river, especially if it be a rapid one like the Wharfe, is the constant expectancy of something happening and the readiness with which emergencies must be faced: so that there is never a dull uneventful hour in the day's work, and one soon learns to decide quickly and act promptly, and to come to hold that when afloat "second thoughts are *very* seldom best."

The *Volsung's* skipper forgets this article of his creed hereaway, for as the boats rush round a bend, an island with a long tongue of shingle protruding upstream comes into view. The port channel is the main one and both boats run for it, but when about twenty yards above the said island, the *Volsung's* helmsman suddenly changes her course and tries to make the starboard passage. The current is too strong for him, however, and in a second more there comes that well-known grating under the keel, and "all hands" jump out to save an upset as she sweeps broadside up on to the shoal, and the chuckling wavelets break merrily inboard. If you have never been in a like predicament, you have no idea how awkward a thing it is to get your canoe clear and float her into deep water again. The loose pebbles slip beneath your feet, and the stream catches the boat and will not let you haul her off; or if you seize the bow, the stern will swing round and get further aground, and when it is slewed clear, the bow slips away and broadside on she goes again.

But this voyager is an old hand and up to all a canoe's coquetting. He seizes the painter-line and drags his ship well up against the tide. "Stand by!" A vigorous jerk pulls it between his legs, and he sits hastily on the after-deck as she begins to drop downstream, and plies foot and paddle to get clear into the main channel before the current carries him on to the island again. Hurrah! that last stroke has just done it, and she sweeps past clear by a foot only, and gives chase after the vanishing *Kelpie*.

Here comes a squall, with big hail-stones which hum and bounce upon the decks and patter sharply round one's ears, followed by a pelting rain-storm; but a wetting more or less is nothing to a real canoeist, it comes all in the day's work, so "Up collars!" and paddle steadily on down the bubbling waters.

A bend to the left, and the river deepens, with a stream which slides steadily on between banks studded with thorns and willows, and a splendid kingfisher darts out from the bank and goes skimming before us in and out of the bushes, until we come abreast of the stone wall which keeps the river out of the Wetherby Workhouse gardens, and the aged paupers from falling into the sullen water gliding below. Wetherby Weir is a bold curve over which the river leaps for twelve feet or more, and it has to be passed

somehow. A salmon-ladder helps the fish up-stream, but does not help us down, for it turns sharply at right angles twice, with no room for a canoe between. It is no use gazing viciously at the green oily-looking curve of water, so ashore the crews run, and the ships are hoisted shoulder-high, carried up a cartway across the high road, over a wall into a meadow, and run down the grass slope into the river again.

Wetherby is a small market-town, more famous in days of old, when it belonged to the Knights Templars, and later to the Hospitallers, than it is now.

For the next two miles we shall sail down the loveliest stretch of lower Wharfedale, and rounding a bend we come upon as delicious a bit of scenery as artist could long for. The river is rolling along deeply and noiselessly, as though hushing its softest rippling to listen to the singing birds hidden in the thick beech-woods which rise up from the very water's edge. Here and there a spur of cliff stands out like a buttress amongst the foliage, until the trees draw themselves up right away to the top, and leave a bold wall of rock to turn the river to the right. A little further and the limestone edge trends back just far enough to make room for the quaint gabled "Flint Mill," to turn whose weed-grown water-wheel fixed to the outside wall, the river is headed back by a deep horse-shoe-shaped weir, over which the water leaps full twenty feet, and makes a glorious fall, with its spray-cloud ever rising and glittering in the sun.

A curious cavern, cut by some owner long since, runs through the cliff from the water's brink above the weir, and comes out into the little yard opposite the house-door, serving as cellarage and cart-shed combined. The mouth of this dark cave makes a setting for a peep of sunlit river, backed by rich verdant woods, whilst the roar of the weir comes softened like the murmur of a far-off sea.

A mile below Flint Mill, on the starboard hand, we make "Jackdaw Crag," whose yellow limestone cliffs rise fifty or sixty feet from the water. The river has grown tired now of noisy rushing, and glides silently past, with the long harts'-tongues dipping into its depths and the drooping ash-trees shadowed on its placid surface. From hundreds of holes and crannies in the weathered rock the noisy jackdaws come and go, keeping up a dismal caw-caw-caw. A roadway runs up from the river between sweet-smelling pine-copses, and paths climb right and left to the summit of the over-hanging cliffs

There is still Thorparch Weir to pass. So full speed ahead, and get the boats smartly over by the mill-wall there into the pool below. On the pretty five-arched bridge hangs the usual crowd of loungers as we shoot the centre span, who applaud with boisterous glee as, our canoes grounding at the shallows just below, we tumble out to float them, and having punted clear, resume our voyage sitting abaft with legs overboard ready for the next shoal.

At Boston Spa, for so is the village on the south side of the bridge called, is a convenient boat-house, whose proprietor is an old acquaintance, and soon hauls our vessels up into his garden for the night, as the September sun sinks behind a crimson bank of cloud, so brilliant that the eastern sky blushes a rosy hue.

"A good run to you, gen'elmen," says the boatman, as the paddle-blades flash in the morning sun, and we dash out again into the rapidly-rolling stream, and spin away on the tide. A mile onward, the river curves abruptly to the left, forming a deep, sullen pool where more than one luckless bather has gone down, and then rushes with a noisy clatter down a steep incline, forming a series of rapids not half so formidable as they look. Our bows plunge bravely amongst the white-tipped breakers, and with a few careful strokes now and again, we shoot under the railway bridge, past long rows of willows, into smoother-flowing reaches, and across an old Roman ford called after St. Helen.

Twisting and turning, the stream sweeps us by the ivy-clad church and fine old mansion of Newton-Kyme, where reside a branch of the Fairfaxes, owning now the manor which of old belonged to the Barons de Kyme, whose castle remains may yet be traced in the trim grounds.. Fine woods spread to the left, and a short run brings Healaugh Hall in view, standing up boldly on high ridge-land.

A muttering roar tells of a weir ahead, and as we drop down underneath a massive stone viaduct, which was to have carried a railway over the river to York, we see Tadcaster Mill with the town beyond. Our wee barkies, one after another, glide down the weed-covered salmon-slide into the foam-flecked pool below, and we thus pass the twelfth barrier since leaving Ilkley, and meet the tide, and have now a fair way out into the Ouse, and down to Humber and the sea.

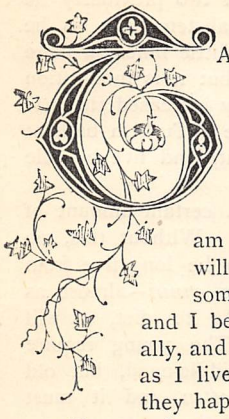
Tadcaster is a dull market-town, with little besides its fine church to interest a stranger, except the fact that it was once the Roman station Calcaria, and now has a nine-arched bridge. A little below the town, a rivulet called the Cock joins the river, coming under an old bridge of undoubted Roman work—so antiquarians say. Two hours' run, on past drear alder-beds and slimy sluices, between high flat banks, and we shoot out with the last ripple of the Wharfe into the broader, yellower waters of the Ouse, and steer down-stream under the counter of a timber-laden barge which is waiting for the tide to turn and carry her up to York, as the twilight deepens rapidly into the gloom of night.

At last, lights glimmer through the darkness, flashing upon the river as we reach Selby, and five minutes later the *Volsung* and the *Kelpie* lie keels uppermost upon the grimy deck of the coal-barge *Amy Ann.*

Our voyage did not end here, for next day we ran on down the Ouse, and then turned up the Derwent, and made our way to Malton and to the sea. But it was at Selby where we lay for the night, after a three days' delightful passage down the rapid, beauteous Wharfe.

THE CURE OF RHEUMATISM.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



TACITLY, a very large number of medical men look upon chronic rheumatism and its allied disorder, gout, as all but incurable diseases. So do most people who have the misfortune to suffer from these ailments. "I am subject to rheumatism," a person will tell you. "Anything starts it up; sometimes nothing at all seems to; and I believe it comes and goes periodically, and I shall be a martyr to it as long as I live." Such individuals, however, if they happen to be at all well-to-do in the world, spend a small fortune annually in drugs, alteratives, tonics, cordials, narcotics, &c., which they sometimes candidly confess do not give them any very easily appreciable benefit.

Now, in this paper I think I shall be able to give a word or two of comfort to all classes who suffer from chronic rheumatism or gout; for I may say at once that this ailment gout is more nearly allied to rheumatism than most people think; that its causes are similar; and that its dietetic treatment should be carried out on the same principles.

It is very often the case that an attack of rheumatic fever issues in the martyrdom to chronic rheumatism which shall last while life does. At the time the fever commences the blood is in an acid condition, so are all the secretions; a chill is taken, and inflammation, with or without deposit, is set up in the fibrous sheaths of the joints, in the ligaments of the muscles, and even in the synovial membranes* themselves. There is little doubt that joints which have once suffered are rendered more subject to future attacks. Be that as it may, there is one thing I wish the reader to bear in mind: viz., this—there *is* an excess of acid in the body at the time one is suffering from rheumatism, however slight; even the perspiration smells more sour; and there is irritability of *all* the mucous membrane, not only of that which lines the digestive canal, but of that which lines every part of the body. We are justified in believing that it is this excess of uric acid which causes the rheumatic symptoms. If so, I ask every one who possesses a spark of common sense, does the chief indication of our treatment not point to means which shall prevent the formation of such excess of acid, and at the same time get rid of that which already exists in the blood?

Now I stretch out my hand, and I pull down a book from one of my shelves. It is an authority, and has been for years, in our medical schools. I do not say that in many things it is not a very excellent work. But listen: the following, among other drugs, are recommended in the treatment of chronic rheumatism:—Arnica, arsenic, aconite, ammonia, and bark; colchicum, cod-liver oil, and corrosive sublimate; sarsaparilla and sulphur; quinine, liquor potassæ, morphia, opium, and chloroform; iodide of potassium, iodide of iron, oil of turpentine, guaiacum, red iodide of mercury, Indian hemp, and ipecacuanha: many of these to be taken internally; and topically there are blisters and liniments, and ointments and plaisters, a box heater, a bladder of ice, and a red-hot button (called the moxa). Over and above all this, residence in various climates at home and abroad are recommended; and last—and certainly not least—attention is advised to be given to the organs of digestion.

Far be it from me, however, to cast obloquy on medicines which may be administered by the hands of the family physician, whether that medicine be for the neutralisation of acid in the system or the relief of pain. But neutralisation of existing acid merely leaves the system *in statu quo*, and narcotics and anæsthetics invariably weaken the nerve centres; therefore, I say that in the treatment of chronic rheumatism, and the prevention of its recurrence, we must depend more on diet and regimen than on anything else.

Rheumatism is, as often as not, caused by over-eating, and especially by over-indulgence in meat, which is certain to cause an excess of uric acid, and render the body liable, on exposure to wet or cold, to an attack. We know that old people are proverbially liable to rheumatism. The reasons for this are not far to seek. One is that joints and ligaments are harder and stiffer, and very often contain deposit—urate of soda. Another is that, as a rule, people up in years eat more than is necessary to support life, under the mistaken notion that they want a deal of nourishment to keep them up. I say that, on the contrary, the wear and tear of tissue is but trifling compared to what it is in earlier manhood, and that far less food is required. Therefore, if an elderly person would live long, and be free of aches and pains, and be calm in mind—for that is a great desideratum—he or she must live abstemiously, more or less.

Chronic rheumatism is far more common than most persons are aware of. It is a disease quite indigenous to these isles of mist and cutting winds; but it is often in character what we may call suppressed—that is, it attacks the internal organs instead of joints and muscles, though these may suffer at the same time. But many a time and oft a person complains of his liver being out of order, or of a fit of indigestion, when the real cause of his trouble lies in the blood, which is for the time being poisoned with uric acid.

I know an old naval captain who says he can always ward off a fit of threatened illness by a day's

* The lining sacs placed between joints, that exude a secretion called synovial fluid, which lubricates the joints and prevents friction. It is the insides of these sacs which rub against each other.

"good starvation." Well, it is a strange remedy, but it certainly gives the mucous membrane a rest, and affords the blood time to get rid of its impurities. My friend says he "wakens next day as fresh as a daisy;" and I do not doubt it, though I fear many would consider the remedy worse than the disease it is meant to banish.

As to climate in the cure of rheumatism, much might be said, but what brooks it that one sojourns at Ventnor, Rome, Hastings, or Harrogate, if he goes on manufacturing in his system the very acid or acids that generate his complaint?

No, believe me, it is not in climate alone that you are to look for relief, nor is it from drugs you are to expect a radical cure. We must go to the fountain-head of the evil: we must attend to the organs of digestion, and to regimen calculated to crush the evil in the bud.

But inasmuch as it is all but impossible to live so strictly by rule as we would require to if subject to chronic rheumatism, either externally, in the muscles and joints, or internally, in stomach, lungs, liver, or brain, or all combined, we ought to adopt some rational means to get rid of the acid in the system.

Shall we use or prescribe purgatives? I think not. If any aperient is ever used—and it should be but seldom—it ought to be well chosen and very mild. People cannot go on taking aperients and hope to live long. Seek, therefore, for freedom in the system by taking a judicious amount of wholesome, exhilarating exercise; and do not forget that mixing in pleasant society, in the earlier hours of the evening, has a wonderful power in toning the whole system and assisting digestion. Who has not observed that a dinner or supper could be eaten abroad in cheerful company, where suggestive and agreeable conversation was carried on, without ill-effects, which, if taken at home, would be productive of a restless night, a furred tongue and a heavy head in the morning?

Shall we depend upon diuretics, and remedies that increase the action of the liver? Well, I grant you that such remedies do good for a time. But let the liver or kidneys be the strongest and healthiest that ever existed, they will go to the wall some day if constantly stimulated to action.

No; let us rather be taught by Nature herself. When one is ill of rheumatic fever, the perspiration is profuse and acid. Here is Nature carrying off the poison in her own way. Let us imitate her.

Keep the skin, therefore, in constant good tone and working order. The matutinal sponge-bath will strengthen the nerves, and keep open the pores; the Turkish bath, portable or otherwise, ought to be taken once a week, or whenever an attack is threatened; if even once a day for a time should be deemed necessary, it will not hurt. It is a wonderful prophylactic. I could adduce hundreds of cases in proof of this.

Those subject to rheumatism very often feel tired, dejected, with or without loss of appetite. The body may not ache, but it does not feel fresh. Probably there is a little headache, but more often a fulness in brow or eye-balls, and the patient has but little heart for his ordinary employment, and things that interested him only the day before, now appear devoid of any value. If he thinks back, perhaps he will remember that for a day or two previously he has not been living quite so abstemiously as he ought. Well, he may call this little illness a mere fit of indigestion, if he pleases, but it is indigestion of a kind that has detrimentally increased the uric acid in his blood. Let him take a Turkish bath at once, if his doctor will permit it, and live by rule again.

The living by rule includes a certain amount of daily exercise in the open air. Without this, no rheumatic person can expect to be long free from aches and pains and wearisome *ennui*—almost as bad to bear as pain itself. As to diet, it will greatly depend on the age. The young require more nourishment than the middle-aged, but old people must *have their little often*, and it must be well cooked and easy of assimilation.

Rheumatically-inclined persons should observe all the rules I have so often explained in my papers on digestion; but there are many things which they cannot eat with impunity.

For *breakfast*, let tea and coffee both be avoided, substituting cocoa or cocoatina, with milk and sugar. Let toast be eaten, or if bread be preferred, it should be brown bread and butter, and the bread should be stale. Avoid meat, except a little nicely-cooked bacon, not too fat. Eggs poached, or mushed, or lightly boiled, not fried, and any kind of fish except salmon, herring, or mackerel.

If hungry about twelve o'clock, a light biscuit or two, with butter, may be taken, and a glass of soda-water and milk.

Dinner should be early—say 1.30 or 2 o'clock. Soup the old may take; middle-aged or young people do not require it, and it is apt to get acid with some. Meat may now be taken *sparingly*, say twice a week. Game, fish, poultry, and vegetables, except the stronger kinds, may be eaten every day with dinner. No beer with dinner. Lemon-juice is a good substitute, but ginger beer and ginger ale should be avoided. Light puddings, such as bread, tapioca, or ground rice, may be taken, and a little good wholesome fruit; but this latter is better before breakfast. No pastry; and cheese is poison.

One cup of not over-strong *tea* at five o'clock, and a tiny biscuit.

Supper at 7 or 7.30, with a cup of cocoa. Sauces and hot peppers disagree; so do stews, for this reason: no cook lives who can keep grease out of a stew; and moreover, stews and food of that consistency are generally swallowed too quickly, and do not get mixed with the salivary juices.

Salads are also to be avoided.

Now in conclusion, while admitting that a regimen such as I propose in this paper may be hard for some to carry out, still I do earnestly advise those of my readers who are afflicted with rheumatism, even in its mildest form, to try it for a fortnight.

GRETTY'S TRUST.

A ROMANCE OF THE SWISS MOUNTAINS.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

OLD VON HAUSEN sat on a stone about half-way up the Gulderhorn. Far above and on each side of him rose the eternal hills, their ice-clad peaks at the present moment rosy-pink with the sun's parting rays. But up from the green valleys grey-blue shadows were creeping, and driving the pink away.

"'I'M GOING TO UNFOLD MY PLANS'" (*p.* 658).

Far beneath him were hills and valleys, a village and a lake, and a streamlet meandering through a dark pine wood. Very beautiful, all of it. But its beauty was entirely lost upon Von Hausen as he sat there on his stone thinking aloud, after the manner of solitary men who are well up in years. He cared no more for the scenery than did any of those bats that, like birds of evil omen, went sweeping past him and past him, and round and round his head.

"Virtue always triumphant!" he was saying—"Pah! mere sentiment, mere moonshine."

The fact is, Von Hausen had been to the play in the village down yonder only the evening before. He had spent no less a sum than twenty batzen* on those strolling actors. Not for any pleasure it was likely to give him had he gone, but Gretty, the prettiest girl in all the village, had asked him to take her. She could not go alone, she said, and Rudolf would hardly return from chamois-hunting for days to come.

"Virtue always triumphant! Yes, that is what she said. Pah! *money* is. Ha! ha! And I have that. Oh! my worthy but poverty-struck friend Rudolf, you may return when you please; Gretty will marry Von Hausen. Old? Eh? Who calls me old?"

He took snuff as he spoke from an old horn, sending the powder home with his finger-point, and it must be confessed he looked anything but handsome as he did so, for he wrinkled his brows and twinkled his eyes, and leered like an aged baboon.

"Old? Let me see: seventy last birthday. Merely in my prime. Ten years more, and I'll be only eighty;

* A batzen is about tenpence of our money.

twenty, and I'll be but ninety; then I may grow old. Eagles renew their ages. Why shouldn't——Aha!" he screamed, "yonder *is* an eagle!"

He started up as he spoke, and with eyes turned skywards and finger pointing up, began tottering forward step by step towards—destruction. A precipice fully 500 feet deep lay at his feet; he was on the brink of it—the next step would have been his last.

But a rough hand seized him by the coat-collar, pulling it up till his head sank within, like a monk's in his cowl, but dragging the old man back at the same time.

"Tired of your sinful life, old bird?" said the newcomer, a rough but good-natured chamois-hunter, with gun in hand and bag on back, a morsel of feather stuck jauntily in his hat, just to show the village maidens, he used to say, that Bernezell was still a bachelor.

"Old bird!" growled Von Hausen, re-seating himself on his stone. "Who are you calling an old bird? You're as bad as any one else. Humph!"

"Well, I say," said Bernezell, "this is gratitude! What are you going to give me for saving your neck, eh?"

"Neck? What? Oh, yes, to be sure. We'll go down to the village, and I'll pay for a pot of lager."

"A pot of lager!" cried the other, laughing. "Is that all the value you put upon your——Ha! ha! ha!"

"Value I put upon my ha-ha-ha! What d'ye mean? You're uncommonly like a fool!"

"Well, well, perhaps I am; but I say, friend, you're in a fine temper to-night. Any one been vexing you?"

The old man grew all smiles and leers in a moment. His face lighted up like a withered melon with the afternoon sun on it.

"No!" he chuckled, taking another pinch, and digging his friend in the ribs. "On—the—contrary. Was at the play last night with Gretty. Ha! ha! Ho! ho! She doesn't mourn long for her hunter. And look here: she's going to marry me."

"Marry you!"

"Ay, she promised—that is, she will promise when I ask her. But now come along down and have the lager. Keep your hands to yourself. Do you think I want your assistance to get up?"

"I beg a thousand pardons, old bi—I mean you merry young grouse, you! Here, I say, hold on; don't leave me behind. Why, you go bounding along like a young stag."

"Young on the legs, eh?"

"I should think you are."

They were seated very shortly in the village tavern. They hadn't taken long to go down-hill.

"And now," said Von Hausen, "I'm going to unfold my plans. But here, let us have another pint."

"What can the old heron mean," muttered Bernezell to himself, "by such reckless liberality? Something in the wind, I know. The grey hawk doesn't whistle till he is just going to swoop."

"Well," said Von Hausen, "and how is trade, eh? Got good bags lately?"

"Hardly any luck at all," sighed the other. "I'm stiff with jumping, and I haven't bagged a buck for five days."

"Wouldn't mind having a spell of pleasure, I dare say?—couple of months in France, now? Come, come, you're not drinking. We'll have another pint. Money was made to spend. Drink and be merry, you young dog, you, I say."

When quite unfolded, Von Hausen's plans were something as follows:—Bernezell was to meet Rudolf in the hills, and prevent his return for a couple of months at least. He was on no account to come near the village for that time, nor see Gretty, to whom he was betrothed. The "old bird," as Bernezell called him, was to pay all expenses, but the young man must be kept in Paris, in the midst of gaiety, and must never for a moment be allowed to think of home. Nor must he write, or when he did his letters were to be destroyed.

"Suppose," said Bernezell, "he misses his foothold among the mountains, and tumbles into a crevasse?"

The old man positively rubbed his hands and cackled with delight.

"Capital! capital! capital!" was all he could say. "Ha! ha! ha! Capital! Virtue is always triumphant in the end. He! he!"

Bernezell smiled in his face as he said—

"Of all the old sinners that ever lived——"

"Eh? eh? What's that?" cried Von Hausen, who had not heard him.

"I said you were a right merry old soul," shouted Bernezell.

"Ha! ha! Yes, merry, but not so old, you know."

That very night, this miserly Von Hausen counted out to Bernezell one by one the pieces of gold, for the chamois-hunter was to start early next day.

"I declare," said Von Hausen, "it is like buying a wife. Precious expensive affair. But I can trust you."

"Certainly; virtue, you know, is always——"

"Go on! go on!" cried Von Hausen; "good night. Go home and sleep."

"Go home and sleep indeed," said Bernezell to himself, as he trudged off with his gun on his shoulder. "Yes; but not before I've seen Gretty."

Once clear of the village, he took his way hillwards up the glen. High up in the middle of the mountain lights were gleaming—it was now dark: they came from the windows of Gretty's cottage. A very humble hut it was, though very pretty and rustic. Gretty lived here with her mother, tended the goats, and looked after the dairy, for the old woman seldom left her chair all day.

Gretty ran to meet Bernezell, and took both his rough hands in her own wee white ones. Was he not a friend of her lover's? She led him in, and the old woman nodded, smiling, at a stool near the bright, cheerful fire of wood.

Gretty had just dressed for the evening, and very simple, but neat, was her attire. She was slight and delicate in form, with sparkling eyes and an eager, pretty face.

She asked fifty questions of Bernezell, nearly all on the same subject; and when the chamois-hunter bade the mother good night at last, and went away, he beckoned Gretty to follow.

"He has something to tell me," said Gretty to herself, her fair face flushing with anxiety.

Very humble are the heroes of this little tale, but in Gretty's eyes her Rudolf was by no means humble. No young man in all the glen was so tall, fresh, and rosy, so stalwart and strong, as Rudolf, goat-herd though he was. None had so beautiful a voice, so white a brow, such glossy hair. None could bound from crag to crag or climb the mountain steep, axe in hand, so bravely as he did, and his wild *glou-glou* at sunrise or sunset could be heard ringing high o'er hill and glen, and re-echoed too from peak to peak. And Gretty, simple lassie, loved him *so* dearly and devotedly.

There was a scimitar moon shining through the pine-tree tops, and the stars were all out, so there was light enough to see the foot-path that led to the well. Here was a seat, and Bernezell did not say a word, anxious though Gretty was, until he got there. The truth is that this honest chamois-hunter hardly knew what to say, or how much he dare in fairness tell the girl.

Probably he ought to have thrown the miser's money in his face, and stigmatising him as a villain, refused to have anything to do with his plans and schemes. "But," he thought, "if I do, my friend's life is not worth a day's purchase. Murder has been committed among these mountains before; an assassin is easily hired. No, I'll take the cash, and I'll keep Rudolf away for a time. I shall not spend the money, though I have a brother in Paris who will be glad to see us. And the gold I'll send as a gift to Gretty's mother, when her daughter is married. She will not know where it came from, and it will keep her in comfort for years."

"Gretty, my little sister," he said, when they were seated by the well, "you won't see nor hear from your lover for two whole months. He is well, and will be well. He and I are going together. It will be for your good—at least, for your mother's. I cannot tell you more. Nay, I pray you do not ask. My mouth is sealed. You'll be true?"

There were tears and prayers and entreaties, yet Bernezell remained as firm as the rocks that towered above them; but when he left next day to seek his friend in the hills, he carried with him a lock of bonnie hair in a tiny parcel, and beside it the blue ribbon that had bound it.

Rudolf was rejoiced at the idea of going to Paris, but couldn't he go to see Gretty first? No, there was not an hour to lose. He must come at once or stay.

"Then I'll go," said the young man. "I can trust Gretty."

"You may indeed."

"And what a deal I'll have to tell her when I do get back!"

"Yes," said Bernezell, laughing.

So away they went together over the hills.

Old Von Hausen was a friend of Gretty's mother. Gretty's father and he had been inseparables. He came to the cottage now every day. He read to the old lady and talked much with the daughter. His universal themes were money and poverty: the pleasures the former could bring, the misery entailed by the latter.

He broached the subject nearest his heart first to the mother, and, strange or not strange, he gained her consent to marry Gretty.

Meanwhile weeks flew by, and there was no word from Rudolf. Weeks and a month, and then two. Oh! what could have become of him? Was he false? Impossible!

But a terrible storm with a slight shock of earthquake took place, and all Gretty's goats appeared to have stampeded during the night. At all events, the doors were found open, and the goats had fallen or been cast over a precipice near the cottage. Near that dear old well where she had plighted her troth she now must sit and weep.

Ah! it was the mournful tale of Auld Robin Gray repeating itself. For Gretty's

"Mother she fell sick;"

poverty stared them in the face, and they were beholden to the charity of Von Hausen the miser.

By night as well as by day Gretty toiled hard with her knitting-needles. Work was the only consolation, the only relief, she could find. And her face grew wan, and dark circles appeared about her beautiful eyes. What *can* be harder to bear than grief and poverty too?

Many months went by, and still no lover returned.

Von Hausen had heard he was dead: that did not add to Gretty's grief. Some one else heard he was married: this was worse, but she bore it.

Meanwhile where were the truants?

Bernezell had found his brother ailing, and at the end of a month medical men had prescribed a voyage to Madeira. They would just get back within five weeks, then they would both return to the dear little cot among the Swiss mountains, and Rudolf would marry his Gretty. Here at Madeira, Bernezell's brother died.

"We are wealthy now, alas!" said Bernezell, "and we'll go shares."

The steamer that was to take them to France was a week behind time. One day, "Yonder she is!" shouted Rudolf, and off they both went, and were bundled on board. The ship stayed but an hour, then steamed away again, bound for the distant Cape. *They had boarded the wrong boat!*

There came a day when in the little cot among the hills Gretty sat weeping by her mother's bedside, and near her stood Von Hausen. The doctor had just gone. Nothing, he had said, except a change could save the patient's life.

"Now, Gretty, my child, now or never!" cried the old man. "Be my wife. Give me the right to save your mother's life. Gretty, be mine."

Gretty's mother did not speak, but—

"She gazed in Gretty's face till her heart was like to break."

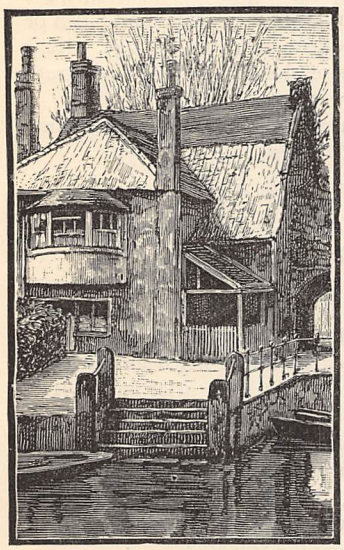
Gretty stood up—tearless now, but with sad pale face. She took her mother's hand.

"Give me the right to save your mother's life," pleaded the miser once again.

"Stay!" cried a manly voice, "*I* have a prior claim." Next moment, with a fond cry, and colour in her cheeks once more, Gretty was pressed to her lover's breast.

That day three weeks, dinkle—dinkle—dinkle—dang went the village bells. Not pretty bells at all—indeed, I always thought they were pot-metal—but how sweetly they sounded in Gretty's ears! She was going to church to be married. That ends my story, as marriage ends all stories. Yet one word: a few years after this the old miser died, and Rudolf found himself his heir. "As some reparation," said the will, "for evil done and meditated."

SOME CURIOUS PAYMENTS FOR LAND.



IT has been often said that the ancient tenures upon which estates in England were originally granted entailed the performance of certain duties towards the commonwealth which have now fallen into desuetude. In some cases there is undoubtedly much truth in this statement; but it may nevertheless be safely affirmed that the majority of the ancient "services" entailed nothing beyond an acknowledgment of the submission of the tenant to his feudal superior. From Mr. Carew Hazlett's edition of Thomas Blount's famous list of "Tenures of Land and Customs of Manors," it is easy to make a selection of these services which shall give a very fair notion of the nature of the more usual forms of tenure.

First in importance, though certainly not in number, are the tenures by military service—and amongst them one of the commonest is the duty of furnishing armed knights, men and horses, for service in England, or for the innumerable military demonstrations on the Welsh marches. Thus we find that a tenement in Legre, in Essex, was held by the "serjeantry of going in the army to Wales with our lord the king, with one horse, a sack, and a skewer;" but what the latter curious provision was for does not appear. The manor of Horlham was held by the "serjeantry of finding in the Castle of Norwich one balistar, in time of war, for forty days, at his [the tenant's] own proper costs;" a balistar, it may be mentioned, was the worker of the instrument known as the balista, which closely resembled the catapult, and was employed for a similar purpose. It was the duty of Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, to find a balista in time of war, for fifteen days, in service for his lands at Banningham, in Norfolk; while certain lands in Carleton, in the county of Nottingham, were held in the reign of Henry IV. "by the service of one catapult by the year for all services." So that both these instruments, so frequently employed by the ancient Romans, were still in common use in some form down to a comparatively late period in this country.

The service of providing weapons was a very common one, though these hardly seem to have been furnished in such numbers as to have rendered them practically available for the equipment of an army. Arrows appear to be of most frequent occurrence amongst these old tenure services. But these were not always intended for military purposes. Thus, Auri and Hole, in Devon, were held by Walter Aungerin by serjeantry, "that whensoever our lord the king should hunt in the forest of Exmore, he should find for him two barbed arrows;" and certain lands in Drascombe, in Devon, were held by the service of providing the king with a bow and three barbed arrows "whensoever he should hunt in the forest of Dartmoor."

Certain lands in Horwood, Lancashire, again, were held in socage by rendering one iron arrow to be paid yearly, which seems to be rather a mere acknowledgment than a "valuable consideration." On the other hand, Ralph le Fletcher held lands in Bradeley, Lincoln, by the service of paying yearly to the king twenty fletched arrows at the exchequer; and another twenty fletched (*i.e.*, feathered) arrows were yearly paid by this Ralph for his lands in Lincoln; while the manor of Grendon, in Buckingham, was held by the service or "petty serjeantry of furnishing the lord of the honour with one bow of ebony and two arrows yearly."

Gloves of various kinds were frequently presented in service for lands. Thus, two farms at Carlcoats, in Yorkshire, paid "the one a right-hand, and the other a left-hand glove yearly;" and some lands in Elmesale, in the same county, were held of the king "by the service of paying at the Castle of Pontefract one pair of gloves furred with fox-skin, or eightpence, yearly;" while for the manor of Elston, in Nottingham, were rendered two pairs of gloves, together with a pound of cummin-seed, and a steel needle. Needles are met with several times, but one instance must here suffice —where "Roger, some time tailor to our lord the

king" held lands in Hallingbury, Essex, by paying at the king's exchequer "one silver needle yearly."

Still more curious is the service for certain lands in Rode, Northampton, which consisted in finding "one horse of the price of five shillings, and one sack of the price of fourpence halfpenny, with *one small pin*, for forty days." Probably this "small pin" was similar to the skewer noticed above, and was used to fasten, or attach, the sack, which may have been employed to carry fodder for the horse. That the horses were tolerably cared for, even in those days, seems to be proved by the fact that the manor of Cherburgh, in Dorset, was held "by the service of one horse-comb, price fourpence, to be paid yearly," and that certain lands in the hundred of Loseberg, in the same county, were held "of our lord the king, by the serjeantry of finding a certain horse-comb, or curry-comb," &c.

Amongst other miscellaneous services by which lands were held may be mentioned certain instances of hose. Thus, Cottington, in Nottingham, was held by the service of presenting to the king a pair of scarlet hose yearly; Eldresfield, in Worcester, was held by rendering to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, hose of scarlet on his birthday; and Henley, in Warwick, was held by Edmund, Lord Stafford, by the service of three shillings, or a pair of scarlet hose.

Pushill, in Oxfordshire, was held by paying yearly to the king a table-cloth of three shillings' price. For lands in King's-Brome, in Warwick, Richard de Sandford rendered yearly a pair of tongs. The manor of Grenock, in Sussex, was held by Matthew de Hastings by the service of finding an oar for the king's use when he should pass over the sea to the haven of Hastings. The owners of Ashwell, in Essex, in the time of Henry II., held their lands by the service of finding a broche, or spit of maple, to roast the king's meat on the day of his coronation; while Nicolas la More rendered at the exchequer two knives—one good, and the other a very bad one—the service due to the king for his lands of More, in Shropshire, being two knives (or whittles), "whereof one ought to be of that value or goodness that at the first stroke it would cut asunder, in the middle, a hazel-rod of a year's growth."

A very different class of tenure services is met with in great numbers having reference to the chase. Ardley, in Essex, was held by the serjeantry of keeping a spar-hawk. Barnes, in Surrey, formerly paid a sparrow-hawk, or, in lieu thereof, two shillings, to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Barton, in Nottingham, was held of King John by the service of yielding to the king yearly one soar-hawk. In the time of Edward I., John de Audeley rendered a mewed sparrow-hawk for the manor of Echemendon, in Shropshire. Elkesley, in Nottingham; Esperett, in Somerset; and Huntlesham, in Suffolk, were all held by similar service; while the lands of Hertrug, in Berkshire, were held by the "serjeantry of mewing and keeping one goshawk for the lord the king."

For lands in Wingfield, Suffolk, were paid "to our lord the king, two white doves yearly;" and similar payments are elsewhere met with. Lands at Aslabie, in Yorkshire, were held by the service of teaching one hare-dog belonging to the king; while Henry II. "enfeoffed one Boscher, his servant, with the manor of Bericote, in the county of Warwick, by the service of keeping a white young brach, with red ears, to be delivered to the king at the year's end, and then to receive another to breed up, with half a quarter of bran."

Boyton, in Essex, was held by the serjeantry of keeping for the king five wolf-dogs. Middleton Lillebon, in Wilts, was held by a nearly similar service; and Little Useworth, in Durham, was held "by the service of finding for the aforesaid bishop [Hatfield, 1361] one man with a greyhound in his great chase, if summoned;" while the city of Norwich, besides other payments, was bound to furnish "a bear, and six dogs for the bear;" so that even in the time of King Edward the Confessor bear-baiting appears to have been a recognised pastime amongst our ancestors.

The term "pepper-corn rent" is a familiar one to us all, and instances of such a rent having been fixed are neither few nor far between. Thus, Bermeton, in Durham, was held by the service of three grains of pepper yearly; Finchley, in Middlesex, by the annual rent of a pound of pepper; Highgate, in Denbigh, was leased for a term of 500 years at the annual rent of one pepper-corn; and for a fortieth part of one knight's fee in the manor of Leyham, in Suffolk, Philippa Ross rendered "one capon and the third part of one capon, and the third part of one pound of pepper." A similar custom was that of Pokerley, in Durham, which lands were held "by one clove on St. Cuthbert's day, in September, for all other services."

All the foregoing examples of services may be regarded as, to some extent, reasonable, though inadequate as payment for the lands held; but many of the services rendered appear to be purely arbitrary and capricious, as when a farm at Brook-house, in Yorkshire, was held by the payment of a "snowball at Midsummer, and a red rose at Christmas."

Roses often appear in these services. Lands in Crendon, in Buckinghamshire, were held by the "service of one chaplet of roses at Christmas." For the manor of Fulmer, in the same county, Sir Marmaduke Darel rendered one red rose yearly; as did Ralph de Belvoir for lands in Mickelham, Surrey; and Sir William Sandes for the manor of Stene and Hinton, in Northampton.

Lastly, certain lands at Haine, in Surrey, "were held of the men of Kingston upon condition of rendering to the said men three clove gilli-flowers at the king's coronation;" and perhaps the single clove referred to above as if it were a spice, should rather be regarded as a similar flower.

A vast number of services consisted of articles of food and domestic utensils; and a moment may be devoted to a cursory examination of some of these. Amongst them the capon is perhaps most commonly met with. Lands in Bosham, in Sussex, were held by "the service of carrying two white capons to our lord the king, as often as he should pass by the gate" of the holder of the tenement; and a precisely similar

custom was in force as regards the lands of Bradbrugge, in Sussex; while certain lands at Midlovent, in the same county, made a like payment yearly.

The most practical service which has as yet come under notice is, however, that done for the manor of Chettington, in Shropshire, for which Roger Corbet was bound to find "one footman in the time of war, in the king's army in Wales, with one bow and three arrows, and one pale, and carrying with him one bacon or salted hog, and when he comes to the army, delivering to the king's marshal a moiety of the bacon; and thence the marshal is to deliver to him daily some of that moiety for his dinner so long as he stays in the army, and he is to follow the army so long as the half of that bacon shall last"—from which it may be judged that the diet of the unfortunate "footman" was not of the most sumptuous or plentiful character. Another practical service was that of paying for the bailiwick of Exmore, in Somerset, "fourteen little heifers and a young bull;" and yet another was that of rendering two oxen yearly for the manor of Gargawall, in Cornwall. Honey was a not uncommon payment, a gallon of honey having been rendered to the king for lands at the well-known Newington Butts, in Surrey; and ale is frequently met with, as where half a hide of land at Apse, in the same county, was held by the "service of distributing and giving one cask of ale on the day of All Saints, for the soul of our lord the king and his ancestors."

Similar examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but enough has been said to prove that, though the great Crown fiefs were undoubtedly held by the tenure of military service, yet, as time went on, lands of greater or less extent were granted upon rents which can only be regarded as nominal, and which are frequently so trifling, as in the case of roses and pepper-corns, that they might be looked upon as practical jokes were they not of such common occurrence.

SAVOURY DISHES: HOW TO IMPROVE THEM.

NEGLECT of appearances is a very common failing even in many well-to-do households, especially as regards edibles generally; though, to take for instance so homely and unattractive a dish as boiled beef or mutton, how much more appetising it becomes when some of the vegetables usually served with it are cut into various shapes with fancy cutters, and placed round the meat! These cutters may be bought for very little in most large towns, at shops that deal in novelties, and may be had to imitate all kinds of fruit, besides stars, leaves, curls, and so on. They will be found equally handy for use in many other ways, as I will endeavour to point out. As regards the appearance of fish, few things blend more harmoniously than a delicately-boiled white fish sprinkled with lobster coral, surrounded by slices of lemon and sprigs of fennel or parsley.

However, it is to cold savouries that the greater share of attention must be given, for it is in the preparation of dainty dishes for festive occasions that one feels most inclined to give extra time and trouble to their ornamentation. Here, again, parsley and fennel—most homely, yet most graceful and beautiful of garnitures—will render good service. Indeed, quite artistic results may be obtained if lemon, hard eggs, butter, raw potatoes, carrots, and turnips, with some *boiled* beetroot, are handy, as well as *aspic jelly*, if possible, as it is difficult to dispense with it sometimes. It must be borne in mind that there are two kinds of "savoury jelly," one which is merely the gravy in which something has been cooked—say veal, chicken, or rabbit for filling a mould, to be served as *moulded meat;* the said gravy, being reduced and mixed with dissolved gelatine, is then simply strained through a sieve or cloth, and poured into the mould with the meat. In this case it is only moderately clear, but "aspic jelly" is the same thing put through a jelly-bag and cleared with eggs, just as sweet jelly is; and this trouble *must* be taken when the jelly is required to form a glistening heap round a glazed fowl, and many other similar things. But as often not more than a pint is needed, and as that quantity may be bought from the grocer for fifteenpence or eighteenpence, it is cheaper to buy than to make it.

The same thing may be said of glaze—an ounce of which, costing about threepence, will ornament several dishes, such as a tongue and a couple of fowls, or their equal. The glaze should be cut up into a cup or jar, and a table-spoonful of water added. It should then be set into a saucepan of boiling water, and allowed to melt gradually until quite liquid; and after it is brushed over the meat, it must be left to set before any other decoration, such as butter, is dotted about it, as the warm glaze would run into, and spoil the appearance of, the butter.

With reference to the latter, there are two ways of using it for decorative purposes. One is to melt it, and pour it into a small cone made of writing-paper, which should be held in the left hand, the thumb and finger of the right hand regulating the stream of butter through the small hole in the point of the cone. In this way many devices may be made, or mottoes suited to the occasion written upon the article under treatment. Some one with a talent for drawing, or who writes a good bold hand, will best succeed in this task. Lard may be used instead of butter in this case, but not in the following form of decoration, as it would be too soft. Rub with a wooden spoon through a coarse hair sieve (a wire one would turn the butter green) some *firm* butter, cut into slices; reverse the sieve, and you will find the butter in little curly tufts;

take them up carefully on the point of a penknife or wooden skewer, and dot about the meat according to fancy. This is far easier than the "melting" process, which requires practice to obtain good results. Where a turkey or large piece of pressed beef has been glazed, this "sieved" butter may be formed into monograms, initials, or words, the small letters of which should be the size of the large hand of our "first copy-book" days. A ham, for instance, glazed, and then finished off in this way, with plenty of parsley on the dish, is rendered quite attractive. I may mention in passing that, when parsley is scarce, carrot-tops, if young and green, will answer very well.

To finish the butter part of the business, however: another way to introduce it in a really artistic form is in combination with potted meats. Many people put several kinds upon their table in oval or round moulds, and never give a thought to serve it *out* of the mould in pretty shapes; yet it is very easy to imitate almost anything, animate or inanimate, after a little practice. I have seen various kinds of fish and birds copied in this way—wonderfully true to nature, so far as their shape went; but I would advise amateurs to commence with two of the most simple shapes—viz., *baskets* and *Cleopatra's needle*. The first may be round, oval, or square, the meat being pressed into a basin, pie-dish, or cake-tin—in fact, anything at liberty for the purpose. It must then be turned out on to a dish, and ornamented with the butter, first all round the top and bottom edges in little curly knobs close together, to form the rim, or framework, then all over the sides in thinner streaks to represent the wicker-work; but if trouble is an object, this may be dispensed with, and only the top and bottom edges covered. The top of the basket must next receive attention. The butter should be dotted about to imitate the lid as much as possible; and hard-boiled eggs, cut into slices, arranged in a pattern in the centre, with here and there a dot of parsley, will have a nice effect. For the handle, bend a piece of cap-wire—of the kind used by milliners—and insert each end into the meat to make it firm, then lay the butter on so as to cover the wire. A border of parsley, with a few quarter-slices of lemon and fancy shapes of beetroot to garnish the dish, finish off this inexpensive dainty.

The kinds of meat usually preferred are beef, tongue, ham and chicken, or ham and veal. Lobster and salmon, too, may be used in the same way, and then lobster coral may be sprinkled over the butter, to its great improvement, and shrimps or prawns, or the small claws of a lobster, used as garnish with the parsley.

For a Cleopatra's needle, the meat must be moulded by hand into the shape. The size, of course, must be regulated by choice and requirement; but even if the party is a large one, half a dozen needles six or eight inches in height will look prettier than one or two larger ones. Set each on a small plate—of glass, if you can—and cover the four sides of the "needle" with the butter, laid on in little irregular lines, as much like a page of shorthand-writing as anything I can compare it with; garnish the base of the needle with parsley.

A word now about aspic jelly, a little of which goes a long way. Supposing you have three or four dishes in which you purpose introducing it, a portion should be poured upon a dish or plate in a thin layer, which, when set, can be cut into strips, diamonds, triangles, or according to fancy. Another portion can be poured into a plate or saucer to set, then roughly chopped. Alternate heaps of this and parsley, with here and there a dash of beetroot, round a dish of chicken cutlets, for example, is a very pretty though inexpensive decoration. The strips of jelly look pretty laid in a pattern over the breast of a turkey or chicken previously glazed, while the fancy shapes are suitable for laying on or placing among dishes of cutlets. When poultry or white meats are served with a coating of "white sauce," aspic jelly need be but sparingly used, hard eggs and lemons, with plenty of beetroot and carrots, being more suitable, as a good supply of colour is necessary.

Fish in jelly look very nice—filleted soles being, perhaps, the most popular. White game and poultry of all kinds may be served in the same way. A pretty device should first be made in the top of the mould. For fish, pour in a little jelly—say a quarter of an inch deep—and when it is almost set, lay in small pieces of beetroot and the outside of a pickled walnut, also cut very small, with some leaves of parsley, forming a pretty pattern; or the skin of a chili may take the place of beetroot. Next pour in a little more jelly, which must be left to set; after that, the fish, filling up with jelly. In moulded meats, the pattern on the top may be formed of slices of boiled tongue cut into leaves or cockscomb shapes, with hard-boiled eggs and parsley. Tiny leaves cut from pickled gherkins may also be effectively introduced.

Watercress, perhaps, is among the least used of our salads for the purpose of garnishing, though it might often take the place of endive at far less cost. It is especially useful for garnishing cold fowl, being so often eaten with it; and small bunches of it, with grated horseradish, round a piece of cold beef, improve its appearance considerably.

Truly the ways of decorating salads are manifold, the chief thing to bear in mind being a judicious arrangement of colour and of suitable ingredients. I mean that each salad should have a distinctive embellishment, such as prawns or shrimps on a fish salad, and aspic jelly, slices of tongue, eggs, &c., for one of meat or poultry.

In conclusion, I would remind my readers that my remarks in a previous paper as to the unsuitability of a dinner-service with much blue in the pattern for sweet dishes requiring garnishing, apply with equal or even greater force to those enumerated in the present paper; and I would advise those who are about to purchase a new service, that the less colour there is in it, and the neater the pattern, the greater will be their chance of making attractive anything placed upon it.

L. HERITAGE.

THE ART OF MAKING PICTURES IN STONE.

THOSE of our readers who have not seen an endolith will be ready to exclaim that there is a mistake in the above title; it should be *on* stone. But we venture to ask their patience whilst we prove to them that our title is literally

A PORTRAIT IN MARBLE.

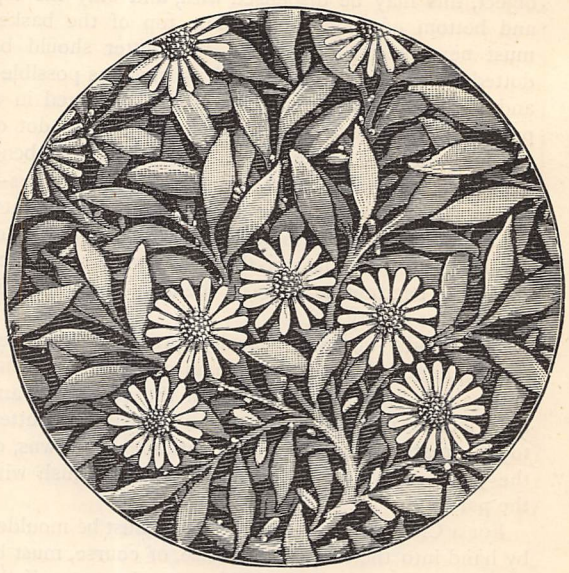
accurate. And what are endoliths? Soon we shall need a new dictionary to furnish explanation of all the out-of-the-way names given to modern inventions. The endolithic process is as simple as it can well be, but not for that the less wonderful. Marble is treated just as though it were canvas or paper, colours being laid on in any design the artist chooses; but the problem of how a line of colour may be transmitted unaltered through a slab of marble, so that it penetrates to any distance sharply and vertically without spreading, is one that has only lately been solved. Even ivory, which is more dense than marble, can be successfully treated in the same manner. The secret of the whole consists in the colours employed and in the way they are driven in.

Dr. Hand-Smith, some years ago, experimented on ivory, but was not able for a long time to obtain satisfactory results. Determining, if possible, to overcome the obstacles to success, he persevered until he found a combination of metallic oxides which answered his purpose, and now he has placed in the hands of those interested in art a method of producing imperishable paintings with which they cannot fail to be pleased. The art is described as "the development within the substance and below the surface of marble, of painting or designs in monochrome or colour, whereby the art of painting is combined with the durability of sculpture."

In house decorations, duplicates of paintings are often needed, and in these cases endoliths will be found most useful. Suppose, for instance, that you resolve to have two panels of marble let into the sides of your mantelpiece; you will paint the design on the surface of the marble, send it to undergo the "driving in" process, with instructions that a cross-section is to be cut off, and, without further trouble, you have your painting and the duplicate. And this slicing off can be repeated, the picture remaining indestructible as far as the colour has been allowed to sink in. The longer the surface is treated, the deeper the representation will sink in—that is to say, until it has reached through the entire thickness of the marble. To make our meaning clearer, if a tube of colour is turned upside-down on a slab of marble, and left so for a sufficient length of time, the colour will penetrate straight through the whole depth; after that, no more colour will leave the tube, for it will not spread outwards beneath the surface.

There are three colours which possess the property of turning the opaque marble which has been transfused with them into translucent slabs, most lovely in tint, and exquisitely varied with the natural delicate veinings. Green, especially, is noticeable for its softness, whilst the ruby is extremely rich.

We must, however, hasten on to the practical part of our subject, for such work on marble is equally suitable for amateurs and professionals. There is



DESIGN FOR TABLE-TOP.

nothing connected with it that amateurs who can paint cannot do themselves, with the exception of forcing in the colours. During this process, hot air, not more than four degrees higher in temperature than the marble, is utilised to cause the colour to

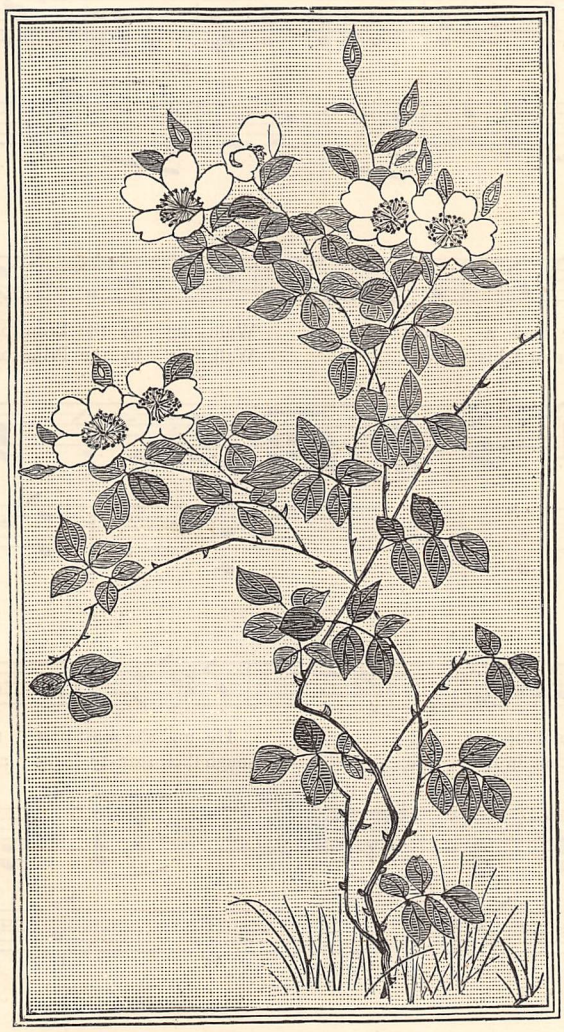
eat its way in and become imperishably combined with the stone.

Portraits may be painted in monochrome on marble, and they look exceedingly well; but, if preferred, they can be painted with various colours, and then they certainly appear more life-like, being warmer in tone: the former resemble photographs—the latter oil-paintings. Many figures may be introduced in one picture with a landscape background, or single figures which are adapted for panels. Flowers, too, may be represented either in their natural form or conventionalised. Foliage is good on the white ground, particularly if autumn-tinted branches are selected.

We will describe some subjects that may be successfully executed, as they will serve as suggestions to amateurs. Virginia creeper, clothed in the red-brown dress it assumes as the summer passes away, is very beautiful for a panel, as it can be arranged in any form the painter chooses; it cannot be surpassed for a narrow upright panel, such as might be required for filling a space between two windows. Blackberries would also do well for the same purpose.

Small tables with marble tops are not so formidable for an amateur's first attempts as larger works might be considered. It is, in our opinion, a mistake to begin any art work on a very small scale if it can be avoided. A diminutive china plaque needs much more delicate pencilling than one of a larger size, and the same may be said of all kinds of painting, not excepting miniatures. We do not mean that it is well to commence on a huge surface, such as only an acknowledged artist should attack; but there is a happy medium, and amateurs will be wise if they choose a moderate-sized marble at first.

For those who care most for painting heads, a pretty plan can be adopted as follows:—A square of marble has the centre partially hollowed out in a circular form, which is finished off with a highly-raised border carved out of the marble; in this centre a head is painted; the flat corners that extend beyond are painted green or red—or, indeed, any colour that harmonises with the tints of the painting and with the wall on which it is to be hung. This is a change from the china plates that have been so popular. Certainly, in one respect, marble-painting is far preferable to china-painting—viz., that the pieces are not subjected to the firing process which so often totally frustrates the intention of the amateur who is not quite conversant with the changes the various colours undergo, and which causes vexation even to the most initiated artist.



DESIGN FOR PANEL IN STONE.

Now if we have been successful so far, we may allow our more ambitious desires to take shape. We may try some large panels with single figures for inserting in recesses in the entrance-halls of our houses. Foreign birds with their rich, brilliant plumage answer admirably as decorations for halls of large dimensions: the peacock and the flamingo are always favourite subjects for decorative purposes. The flooring may be done in a mosaic pattern with little trouble, for when the design is painted cross-sections can be cut off. Outside the hall door, under the porch, tiles are often now to be seen; instead of these we could have slabs of marble ornamented with conventional designs.

For ecclesiastical purposes, marble paintings are most appropriate. Some of our readers, living in the country, may possibly be disposed to beautify the interior of their village church, in which case we would commend these decorations particularly to their notice.

The Primrose Way.

Words by GEORGE WEATHERLY. *Music by* CHARLES BASSETT.

Moderato.

PIANO.

p *mf* *p*

mf

1. 'Tis a las-sie and a lad,..... Walk-ing by the Prim-rose Way,
2. 'Tis an old man and his wife,..... Walk-ing by the Prim-rose Way,

mf

p

And the hearts of both are sad : ..... He and she must part to-day!
And there's spring-time in their life,..... Though their scan-ty locks are grey!

p *cres.*

mf *cres.* *cres.* *f*

He will go a-mid the throng, Rich-es and a name to gain;
He has wan-dered far and long, Seek-ing wealth and fame in vain;

mf *cres.* *cres.* *f* *dim.*

p *cres.* *rall.*

She but sings an old-time song,..... Hear - ing truth in its re - frain:
But they sing an old-time song,..... With a sweet and glad re - frain:

p *cres.* *rall.*

Tempo di valse. *mf*

"Love is best! Love is best! Love can last - ing joys im - part! 'Love is best,
"Love is best! Love is best! Love en - dur - ing joy im - parts! 'Love is best,

Tempo di valse. *mf*

p

Love is best,' Is the e - cho of my heart! 'Love is best,'..... is the
Love is best,' Is the e - cho of our hearts! 'Love is best,'..... is the

p

e - cho, the e - cho of my heart!"
e - cho, the e - cho of our hearts!"

p *p*

"HETTY RESTED THE GLASS ON HIS SHOULDER" (*p.* 669).

HIS LIFE'S ONE HOLIDAY.

BY LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON, AUTHOR OF "ONE SPRIG OF EDELWEISS," "FAINT HEART NE'ER WON FAIR LADY," ETC. ETC.

HUNTINGDON WAYNE was thirty-five, and had never yet been in love. He had worked hard and well, and had made a fortune which even he felt would enable him to marry without being recklessly imprudent; and he began to think it was time to decide upon a wife who should satisfy his somewhat fastidious requirements. She must be of a stately and noble presence—Wayne had rather an idea of a fine woman;—not too young, nor too emotional—Wayne was a person who hated scenes; in short, she was to be a woman made to order, and he found it more difficult to discover her than he had at first supposed.

It was with a feeling of something as akin to failure as his well-regulated mind ever indulged in that he ordered his portmanteau packed for a fortnight's visit to Newton-on-Sea, and tore himself away from the fascinations of club and office life to pay a long-promised visit to his old friend, Dr. Marshall. He had seen nothing of the Marshalls for years past, though there was a tie of old associations between them, and even something of sadder interest. Five years ago, when Wayne's uncle offered him a berth in the tea business of which he was now the head, he extended a like offer to Huntingdon's younger brother, Jack; but Jack, always something of a hot-headed fellow, took offence at some word or deed of his elder's, and refused the offer. Soon after he took some post on the east coast of Africa, and went out with high hopes of the fortune he was to bring back and lay at Hetty Marshall's feet.

Huntingdon heard of the engagement with some contempt for the folly which possessed two young people without a penny; but when, three years later, news came of poor Jack's death out in Zanzibar, the little bride that was to have been passed out of his mind, and it was only when an invitation came for him from the Marshalls, who were at Newton-on-Sea for Hetty's health, that the thought of her existence crossed him again.

He had not seen her since she was a little child in pinafores; and when he was brought up, on the evening he arrived, to the side of a crimson hammock swung between two tall pine-trees, and

introduced to a slight, pale girl, whose great blue eyes were raised to his with a pathetic gentleness and sweetness, a feeling such as in all his thirty-five years of sensible life he had never before experienced shot through him with a thrill of wonder, and almost bewilderment. He took in his own the small, fragile, white fingers, and then laid them down almost reverently on the soft cushions amidst which she lay.

I suppose if any one had asked him then and there whether he believed in love at first sight, he would have answered as contemptuously as ever; and yet, for all that, he was as deep in love as ever man yet fell at one blow. He told himself it was pity—a pity that only grew as the days passed by, and he saw how frail and delicate a creature her great trouble of two years since had left her; it seemed to him it was his duty to try and atone to her for all the suffering and loss she had undergone: as if his life ought to make up to her for Jack's death, somehow. Strange, that duty had never had such a zest and a pleasure in it before!

She was a thing so new to his experience, with her pleading blue eyes, her soft little ways, and the pathos that hung about all she did and said. Wayne used to sit and watch her furtively, as if she were a creature of some unknown race.

Three days after that first evening and the hammock, the ideal "fine woman" had died out of his mind, never to return; and before the week was over, he had said to himself—he, the practical, cool-headed Huntingdon Wayne—that life without little Hetty would be hardly worth the living, and that he must have her for his own, or die. Practical common-sensical men often take the hardest form of the disease called love.

He spoke to Dr. Marshall before the middle of the second week, and asked his consent to win Hetty. The doctor listened with a good deal of surprise, but no appearance of displeasure; and when Wayne had finished, he grasped him heartily by the hand.

"My dear fellow," he said, with something between a smile and a sigh, "you have my heartiest consent and my best wishes, if you can get Hetty to say 'Yes.' You are almost a part of poor Jack, and there's no one else I should so gladly call my son. Of course it all rests with Hetty; but I know she does not dislike you, and you must trust to time for the rest. Love such as she gave poor Jack, perhaps the same woman never gives twice over; but there's no reason she shouldn't love you well, and make you a good wife. The grief of two years back is passing away—it is more the physical state left by the shock of that time that wears on her now. Perhaps she will never be very robust, but you will take good care of her, I'm certain."

"She shall be strong again, please God, if I can make her so by my devotion," said Huntingdon, while a vision of unspeakable happiness danced before his mind's eyes—a snow-white yacht cruising among smiling islands in a summer sea, seeking health for her who was its queen.

"I'll leave the business to look after itself," he thought, with a glow of rapture, "and travel round the world with her till the colour comes back to her pale face, and the light to her eyes; yes, and the happiness to her heart."

So the fortnight wore away, and another was well-nigh gone, and yet Wayne lingered at Newton-on-Sea. He was never away from Hetty's side; he fetched and carried for her like a dog, he was a slave to her every wish. Dr. and Mrs. Marshall regarded him with undisguised favour. Tom, the *enfant terrible* of the family, voted him "no end jolly;" and Hetty? Hetty liked him well: her eyes brightened when he came, she missed him when he was away; he was so thoughtful, so kind, so good, no one could help being fond of him.

One night there was a storm, and by noon the next day came the news that a great ship from the Cape had gone to pieces on the Razor Rocks, not two miles away. Nothing would do but that Hetty must go and see it. There were no lives lost, they heard, but the life-boat people must wait till the tide fell before they could get off all the crew, and Hetty was eager to see the rescue. So Huntingdon, of course, volunteered to drive her and Master Tom to the scene of the disaster in Hetty's little pony-carriage.

What a drive that was! Wayne will never forget it while he lives. The hedges were all aglow with the June roses and the honeysuckle, and a breath of summer floated up to them from the narrow winding lanes. The pony was fat and indolent, and took its own time. Wayne would not have hurried one of its steps. The sun was setting when they reached the solitary bay where the steamer had run ashore, and a golden glory shone over sky and sea—edging the cloud-banks with unearthly splendour, and dyeing with crimson the shallow pools left by the retreating tide. The cliff-path to the shore was steep and narrow. Wayne had to help Hetty with a tender care. Perhaps life had never held such exquisite pleasure for him before. Her little light shawl lay over his arm, her small hand rested in his clasp. It seemed to him the world was bounded by Hetty.

Never had his heart beat so high with hope. Once she stopped to gather a tiny blue cliff-flower, and, after a moment's pause, she shyly gave it him. Was it only the sunset glow that mocked his fancy, or did a delicate colour really mount to her cheek at his low-spoken word of thanks?

Out, far out on the low, black ledge of cruel rocks lay the great shattered ship. Little boats plied swiftly and safely across the quiet shallows where the storm-waves had raged not many hours ago. Hetty was all excitement to see the rescued people; while Tom, with the frankness of his age and kind, declared aloud that "this sort of shipwreck wasn't much good—there wasn't any drowning to be done!"

The thoughtful Huntingdon had, of course, brought a telescope, and stood like a statue of Atlas while Hetty rested the glass on his shoulder and watched the boats land their burdens at the little fishing-pier.

He was in a sort of rapt dream, hearing dimly Hetty's little ejaculations of pity over the bedraggled aspect of the shipwrecked, and altogether ignoring Master Tom's somewhat crude chatter, as that

youthful torment wetted his feet at the margin of the tide, and gave his opinion with delightful confidence upon matters in general, and shipwrecks in particular. The sunset glory grew brighter and more vivid, lighting up the sombre cliffs and level waste of water, and throwing into sharp relief each black stake of the fishing-nets which dotted the bosom of the broad bay.

It seemed to Wayne that he would like to stand just so for ever—Hetty close to him, he her support and comfort, no one to come between; for Tom certainly did not count for much. Was it not a type of what all their life to come was to be? Crimson glory—Hetty depending on him, his highest happiness to minister to her.

Suddenly into his dream rang a shriek, wild and terrible. The telescope rolled from his shoulder, and splashed into a pool at his feet; and as he turned to catch Hetty's fainting figure in his stalwart arms, with one lightning flash his eye fell where hers had rested, and saw, in the crowded boat-load just reaching the shore, among the bronzed and bearded faces of the wrecked ship's crew, the face of Hetty's lost lover—his own brother Jack!

* * * * * * *

Ah! well, well! Wayne behaved capitally, every one said. "Old Don behaved like the brick that he is after all," to use Jack's own expression. He took his brother into partnership, and enabled him to marry Hetty within six weeks—Hetty, to whose pale cheeks the roses had come back, as if by some magic spell. He never married. "Don was an old bachelor before he was in knickerbockers," Jack confides sometimes to his wife.

People say he means to leave all his money to his niece, little Hetty, who has her mother's eyes. And deep in a secret drawer, carefully treasured from prying eyes, lies a withered scrap of weed, which was once a blue cliff-flower, and is all that is left to Huntingdon Wayne of his life's one holiday.

THE BEST ESTATE.

ART thou thine own heart's conqueror?
Strive ever thus to be;
That is the fight that is most sore,
The noblest victory.

Art thou beloved by one true heart?
O prize it! it is rare;
There are so many in the mart,
So many false and fair.

Art thou alone? O say not so!
The world is full, be sure;
There is so much of want and woe,
So much that thou canst cure.

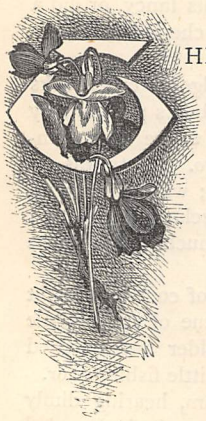
Art thou in poverty thyself?
Thou still canst help a friend;
Kind words are more than any pelf,
Good deeds need never end.

Art thou content in youth or age?
Then let who will be great;
Thou hast the noblest heritage,
Thou hast the best estate!

F. E. WEATHERLY.

AID FOR THE SICK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AID FOR THE WOUNDED."



THE nursing course of the St. John's Ambulance Association gives a very good insight into the nursing of the sick. As pupils of the association have, in many instances, proved their knowledge thus acquired to be of the greatest value, some account of the lectures given may not be without interest. Having passed the first examination, on surgical aid to the injured, I attended the second course, consisting of lectures on nursing.

The first lecture, as is often the case in such a course, being the initiatory one of a series, was by no means so interesting as some of those that followed, but it was a very necessary one. It described the best situation for sick-rooms, the bed, the bedding, and the furniture. Special precautions should be taken in removing all furniture that is not strictly necessary; wardrobes, and chests of drawers containing clothes, should be taken away, and heavy curtains and all bed-hangings removed. Everything in the room will, at the close of the illness, have to be thoroughly disinfected.

The lecturer particularly dwelt on the necessity of proper ventilation. In pure air there are only 4 parts in 10,000 of carbonic acid gas, whereas in the air we expire there are 400 parts in 10,000; 150 such parts are enough to cause severe headache; and if increased to 500 parts in 10,000, death might be the result. The sleeping-room should be sufficiently large to contain at least 1,000 cubic feet of air for each person. Each person

gives off about 16 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in 24 hours; 16 cubic feet of oxygen is absorbed by the lungs; it has been calculated that at least 3,000 cubic feet of fresh air should be supplied every hour for each person; the air would thus have to be changed every hour in a room containing 3,000 cubic feet of air. And in a room containing 1,500 cubic feet the air would have to be changed twice; and in one containing 1,000 cubic feet, three times. Now, experience proves that in a cold country it is impossible to change the air in a room more than three or four times in an hour without creating a perceptible draught, and therefore the room should contain, as I said before, at least 1,000 cubic feet of air for each person. In illness more air is required than in health, the sick person being entirely dependent on the air of the room for a supply of oxygen.

After each of the lectures we had some practical work to do in bandaging. We practised on each other and on two little boys especially engaged for that purpose. We perfected ourselves in roller bandaging, in bandaging the head, in bandaging each finger separately for a burn, in bandaging a broken jaw, leg, ankle, &c.; we also put on splints, securing them with bandages.

The next lecture was exceedingly interesting, and treated of fevers, teaching us to distinguish between typhoid and typhus, scarlet fever, measles, and small-pox, describing the course of a fever case, and giving that of small-pox as an illustration.

With regard to typhoid the lecturer spoke of the danger attendant on giving any other food than milk, not only during the disease, but for a long time afterwards during convalescence — the result of giving other food being often ulceration in the stomach, which may prove fatal.

The lecturer also gave some valuable hints on disinfectants, telling us which were the best to use for occupied and unoccupied rooms, for infected clothes, &c., and the necessary precautions to take to prevent the spread of infection. Before the next lecture he showed us some bottles of different disinfectants that he had brought down from London with him, and described their various uses.

The third lecture dealt with the nurse herself, with her dress, and with the precautions the nurse should take for her own health.

The lecturer gave directions for lifting helpless patients, for changing the sheets, upper and under, without moving the patient out of bed, and he gave minute directions about other details of nursing, such as administering medicines, and the washing and dressing of patients.

In the fourth lecture a rigor was described, which most people have experienced who have had many illnesses, and which is the premonitory symptom of all inflammations and fevers. A rigor consists of a severe shivering fit, generally followed by heat; in some cases the rigors are frequent.

The class was much interested in the remarks of the lecturer on the treatment of children, and on the signs that they give of different diseases. Thus, for instance, drawing in the thumb tightly across the palm of the hand is a warning of convulsions, and a shrill crowing noise is a sign of croup.

Children who are too young to say where the pain is should be carefully watched, and any symptoms of disease should be carefully attended to.

This lecture was a most interesting one, treating of some most important subjects, such as delirium, baths, bed-sores, how to distinguish pain, &c.

In the last lecture local applications formed the subject of the lesson; we were taught the proper way to apply a blister, poultices, leeches, fomentations, and the padding of splints. A poultice is a thing that is constantly required, but how few comparatively know how to make it properly!

To do this a basin should first be scalded, or warmed by the fire, and then sufficient boiling water having been put into it, the linseed should be added, stirring it to a proper thickness. The poultice should be made thick to keep the heat in, and spread on a piece of flannel, cotton-wool, or muslin, which should be turned over the edges of the poultice, the linseed being next the skin.

After the lectures were over, the nursing course was followed by an examination, partly written and partly oral. We had first of all to write out the answers to five or six questions on paper, and we then had a *vivâ voce* and practical examination in bandaging. Pupils who obtain the two certificates of the first and second courses are again eligible for re-examination, when they become entitled to a voucher, and a medal if they like to purchase one. Candidates can be re-examined by a local doctor, when they receive a voucher testifying to the effect that they have passed.

The questions we had at the third examination were partly on the surgical course and partly on the nursing. The vouchers we received were small cards, about half the size of the other certificates, signed by the local secretary.

LIFE IN OLD VIRGINIA.

IT is May—only May—yet as I sit in the innermost recesses of the large drawing-room I am glad enough to be sheltered from the noonday heat and glare. The blinds are closed—alas, for the sad necessity!—to keep out the housewife's enemies, the flies; but through the carelessly arranged slats much of the prospect without is to be seen—too much, perhaps, for the expedition of my writing.

Through a gap in the orchard rise the twin mountains—the last of the range—painted a pale summer blue upon the still more misty blue of the distant sky. On the topmost twig of a peach-tree just beyond the

yard-fence a redbird, glorying in his own magnificence, is shouting his love-song, in strains to us somewhat discordant, but to him the perfection of harmony. Another, with uplifted crest and ruffled plumes, hurls defiance from a neighbouring stump, and every now and again a rush of dazzling wings scatters the blossoms from the apple-boughs. From the pasture-land in the valley comes the whirr of the grass-cutter, with its attendant sounds; bluebirds are chattering in the leafy chestnuts, "Bob White" calls from the waving wheat in the orchard, and in the wooden porches the sparrows * are pattering about, only momentarily discomfited by the futile snapping of the big dogs at the flies. Not far away the woods, too, are alive with feathered creatures—blue, scarlet, and golden—darting from tree to tree, or cleaving the upper air like flames of fire. Flowers, as radiant as they are scentless, strew the bare earth or break into blossom on the branches overhead. Butterflies of a size and splendour unknown in England cluster about the creeks to drink, or hover, very flowers themselves, above the crystal water.

Capricious as spring is with us, as elsewhere, when once it has fairly set in that person must be insensible indeed who does not revel in its all too brief beauty. The mere delight of beholding so much verdure is in itself almost enough for eyes weary of the red uplands—sparsely covered even at midsummer with faded grass which disappeared altogether with the first advance of winter. Now everything is young and fresh once more. Yet somehow a longing at first hardly understood steals over one—a longing for the more humble English spring, with its sweet, woody odours, its fern and flower-fringed lanes, its sober-hued birds pouring out melodious rhapsody. Here we have no lanes. The roads are bare and uninviting, and flanked on either side by straggling fences, not in "picturesque disorder," but simply ugly and untidy. To ears accustomed to the prolonged notes of the English songsters the Virginian birds are indeed but "awkward chirrupers," and when the burning days come upon us, as they will do very soon, even these broken songs will cease.

But stay! How can I forget that prince of song, the mocking-bird! Yonder he sits, the daring fellow, high up on the pear-tree above the oriole's nest, hardly ten feet from the window. Up and down he goes, trying every note in the scale—now sweet and melting, now in loud pæans of triumph, always in reckless profusion—anon breaking off to hold up his less accomplished neighbours to scorn. It is well for my letter that the beguiling mocker does not linger long, but swoops off to pastures new, a white gleam flashing from his pen-feathers as he spreads his strong brown wings in flight.

I have spoken of our spring as being capricious, yet of what season may not the same be said in this boasted clime—except perhaps the summer? Vain and delusive are most theories, and especially theories about climates. Here have I been living for five or six years in one of the Southern States of the Union, and yet when asked the perennial question, "What sort of a climate have you in Virginia?" I am utterly at a loss for a coherent reply.

The English traveller, in whatever section of the States he may chance to be, must be prepared for all kinds of climatic surprises. He is accustomed, as we all know, to a variable climate, but not to violent extremes—such as, let us say, a rise or fall of the thermometer to the extent of thirty or even forty degrees in the twenty-four hours. And when the prospective settler in Virginia is duly informed that that State enjoys an "equable and temperate climate," he must remember that the sentence should conclude thus:—"as compared with some other sections of the States." He will find, even in Virginia, extremes of heat and cold which to English ideas seem very extreme; and the Virginians themselves, when not talking for a purpose, will tell him that he must not expect to find a paradise as to climate—he must not look for perfection, but must take the good and the bad together here as in less favoured latitudes.

Memory, aided by a "weather-diary" which was itself kept in order by a registering thermometer, tells me strange—nay, startling—tales: of days when that thermometer never went lower than 90° in a cool (?) and shady porch from 5 a.m. to 7.30 p.m.; of another when it stood at 113°—in the *shade*, of course; of more than one winter day when it marked 10° below zero. I need not add that I was eagerly assured that these were exceptional seasons, and no doubt they were; but still they betrayed hitherto unsuspected capacities on the part of the climate of Virginia.

Again, the month of November has found me alternating between furs and muslins, suiting my change of raiment to the light-hearted vagaries of the weather; a certain first week of April—so oppressive that even the most sheltered of porches was not bearable until evening—was followed by eight degrees of frost; and January has witnessed us gazing sadly upon a thermometer which, in only partial sunshine, was slowly but surely mounting to 80°. Our Virginian winters assuredly cannot be accused of monotony. They treat us to a little of all kinds—"everything by turns and nothing long." Hot weather, cold weather, summer sunshine, deluges of rain—the like of which are undreamed of in our native isle—followed by a cutting wind which petrifies the drowned earth, hangs up icicles in every available spot, and makes the roads look like the suddenly frozen waves of a turbulent sea.

And these roads in winter! Bad enough at all times, they are for most of this season impassable, unless for heavy farm vehicles or exceptionally well-built spring-wagons. Now it is that we are able to prove beyond a doubt that our light American wheels are strong as well as sightly, and that they can stand an amount of rough usage such as their hideous and clumsy English counterparts could not by any possibility endure. On the roads, in their present condition, even riding is a matter of difficulty, walking beyond the confines of the yard-fence is out of the question, and domestic life begins to pall. There can never be any dreaming at ease in any carriage,

* A species of red-pole.

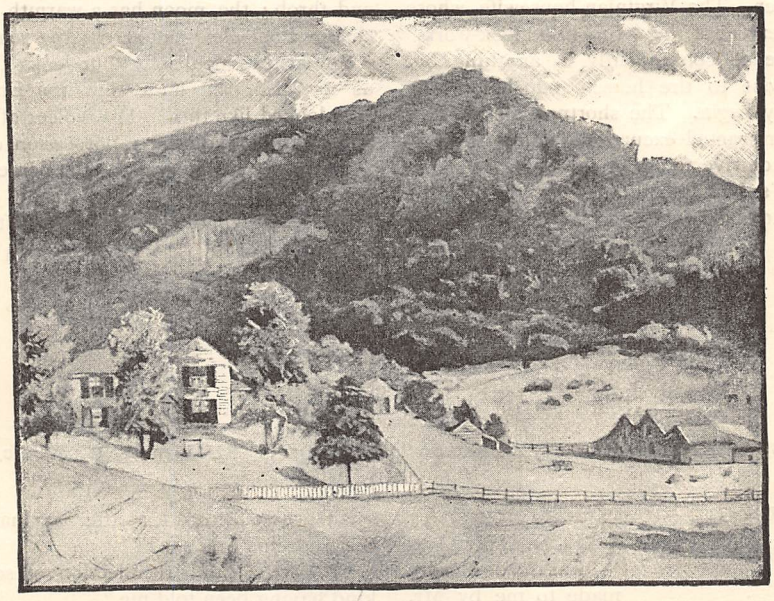
however well hung, upon the Virginian roads—or what we call roads, for the sake of calling them something. How much less so in winter, when they are axle-deep in mud or snow (probably both), varied by rocks, bottomless ruts and mud-holes—allowed to remain, we suppose, for the sake of lending interest—or, perchance, excitement—to the drive! It is along such highways as these that the farmer hauls his produce to market, and no arguments have, so far, had power to convince him that a little timely labour expended on the roads would be repaid tenfold by the eventual saving in vehicles, draught animals, and labour generally. There are, of course, "road-laws"; but the laws are either ill-kept or the work is ill-done. Anyhow, the results leave everything to be desired.

The changing days of winter are more favourable to our grand mountain scenery than are those of summer. The fine wooded heights take on in swift transition the most exquisite shades of brown and blue beneath the clear-washed sky or the trailing shadows of the sombre winter clouds. Indescribably gorgeous as are the fall tints, there is something yet more satisfying to some lovers of colour in the rich and varying hues of our December and January days.

Out of the six summers I have spent here, I have known two pleasant and fairly cool ones; yet even these two would have been considered distinctly hot by some English people, though not by those who, like myself, have never felt too warm in England. The four remaining summers were, I was informed, exceptions to the general rule.

An English person's idea of summer is of lazy sunshiny hours spent in the open air. But with us all this is changed. Shall we forsake our comparatively cool and semi-dark apartments in order to be baked out of doors, where even shade does not mean coolness? No. Such follies as that of sitting in the garden, except on cloudy days—days which are hailed with a rapture which speaks volumes in itself—or of leaving our blinds open so that the heated air may enter and the flies disport themselves in our house, are abandoned to the stranger. And neither does he (or she) long indulge in them. The most British of the Britishers is fain, finally, to confess that there may be good reasons for customs to which he is unaccustomed.

Perhaps it is rather the length than the actual heat of a hot summer in Virginia which is found trying by some constitutions, native and foreign alike. When people at the North are being invigorated by glorious fall weather in which the mere sensation of living is a delight, we are still looking sallow and dried up, and feeling exhausted by the apparent endlessness of the "heated term," extending, as it occasionally does, far into October, or even November, and thus cheating us out of our fall. Without punkahs or trained servants, or in a frame-house, the very walls and furniture of which are hot to the touch, summer may become tedious. We have what is politely called "the mountain breeze," and often we wish we had it not. It is a scorching blast which disheartens all nature, except the flies. The flowers droop and fade before it; the whole earth parches. We are liable, during the summer months, to more or less lengthy droughts, broken only by terrific storms; and then the lack of broad streams and lakes, and the presence of those interminable fields of scrub-grass, can scarcely be atoned for even by the beauty of the mountains, so barren and thirsty does the land appear.



AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME IN VIRGINIA.

Never shall I forget going North towards the close of one universally dry summer, and my first

sight of the Northern ranges—the White, the Green, and the stern Adirondacks—their feet clothed in living verdure, the brilliant meadows in the valleys dotted with neat and home-like farms, in marked contrast to the straggling untidiness of the Virginia homestead.

With us the nights are said to be cool. Would that I could endorse that opinion wholesale! But there remain bitter memories of nights hardly more refreshing than days—of friends driven to sling hammocks in porches—of open doors and windows which failed to relieve the stifling atmosphere within. Happily, however, we do not always suffer thus.

The evening is our time for recreation, when everybody's work is over. The Virginian housewife, whose domestic machinery does *not* "run like clock-work," and whose existence consequently is anything but easeful, is too wise to tire herself out before the labours of the day begin. The shortness of the twilight is against protracted excursions, unless there is a moon, but we contrive to make the best use of the brief Blind Man's Holiday allotted us. When the houses are near together—as, in the country, is only the case on the outskirts of a village—neighbours wander backwards and forwards, and sit in one another's porches, and enjoy themselves in a cheerful and informal manner. On moonlight evenings, buggies and riders turn up from a distance, and the simple supper—with its coffee and iced tea, its warm rolls light as foam, its fruits and cakes, its possible stewed or fried oysters, and its inevitable ham—is shared by all without ceremony or special invitation. "We are always prepared for friends" might well be the Virginian motto.

Night it is not, this moonlight in Virginia, but a new and wondrous day. The mountains rise vaguely beautiful into the translucent sky; the stars are alive, and throb; the moon has a warmth of her own; the shadows fall clear-cut across the road, or upon grass which at this idealising hour looks fresh and velvety as any English lawn—but no English moonlight ever looked like this. The voices of the whip po' will and of the katydid have possession of the night, only overpowered at intervals by the fierce barking of dogs behind yard-fences, as the steady tramping of the horses' hoofs rouses one lone farm after the other.

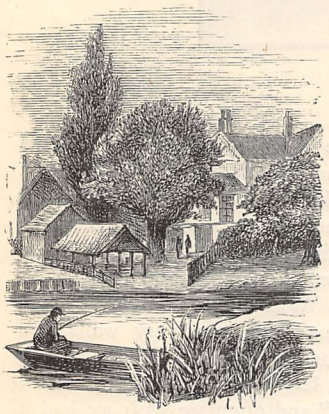
EDITH M. NICHOLL.

JOHN FORD:

HIS FAULTS AND FOLLIES, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

By **FRANK BARRETT**, Author of "Honest Davie," "Hidden Gold" &c. &c

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.



ASTONISHING as was the disclosure made to me by Mr. Leader, he had yet to reveal matter of still greater consequence.

"Now, sir," said he, after giving me time to mentally digest what I had heard, "what do you know concerning Anne, the wife of Benjamin Ford?"

"Scarcely anything. She died in my infancy. My father—that is, Benjamin Ford—has avoided the subject: it revived painful memories. I was too young to take interest in a person I had no remembrance of at the time when she still dwelt in the remembrance of the village people."

"You know that she was strongly attached to Benjamin Ford, and he to her?"

"Yes."

"You know also, perhaps, that previous to her marriage she was in the service of Sir Andrew Armstrong's first wife?"

"I have heard that."

"Have you heard that after her marriage she nursed Sir Andrew's first son?"

"I have a faint recollection of something of the kind having been told me."

"You know that Mr. Harry Armitage is not the first son of Sir Andrew?"

"I must have heard a rumour to that effect at some time. The fact doesn't surprise me as it would if I heard it now for the first time."

"You don't know what became of his first son, then—what the popular belief concerning him is?—or, rather, was—for very few people in Kitford know anything about it now, my partner tells me."

"No."

"The belief is that through your mother's neglect the child was stolen from the house by hoppers. Such a belief as that might have obtained credence a hundred years ago, but no one in his sane senses could believe it now. As a general thing, hoppers have no cause to augment the numbers of their families in that way. They would be more likely to leave a child at Armstrong House than to take one from it. Still the hypothesis, unlikely as it was, had to be accepted. No trace whatever of the child could be found. Anne Ford told a plausible tale. She was known to be passionately attached to her mistress, and her honesty and worth were above suspicion. Her intense grief—resulting in brain fever, of which she shortly after died

—was a further evidence of her innocence, in the opinion of the principal persons concerned. A practical man would say, if the child was taken by dishonest persons, he would long since have been produced for their profit; but nothing has ever been heard of him, which proves he was not taken for a dishonest purpose. We come now to Benjamin Ford's statement of the fact."

Mr. Leader turned his chair to the table, and attacked the sheet of foolscap in good earnest.

"'On her death-bed,' says Benjamin Ford, 'my poor wife—being then as reasonable as I am—bade her mother leave the room, and taking my hand in hers, said—

"'John, I cannot quit this world without unburdening my mind of a secret which has distracted me so long. The little darling down-stairs'—she referred to you, sir, whom her mother had carried out of the room—'the little darling down-stairs is not our son. That day you went to London to see what must be done about the apprentice that had run away, the notion came into my head that I would make something nice for your supper, and leave it in the chimney-corner by way of surprise. I left Sir Andrew's son in his cot asleep, and taking our dear little John in my arms, I went home, and there set about making a rice pudding. I fetched a couple of pillows from your bed, and wrapping our little one in my woollen shawl, I laid him upon the floor beside the table, that I might see him as I worked. At the last moment I found that there was no sugar in the house, and as it was then getting late, past eight o'clock, and I knew the general shops would be closed against your return, I ran out of the house to buy some. Coming back, I was stopped by Mr. Meed, who had seen the apprentice who had run away, and I was obliged to stay and listen to him. When I got home, I found the room full of smoke, and all dark, save a little patch of red mouldering on the floor. The candle had fallen from the table, set fire to my shawl, and our child was suffocated. When I came to my reason I thought of you, who loved our boy so fondly, and of the blow his death would be to you, and after casting about for some time, I determined to make up a lie to spare you. I wrapped the dead body of our child in your old apron, and buried it at the bottom of the garden. My shawl only was burnt; I took that away, and left the room as I found it. I went back to the House, and dressed Sir Andrew's son in our child's clothes. Then my courage left me; I dared not go and tell the servants. They came to me in the morning, when I was almost beside myself with the grief and terror of that night. I told them that Sir Andrew's son was gone.'"

Mr. Leader turned to me. "This," said he, "is Anne Ford's confession, as narrated to me by Benjamin Ford. I see no reason to doubt the truth of it; do you?"

I could not reply. I was bewildered.

"If this statement is true," Mr. Leader continued, "you are Sir Andrew's son and heir to the baronetcy. It is a claim that we should certainly not support unless we felt justified by the evidence; therefore, when I tell you that I should feel justified in supporting you, it will be understood that I regard the evidence as conclusive. In the first place, the story is far more feasible than that invented by this wretched servant, Anne Ford. Secondly, Benjamin Ford's conduct is fully explained by the one word—selfishness. From your boyhood you have been of the utmost use to him. Even gratitude could not move him to divulge the secret, until the discovery of those remains in his garden frightened him. Naturally he thinks that you who have been good to him all his life will not forsake him now, and that he will have a greater claim upon you by revealing the truth than if he waited until it was drawn from him by searching legal inquiry. Thirdly, you in your own person support the theory that you come from a family of position. I undertake that your appearance in the witness-box will convince any jury that you are not the son of the blacksmith, Benjamin Ford. Except that you and he are perhaps alike in being above the ordinary stature, there is no point of resemblance—and fine men, I take it, sir, are not uncommon in Kent. Sir Andrew, I am told, is himself of no insignificant figure. Benjamin Ford is bloated, coarse, ignorant, and dark; you, despite the training you have had, are every inch a gentleman: your features have nothing in common with that brutal blacksmith. You speak like a man of refinement and culture; and, unless I am misinformed, you can give proof of intellectual attainments which no peasant-born man could possess. I am perfectly convinced that the jury will find for you—if the case should go into court. I am as sure of that as I am that at the present moment I am addressing Mr. John Armstrong."

I started from my chair, and walked up and down the room to collect my thoughts. I was thinking more of what Mr. Richie had said to me than of Mr. Leader's arguments.

"If I am John Armstrong, Miss Westlake will be my wife," I said to myself, as the result of these cogitations.

"Look in that glass, sir," said Mr. Leader, after some minutes had been passed in silence, "and tell me if you see there a gentleman or a peasant?"

I looked in the glass, and as I recalled to my mind the figure of Benjamin Ford maudlin over his mug of ale at Wrotham, I saw that there was no resemblance between us. My inherent vanity increased the advantages reflected in the glass.

"Well, sir, what is your conclusion?" he asked.

"Ford's statement is true!" I said emphatically, and with a feeling of exultation, as though I had been drinking strong wine. Indeed, I was morally intoxicated at that moment.

"Then, may I ask you, Mr. Armstrong, to put your case in our hands?"

I re-seated myself and looked at Mr. Leader for explanation, not yet comprehending the situation.

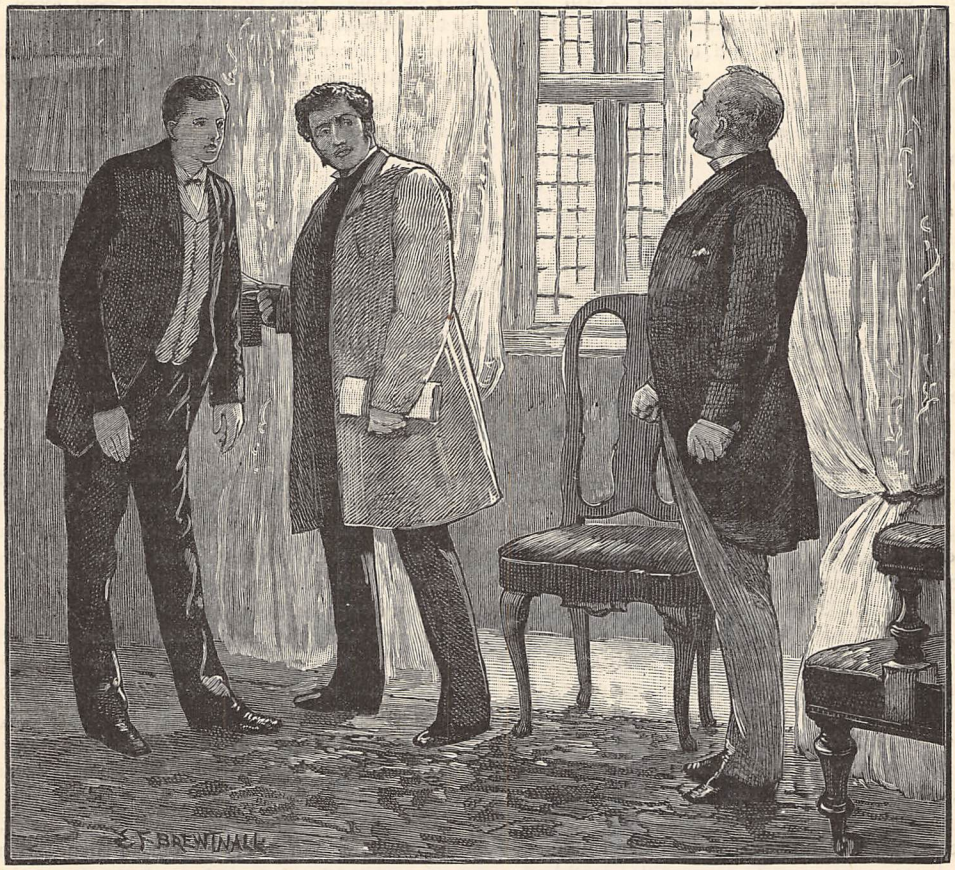
"In a matter of this kind one must proceed with extreme caution, or all is lost. Probably—naturally, in fact—you think that, having proved your identity to your own and my satisfaction, you have only to

present yourself at Armstrong House, and repeat the substance of our interview, to be received by Sir Andrew and his family with open arms. But you must take into account the existence of prejudice. It would be far more easy to convince a hard-headed matter-of-fact lawyer or a dozen impartial judges of your identity than to prove it to the satisfaction of your own father. I have reason to know that he looks upon you as a lawless desperado, mischievously bent upon disturbing his peace and the peace of his family. Now, his first words on being informed of your claim will be, 'I don't believe one word of it. This is a trumped-up story, devised by the fellow himself to get possession of Miss Westlake.' And if he refuses to listen to reason, what are you to do? If you could prove by circumstantial evidence to any number of disinterested persons that you were his son, he might still deny it, and shut his door in your face. You have no claim upon a single penny of his fortune. And let me then say—if I may be allowed again to approach a delicate subject—that while you are treated by your own father as an impostor, Miss Westlake cannot possibly give you countenance. Your claim, indeed, will be rather a disadvantage than an advantage to you, as far as progress in her esteem is concerned."

"What shall I do?"

"I beg to suggest that you leave the affair entirely in our hands, and—and keep out of the way as much as possible until we have come to an arrangement"

"What course do you propose to take?"



"'I WILL DELAY NO MORE'" (*p.* 678).

"That is a matter for careful consideration. We shall give it our immediate and exclusive attention as soon as we are authorised to act for you."

"Of course I commission you to act on my behalf."

"Extremely honoured, I'm sure. A couple of lines in the form of a letter, instructing us to act, will be all that is necessary. Here is paper, and a pen."

I took up the pen and wrote what he required, signing, for the first time in my life, "John Armstrong."

"Now," said I, handing him the paper, "let me know what you intend to do."

"One method occurs to me at once, Mr. Armstrong, and that is to make Sir Andrew instrumental to the discovery of the truth. We can find means to raise

an inquiry. That leather apron, and the fact that the remains were found in a garden formerly belonging to the man who calls himself your father, will naturally lead to an examination of Benjamin Ford, from whom, by severe cross-examination, we shall draw out the facts. Ford is clever enough to follow our instructions, and the result will be a publication of facts which Sir Andrew will be unable to contest."

There was a strong flavour of chicanery in this plan which was not at all to my taste, and I said so plainly.

"I admit," said he hastily, "that this method is one which we should regret to employ. The alternative is to lay the case before the baronet in as simple and judicious a manner as possible, and trust to his sense of justice and rectitude."

"That is the plan to go upon."

"Very good, Mr. Armstrong; if that is the plan that you approve of, we will follow it, although we cannot be held responsible for failure."

"Of course not."

"As I have pointed out, it is most advisable that you should not appear upon the scene until all is concluded. The slightest word or act on your part might excite Sir Andrew's suspicion or confirm his prejudice, and against these we have to combat."

"I shall not interfere."

"You will be good enough to let us know where letters or telegrams may be sent to you; and if I may offer advice upon a detail seemingly trivial, but in reallity of great importance, I should suggest that you conform your dress and habits in accordance with your new position, Mr. Armstrong, in order that if you are summoned to Armstrong House at any moment your appearance may help to influence your father in your favour."

I determined to stay in London pending the negotiations, and promised to give my address when I had found an hotel to my taste. Then, after a few words concerning my means of payment—on which point I was able to satisfy Mr. Leader's covert doubts—I left him, he promising to communicate with me as soon as the important step had been taken.

"It may be quite a week before you hear from us," he said, as we separated at the head of the stairs, "as it is of the utmost importance that we take a favourable opportunity of addressing Sir Andrew."

As I puzzled my way out of the court into the Strand I asked myself how on earth Benjamin Ford had come to find out this firm of lawyers.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

SIX days of restless inactivity passed, then on the seventh I received a telegram calling me at once to Sun Court.

In the dingy office I found the same partner I had met before. He came towards me with a beaming face and outstretched hand.

"I am glad to see you, Sir John," he said; "and happy to be the first to address you by your title."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in amazement.

"Your father is no more. Sir Andrew Armstrong died yesterday."

It is not to be supposed that I had a son's affection for Sir Andrew, but the unexpected tidings of his death so shocked me that I could not at once grasp the full significance of its bearing on my fortunes.

"Sir Andrew dead!" I murmured, sinking into a chair.

"The melancholy event took place yesterday morning," said Mr. Leader, assuming an air of respect, as he saw the effect his announcement had upon me. "Cerebral apoplexy, I am informed. In the prime of life—most distressing! Cut off before his time, Sir John; and intestate." He uttered the last word with a somewhat more cheerful tone, and an emphasis calculated to arouse my curiosity. Seeing that it failed of his intent, he said, after a pause, "Perhaps you would like me to give you the particulars?"

"Did he know that I was his son? Did he send any message to me?" I asked.

"He did, Sir John. It will be clearer, and perhaps more expeditious, to put recent events in the order of their occurrence."

Mr. Leader here drew himself up to the table, and having consulted his inevitable sheet of foolscap, proceeded—

"On Wednesday—the day before yesterday, Sir John—I called upon Sir Andrew at his residence, having previously apprised myself that he was in good health and spirits—a most important condition in an affair of this kind. He received me in the library. I begged him to prepare himself for a most extraordinary communication, and to give his attention in a calm and unprejudiced spirit to a disclosure which it was my duty to make. He requested me very curtly to state my business without regard to his feelings. I then proceeded with the utmost caution and delicacy to approach the subject of his lost son. From that, I went on to draw a figure of the kind of man the son of such parents would become, deprived of fostering care and thrown upon his own resources—in which, of course, Sir John, I took care to represent him with such moral and physical endowments as you possess; in fact, though I did not mention your name, the late baronet could have no doubt as to whom the portrait was intended for; and then I branched off to hard facts—described the discovery made in Benjamin Ford's garden, laying stress upon the fact of the bones being found in a piece of leather, and so at length came to my interview with Benjamin Ford. And here, that I might not upset Sir Andrew's equanimity by too suddenly bringing the fact before him, I diverged into a description of Benjamin Ford, and the reasons he had to be grateful to you. I alluded to his sense of gratitude and his fear of justice, and was then about to return to his confession, when Sir Andrew interrupted me. Up to this time I must tell you he had listened to me with indulgent patience—not once breaking the flow of my discourse—but it seemed that at this point his power of self-control was exhausted. Rising from his chair, he said—

"'I think I can save you the trouble of wasting many words. You are acting on behalf of the young man whom, with your permission, we will continue to call John Ford?'

"Naturally, I assented.

"'And you are instructed by him'—here I bowed—'to call upon me, and bring me to believe that he is my son, and not the son of Benjamin Ford?'

"I begged to remind him that he had not yet heard the confession of Benjamin Ford and Anne, his wife.

"'Tell me,' said he, 'if it is true that you have come here to tell me that John Ford is my son?'

"No evasion was possible. I admitted that he had rightly divined my object.

"'In that case,' said he, 'I have no wish to continue this interview. If you brought a confession from every rascal in the kingdom, you would not make me believe that man my son.'

"He touched the bell.

"'One moment, Sir Andrew,' said I. 'There is a legal aspect to this affair which cannot be overlooked.'

"He turned upon me sharply, his face inflamed with anger.

"'I know there is,' said he. 'The law may constitute him my heir, though I refuse to acknowledge him as my son. My title he may get, but he shall have no more. From day to day I have put off making my will, in face of the possibility of my lost son being found; now that you show me the danger of delay, I will delay no more. Philip'—he addressed the servant who had entered the room—'tell Bax, or whoever is in the house, to take a trap and fetch Mr. Philips, the lawyer, from Sevenoaks at once; and show this person to the door.'

"'You have no message for your son?' I asked.

"'You may tell John Ford,' said he persistently, 'that he has over-reached himself—and—and——'

"He tottered backwards, and fell heavily into a chair. The servant gave a cry of terror. The household rushed into the room, and I was hustled out of it. The doctor was sent for, and the lawyer also—showing that the baronet had not at that time lost consciousness; but he was seized with a second fit before the arrival of Mr. Philips from Sevenoaks, and I am credibly informed that he never recovered consciousness, and died yesterday morning, as I have informed you, intestate. Thus, Sir John, you are heir not only to your father's title, but to his fortune also. I have but little more to add. Having assured myself of these facts by careful inquiry yesterday, I wrote a polite note to your brother, Mr. Harry Armstrong, begging him to give me, as your representative, a short interview. He replied by sending me the name of a highly respectable firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn. Now, sir, I await your further instructions. I shall, of course, call upon your brother's solicitors without delay. In all probability we shall be able to settle the succession amicably; but should Mr. Armstrong be disposed to contest your claim, we can take the matter into court with the almost absolute certainty of gaining our cause."

"You will do nothing whatever until you have my instructions," said I.

"Certainly not, Sir John; but allow me to point out that delay—in most cases dangerous—may in this be fatal."

"I will consider all that you have said," said I, rising.

"You will—I need not suggest it, I am sure—you will not fail to attend the funeral."

"That is a matter that does not concern you, Mr. Leader," I said; and then I withdrew, with a feeling of shame and anger which it is not necessary to account for. Though I did not for a moment doubt the justice of my claim to be recognised by Sir Andrew as his son, I felt somehow that I had been instrumental to his death.

I had sufficient good feeling to keep away from Armstrong House during the time that Sir Andrew lay there, and I took no part in the subsequent obsequies. I saw the coffin lowered into the grave in Kitford Churchyard, but from a point of view where I was not seen. I saw Miss Westlake there; when the ceremony was over, she went to the side of the grave and dropped flowers into it. Even at that distance I saw the tears of woe upon her pale face. She turned from the grave, burying her face in her hands, and as the village idlers drew aside in awe of her grief, Henry Armstrong came and led her quietly away. I would have given title, fortune, everything, to have comforted her in his place.

I suffered two days more to pass, then I wrote to Harry, asking him if I might call upon him, and signing my letter "John Armstrong." I gave the letter to the lodge-keeper to carry up to the house, and waited for a reply. The man came back and handed me a blank envelope; I opened it, and read on the enclosed sheet: "I wish to see you.—Harry Armstrong."

I stood again in that house, which I had already entered and quitted under such strange conditions, with a feeling stranger perhaps than any I had yet experienced.

The servant ushered me into the morning-room and left me. Presently the door opened and Harry Armstrong came in, looking pale and careworn. There was constraint upon both sides. Was I to extend my hand, or he is? We stood facing each other without a movement. We looked each other full in the face, trying to understand each the hidden secrets of the other. He was the first to speak.

"You have the reputation, John, of being truthful," he said: "it's the one good quality your most inveterate detractors have allowed you. Tell me now from your heart if you believe you are my father's son?"

"I do."

"I will believe you," he said, giving me his hand.

I could not respond heartily. I took his hand and that was all. I could never for a moment forget that he was my rival in the affections of Miss Westlake, and at that moment I was angry in being doubted.

"Why should you doubt my good faith?" I asked.

"Because my father doubted it. I am glad to think that he was in error."

"I am unable to understand my father's attitude towards me. He would not listen to the evidence which might have established my identity, even against his own prejudice. It seems as though he had foreseen my claim."

"He did foresee it. He was prepared for your solicitor's visit."

"Who prepared him?" I asked, in blank amazement.

"Mr. Richie," answered Harry, eyeing me closely.

"Who is Mr. Richie?"

"You do not know him?"

I reflected, and then bethinking me of the Mr. Richie who had reasoned with me at the *fête*, I said, "He who took charge of me on the night of your *fête?*"

"Yes."

Harry never took his eyes from mine. I could not understand it. I stood in silence, and ran over in my mind all that had passed between us; then I said—

"I can think of nothing that could lead him even to suppose that I was Sir Andrew's son. I did not know it myself at the time. I did not speak half a dozen words to him."

"And you have not seen him since?"

"Not once. I have not seen him nor heard his name mentioned."

"I am glad to hear it. I don't see any necessity to go into that branch of the subject. It is unpleasant to me, and would be to you. Let us sit down; there's no particular reason for standing up. We'll get through our business talk as speedily as possible The claim you made through your solicitor on the day of my father's death——"

"He acted without my authority in that," said I, blushing for the indecency of the man who represented me.

"That's what we said. You know," said he, turning towards me with a faint smile on his delicate face, "we've always tried to think the best of you, John."

I was humbled with a sense of my own unworthiness. How little had I studied their feelings, or tried to think well of them!

"However," he proceeded, with a shrug, "there's no reason why we shouldn't speak about it now. It must be settled sooner or later. Well, then, let me tell you that now my doubts are dispersed I shall give up everything to you. The lawyers, of course, will have to settle things, but you may rely upon there being no opposition on my part to your succession."

I kept my head down. I felt ashamed, I know not why.

"There's no generosity or anything of that kind on my part in this transaction. I was advised by my lawyer not to contest the point, so that had you *not* dissipated my doubts you would have possibly been in the same position as now, only that you would not have had my good-will, which I hope you consider is worth the having."

I made a blundering reply awkwardly. I was ill at ease. I almost wished that I had not his good-will, for I loved the girl whom he loved, and whom Sir Andrew had chosen for his wife. I intended to win her from him if it was in my power, and my intention was rendered base, unbrotherly, and mean by his favour to me. It seemed that neither of us could overcome the wearisome feeling of restraint which was due chiefly to my silence. He spoke with kindliness and courtesy, but without warmth. There was no fraternal feeling at all between us. A certain formality in his phrases indicated that he did not yet recognise me as more than a stranger. When he spoke of Sir Andrew, he said, "my father," as if he were not also mine. Yet it was obvious that he wished to break down the barrier between us, and make me feel that I owed nothing to his generosity, and that he was simply yielding to me what was mine by unalienable right. However, the barrier remained; and after some minutes' conversation, in which I took the smallest possible part, he said, rising from his chair, and leaning his shoulders against the chimney-piece—

"I am sorry Miss Westlake is not here; she has gone to visit some friends in Berkshire. There is no one in the world more sincerely your well-wisher than she. I shall write to her at once, and let her know what has passed between us. She returns next Monday; you will see her then. I suppose your affairs will be in order by that time?"

"Yes—oh, yes," said I eagerly; "I shall be disengaged on Monday."

"The few affairs I have to do will all be settled by then. Everything concerning money and that sort of thing I shall leave to the lawyers. Shall you live here, John?"

The question staggered me. I had not thought that my succession would enable me to live under the same roof with Miss Westlake.

"There is nothing on earth I desire so much," I said.

A shadow seemed to pass over the young fellow's face; but after a moment's pause he raised himself from the chimney-piece and said, with an assumed cheerfulness—

"Well, you will find everything ready for you; and on Monday afternoon we shall expect to see you."

He held out his hand, shook mine, accompanied me to the door, and we parted.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

I HAD little enough to do between that day and Monday. I spent a day in Newcastle; then, on my return to London, I paid Messrs. Leader and Leader for their services, and declined to have anything more to do with them, for I had reason to suspect that they were withholding something from me, and that they were neither straightforward nor honest. I could find Benjamin Ford nowhere, nor could I obtain any tidings of him. Henry Armstrong's hints led me to suppose that Mr. Richie had put him in communication with the lawyers with some underhand motive, and that he was now being purposely kept out of the way. These matters, however, weighed lightly on my mind com-

pared with the anxiety I felt regarding the forthcoming meeting with Miss Westlake.

Soon after midday on Monday I set off for my future home. At some little distance from the house I met Harry.

"I was going to the village with the hope of finding you there," said he, as he shook my hand. "Miss Westlake is compelled to leave by the 2.40 train."

"Compelled to leave?" I said, my heart sinking within me.

"She had made arrangements with her friends to start with them for Italy before my letter reached her, and unfortunately those arrangements could not be altered."

An unjust suspicion flashed upon my mind, and I glanced sharply at Harry; but nothing in his face or manner supported the idea that he was playing a double part.

"How long will she be away?" I asked.

"Six or eight weeks. I shall accompany her to Paris, if you will pardon me for running away so quickly."

"When shall you return?"

"That depends upon my fortune. The French Premier wants an English secretary, and an old friend of my father's is using his influence to get me the appointment. If he succeeds, I shall stay there, of course; if not, I shall come back to London and look about for something else."

"Why do you think of taking a secretary's place?"

"I fancy it will suit my capacities as well as anything."

"It's a life of drudgery."

"I suppose there's drudgery in nearly every occupation by which young fellows live."

"But you have no reason to live by drudgery. Good gracious! You surely don't suppose that I'm going to keep the whole of the estate to myself!"

"It's all yours, except a certain portion of my mother's fortune."

"This is nonsense," said I. "All that there is shall be divided in two. You shall take one half and I'll take the other."

"That is a very generous proposal, John."

"It is no more than is just."

"Nevertheless, I should not feel myself justified in taking it."

"I can understand that a man with your delicacy and nice feelings should feel a repugnance in profiting by what you are pleased to call the generosity of a stranger; but there should be no such feeling between brothers. I can see that at present you find it difficult to regard me as a brother: I find it difficult myself. But the strangeness will wear off in time; and until the right feeling springs up between us we will leave the money alone. I've enough for my present requirements, and you have also, I dare say. We will live together here as if we had lived together from the beginning."

He was silent a moment, then he said—

"Now I begin to know you, John, I'm not surprised at your offer. It's the kind of proposal I hoped and partly expected you would make. But for the life of me I have been able to frame no plausible excuse for refusing it. Yet I must refuse it, and give you no explanation for my refusal. Say that I'm over-sensitive, capricious, obstinate, perverse—what you will—but believe at the same time that I am not ungrateful."

I walked up the avenue in dismal silence, for even the near prospect of meeting Miss Westlake could not reanimate my heart with the delight I had felt before meeting Harry. She also was going away. I had driven them out of their home.

We passed through the vestibule, where a couple of portmanteaus stood ready to be taken away, and Harry, opening the door of the morning-room, looked in, then said—"Here's John, Ruth," and closed the door, leaving me in the presence of Miss Westlake.

She met me with no studied look or fine phrase, but coming quickly forward, she held out her hand, which trembled a little, and said—

"I am so glad!"

I held her hand in mine, and gazed into her face with a feeling of rapture that lifted my mind above all earthly considerations. There was gladness in her beautiful eyes and tenderness in her voice that verified her words. A tender flush of colour suffused her cheeks, and this flush deepened when, after a moment's forgetfulness, she found that I still held her hand.

"Glad, and sorry at the same time," she said, with a change of tone, as she disengaged her hand, and with a nervous quickness, as though she feared and wished to escape a declaration of the passion that underlay my silence. "It is a strange welcome indeed for a long-lost heir!"

"Is it only the heir you have to welcome?" I asked.

"A brother, if you will," she replied; and without giving me time to take up that train of thought, continued, with the same nervous quickness—"I tried my utmost to get a few days, and Harry promised to take me to Italy if they would allow me to follow, but they wouldn't; and I must have thrown up the engagement if I had persisted in staying."

"What engagement?" I asked.

"Has not Harry told you that I have accepted a situation as governess to a family going abroad?"

"He spoke of friends. He might well conceal the fact."

"I consider these people as friends to me, and see no reason for concealing the fact that I am to be employed by them; do you?"

"I see a very strong reason for your not accepting that employment. In my father's lifetime you would not have given up ease and liberty for labour and servitude. If you do so now, it is because you will not take from me what you took from him."

"May I not excuse myself by urging that I made this engagement before I knew whether we had anything to hope for from you?"

"No, for that excuse would be unworthy of you. But if you doubted my generosity, then it shall not be in question now. I offered half of all that is mine to Harry, and he refused it. I offer all to you."

"On what conditions?"

"That you be my wife."

"That you consider a proof of generosity?" she said, with an accent of contempt. "In my opinion it proves that you wish to drive a bargain. I dare say it will astonish you to find that I think the bargain rather a hard one, so far as I am concerned."

"You do not understand me," I cried passionately.

"I hope I do not—I believe I do not. How can I understand your character, knowing so little of you? I have seen you always under conditions unfavourable to you. It is not because I would not understand you that I do not. Give me time to learn the good that is in your nature before making a proposal which it is impossible for me to entertain, knowing nothing. It is a subject which, for your own sake, you should avoid at present. Is it not enough for the time being that we should be good friends?"

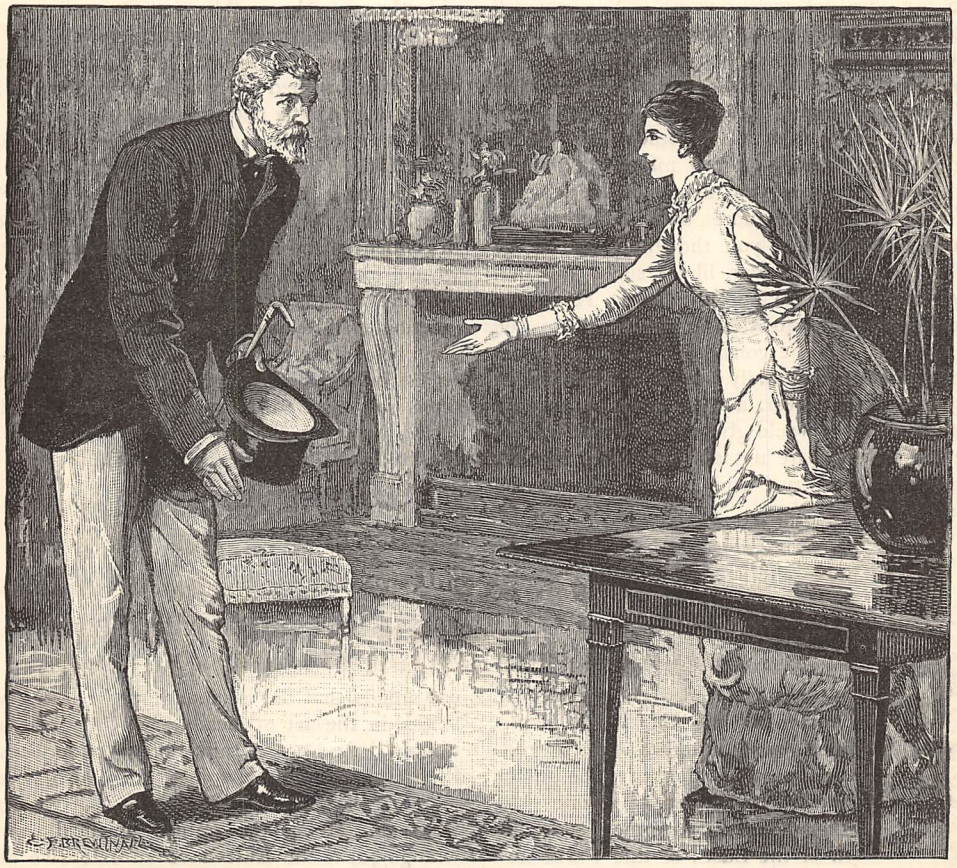
"No," I said, "it is not enough. You must be all to me, or nothing. I cannot endure suspense. What analysis is necessary to find if a piece of money is of base or false metal? We tell by the look, by the ring of it at once."

"But our eyes deceive us. You say I do not understand you. Does that not prove that to my eyes your appearance is deceptive?"

"You accused me of being ungenerous because I offered you myself and all that I have."

She paused a moment, then, looking at me gravely, she asked—

"Did you tell Harry that you meant to ask me to be your wife?"



"COMING QUICKLY FORWARD, SHE HELD OUT HER HAND" (*p.* 680).

"No."

"Do you know that it was Sir Andrew's wish that I should be his wife?"

"Yes," I answered, quailing under her steadfast gaze.

"I am told that the rumour is spread that I am to marry him. Have you heard and believed that report?"

"Yes."

"Yet you would have me believe that you are generous, and that I do not understand you?"

"What is Harry to me?—a brother in name. There is no affection between us; and if there were, it would count for nothing as an obstacle to my loving you. I would give up earth, heaven—everything for you."

"That is but a bargain, after all. You give up earth

and heaven because there is nothing in them that you value. That is not chivalry. Is it for my sake or your own that you would make the sacrifice you think so great?"

I could not reply.

"If marriage is to be degraded to a mere bargain, then we have a right to make our own terms. Granting that I am better than all the world, since you would give all the world for me, I should be foolish indeed to take a husband that is not—not, at least, equal to my ideal of manly worth. You yourself justify me in demanding a husband generous and chivalrous. You have shown yourself wanting in these qualities. Is it for my sake you have striven to raise yourself above the level of other men—that you might make my life happier than any other man could? or is it for your own—that you might obtain possession of me? Have you ever considered that I have a soul requiring more than temporal endowments? Admit that you thought I was to be bought by the highest bidder, like a slave, and that you have only sought to outbid others. Have you questioned your right to this estate? Have you justified your claim to be considered as Sir Andrew's eldest son? or have you blindly jumped at a conclusion that favoured your object, and assumed a position which you considered would give me into your hands? Tell me these things are not so—show me that my harsh suspicions are cruel and unjust, and you will make me happy."

I dropped my head, and stood silent and abashed before this just and clear-sighted girl.

"Oh! Heaven forbid that I should think you devoid of generosity, or believe you incapable of true chivalry in thought and deed!" she cried earnestly. "The noblest feelings may lie dormant until a heavenly touch awakens them. It is my fault, perhaps, that they have slept so long. Some word or act of mine may have misled you. Clearly, you have mistaken my character. Now that you are undeceived, a nobler object may awaken nobler sentiments."

"God grant it may," I said humbly.

"For the present we will talk no more of marriage. It is what I wished to avoid." And then, in a lighter strain, after a little fluttering sigh, she said, "It seems as if we were fated always to meet in a combative spirit."

"You have never met me in that spirit," I said, interrupting her. "Always you have approached me in gentleness and mercy, only abandoning that attitude when I forced you to defend yourself."

"Oh! that is kindly said," she cried; "and this meeting shall be at least happier than those that have gone before, for we will part good friends."

She held out her hand. I caught it in mine, and lifted my eyes to hers, that seemed filled with a divine radiance. Then I bent down and touched the back of her delicate white hand with my lips and set it free.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENTS FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

SOME months ago I spoke of the medical profession as one into which gentlewomen were entering, and I then made a passing allusion to the branch connected with zenana work—*i.e.*, work amongst the women and children of the East: of this I will now speak more fully.

It is probably known to all my readers that in Oriental countries the higher class of women maintain the strictest seclusion, and are not allowed by custom to have any freedom of action. Thus, however urgent the need for medical aid, it is very seldom that a doctor is permitted to enter a zenana; and even in those rare cases in which he is admitted, he is generally not allowed to examine his patient with sufficient care to insure a correct diagnosis.

Many women and children are thus compelled to lead suffering lives in consequence of being shut out from medical aid; but when this help can be tendered to them by those of their own sex, the barrier is removed: this long-existing difficulty of access to zenanas has now been thoroughly conquered by medical women.

When one thinks of the immense extent of India and its enormous population, there can be no doubt in our minds that the demand for our country-women skilled in the art of healing will be great and continuous. And not in India alone are services such as these appreciated and valued, for in China also, and in Syria, the woman medical missionary meets with a welcome. Hence the trained medical women who will go out to the East have an extensive field open before them, one in which they will find plenty of room and an ample store of useful work.

The course of instruction necessary to gain a medical degree is somewhat long and expensive, as may be gathered from the details given in my paper on the subject; it is too long and too expensive to be within the reach and grasp of more than a few of those who wish to become missionaries; the demand for medical workers is urgent, and in consequence of these pressing demands there was set on foot, a year or two ago, a Medical Mission School and Home for the express purpose of training for a short period gentlewomen who wish to devote themselves to zenana and medical mission work in Oriental countries. It is the opinion of Sir Richard Temple, whose words may reasonably be taken as of great weight, that there is need, both physical and moral, for an agency such as a school of this description provides. It has now been established

for three years, and during this period its operations have more than justified its existence, and have thus given good reason to predict its extended success. More than forty pupils have availed themselves of this training-school, which I must not forget to mention is to be found at 58, St. George's Road, S.W. Here opportunities are afforded which embrace a practical and thorough education for future needs of service, one which includes the particular needs felt in Eastern lands, as well as general knowledge always of use in all places and at all times.

Hospital instruction is given at the Hospital for Throat and Chest Complaints, at two Ophthalmic hospitals, and at the Hospital for Sick Women and Children, where also practical dispensing is taught; there is a maternity department, and students have to attend cases in the neighbourhood, under the supervision of a medical man. Lectures are given on practical anatomy, on practical cooking, on diseases of foreign climates, on home nursing, and other subjects. A room is set apart in the Home where patients are seen, and the services of the students are constantly and eagerly sought for by the people in the surrounding densely-populated parishes. Thus full and sound instruction is given during the two years which the student is required to devote to this study, at the end of which time a certificate of proficiency has to be gained at examinations which are presided over by physicians and surgeons connected with London hospitals.

Students may be resident or partial boarders. Residents pay one guinea per week for board and residence; those living in their own homes pay half a guinea per week if they have dinner and tea at the Home. All students pay five guineas per term (of which there are three in a year) for instruction fees. A special fund has been established to contribute towards the expenses of students whose means are limited.

Students are obliged to enter as probationers for one month; a decision is then made as to their fitness for missionary work.

I must draw attention to the fact that this school has a twofold object in view, and that those who govern it keep steadily to their original intention of combination. Students are not admitted who wish to attain medical proficiency merely; the privileges here obtainable are only accorded to those gentlewomen who feel actuated by a missionary spirit: who desire to let in the light of Christianity into the zenanas: who desire to carry the good news of the Gospel of Christ to the women and children of the East; it is for these only that this school opens its doors. All Protestant Christians who wish to be medical missionaries are admissible as students.

The advantages of a Christian home, and also of missionary preparation, are added to those of the medical education. Students have the opportunity of visiting the poor, of teaching in Sunday schools, of holding and attending Bible classes. I can bear personal testimony to the general air of brightness, cleanliness, cheerfulness, and homelikeness which pervades this School and Home.

I have been for some time reluctant to mention any depôts for the sale of work of which I may hear from time to time, because it has happened on several occasions that societies such as these have closed their doors immediately after any notice of them has come into print, and my readers have felt themselves aggrieved. I was, however, told of one the other day which has been in existence for the last eight years; the fact of this long life, together with the fact that there are always more applicants than can be placed on a list restricted to fifty, shows that its efforts are fully appreciated, and may perhaps lead others to combine their energies to start another elsewhere. The depôt is at 19, West Street, Weston-super-Mare, and its motto is—"Help those who strive to help themselves."

Perchance those who have read these papers may have wondered why I have not spoken of literature and authorship as an employment suitable for gentlewomen. It is suitable, there can be no doubt; but about its being remunerative there is certainly a doubt. When circumstances oblige this class of our community to gain their livelihood, there are two means to which the majority turn—to teaching and to writing. Of the former method of earning I have lately spoken; of this latter subject I should like to say a few words.

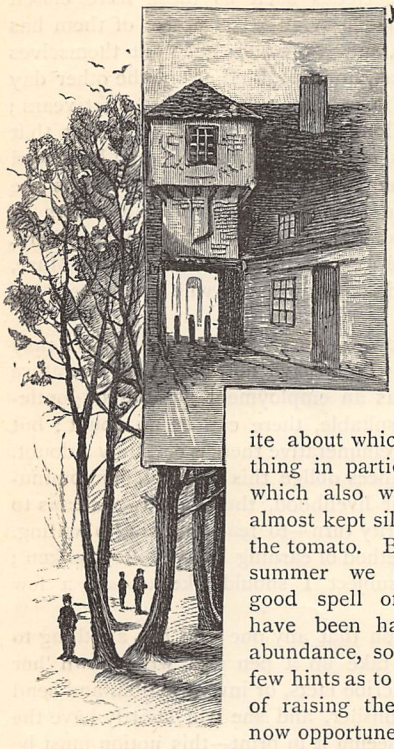
The supposition that any one who has anything to say has only to take up a pen and write down her thoughts, or describe facts, or invent fiction, and send the MS. to a publisher, and she will shortly have the gratification of seeing it in print—this notion must be widespread, for floods of MSS. surge into editorial offices, and oftentimes the packet is accompanied by a pathetic letter, telling of the writer's great need of money, and begging the editor to take this product of the brain and to send a speedy remittance.

As a matter of fact, those who would gain a living, or add to their incomes, by the help of pen, ink, and paper, must in this, as in all other arts, be content to serve an apprenticeship, and to practise and to study, and to strive to acquire the necessary qualifications. I wonder whether I exaggerate when I say that not one person in five hundred could sit down and write, without previous trial, a piece of prose which would read well in print, either in magazine or book.

Have any of my readers tried the employment of pianoforte-tuning? The requisites for this are few and inexpensive, and the work is not arduous. Perhaps it may be said to be a precarious method of making money, but it would be combined with some other method until a certainty of constant employment was secured. Correctness of musical ear must be possessed, of course, in the first instance; with that in possession, the other acquirements are not difficult to attain. The best plan to pursue is to take a few lessons on the construction of the pianoforte, and also to get permission to practise rough tuning in a pianoforte manufactory, where half-finished instruments are put in tune. The payment received for tuning pianos by experienced tuners is from three-and-sixpence to five shillings.

A. S. P.

THE GARDEN IN OCTOBER.



THIS is our fruit harvest month, or perhaps we should rather say the last of our harvesting months. And before giving our brief gardening calendar for October, we shall select this time a popular and eatable favourite about which to say something in particular, and about which also we have hitherto almost kept silence. We mean the tomato. By the end of the summer we should, after a good spell of hot weather, have been having them in abundance, so that perhaps a few hints as to the best method of raising them may be just now opportune. There are, of course, several varieties of the tomato, but the one best known to us is the large red tomato, which has deeply-divided leaves, and whose flower is a bright yellow. Perhaps, however, we had better hint first at a few of the popular varieties.

Next to that already mentioned, we may notice the small red tomato, which has globular fruit. Then there is a rather more tender variety, called the pear-shaped tomato, but its fruit does not ripen so readily as some others. The red cherry species, thought to be originally the parent of all the other varieties, is about as large as the largest-sized cherry. Being somewhat more acid than some of its descendants, it is perhaps the best for pickling whole just as it is. The yellow tomato, whether large or small, is a somewhat inferior variety, and not being particularly worth cultivating, we shall merely notice it and pass on.

The tomato, then, is, in the first place, of easy culture. It is of a rather coarse growth. It likes a sheltered spot, plenty of heat, a light and rich soil, and no damp lurking about underneath. The presence of over-much damp and wet, or the absence of sun, is the cause of the failure of tomatoes, as, instead of ripening, they would often, under these adverse circumstances, become mouldy and rot off.

About the middle of March, then, sow the seed in pots filled with light rich earth. Cover the seed only lightly, and place the pots inside your cucumber frame, in which of course at that time there would be plenty of room. Very soon they will make their appearance, when the young plants must have some air, otherwise they will soon begin to get drawn up and become early in a weakly condition. As soon as they have attained the height of some two or three inches, pot them off again in small pots, one or two in a pot, according to their size. Once again must they then be set in a close frame of some kind until their roots are well established, when they will also want more air, and should from that point, in fact, become gradually accustomed to the open air.

This process of hardening off, with a little painstaking, and protection from the frosts of a May night, will easily be accomplished; and about the third week of May, when the season is fairly favourable, your plants can be turned out and planted against a south wall, or say, in the small spaces that you probably have between your fruit-trees. Your plants will now rapidly advance. Where you have no wall, some sort of sloping embankment of earth will be of service to them, or even a good board, provided it be thoroughly and strongly supported against being blown down by the wind, which would entail the destruction of your plants.

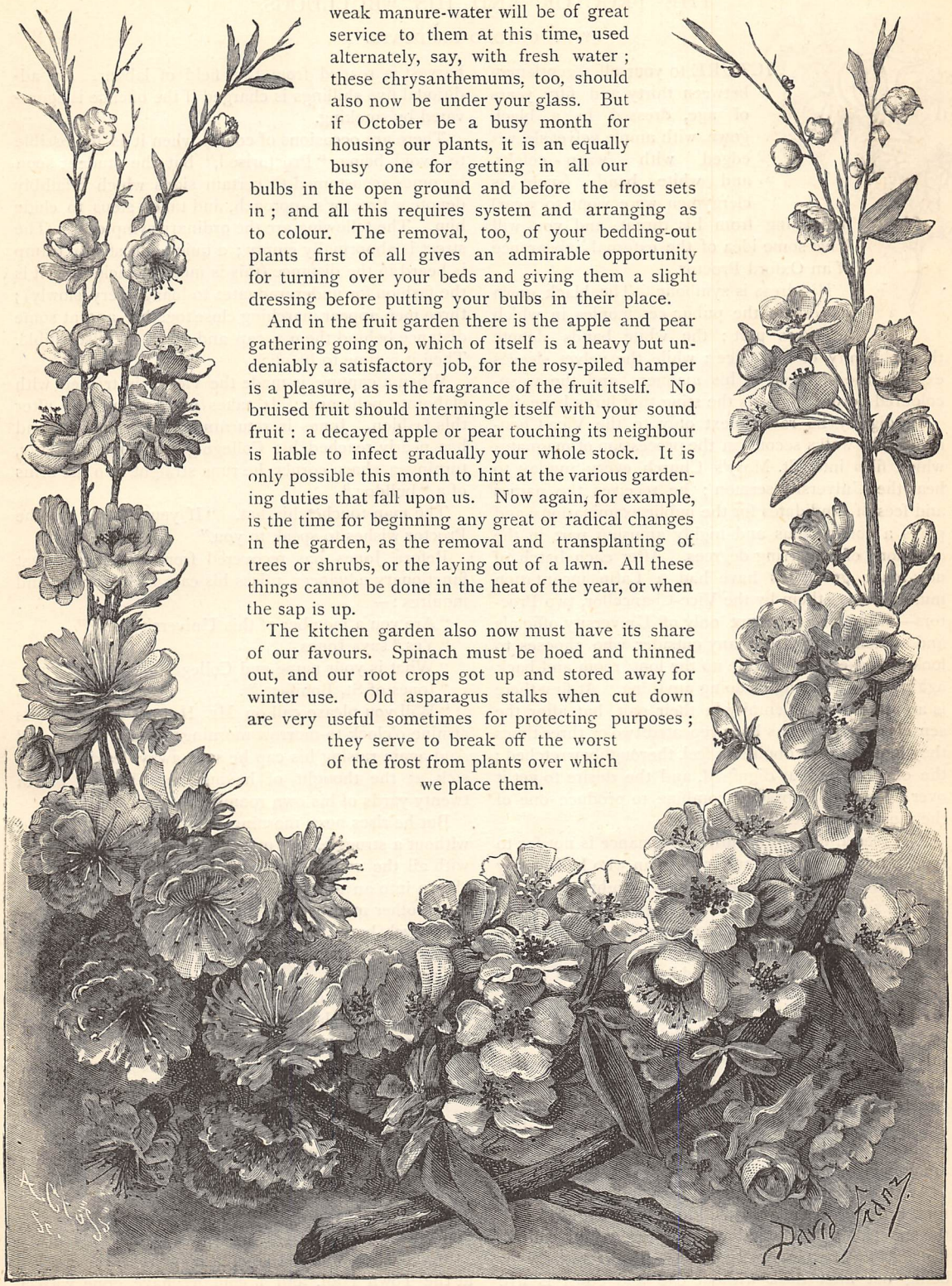
Against your wall or embankment, then, your young plants should be nailed or secured as they grow, and when the two first trusses of bloom on each shoot are formed, the little branches should be stopped just beyond the leaf which is above the second truss, nor should any more lateral shoots be allowed to form. Try also carefully to preserve the foliage, and especially those leaves that are very near the blooms. On each plant the number of shoots should vary from three to five, having thus from six to ten trusses of fruit on the plant; for if you overburden your plant it will become exhausted, while a moderate and reasonable amount only being left upon the plants, your fruit will not only be larger, but stand a better chance of ripening. As the fruit ripens, the leaves should not be allowed to shade it. Small or badly-placed berries had better be removed, while the fruit if clinging too closely together are liable to damp and moulder off. By October, or a little earlier perhaps, the last of it will be on the plant, and as the first frost will destroy your plant, your remaining fruit, whether ripe or not, should be gathered and laid in a warm and dry room, or on a shelf in your greenhouse, where it will probably colour and ripen well.

And, to turn to the general garden, we are certainly busy during the early part of this month in housing our plants and getting everything snug into winter quarters; but the greenhouse should have no fires as yet, unless for the purpose of drying during an excessively wet season. The chrysanthemums, our final hope of flowers for the fading year, will naturally draw upon our time and pains. Give them as much air and light as you can while their flowers are expanding, as this will make their colour both clearer and brighter. Keep them also just now well watered: a little

weak manure-water will be of great service to them at this time, used alternately, say, with fresh water; these chrysanthemums, too, should also now be under your glass. But if October be a busy month for housing our plants, it is an equally busy one for getting in all our bulbs in the open ground and before the frost sets in; and all this requires system and arranging as to colour. The removal, too, of your bedding-out plants first of all gives an admirable opportunity for turning over your beds and giving them a slight dressing before putting your bulbs in their place.

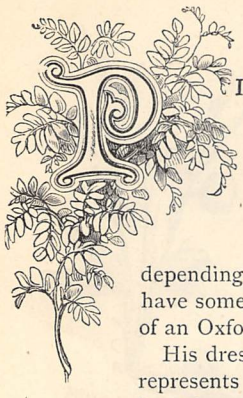
And in the fruit garden there is the apple and pear gathering going on, which of itself is a heavy but undeniably a satisfactory job, for the rosy-piled hamper is a pleasure, as is the fragrance of the fruit itself. No bruised fruit should intermingle itself with your sound fruit: a decayed apple or pear touching its neighbour is liable to infect gradually your whole stock. It is only possible this month to hint at the various gardening duties that fall upon us. Now again, for example, is the time for beginning any great or radical changes in the garden, as the removal and transplanting of trees or shrubs, or the laying out of a lawn. All these things cannot be done in the heat of the year, or when the sap is up.

The kitchen garden also now must have its share of our favours. Spinach must be hoed and thinned out, and our root crops got up and stored away for winter use. Old asparagus stalks when cut down are very useful sometimes for protecting purposes; they serve to break off the worst of the frost from plants over which we place them.



THE PROCTOR AND HIS "BULLDOGS."

BY AN OXFORD GRADUATE.



PICTURE to yourself a gentleman between thirty and fifty years of age, dressed in a black gown, with ample velvet sleeves edged with wasp-colour, and white bands (such as clergymen were wont to wear) depending from his throat, and you will have some idea of the external appearance of an Oxford Proctor.

His dress is symbolic. The black gown represents the public ceremonies in which he takes part; the white bands denote the solemnity of his office; while the velvet sleeves express the softness of his manners, and the wasp-coloured border suggests the sting that lurks beneath.

In dignity he ranks next only to the Vice-Chancellor; he walks second in the procession of magnates which files into St. Mary's Church every Sunday to hear the University sermon; he receives the names and fees of candidates for the public examinations, and plays a conspicuous and highly amusing part in the ceremony of conferring degrees. After each batch of new-made graduates have had a Latin incantation mumbled over them by the Vice-Chancellor, two Proctors—in the presence not only of University officials and students, but also of any outsider who chooses to look on—sheepishly stride up the long room and back again without saying or doing anything. At first there is an attempt at solemnity in their gait, but after the senseless exercise has been repeated two or three times they look, as they doubtless feel, thoroughly wretched; the effort to appear dignified, and the desire to get it over as soon as possible, combine to produce one of the most comical effects ever seen.

The reason for this absurd performance is not far to seek. In ancient days any tradesman who had money owing him from an undergraduate might arrest the Proctor's course by plucking his sleeve, and so prevent the defaulter from taking his degree till his debt had been discharged. Few people know that this is the real origin of the term "plucked" as applied to failure in examination.

But this is by no means the only occasion on which the Proctor has to go on duty. It is a sad fact that this splendid dignitary, with his velvet sleeves and snow-white bands, is compelled to prowl about the streets by night, fulfilling the functions of a policeman. He is supported by three stalwart fellows in plain clothes, whose official title is "Proctor's men," but who are popularly known as "bulldogs."

At about eight o'clock every night one of the Proctors, with his attendant "bulldogs," sallies forth into the streets, hotels, and billiard-rooms of Oxford, collecting fines for the University chest. As the penalty for being out after dusk without cap and gown is five shillings, and the practice is almost universal, a rich harvest is reaped from this field of labour. An additional five shillings is charged if the offence is aggravated by smoking.

There are occasions of course when it is impossible to avoid being "Proctorised," but the student soon becomes accustomed to certain signs which infallibly denote a Proctor's approach, and takes steps to elude him. The following are the ordinary symptoms. The street is abnormally empty; a quick and steady tramp is heard in the distance (this is most suspicious, as it is the fashion for undergraduates to lounge very slowly); three men appear marching close together, and at some distance behind them a cap and gown are discernible. Then it is time to be off.

When a capture is made the victim is treated with elaborate politeness. It takes place somewhat after this fashion. Jones is returning from a concert, and has nearly reached his College-gates, when suddenly, turning a sharp corner, he runs straight into the arms of a "bulldog."

The man touches his hat. "If you please, sir, the Proctor wishes to speak to you."

Before Jones has recovered from the shock, that functionary advances, raises his cap with a bow, and inquires:—

"Are you a member of this University, sir?"

"Yes," says Jones.

"What is your name and College, sir?"

"Jones of St. Boniface."

"Will you please call on Mr. Hunter of All Saints at nine o'clock to-morrow morning? Good night, sir." And again raising his cap he sails away, leaving Jones sick at the thought of having been caught within twenty yards of his own rooms.

But he rises next morning determined not to yield without a struggle, and presents himself at All Saints with all the courage of conscious innocence. He is shown into an ante-room now occupied by at least a dozen other men bent on the same errand, all looking excessively bored, and one decidedly wretched; for the Proctor takes cognisance of graver questions than that of dress.

With just that degree of nervous excitement which a brave man feels on the eve of a great crisis, Jones watches his fellow-victims pass in and out in order of capture, and at last hears his own name called by the attendant "bulldog."

He is ushered into the Proctorial presence, and is amazed to see no longer the solemn functionary of last night, but a good-natured man in slippers and shooting-coat, standing with his back to the fire and his hands crossed under his coat-tails.

"Well, Mr. Jones, have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Well, sir, I was just coming home from the concert at the Town Hall, and I couldn't have gone with a gown over my dress-clothes."

WAITING FOR THE PROCTOR.

"*THE PROCTOR AND HIS 'BULLDOGS'*" (*p.* 606).

"Why not?"

"Well, sir, it wouldn't have been quite the thing. No one ever does."

"Pardon me, the Vice-Chancellor always appears in his academicals."

"Ah! sir, but it's a very different thing for the Vice-Chancellor. His robes mark him out for honour, mine would have had just the reverse effect."

The Proctor smiles as he glances at the miserable rag which does duty for an Oxford undergraduate's gown, and says—

"Very well, Mr. Jones, I will not dispute that point. However, as you have enjoyed the privilege of escaping ridicule you must be content to pay for it; I must trouble you for five shillings."

One term Jones's father came up to Oxford to see him, and invited him to dine at the Roderick Hotel, bringing a few of his friends. They had finished dinner, lit their cigars, and had just begun a game of pool, when the door softly opened, and a Proctor entered. After the customary civilities, he took down their names, and requested them to call upon him at nine o'clock next morning, Jones senior staring all the time in blank astonishment. When the official had disappeared, and he was informed that this visit meant a fine of ten shillings apiece, his amazement turned to hot indignation.

"Do you mean to tell me that—that—that fellow is at liberty to invade a private billiard-room in which I am entertaining my friends, and insult me by fining them all round?"

"Yes; it's a shame, isn't it?"

"Shame!—it's abominable! it's monstrous! I shall write to the Commissioners as soon as I get back to town."

Whether the old gentleman fulfilled his threat is uncertain; presumably not, for things remain unaltered to this day.

As might be expected, countless legends have gathered round the portly figure of the Proctor. The two following rest on more than usually good authority.

A certain undergraduate, who held an open scholarship at a hard-working College, and for whom a brilliant career was predicted, had the misfortune to be detected in a billiard-room after nine o'clock at night. Now it happened that the Proctor knew his captive as a student of great promise, and was unwilling to subject him to the degradation of a fine; on the other hand, he could not consent to defraud the University. After a few minutes' reflection a delicate compromise suggested itself. He conversed affably for some time, and then inquired, with much apparent interest—

"By the way, Mr. Princeps, have you subscribed to the Charity Organisation Society?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, let me recommend you to do so. I am a member of the Committee, and shall be happy to receive your subscription at once, if it is convenient to you."

"May I ask what is the usual donation?"

"Ten shillings—I am much obliged to you. Good morning, Mr. Princeps."

The other legend runs as follows:—

A famous young orator was returning one night from the Union Debating Society, and solacing himself with a pipe on his way home. Meeting a Proctor within a few yards of the Union, and suspecting that uncompromising zeal had led his foe to lie in ambush till the close of the debate—an unpardonable atrocity in the eyes of undergraduates—he determined to be even with him. So having given up his name and College, and made the usual morning appointment, he spent the rest of the evening in making a round of the public-houses, and returned to his rooms with his pockets nearly bursting, and a smile of triumph on his brow.

Next morning he called upon his captor, bearing in his hand a fat calico bag tied up with red tape.

"Mr. Spouter, I think?"

Spouter bows assent.

"Ah! you were smoking in the Corn Market last night, Mr. Spouter. I must trouble you for ten shillings."

Spouter unties his bag, and out rushes a torrent of halfpence.

"Will you oblige me by counting them, sir? I can only make two hundred and thirty-nine."

Spouter left Oxford next morning, and did not return till the following term.

But the serious question arises: Are the Proctors worth their salt?—Most decidedly, yes! Granted that the fine of five shillings for neglecting to wear cap and gown after dusk is an undignified extortion since the authorities could enforce their being worn, without the least trouble if they pleased; granted that there is a lot of solemn absurdity mixed up with the Proctorial office, as there is with offices far more important; it yet remains that these censors are of very real service.

It must be borne in mind that the so-called University "men" are mere lads just loosed from the bonds of school, overflowing with animal spirits, and having often excessive sums of money at their disposal; men in their notions, boys in their rashness, self-indulgence, and ignorance of the world. It is certain that were it not for some such restraint as the Proctors exercise, Oxford would be a bear-garden.

OLD NOTIONS CONCERNING BRIDESMAIDS.

A PLEASING and graceful usage which still retains its time-honoured place in our marriage ceremonies is the appointment of bridesmaids. Indeed, these daintily-attired attendants on the bride have an additional interest when we recollect that they can boast of a somewhat eventful and romantic history.

Thus, their office is in all probability a survival of the early primitive practice of marriage by capture, when the lady's friends resisted her being seized and carried off. Various traces of this custom may be found here and there throughout the country in some of our village weddings, where a mock contest between the friends of the bride and bridegroom forms part of the day's proceedings. Sir W. Scott, it may be remembered, in describing the marriage of Lucy Ashton, in the "Bride of Lammermoor," probably alludes to the custom of protecting the bride in the following speech of the boy-bridesman, Henry Ashton:—"I am to be bride's-man, and ride before you to the kirk, and all our kith, kin, and allies, and all Bucklaw's, are to be mounted and in order, and I am to have a sword, belt, and a dagger."

In some parts of the county of Durham, the bridal party is escorted to church by men armed with guns, which they fire again and again close to the ears of bride and bridesmaids. At Guisborough, in Cleveland, these guns, adds Mr. Henderson, in his "Folk-lore of the Northern Counties" (1879, p. 38), are fired over the heads of the newly-married couple all the way from church. There can be no doubt that this firing of guns is a survival of the fighting which really happened in primitive times, when marriage by capture was in force.

In this country, as far back as the days of the Anglo-Saxons, bridesmaids attended the bride at the wedding ceremony, although in later times they seem to have escorted the bridegroom, his friends waiting on the bride. As recently, for instance, as the middle of the last century, this was the popular mode of procedure, an illustration of which is given in the "Collier's Wedding":—

> "Two lusty lads, well dressed and strong,
> Stept out to lead the bride along;
> And two young maids of equal size
> As soon the bridegroom's hands surprise."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Scornful Lady" we have a further allusion to this practice:—"Were these two arms encompassed with the hands of bachelors to lead me to the church;" and in the old "History of John Newchombe, the Wealthy Clothier of Newbery," we have a graphic account of how his bride was "led to church between two sweet boys, with bride-laces and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves."

At the marriage of Philip Herbert and Lady Susan at Whitehall, in the reign of James I., two noblemen escorted the bride to church; and Elizabeth Stuart was conducted to the altar by two of the Palatine's bachelor friends. Spenser, again, in his charming picture of an Elizabethan bridal, "The Wedding of the Medway and the Thames," gives the bride for her attendants two bridesmaids and two bride-pages:—

> "On her two pretty bridesmaids did attend,
> Which on her waited, things amiss to mend
> And her before there paced pages twain,
> Both clad in colours like, and like away."

The custom, of course, varied in different localities, and thus Waldron, writing of a Manx wedding, says:—"They have bridemen and bridesmaids, who lead the young couple, as in England, only with this difference, that the former have osier wands in their hands as an emblem of superiority."

On her return from church, the bride was generally escorted by two married persons; and Polydore Virgil, who wrote in the time of Henry the Eighth, informs us that a third married man preceded the bride, bearing instead of a torch a vessel of silver or gold. This was popularly known as the "bride-cup," in which it was customary to place a sprig of rosemary. As a remuneration for their services on this happy occasion, those who led the bride to and from church received from her a pair of gloves during the wedding feast: a custom which apparently was at one time extended to all the guests, for Pepys, writing in the year 1663, tells us that he was at a wedding, and had "two pairs of gloves, like all the rest."

Again, instead of being so many graceful ornaments at the marriage ceremony, as nowadays, the bridesmaids in olden times had various duties assigned to them. Thus, one of their principal tasks was dressing the bride on her wedding morning, when any omission in her toilet was laid to their charge. At a wedding, too, where it was arranged that the bride should be followed by a numerous train of her lady friends, it was the first bridesmaid's duty to play the part of a drill-mistress: "sizing" them, says Mr. Jeaffreson, in his "Brides and Bridals," so that "girls of the same height walked together, and no pair in the procession was followed by a taller couple." She was also expected to see that each bridesmaid was not only duly provided with a sprig of rosemary, or a floral posy

pinned to the breast-folds of her dress, but had a symbolical chaplet in her hand.

In many parts of Germany it is still customary for the bridesmaids to bring the myrtle wreath, which they have subscribed together to purchase on the nuptial eve, to the house of the bride, and to remove it from her head at the close of the wedding day. After this has been done, the bride is blindfolded, and the myrtle wreath being put into her hand, she tries to place it upon the head of one of her bridesmaids as they dance round her; for, in accordance with an old belief, whoever she crowns is sure to be married within a year from that date. As may be imagined, this ceremony is the source of no small excitement, each bridesmaid being naturally anxious to follow the example of the bride.

Referring once more to the bridal wreath and chaplet, it is still a current notion in many parts of our own country that the bride in removing these must take special care that her bridesmaids throw away every pin. Not only is it affirmed that misfortune will overtake the bride who retains even one pin used in her marriage toilet, but woe also to the bridesmaids if they keep any of them, as their prospects of marriage will thereby be materially lessened.

Importance was formerly attached to the colours which the bride wore on her wedding day. Thus, in an old book entitled the "Fifteen Comforts of Marriage," a bride and her bridesmaids are represented conversing together respecting the colours to be used for the decoration of the bridal dress. It was finally decided, after various colours had been rejected, "to mingle a gold tissue with grass green," this being considered symbolical of youthful jollity.

Again, that the office of a bridesmaid was in times past not altogether a *sine qua non* may be gathered from the fact that during the period of the wedding festivities, which often extended over a week, the bridesmaids were expected to be in attendance, and to do whatever they could to promote their success.

Then there was the custom of "flinging the stocking," at which the bridesmaids took a prominent lead: a ceremony to which no small importance was attached. It has been made the subject of frequent allusion by our old writers, and one rhyme, describing a wedding, tells us:—

> "But still the stockings are to throw;
> Some throw too high, and some too low,
> There's none could hit the mark."

Misson further informs us that if the bridegroom's stocking, thrown by one of the bridesmaids, fell upon his head, it was regarded as an omen that she herself would soon be married; and a similar prognostic was taken from the falling of the bride's stocking, thrown by one of the groomsmen. It was the bridesmaid's duty, too, to present the bride with the "benediction posset," so called from the words uttered over it: a practice thus noticed by Herrick, in his "Hesperides":—

> "What short sweet prayers shall be said,
> And how the posset shall be made
> With cream of lilies, not of kine,
> And maiden's blush for spiced wine."

Suckling thus alludes to this custom:—

> "In came the bridesmaids with the posset,
> The bridegroom eat in spight."

Once more, the bridesmaids were supposed to look after the bride's pecuniary interests. Thus, at the church porch, when the bridegroom produced the ring and other articles relating to his marriage, the chief bridesmaid took charge of the "dow-purse," which was publicly given to the bride as an instalment of her pin-money. Horace Walpole, writing to Miss Berry in the year 1791, speaks of the dow-purse as a thing of the past, and writes as follows:—

"Our wedding is over very properly, though with little ceremony, and nothing of ancient fashion but two bridesmaids. The endowing purse, I believe, has been left off since broad pieces were called in and melted down."

It has been pointed out, however, that a survival of this usage is preserved in Cumberland. The bridegroom provides himself with gold and crown pieces, and when the service reaches the point, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," he takes the money, hands the clergyman his fee, and pours the rest into a handkerchief which the bridesmaid holds for the bride.

In Scotland, the bridesmaid is popularly known as the "best maid," and one of her principal duties was to convey the bride's presents on the wedding to her future home. The first article generally taken into the house was a vessel of salt, a portion of which was sprinkled over the floor, as a protection against the "evil eye." She also attended the bride when she called on her friends, and gave a personal invitation to her wedding.

Mr. W. Gregor, in his "Folk-lore of the North-east of Scotland" (1881, p. 92), describing an old Scottish wedding, tells us:—

"After the church door had been opened, the beadle or bellman was in attendance to lead the bridegroom to the *bride-steel*: that is, the pew that was set apart for the use of those who were to be married. The bride was now led forth and placed beside him, and great care was used to have her placed at the proper side. To have placed her improperly would have been unlucky in the extreme. Next to the bride stood her 'best-maid;' this office, though accounted an honour, not being unattended with risk. Three times a bridesmaid was the inevitable prelude of remaining unmarried."

Lastly, referring to similar customs on the Continent, it appears that in many parts of Russia the bride's attendants are often middle-aged women. Thus, according to one authority, when the priest has tied the nuptial knot at the altar, the clerk sprinkles on her head a handful of hops, after which "she is muffled up, and led home by a certain number of old women." Sir John Carr, noticing a Danish wedding procession which he one day saw, thus writes:—

"The fair heroine was preceded by three girls in mob caps, decorated with little bits of gold and silver lace, dressed in red jackets, each with a hook in her

hand, and followed by two old women with hooks also."

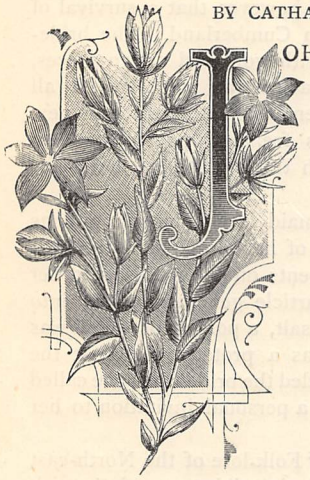
In years past marriages, we are told, in Spain were frequently attended with enormous expense, and one of the principal duties of the bridesmaid was to preside over the collection of bridal gifts, which were publicly displayed. Thus, to quote Lady Hamilton's words, in her "Marriage Customs" (1822, p. 140), she enumerated "the articles, carefully pointed out what belonged to the bride, what she owed to the tenderness or vanity of her lover, and what was given to her by her parents, whose generosity was always the greater from their knowing the public would be acquainted therewith."

Indeed, in most cases the bride has from time immemorial had her lady attendants, but it must not be supposed that they were always the elegantly-attired young ladies they are in our own country. Whereas nowadays they may be regarded as so many pretty and attractive appendages of the nuptial ceremony—symbols oftentimes of youth and beauty—they were formerly far less elaborately dressed, and were busily employed by the bride in making all the arrangements throughout the eventful season.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

A MODERN PYGMALION.

BY CATHARINE CHILDAR, AUTHOR OF "A MAID CALLED BARBARA," &C.



JOHNNY LUPTON was a very enthusiastic young man. Whether literature, art, or music, he raved about all and dabbled in each. Fortunately, he was not dependent upon any one of them for his daily bread, or Johnny might have been reduced to a very dry crust; he held a small Government appointment, where the pay was pretty good as times go. So he scraped his violin, and daubed his canvases, and wrote his little verses with a gay and careless heart.

The summer had come, and Johnny was to have his holiday. He determined to spend it abroad—not with crowds of tourists, nor in the most beaten tracks, but to strike out a little for himself. He was tired of being petted (or patronised, as he called it) by all his acquaintance; for there was something so fresh and youthful about Johnny Lupton that people were led to treat him at once in a friendly—not to say *familiar*—manner. This Master Johnny resented. His very name was a perpetual annoyance to him. He preferred to be called Mr. Lupton, or Lupton, or even Jack by intimate friends; but it was no use—every one called him Johnny, and Johnny he was likely to be till the end of the chapter.

So he determined to assert his personal dignity, and to travel alone. After much consideration, he fixed upon Innsprück as his head-quarters, whence he could make excursions into the Tyrol. He directed his luggage "Herr Lupton" in the most ostentatious manner, and hoped, for a few weeks at least, to get rid of the sound of the obnoxious "Johnny."

He was so pleased with Innsprück that he seemed likely to spend all his holiday there. The people were very friendly, the town was picturesque; but it was not only these charms which enthralled Mr. Lupton. We have said he was very enthusiastic. The fact was, he had seen a picture in the museum which so captivated his youthful fancy that the romantic young man was becoming a second Pygmalion. It is true he had not painted the picture, as the Greek sculptor had hewn his statue, but he was equally in love with an inanimate object.

The lady of his dreams was dark, crowned with a diadem of starry jessamine, and jewels round her neck. Her velvet dress hung in heavy folds, and from her waist hung a dagger in a highly ornamented sheath. But the lady did not look murderous. Her full red lips were smiling, and her eyes soft, as if welcoming a lover. The sky behind her was blue, like the sky of sunny Italy, and in her hand she held a bunch of orange-blossoms. Her name, however, was German. In a corner of the picture one read, "Carlotta, Gräfin von Werdenfels." This was the lady who kept Johnny Lupton in Innsprück.

He had obtained permission to copy in the museum, and day after day saw him there, endeavouring to transfer the fair features to his canvas.

But he was to be driven away sooner than he expected. One morning, as he was standing in his accustomed place gazing in rapt admiration, he was roused from his reverie by a slap on the back—yes, an unmistakable, jovial slap on the back.

He turned round, with outraged dignity in every feature, which turned into consternation when he saw the man. It was the greatest bore in the office! Flight was the only possible course. Johnny gazed round like a hunted animal. How was he to get away?

"Ah! Johnny, me bhoy!—deloighted to see ye! I've just been longin' to see a craythur that could understand the langwidge. Drawin' a picture, too. A foine, strappin' wench! Not so good-looking as Philippina Welzer, though. Come and have a look at her now."

"I'm sick and tired of Philippina Welzer, and

everything connected with her, and so'll you be if you stay here more than a day. What are your plans? Where are you going?"

"Och! I'm just undecided. I'll be guided by you."

"Pray don't think of such a thing! Pray don't count upon me! Besides, I'm going. I'm off to-day—turning my steps homeward, you know. In fact (pulling out his watch), I must be off at once."

"Ye don't say so, now?"

Hastily scrambling together his belongings, cutting short his friend's regrets with indecent haste, giving one last look at Carlotta von Werdenfels, Mr. Lupton rushed from the museum, his friend's stentorian tones re-echoing after him through the rooms—

"Good-bye, Johnny!"

Before the sun had set he was at Partenkirchen, a charming little town in Bavaria. He was amused at his own precipitate flight. He need not have come so far. Why had he not stopped at Seefeld or Mittenwald?—both wild, interesting places. However, the inn at Partenkirchen seemed comfortable, and there were plenty of promising excursions to be made; so he resolved to carry out his original plan of exploring the villages of the Tyrol.

But poor Johnny's plans seemed destined to be frustrated.

Running down the wide wooden staircase of the inn, his foot slipped. His hands were full—he could not save himself; he fell heavily, a sharp point of the carved balustrade running into, or dangerously near, his eye. The pain was intense, and the wound bled profusely. In an instant a group of sympathising people were lamenting round him—

"Ach du liebe Zeit! Ach der arme Engländer!"

Meanwhile, Frau Werner, the landlady, instead of saying "Oh!" and "Ah!" had sent for the doctor.

He came at once, shook his head gravely, bandaged poor Johnny's eyes, and condemned him to darkness for a week.

Here was a pretty thing!—his eye damaged, perhaps for life, and—who knows? (such is the sympathy between the two delicate organs)—the other one might follow suit, and he would eventually become totally blind! And all had happened in a moment; only a few minutes ago, and he was starting, uninjured and light-hearted, for a stroll round the place.

Johnny's reflections were not very exhilarating as the doctor and the landlady guided him upstairs again, and the pain in his eye kept him awake all night. Next morning, however, youth and good health asserted their sway, and Johnny began to take a more hopeful view of things. The question was, how to amuse himself.

He propounded this difficulty to the person who brought him his coffee, and was answered by a sweet voice full of sympathy. Johnny was struck by the tones—they were so soft, and yet so clear.

"This is not Frau Werner," he said. "Are you her daughter?"

"No," answered the soft, low voice; "I'm Lotta."

"Oh!" he said, and then stopped. The name did not give much information, but it was the name of the Countess of Werdenfels, his picture-love. "Well, Lotta," he continued, "will you help me? Can you teach me to net, for example?"

"If you wish it, sir, but now eat this egg. You must eat plenty, or you will get weak."

Johnny burst out laughing at the idea, which spilt the coffee.

"Never mind; do not trouble. I will bring some more directly;" and the young girl (Johnny felt sure she was young) went quickly and softly out of the room, and before it seemed possible had returned with a fresh supply.

"When will you teach me to net? I shall be very awkward at first, you know."

It was now Lotta's turn to laugh—such a merry, musical laugh. Johnny had thought all German voices harsh before.

"I am afraid I cannot leave my work in the morning, mein Herr, but after dinner I shall be at liberty;" and Johnny was obliged to be content with that.

Everybody was very kind to him, everybody came and waited on him; but he was impatient for the afternoon—for the netting lesson. What an exquisite voice the girl had! Yet she could only be a servant. Perhaps her voice was her only good point—a compensation from Dame Nature for coarse and vulgar looks. The idea was a shock, all the same; Johnny thought a good deal over it. He had plenty of time for thinking.

The netting lesson was a success, and soon it came to be understood that Lotta was his favourite attendant. When he grew impatient because his big fingers were so awkward with the mesh, Lotta would take it, and set everything right. When he grew depressed, Lotta would cheer him up. When the hours seemed interminable, Lotta found something fresh to interest him.

She was a mystery to the young man. He questioned her about her family, but when he reflected afterwards upon her answers, he found himself very little wiser. He felt rather ashamed to ask others for information which she seemed inclined to withhold, but he even stooped to that to gratify his curiosity. He gained nothing. Nobody seemed inclined to tell him much more than Lotta herself.

One day she was dusting his room—putting his books, brushes, papers, &c., in order. When she came upon his unfinished picture, she exclaimed in surprise—

"Carlotta von Werdenfels!"

"Do you know it?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, indeed, very well."

"How is that? It is small—it is not celebrated; besides, you told me yourself you had never been to Innsprück."

"I have seen a copy elsewhere."

Johnny threw himself back in his chair with a sigh of weariness.

"I shall never finish her! That daub gives no idea of her beauty, her grace, her exquisite charm."

"On the contrary," said Lotta, decidedly, "you have made a very pretty picture."

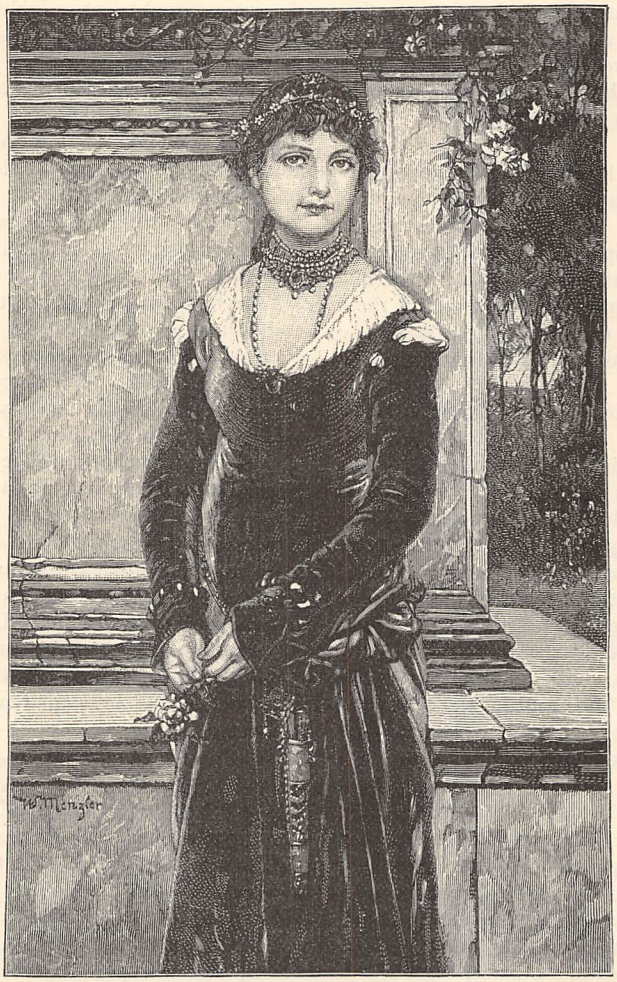
And poor Johnny was gratified with her words,

though he said to himself, "What can a *dienst-mädchen* know about art?"

"Now, Lotta," he said, "where is my work? I shall finish the cabbage-net for Frau Werner before I go. Why did you start? Did I hurt you?"

"Yes, a little. My finger is sore; it is nothing."

"Ah, poor child! What is the matter with it?"



"HE SAW STANDING BEFORE HIM THE CARLOTTA OF THE PICTURE" (*p.* 693).

Johnny's tones were full of sympathy.

"I cut it *peeling potatoes*.."

He felt as if he had received a cold *douche*. For some minutes he netted in silence.

"Shall I read to you?" said his willing handmaid, seeing he did not seem disposed to talk; and she took up a volume of Heine, and read his scornful contempt of fine ladies and gentlemen, and his honest admiration for the worth of the peasant; and Johnny sat and listened, and wondered whether this kind, patient serving-maid wasn't, after all, worth all the fashionable girls he had ever known.

The doctor came that evening, and gave a very favourable report of his patient. "There would always be a scar, but the eye was uninjured; and if Herr Lupton was prudent, he might be able to travel in a week."

In spite of this encouragement, Johnny was out of sorts. Nothing pleased him. Lotta was in despair. At last she said timidly—

"Would you like me to sing to you?"

"Can you sing?" cried Johnny, starting up in astonishment. "But there is no piano. If I had my violin, now! But perhaps you don't care for an accompaniment?"

"There is a zither in the house. I can—play a little: if you like, that is."

Of course Johnny liked, and he sat lost in wonderment while Lotta sang *volkslieder;* very simple things they were, but her voice lent them an additional charm.

Johnny roused himself at last, and interrupted her with a very irrelevant remark.

"Lotta, I wish you could speak English."

She hesitated.

"I know a little—a few words; oh, it is nothing. So many English come over here. I have learnt some from you."

"Impossible!—we have always talked German. Lotta, I believe you are a witch."

"Yes," said Lotta, gleefully, "I am a witch, and it was my broomstick you fell over; and when you get well I shall mount it and ride away in the air!"

"The doctor says I may take my bandage off to-morrow for an hour," said Johnny, after a pause.

"I am so glad!" said Lotta, heartily.

"I am glad too: I want to see my kind little nurse."

But though Johnny sat nearly two hours without his bandage, no Lotta appeared.

"It was so unfortunate," the landlady said; "Lotta had been sent on an errand. She had been delayed," &c. &c.

But Johnny was very angry, and would not be pacified. He scolded Lotta in the evening. She began to excuse herself, when suddenly her voice faltered, and he knew she was crying; and before he could say a word she was gone.

Johnny did not sleep that night. The situation was becoming delicate. The Lotta of his blindness had grown dearer than the Carlotta of his dreams. What ought he to do?

One thing he determined: whatever the consequences might be, he would see her! The next time she appeared he would tear off his bandage.

The morning passed restlessly away. One thought engrossed his mind—What would she be like?

Three o'clock came—her usual time. The door opened. Johnny started up, tore off his bandage, and beheld—Frau Werner!

The good landlady scolded him gently as she again tied up his eyes. (It was a mercy she did not know his name; she would certainly have called him Johnny!) As it was, she said he was a naughty, impatient boy.

"But I want to see Lotta before she goes."

"I have come to fetch you to say good-bye to her. Do you think you could walk into the garden?"

Johnny wondered, but he took Frau Werner's arm without a word. It was a lovely day. Soft breezes played round him as his timid footsteps went forward to meet the *dienst-mädchen*. He scented a mystery—a surprise.

He was not disappointed. When his eyes were uncovered, he saw standing before him the Carlotta of the picture—the Countess of Werdenfels in person!

But this Carlotta moved and spoke; and though the sky was blue, it was not the sky of Italy; and instead of the orange-blossoms, she held a rose in her hand. Smiling and blushing, she said—

"You have your wish—you see me."

"Explain! How is it?—this dress!" he gasped.

Lotta took his hand, and they sat on the stone bench by her side. His weak eyes devoured the familiar features, his ears drank in the music of the familiar voice.

"I will explain everything. Perhaps you are aware that in our country it is the custom to send girls out for a year to learn housekeeping. They go to farms, or to inns like Frau Werner's. I came to learn *Haushalt* in general and cooking in particular. I live at Munich. My name is Carlotta Lange, but my mother was a Fraulein von Werdenfels. She married beneath her—so her family considered. The lady in the picture was her great-grandmother. She was an Italian peasant, whom the Count of Werdenfels married and brought home to Bavaria. He loved her, and they were very happy. We have her dress and dagger, and I thought I would give you a surprise. People say (it is not true) that I am like her, so——"

"You *are* like her, Lotta!—only a thousand times prettier and nicer! Will you imitate her example? Will you leave your own country and come to the north?"

Lotta was silent.

"Perhaps I ought not to ask you: I am not a count—I am disfigured."

"Hush!—that is nothing," said Lotta, in a pained voice.

"*He loved her, and they were very happy!*" he whispered.

Lotta blushed. Johnny, emboldened, bent forwards; his face came nearer—nearer.

"You must really have your bandage!" cried Lotta, jumping up.

Johnny submitted.

"It is quite appropriate: love is blind," he said.

* * * * *

In a few days he and Lotta were travelling together to Munich. She has learnt to call him Jack, and so have her father and mother, who are delighted with their future son-in-law.

"WANTED, A CERTIFICATED TEACHER."

BY BARBARA FOXLEY, FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"A CERTIFICATED Teacher." Turn over the pages of any educational paper, and in nearly every advertisement for governesses you will find these words. In fact, the day is rapidly approaching, if it is not already here, when the uncertificated teachers will find it impossible to make a living. It seems hard that this should be so, for the suffering which attends all revolutions seems all the harder when its victims are women, unfitted by Nature and education to adapt themselves to new conditions of work. Very honest, good work has been done by the untrained

teachers, but their day is over; and, in the interest of education, we cannot regret it. Public opinion is right when it demands some guarantee as to the competence of the "professional parents." Is not their influence powerful to make or to mar the mind and character of our children? True, the teacher, like the poet, is born, not made, and examinations can only test the knowledge, not the capability, of the candidate; still it is *something* to know that the teacher possesses the intellectual qualifications for her work.

In this paper I propose to speak of one only of the numerous examinations now open to women; but that one is deservedly in high repute, both with teachers and with the general public. I mean the Cambridge Higher Local Examination. "How can I obtain a Higher Local certificate?" is the question asked by many a young teacher. I shall try to answer that question.

In the first place, what is this examination? It is a *University* examination; its certificate carries with it something of the prestige of University honours; and it is certainly an impartial verdict on the candidate's work. Then, it is an examination for *women*, not for school-girls, and it may be taken as the standard to which the University considers that an educated woman of average ability should attain. If you wish, therefore, to obtain a Higher Local certificate you must possess, or make up your mind to acquire, the necessary knowledge; and here let me enter my protest against the despicable system of cramming. I cannot say that it *never* succeeds, but so do other frauds; and I do say, and I say it in deep earnest, that every woman who obtains a certificate in this way is sailing under false colours, and pretending to the possession of qualifications which are not hers.

I assume that our candidate is prepared to obtain her certificate by honest work. The first thing is to choose the subjects of study. Full allowance is made for individual taste, and candidates may present themselves for examination in any of the following groups:—

Group R.—Religious Knowledge.
,, A.—English Language and Literature.
,, B.—Languages, Classical or Modern.
,, C.—Mathematics.
,, D.—Moral Sciences.
,, E.—Natural Sciences.
,, F.—Music.
,, H.—History.

To obtain a pass certificate it is necessary to satisfy the examiners in arithmetic and *three* of the above groups; groups R. and F. will not be taken as two of the three. Every candidate must take either group B or group C; for the University declines to recognise as well educated a woman who does not know one foreign language *or* a little elementary mathematics.

These different groups may be taken up in successive years; and those who have teaching or other work on hand will do well to avail themselves of this permission. The groups that bear most directly on the teacher's work are A, B, C, E, and H; but the training to be derived from the study necessary for R or D makes them equally valuable. The choice of each individual will vary with her tastes and previous education. In the limits of one short paper it would be impossible to give advice as to the study of such varied subjects. All I can do is to say something of the obligatory subjects, leaving the optional ones to the students themselves.

First, there is arithmetic. I fancy I hear my young reader give a sigh when I mention this subject. But the papers are not difficult, all that is required is a sound knowledge of the principles and practice of elementary arithmetic. Unfortunately this knowledge is often wanting, and most young ladies would find themselves none the worse for a thorough study of this subject. Go back to the beginning, to notation and numeration; make sure of each step before you go on further, and you will find that arithmetic acquires a meaning and an interest which it did not possess for you before.

Then there is group B. Here, too, the student has plenty of scope for individual taste. A pass in one language is all that is required, and that language may be Greek or Latin, French, German, or Italian. Again, it is *thorough* knowledge which is needed. The grammar must be carefully studied, and no facility in translation will condone for defective accidence.

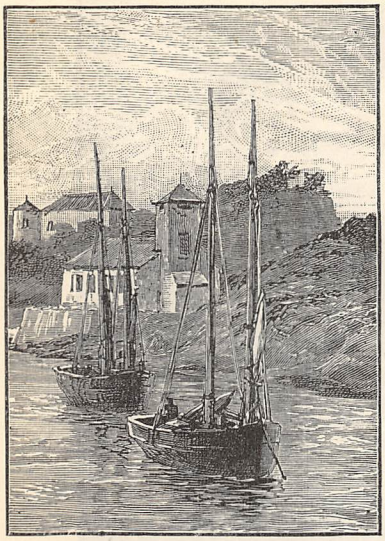
Then comes group C, which may be taken instead of group B. Arithmetic, Euclid, and Algebra are necessary to satisfy the examiners. A few questions are set for advanced students, but the greater part of the papers is devoted to the elementary work.

Special distinction in any subject is notified on the certificate, and the names of candidates are arranged in three classes. To attain to a place in the 1st or 2nd class a wider knowledge is needed, and in most cases more subjects must be taken up, *e.g.*, no one can obtain a 1st or 2nd class in group B with *one* language only. A Pass Certificate can be changed into an Honour Certificate by carrying the study of the subjects further, and then being examined again.

I have dwelt on *thoroughness* of knowledge, but do not be discouraged if you feel yourself deficient in this. Go back to the beginning of things, strengthen the foundations before you begin to build upon them, and do not think that this is only necessary for examination purposes; it is a *duty* which you owe to your pupils and to your employers, as well as to yourself. Its performance will give you the satisfaction of a clear conscience, as well as material advantages. Do not be content to remain an uncertificated teacher; work steadily, and prepare yourself to meet that growing demand—"Wanted, a Certificated Teacher."

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.



I CAN only as yet give you slight indications of what the winter fashions are to be; we call them autumn, but they are *de facto* winter. People do not, as a rule, purchase gowns for the intermediate seasons. Our climate is so treacherous that during the very height of summer many dull, cold days are apt to creep in, so we are compelled to include in our wardrobes garments suitable for them, and these serve for spring and autumn. But, just at this time, we begin often to think of buying a woollen gown, and there are many novelties in these fabrics. There is, as the trade phrase goes, "a great feeling for" the chenille or terry brocades, in Gothic patterns and in self-colours, or in a mixture of tones. I am glad to say also there is a marked improvement in the weaving of the same; there is no longer any fear that loose ends will appear in the pattern and thus lead to its unravelling. Prune is said by the caterers of fashion to be a leading, if not *the* leading colour; but I note that olives, peacock-blues, and a pinky red closely allied to terra-cotta, are to be included too among the tones to be worn.

There are many new cloths, and many old ones revived under new names. I will run through the leading stock of a good firm, as though I were laying them on the counter before a customer. So, Messieurs et Mesdames, if you are living far away in the remote country, you have the advantage of shopping without railway fare. We begin with Drap Jacobean, an excellent plain cloth in a simple but good range of colouring; Drap d'Arres, which is a finer make of plain cloth in fine wool; Foulé Croisé is cheaper and has a distinctive weaving; Chevron Cheviot Estamène has a herringbone weaving, hence the term chevron; the same foulé is a slight variation. All these cloths of plain colour are to be had in many varieties of prune, browns, reds, greens, blues, and smoke-colour; for that tone, worn all the summer, is by no means out of date yet.

We come now to a decided novelty, or at all events to a revival under so novel an aspect it becomes a veritable novelty; this is the woollen Ottoman, which is of the nature of the old rep, only with a much finer cord; this is also made in plain colours, and is most durable. Boie Nink is quite new, but what its extraordinary name means I have not been able to find out. The stuff itself is the exact counterpart of Indian cashmere without the hairs. Vigognes in many varieties must not be left out from the list of fashionable materials. Many pretty dresses are now being made in them, especially with the herringbone weaving as Chevron Vigognes. Drap de Cambre is a coarse make of Indian cashmere with an estamène face.

Amazone is again quite a new fabric in its present guise, for last year the stuff bearing this name was plain, but now has a crape-like or crinkled surface. Cloths woven to resemble crape are a feature to be noted in the fashions.

Drap de Fins is new, and shows horizontal cords at fixed distances in couples, like the iron rails of a railroad. But, though stripes and checks and spots all appear in the season's fabrics, brochés are the newest and most decidedly the mode. Broché Ottoman has the best appearance of almost any of these, the pattern shows up so well on the corded ground. Estamène serges are always worn, and there is a large stock of them in the *magasins*. A good serge should form part and parcel of every wardrobe. Tweeds are equally serviceable, but they admit of more variety, and they have been brought out this year in many fancy kinds, striped and with a rough surface, and also shaded.

Besides the brochés we have an immense choice in shots, "changing stuffs" as the French call them, and a great many of the materials I have described to you in plain colours are also made in two shades shot, while on these shot foundations very often there are spots or stripes in chintz mixtures of tones.

Melbourne is the name of a stuff which shows a close-set stripe of snowflake—that is, with the weaving of the stripe somewhat irregular, so that it looks as if it were flecked with tiny morsels of snow.

Rayé Soie has the stripe of silk in variegated colouring, and all these with the stripes or spots have the plain material to make up with them; but this Rayé Soie has many merits which I should like to bring before the notice of those who want a bright-looking, stylish dress without any undue outlay. It is double width, and costs only about six shillings a yard. The foundation on which the stripes are thrown is a loose diagonal woven wool, and the stripes, all silk, are in clusters of seven or eight, showing up remarkably well on this dark background.

Rayé Menchette has great merit too; it is a shot tweed with silk stripes also.

Strasburg is shot likewise and has silk stripes, but between them a tiny broché in the shape of a mulberry of shaded tones, while another has a broché

THE FIRST SITTING.

design in a mixture of colour which, at a first glance, looks like seaweed, and on closer inspection resembles a monogram.

Shot cheviots are made in such mixtures as red and green, green and blue, brown and red, and many others. One of the most approved novelties during the summer was woollen canvas for dresses. Buré this winter will replace it, and, though of a thicker make, it is open-wove after the order of canvas.

There is no end to the list of stuffs covered with frisé, brochés, and terry stripes; some thrown on a chevron ground. They have a most excellent appearance, and make the dress appear to be worth a great deal more than it really is.

It is to be a great velvet season. Most of the best dresses will be made in velvet, and, in the natural course of things, velveteen will be worn. There is a vast improvement in the manufacture and in the dyeing. All the best colourings are now applied to velveteen, and, as quite a new thing, this year there has been brought out a broché velveteen, not with the pattern stamped, but interwoven; and, though of course not so durable as silk broché velvet, it has a good appearance, and is to be recommended for tea-gowns and other light wear. The colouring is good, and I have seen one or two most successful dresses of this material, especially in a claret shade.

The fact that crinoline in a modified form has found favour again, has made an increased demand for good under-petticoats. More width is required, and there would seem to be a more urgent necessity for what will look to the best advantage if seen. To

meet these wants a most excellent skirting has been brought out in dark-coloured winseys, having at intervals an inch-and-a-half stripe of gold-coloured silk, or a succession of close-set stripes in bright silk. Two yards and a quarter are required for each skirt, and a little over half-a-sovereign will purchase a petticoat.

But for good durable wear nothing can equal felt petticoats, and this the public are beginning to recognise, for the demand is greater than it has been for years. The newest have a deep band of a contrasting colour round the edge, with some eight or nine horizontal stitchings.

If women devoted more time to the study of what Carlyle calls the "dismal science," viz., political economy, they would learn to avoid, as a sin against the State, the general good, and their own advantage most particularly, the purchase of cheap wares. The fact that there are purchasers for the same, floods the market with worthless trash, gives endless trouble to the buyer, and defeats its own ends. Felt, like many other good things, lost some of its prestige because people required a cheaper article than could be had for the price. To meet this want a number of shoddy factories arose, and in time disappeared, as producers of rubbish are sure to do ere long. Now the felt in the market is good and durable; it is made from the best wools, imported from the Cape, the East Indies, and Burmah. This is washed in a wonderful machine filled with fork-like hands, which opens the wool and exposes every portion to the action of the water, and three times it is subject to such treatment. Thence it passes through the cording machines, by which means the wool is reduced to an even surface, like wadding, and, when perfectly even and straight, is felted—that is, it is passed through water and over wooden rollers until the treatment reduces it to a firm, irresistibly strong substance, tough as it well can be, and capable of twice the wear and tear of any woven stuff. It is subsequently dyed and blocked. Any one who has seen the process, and understands how the action of the water welds the wool into a thick compact substance, capable of withstanding almost a tug of war, will realise how completely serviceable such a fabric must be. For wearing beneath an ulster, when no dress is needed, they have no equal, and the fashionable tailors are beginning to recognise this, and are making many skirts simply for this purpose.

For travelling and real hard wear, it is worthy of great consideration that the dress should be chosen which will least show dust, and nowadays fit is essential. So, in choosing your winter and autumn gowns, see that you select a good dressmaker, male or female. A good fit, remember, but perfect freedom. Quite plain skirts are now very fashionable, of felt or cloth, with braiding or stitching; the maximum of warmth with the minimum of weight is what is required; rows of velvet, or a band of velvet, are the best trimmings where no rough wear is in contemplation.

Plain bodices and jackets, loose from the seam under the arm, and showing a waistcoat, are the fashion; but do not entrust the making of such a jacket to any but practised hands; it requires to fit and show the figure, or it appears a sack. This is quite a French mode, and I have only seen satisfactory results as yet from French *ateliers;* but movable waistcoats are easy to make, and vary a toilette wonderfully.

Some of the French *élégantes* who went over to Cowes during the regatta week, on their return adopted the plan of movable waistcoats and cuffs—a fashion successfully set by the youthful Princesses of Wales. Their navy blue costumes for yachting were so arranged that by buttoning on red, white, or blue waistcoats and cuffs, a variety of costume could be easily effected. Many tailor-made dresses are now arranged with waistcoats and cuffs, on which are close-set slanting lines of gold or tinsel braid.

Some suggestions for making demi-saison toilettes will be found among our illustrations. The mantelet worn by the visitor, who is taking leave of the painting party, is made of broché terry and beaded lace. The high epaulettes, worn during the summer, have here lengthened into sleeves that reach the elbow, and a lace basque encircles the waist. The skirt is accordion-plaited, with the merest apology of a tunic just at the back. It is surprising what a *furore* there has been in England for the skirt yclept the "Housemaid," which is merely gathered at the waist and tucked below the knees. It shows to advantage on slight, well-formed figures, as most things do; but it is undeniably unbecoming and ungraceful on figures that demand well-designed drapery, and such figures have adopted the Housemaid skirt with surprising zeal.

The artist wears a pretty checked canvas dress, the bodice made with gathered yoke, a wide velvet band round the throat and sleeves. The standing figure wears a pale brown vicuna costume, with dark brown velvet waistcoat and cuffs; and the seated figure, the subject of the portrait, has on a soft Indian silk, olive-green in tone, and tastefully trimmed with cream lace, headed with a narrow band of delicate pink silk of the same soft Eastern manufacture. The full plastron on the front of the bodice is of piece lace, gathered once at the neck and five times at the waist, below which it falls as a flounce. The velvet band round the throat is fastened at the side with a small diamond buckle.

The hair of the standing figure is arranged in the style that has much obtained in England during the past season. The French manner of wearing the hair at the top of the head has not been found universally becoming on the other side of the Channel. Those whom it does not suit have not returned to the Grecian knot in the nape of the neck, but have hit on a medium plan—the front hair is a mass of short waved curls, and the back is a rich coil of thin plaits called "basket plaits," pinned round and round in the centre.

A BATTLE THAT ALL MUST FIGHT.

BY PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, LL.D.

THERE is one passage in Hugh Miller's Autobiography, "My Schools and my Schoolmasters," where, with all his manliness, he gives way to a little pity for himself. His schoolboy days had been days of some work, but much play—stirring, roving days, full of fun and frolic, and interspersed with grand expeditions and hair-breadth 'scapes by sea and land, with like-minded comrades. But the comrades dispersed, the schoolboy era came to an end, and a very different era—the era of hard work for a bare livelihood—hove in sight; and the poor boy was sorry for himself. "I found myself standing face to face with a life of labour and restraint. The prospect appeared dreary in the extreme. The necessity of ever toiling from morning to night, and from one week's end to another, and all for a little coarse food and homely raiment, seemed to be a dire one, and fain would I have avoided it. But there was no escape, and so I determined on being a mason."

And yet Miller could afterwards look back on this dire necessity as a great boon, and give his benediction to honest, homely Labour, with her horny hands and hard conditions, for in her school he had learned some of the most useful lessons of his life.

It was the same with David Livingstone. The woods of Blantyre were charming scenes for a young explorer, and every plant and every animal, great and small, had an interest for a born scientist. The pools of Clyde had their living treasures, which it was fine sport to throw out with the rod on the grass—all the more if the catch of trout should be varied by an occasional salmon. But there came a Monday morning (and he was but a child of ten) when he must turn out at six o'clock to the spinning-mill, and toil there till eight at night, amid deafening noise and monotonous sights, with but short intervals for breakfast and dinner. But, however hard it was felt at the time, this necessity was welcomed and blessed by Livingstone, too, in future life. Speaking to the people of Blantyre after he had become famous, he told them that if he had the choice of a way of beginning life, he would choose the same hard lot through which he had actually passed. It had furnished a most valuable training, both for mind and body, and had prepared him for his work in Africa; for he would not have shown the same power of enduring hardship, the same patience and perseverance in conquering the irksome, if he had not gone through that long, hard apprenticeship in the mill at Blantyre.

These are not solitary cases; but they are valuable as showing how nobly the battle with what is irksome may be fought in youth, and what precious fruits come of the victory. Unfortunately, instances of the contrary are but too common. Of all the causes that give rise to useless, trifling, and even pernicious lives, the most common is impatience of irksome labour in youthful days. No greater curse can well fall on a young person than the disposition to turn up his nose at all regular, protracted labour, as if the only good thing in life were self-indulgence. What a fatal defect in many a young person's education lies here! In the humbler ranks of life, a boy becomes an apprentice, first to one trade, then to another; but, hating the restraint they all impose, he breaks off from them altogether, ends in having no trade at all, and either becomes good for nothing, or picks up a precarious living in employments which may, perhaps, involve occasional spurts of exertion, but no regular and sustained, no daily and hourly labour.

It is remarkable that it is mainly from this class—the class that hate steady labour—that our army is recruited, at least in towns. To a certain extent, it is a very great benefit for such fellows to come under the regular drill and discipline of the army. Habits of self-restraint must be learned there. Regularity and punctuality in the discharge of duty is the great necessity of the service. But, unfortunately, this self-restraint is liable to be forgotten when the service does not demand it. Soldiers off duty are more liable to irregularities than any other class, and I have been told that when discharged from the service, even those who have been steady teetotalers for years often fall into their old ways.

It thus appears that the fight with the irksome requires to be gone through at an earlier period of life. In fact, it must be begun at school, carried on through the years of apprenticeship, and sustained during the whole period of active life. In the better portion of the working classes we see the benefits of the victory, in that patient, plodding life of toil which most of them lead without a murmur, and, one would think, without a thought. They seem unconscious of the victory they have gained. Yet it is a victory far more valuable than many that have been achieved amid the pomp and *éclat* of the world, and the benefits of it have been reaped alike by the man himself, the family he has reared to follow his steps, and the community of which he is a member.

If dislike of the irksome slays its thousands in the humbler orders of society, what shall we say of its doings among the higher? Is it not often regarded as the height of good fortune to be relieved from the need of toiling for a living, and placed beyond the reach of what is irksome? In many cases, beyond doubt, it is; and rich men and women who have never grappled with the irksome and overcome it, usually grow up poor, miserable creatures—the slaves of their own whims and passions, the torment of their dependants

and attendants; while they are doomed to meet, in another form, that very foe from the battle with whom they thought it so fortunate to be exempted—finding an idle life more irksome and intolerable than the life of the poorest child of labour. Happily this is far from being true of all who are born to wealth and ease. The discipline of education, especially in schools, compels them to grapple with the irksome. Common sense, conscience, and a sense of religion, all contribute to show them that this enemy must be overcome. There are no burdens so heavy as those which are borne, and borne cheerfully, by men of rank and wealth in the sphere of politics and public life. It is a sight that excites the amazement of many, that dukes and lords, who have such rare opportunities of leading a life of calm enjoyment, should burden themselves with the toils, the worries, and the anxieties of public life. It is plain that they must have learned in boyhood to overcome the irksome, and not to be repelled by a mode of life which may involve burdens of unexampled weight.

There is one result of a fair battle with the irksome which is very encouraging—the irk goes out of it, and what used to be a toil becomes a pleasure. Not in every case, perhaps, but at least generally; for it is the law of habit that acts difficult at first become easy, and, by becoming easy, become agreeable. As it was said long ago, "Labour is itself a pleasure." Certain it is that many men come to like difficult tasks, and, in achieving them, they experience something of the pleasure of a soldier who has gained a victory. A great task brings to them a taste of

> "That strange joy that warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

See what tasks travellers set themselves, and how indifferent they are to the ten thousand troubles and difficulties that would appal a novice and make him think himself the greatest sufferer in the world! But even in more ordinary cases we see every day how the irksome feeling goes out of labour, and men come to enjoy an exercise that once they writhed under. To many a professional man, his work becomes not only a necessity of life, but one of its chief pleasures. How often we see, when he retires in old age, that, if he have nothing else to fall back on, his soul shrivels, life loses zest, and the machinery seems to collapse because it has nothing more to do! It is a beautiful compensation of nature to him that overcometh in early life—that a source of pain becomes a source of pleasure; the bitter waters are healed; and, serene and peaceful in his life of honest industry, he goes on his way rejoicing.

"It is good for a man," says the prophet, "that he bear the yoke *in his youth*." All experience bears out this remark. Hogarth's well-known pictures of the idle *versus* the industrious apprentice are just illustrations of all that I have written. Hatred of the irksome sends a youth in the one direction; determination to bear it and overcome it, in the other. The same is the moral of Bunyan's picture of Passion and Patience in the Interpreter's house. Passion must have all his good things at once—he could not endure the irksome. Patience was content to wait, toiling away in the meantime at work that might be exceedingly trying. Common sense teaches the same lesson. In healthy young minds there is bred the feeling that the work of life is a serious thing, and that it must be prepared for with no small self-denial and effort. We have known this feeling doing its work even in young persons of feeble intellect. "What are you doing at present?" a friend of ours once asked of a youth of rather limited capacity who had left school. "Oh," said he in reply, "I am getting up the multiplication table, because I am going into business." Not a very complete preparation for business, one would say, and yet the answer implied a consciousness that business was a serious thing, and that irksome tasks, like the multiplication table, must be grappled with to fit one for it. Wiser heads may have a more competent conception of what is necessary to fit one for business, but the principle of the thing was in the young man's answer. And very likely a good many men of business would tell us that it would have been well for some young men of higher ability if, before going into it, they had made a better acquaintance with the multiplication table.

What we have now been saying gets a higher application than ever in the light of Christianity. The battle with the irksome, or at least with what is naturally irksome, occupies a high place in the Christian life, and no promises are brighter or more inspiring, than the promises to him that overcometh. In the light of Christianity, not only youth, but the whole of this present life, becomes a season of discipline for the future, and it is only then that the full harvest shall be reaped of all that has been borne patiently and done laboriously here. No battles with the irksome have exceeded those of many a martyr and missionary who have suffered the loss of all things—the one in the way of patient suffering, the other in the way of patient service. Yet such are the compensations of Divine grace, that probably it would have been owned alike by the most tormented victim of the Inquisition and the most self-denied labourer among savages and cannibals, that even in this present life they had been abundantly rewarded, in their inner experiences and enjoyments, for their suffering and their service. How must this feeling have been deepened when they heard the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE GATHERER.

An Aërating Flower-Pot.

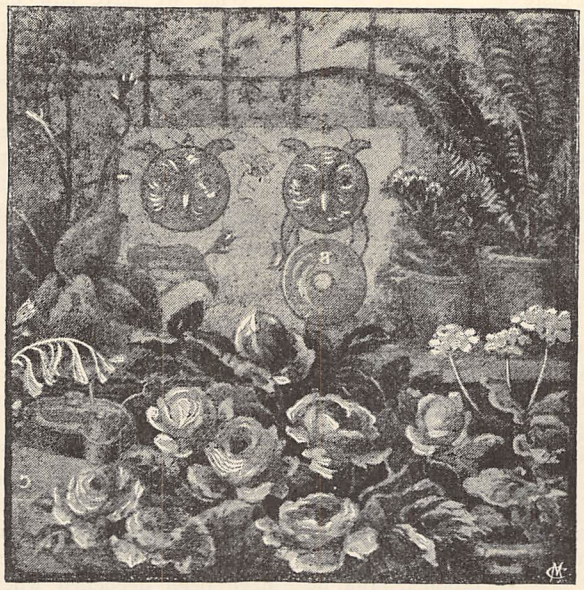
The illustration shows a new flower-pot, by which air is supplied to the roots of a plant, and the usual shoring of broken sherds and gravel in the bottom dispensed with. In the sides of an ordinary flower-pot, A, two or more apertures are made, and earthenware or zinc tubes, B B, inserted in them. These tubes have air-holes round them, as shown, and the air is thus allowed to reach the plant-roots. A bracket, C, is sometimes added to support the tubes in the middle when they are not supported by the walls of the pot. This plan facilitates the uprooting of plants. Orchids and some other plants are fostered by warm air entering the soil at their roots in this way.

A Treasure-Safe.

Mr. Vanderbilt's money-coffer is a "strong box" indeed. It is at once fire, water, and burglar-proof; and, really, a place where a hundred million dollars was recently stowed away is certainly worth fortifying. Mr. Vanderbilt's safe is, accordingly, the most impregnable fortification on the American continent. Its foundations are blasted out of rock, the front wall is 5 feet thick, the side and rear walls 3 feet thick, of pressed brick and brown stone. The beams, girders, and main pillars are of iron encased in fire-proof material. The doors, window-frames, and partitions are of iron, marble, and glass. No wood enters into the structure. The great money-vault measures 36 feet by 42 feet, and is built of wrought iron and steel. Its outer doors weigh 8,200 lbs. each, and are fitted with the most approved modern locks and alarms. Moreover, a massive wall of masonry surrounds the iron lining of this treasure-cave.

Electric Light Spectacles.

The introduction of the electric light has led to some discussion as to the danger to the eyesight produced by the brilliant lamps. No doubt the electric light is an object to stare at, at present, and staring at the lamps is not conducive to the health of the eye, unless the lights, as is now the case with all arc and some incandescent lamps, are shaded by ground or opal glass globes. When, however, the light ceases to be a novelty, people will not stare at it any more than they stare at the sun or a gas-jet. For electric light engineers, however, the case is different, and therefore the coloured spectacles introduced by Dr. W. H. Stone, F.R.S., are likely to be useful. These spectacles have blue glasses in front and red or "blinker" glasses at the side, which can be folded down over the blue ones. The glasses are selected and combined by aid of the spectroscope, and thus the proper tints are obtained. The incandescent lamp is to be looked at through the blue glasses, the arc through the blue and red together, because it is the red rays which are likely to cause injury to the eye in the incandescent lamp, and the blue or violet rays in the case of the brighter arc lamp. These glasses temper and cut off the dangerous rays in the two cases. Persons with weak eyes may find such glasses useful.



A GREENHOUSE HEAT-ALARM.

A Greenhouse Heat-Alarm.

An electric apparatus designed to announce that the temperature of a greenhouse has risen to an undue height, has recently been introduced. As shown in the illustration, it consists of a Leclanché voltaic cell,

C, in circuit with an electric bell, B, of the "owl" pattern, recently alluded to in the GATHERER, and also with a case, A, containing a mercurial thermometer, in which the rise of the mercury column to a certain height completes the circuit between two wires fused into the mercury tube, and thus causes the bell to ring when a certain temperature has been reached.

A Sewer-Gas Cremator.

At the International Health Exhibition, Mr. Samuel C. Dean exhibited a "sewer-gas cremator," called the "Parcæan," consisting of a light sheet-iron or earthenware cylindrical casing, the upper part of which is filled with asbestos or other refractory substance. This is kept at a temperature of 500 degrees Fahrenheit by a gas-jet, and the escaping foul air or gas from the sewer is caused to pass through the asbestos, where any infectious germs are burnt up or "cremated." A fine wire gauze is placed at the top and bottom of the apparatus, the latter to guard against mishap in the event of there being an accumulation of explosive gas in the sewer. The apparatus may be used as a ventilator on the roofs of hospitals, and also in chemical works, for destroying germs and effluvia. It is said that a Parcæan two feet high and nine inches in diameter will disinfect over 20,000 cubic feet of air in a day.

A British Biological Station.

A movement has been set on foot to inaugurate a marine biological station, with well-equipped laboratories, at a suitable point on the English coast. Already the Granton establishment, which we mentioned in a recent number of the GATHERER, has borne fruit in assisting the Scottish fishermen, and even if no important practical end immediately results from the new station, the interests of pure biological science cannot fail ultimately to be furthered by it. The station will be erected at a point rich in marine life; and though no place is fixed as yet, Weymouth and Torquay are mentioned. We are behind other nations in matters of this kind, although our fishing interests and facilities are so great.

A Novel Fire-Escape.

Our illustration represents a new fire-escape invented by Mr. D. Ware and Mr. C. W. Richman, of Philadelphia. As shown in Fig. 1, it consists of a long rope with a hook at one end and a board, B, with six pegs, P P, on it, round which the rope is twisted in the manner shown. Friction-brakes are also brought to bear on the rope at the ends of the board. The object of this board is to keep the person from descending too fast along the rope, the friction-pins and brakes rubbing on the surface of the latter. To use the escape the hook is caught in the window-sill and the rope thrown out to the ground. The person gets into the saddle or belt seat, S, attached to the running-board, and the rope is twisted round the pins of the latter as shown. Then the person steps off the window and descends in the manner illustrated

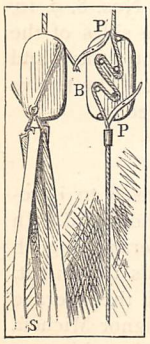


FIG. 1.

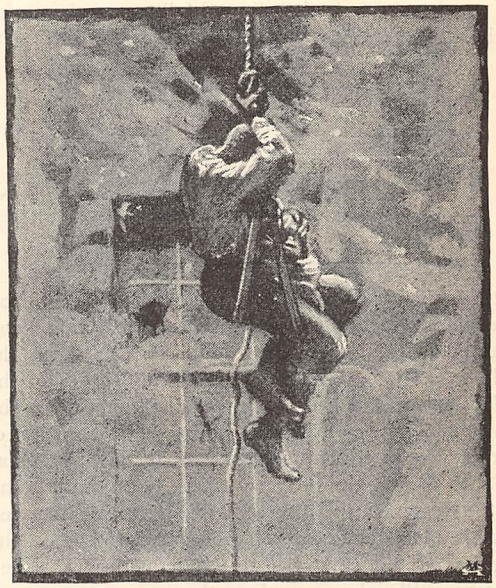


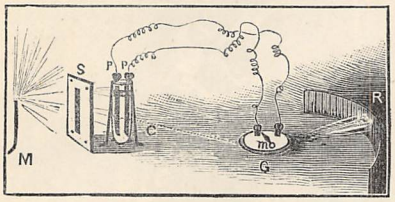
FIG. 2.

in Fig. 2, all the while controlling the brakes on the board with his hands. These brakes are so powerful that he can not only moderate the speed of his descent, but stop himself on the way if he chooses. On reaching the ground the rope with its saddle and board is drawn up to be used by another person. The device goes into a small space and might be furnished to every bedroom, or, at least, every storey of a dwelling-house or hotel, just as life-belts are furnished to a ship.

An Electrical Actinometer.

At a recent conversazione of telegraph engineers and electricians, held in King's College, London, Professor G. Minchin, of Cooper's Hill Indian Engineering College, exhibited a very ingenious apparatus for measuring the actinic effect of sunlight, or any other powerful light. It consisted of a new photo-electric cell, which he has discovered, a reflecting galvanometer, and a screen, or shutter. A photo-electric cell is a combination which generates electricity like a voltaic battery when light is allowed to fall upon it. The peculiarity of Professor Minchin's new cell is that it only generates electricity when blue light falls upon it, or, at least, light containing a proportion of blue rays; as, for instance, ordinary sunlight, or the light of a burning magnesium wire, which is of all artificial lights that most like sunlight in the proportions of its rays. Professor Minchin's cell consists of a glass test-tube, C, containing two parallel strips, or plates, of tinfoil, P P, kept apart by a cork, which closes the mouth of the tube, but permits the plates to be connected to two wires in circuit with a

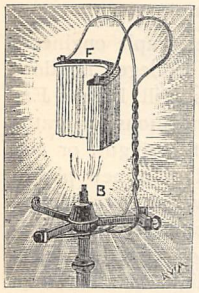
sensitive reflecting galvanometer, G. The tube is filled with pure alcohol, and has some crystals of nitrate of ammonia in the bottom. A shutter, S, with a slit in it is placed in front of it, and when a ribbon of magnesium wire is burned in front of the slit, the ray passing through the slit and falling on the tinfoil excites a current in the cell, which, traversing the coil



of the galvanometer, deflects the needle and mirror, *m*, of the latter, and causes a ray of light from a lamp reflected from the mirror to move up or down the scale, R. The deflection of this ray in degrees of the scale measures the intensity of the current in the galvanometer, or, in other words, the intensity of current generated by the cell, and as this is proportional to the actinic strength of the light, the reading on the scale is a measure of the latter. When red glass is placed in front of the screen to cut off the blue or actinic rays, the ray of light on the screen remains still, showing that there is no current generated in the cell by red light falling on it. When the actinic effect of light is required for an interval of time, Professor Minchin uses a clockwork device to expose the cell to the light for that interval of time only, and the current generated meanwhile is stored in a "condenser," then discharged at once through the galvanometer, giving a deflection proportional to its amount.

An Oxide Gas-Burner.

The figure illustrates a new kind of gas-jet invented by Herr O. Fahnehjelm, of Stockholm. A finely-powdered refractory oxide (such as the oxide of magnesium, calcium, zirconium, or silicon) is mixed with a solution of starch, gum, or other gelatinous substance, and the plastic mass is reduced to the form of a wire by being pressed through a die, and then cut to the desired lengths, dried, and burnt at a high temperature. These wires are fixed in an iron or brass socket, F, making a sort of brush. The filaments of oxide are then exposed to the high temperature of a water-gas-flame, the gas being burned in an ordinary burner, B, shown beneath. The oxide brush, supported over the gas-flame by a twisted wire, glows with an intense white heat, and yields a beautiful soft light.

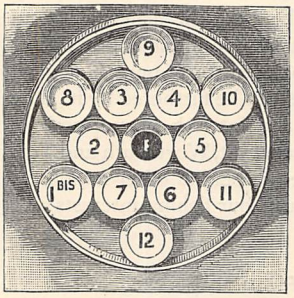


Lightning and Electric Light Wires.

During a musical festival recently held in the Drill Hall at Minneapolis, in the United States, a thunder-storm arose and the building was struck by lightning, which, attracted by the metal ball on a flagstaff over the entrance, shattered the staff, and traversing an iron bolt in some timber-work, escaped to earth by some bare electric light wires which entered the building to the electric lamps within. The accident shows that naked electric light or telephone wires may become a source of danger to a building unless proper care is taken by the electricians in erecting them, for they act as a partial lightning-rod, and a partial lightning-rod is sometimes more dangerous than none at all, since it is apt to invite the discharge by providing for it an avenue of least resistance to the ground. These wires should therefore be run into buildings at points removed from spires, flagstaffs, or other prominent parts of the building likely to draw the discharge, unless the prominent parts in question are actually connected by a suitable metal wire to the electric light wires, so as to guide the discharge into the latter without allowing it to break through any part of the building itself. We may add that a workman of the electric light company, while engaged in splicing the wires during the thunder-storm at Minneapolis, was rendered insensible, and on coming to felt an intense pain in his right foot. On examining the latter he found that his leg had been struck below the knee, and his clothing torn to shreds, his boot split open from toe to heel, and his foot blistered as if it had been burned.

The Packer's Puzzle.

A new French puzzle, called "Le Secret d'un Emballeur," or the Packer's Puzzle, consists of a circular tray of cardboard with a rim round it, and twelve discs of hard wood which are placed in the tray. The puzzle is so to arrange these that they will help to bind one another and allow the tray to be inverted without their falling out. The plan of arrangement to effect this is shown in the figure, where No. 1 is in the centre and Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 are arranged round it. Then the left hand is placed flat over the pieces, and Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 are inserted so as to bear on the sides of the box. Finally, No. 1 is removed from the centre and placed at the position marked No. 1 Bis. The twelve pieces are then fixed, and the puzzle solved.



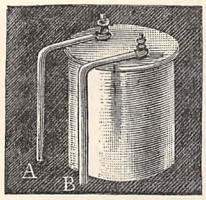
The Steno-Telegraph.

Signor Michela, of Ivrée, has set himself to introduce what may be called a telegraphic shorthand. In the present system of telegraphing, the average English word requires some fifteen distinct signals to send it, the average letter requiring three, and the average word consisting of five letters. Now Signor Michela proposes to telegraph, by means of a key-board instru-

ment like a piano, any speech in any language as fast as it can be spoken, and as it is delivered by the speaker. His apparatus has been tried in the Italian Senate, and is said to be capable of sending 10,000 words per hour. Full details of the apparatus would require a long article to describe, but the principle of its action is to telegraph the phonetic sounds common to every language by means of signals, and not the letters, as in the present system. The operator catches these sounds in a word, and telegraphs them by pressing down the keys. At the receiving station they are represented by short horizontal lines on a moving strip of paper. Signor Michela's telegraph is a new departure in a promising direction, its only drawback being that it requires a longer time to learn than the ordinary system.

A Standard Ohm.

Now that there are so many amateur electricians, the standard "ohm," or unit of electrical resistance, which we illustrate, may be useful to non-professionals. It consists of a coil of insulated wire giving the unit resistance, enclosed in a neat boxwood box, with an ebonite top to insulate the two terminals, A B, from each other. The ends of the wire coil are soldered to these two terminals, which are stout copper bars, intended for plunging into "mercury cups" to make the connections with the battery and other apparatus. Each coil is tested and guaranteed at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, and a written guarantee given that it is correct to $\frac{1}{10000}$th part of the true ohm. This true or legal ohm was defined recently by the International Congress of Electricians, Paris, as the electrical resistance of a column of pure mercury one millimetre square and 107 centimetres long. Science teachers may also profit by the new and inexpensive standard ohm thus introduced.

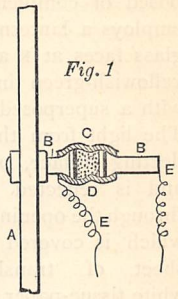


Motion Drawings.

In the Machinery in Motion department of the International Health Exhibition, some novel "motion drawings" were exhibited. These include drawings of the steamship *Ravenna*, showing the relative movements of the cranks, pistons, and other parts of the engines, at any part of the stroke. Another example is a drawing of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company's powerful engine the "Gladstone," It is intended for schools of instruction in mechanical science. These motion drawings, built up of movable parts which play as in the actual engine or machine, are are a great help to engineers as well as to students of mechanics and physical science, since they exhibit the action of an apparatus on a plane surface, which makes them more readily understood than the cubical forms of the actual machine. Moreover, they are inexpensive, ascompared with wood or metal models made to scale, and, therefore, can be obtained by institutions which could not afford the latter.

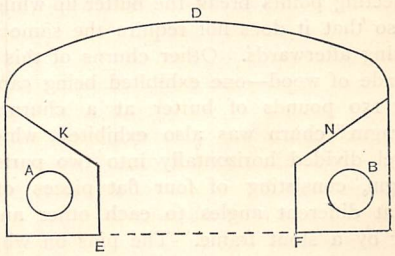
An Osmium Telephone.

The metal osmium, which is rare at present, and therefore rather expensive, has been found by Mr. George Lee Anders to make a good telephone transmitter of the microphone order when broken into grains, and contained in a box between two aluminium or platinum electrodes, and bodily attached to a sounding-board or diaphragm, which receives the speaker's voice. The figure illustrates this arrangement in section, where A is the diaphragm, shown endwise, B B the two metal electrodes, and C D an ebonite or wooden box or chamber, containing the granulated osmium. The wires E E convey the current through the osmium by means of the electrodes B B, and when the speaker's voice vibrates the diaphragm A, the loose metal grains in the box C D are agitated accordingly, and act as a microphone on the current, modifying it in sympathy with the waves of sound. This current is sent through the primary circuit of an induction coil, and the secondary circuit of the same coil is connected in circuit with the telegraph line. The vocal currents pass along the latter to the receiving telephone, and make themselves heard as speech.



A New Pipe-Joint.

There is great difficulty in preserving watertight the joints in stoneware pipes and conduits. Mr. Stanford has, however, devised a means of casting both on the spigot and faucet (that is, the entering end and the receiving socket) a jointing composition specially made for the purpose, and carefully turned afterwards to make the joint fit watertight. The joints are more easily made on this plan than on the old, and the composition is said to resist, not only water, but heat and acid. While upon this subject, we may mention the new "Petrosilicon," or artificial stone pipes exhibited at the Health Exhibition. This silicated stone is made of natural stone, such as Kentish rag and granite, broken in a crusher, and mixed with Portland cement. The compost is moulded in shapes, which give it a jarring, or settling motion, and the forms are then steeped in a solution of silicate of soda, to complete the hardening process.



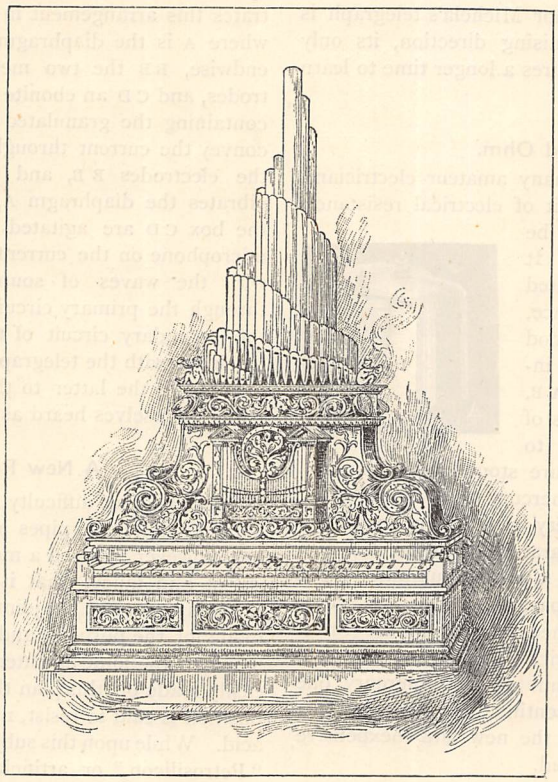
A Non-Actinic White Light.

The low red light employed by photographers to develop their gelatino-bromide plates is very injurious

to the eyes. Mr. W. E. Debenham has, however, introduced a method, outlined in our sketch, whereby he obtains an agreeable white non-actinic light, composed of complementary red and green rays. He employs a lantern consisting of two lamps, A B, with glass faces at K and N. The glass at K is of a deep yellowish-green tint, whilst that at N is of a red colour, with a superposed pane of very pale yellowish-green. The light from these lamps falls on the curved reflecting surface, D, which is of a deep yellow colour, and is reflected down through the opening, E F, which is covered by a sheet of translucent white tissue-paper. The light, after passing through this paper, was nearly white, but had so little actinic effect that a very sensitive plate, placed at reading distance below it for a quarter of an hour, showed scarcely a trace of an image. When a yellow fabric was substituted at E F, an hour's exposure failed to produce more than the slightest mark on the plate, whilst it gave sufficient light to work by.

A Marble Churn.

At the International Health Exhibition there are exhibited several novel churns, one being of glass, thus showing the process of butter-making, and another of cool marble. The latter was of the eccentric type, having projecting bosses inside. The journals on which the barrel revolves were placed eccentrically, and not opposite each other, so that the churn revolves on an imaginary line diagonal to its axis. It is claimed that the projecting points break the butter up while in the churn, so that it does not require the same amount of working afterwards. Other churns of this species were made of wood—one exhibited being capable of making 150 pounds of butter at a churning. A "diaphragm" churn was also exhibited, which had its barrel divided horizontally into two parts by a diaphragm, consisting of four flat pieces of wood placed at different angles to each other and held together by a stout frame. The pins on which the barrel revolves do not run on bearings, but are mounted on friction-wheels, held in position by a slotted guide. The diaphragm acts as a beater. A more interesting churn exhibited was, however, the "Hathaway," which consists of an oblong, flat-sided box, supported in the centre by an oscillating iron rod, which, with the containing vessel, forms an oscillating pendulum. The vessel has attached to it, at one end, a crank, the revolution of which causes the ends of the box to rise and fall at the same time that it oscillates on the pivot formed by the attachment of the rod. The upper part of the box is curved at each end, and in this way a movement is given which causes two constantly falling streams of cream to meet each other in the centre of the churn. In designing a good churn, the object is to produce a commotion which will cause the fatty particles of the cream to adhere together and form butter, and in the Hathaway churn this is excellently done by the meeting sheets of cream, without the necessity of beaters. Indeed, the churn may be run with the lid off.



A NEAT PARLOUR ORGAN.

A Neat Parlour Organ.

Our engraving represents a very pretty design for a parlour organ, taken from one actually made in America, the pipes being of silver. The design is worthy of imitation, if only to add variety to the existing shapes of such instruments.

Damp Proof Paint.

Some samples of a new paint exhibited at the Health Exhibition are worthy of remark. The "magnetic oxide of iron paint," as it is called, is intended to prevent damp in walls. This oxide of iron is not attacked by rust, and the paint made from it is also unoxidisable, and proof against the sulphurous acid fumes given off by gas-jets. The paint is applied to a wall before the paper is put on, and, from the sample walls shown at the Health Exhibition, which were all exposed to the percolation of water, the paint appeared to serve its purpose very well.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Editor hopes to make the award in the Story Competition, which closed on September 1st, very shortly.

Particulars respecting other Competitions, now open to all readers of the MAGAZINE, *will be found in the June* (1884) *number.*

WITHIN THE CLASP.

A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE JET-HUNTERS.

By J. BERWICK HARWOOD, Author of "The Tenth Earl," "Lady Flavia," "Paul Knox, Pitman," &c.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

WHAT OBADIAH HEARD.

THRALES MAPLE, which lies on the Yorkshire coast, between Horseshoe Bay and the seaport of Shrapton, is a decent little village enough, and boasts of as tidy a little inn as is consistent with the sparseness of the local population. The "Blue Lion," though it had no pretensions to take higher rank than that of a roadside inn, was neat and orderly, as a place of public entertainment should be: and some of the out-door servants of the neighbouring landowner, Sir William Herrick, to whom every stick and stone, every meadow and potato-garden in the parish belonged in fee-simple, were in the habit of patronising the rural hostelry. Two of these, Sir William's old coachman and Sir William's youngish Scotch head gardener, were sitting there in the snug parlour, with a sanded floor, but partially carpeted, red-curtained, and commodiously furnished, of the "Blue Lion," which was devoted to the accommodation of customers of the better sort.

Customers of the better sort, at the "Blue Lion," meant farmers and farm-bailiffs, skippers of fishing-smacks, captains or mates of small vessels, Shrapton townsfolk, and last, not least, the household brigade of the landlord's landlord, the servants from Herrick Hall. The category included also old Captain Obadiah Jedson, well known and respected from Lowestoft to Shields, and whose company of jet-hunters were just then encamped in Horseshoe Bay, near the rugged reef of black and weed-draped rocks which there juts out, like a natural wall, into the sea. It was the very place described in the earliest of these pages, the very spot where Don, as a child, had been found by the jet-seekers under gaunt Captain Jedson's command. And in a corner of the neat parlour sat Obadiah himself, his long grey hair flowing over his shoulders and his eyes half shut, while in his bony right hand he held a long clay pipe of the "churchwarden" variety—such a pipe as a Turk would smoke, had cherrywood chibouques never come into fashion among the "faithful."

Sir William's head coachman was there, and so was the rich baronet's head gardener. For a coachman there is no promotion possible. Higher than the box, especially if it be dignified by a hammercloth, he cannot go. And indeed honest George Stubbs, "man and boy," as he phrased it, in the service of the Herrick family for five-and-forty years, had no wish save to die in his vocation. But Andrew Meiklejohn, the gardener from the Lothians, was an aspiring young man. Step by step had he plodded his way up the ladder of life, from a weeding-boy to his present position. He had a tolerable salary—say £200 a year—but Scotch gardeners, whose heads are crammed with botanical Latin, expect salaries very much higher than that. Nobody save Mr. Meiklejohn himself knew how many hours he snatched from sleep, or how he toiled by the light of a twinkling candle, to master that floricultural lore which is, in its way, one of the driest and least inviting of studies. Personally, Andrew had no love for flowers—"A lot o' bit weeds!" he would mutter between his teeth. But some rich men pay a thousand or twelve hundred a year to the learned functionaries who preside over their acres of glass and their roods of stove-pipes, and for the acquisition of such an income as that the ex-weeding-boy would have denied himself all earthly pleasures. As it was, in the intervals of duty and of the self-imposed task of cramming manuals of recent botany, he found time for a quiet chat and pipe at the "Blue Lion."

"We've got a new visitor up at the Hall," said the coachman—"Lord Wyvern."

"Will he be a Lord of Session, Mr. Stubbs?" asked the gardener from the Lothians. "A judge, I'm meaning," he added, seeing that the coachman was unable to comprehend his drift. "We have them at Edinburgh."

"This is a real lord," rejoined the coachman, almost crossly. "Why, man, it's Earl Wyvern, one of the richest earls, I've heard tell, in broad England. His lordship's no stranger here, and he's an old friend of Sir William's. He came here first with his young bride—poor thing!—that died early in foreign parts. And the next time he came to stay at the Hall he was a widower, as grave to look at, though not so stern-like, as now. Then it was that the great misfortune happened that our Sir William and his lady felt so much for, though, of course, it was worse for his lordship. Haven't ye heard the story, Mr. Meiklejohn?" demanded the coachman.

Mr. Meiklejohn had heard no story in any way connected with Earl Wyvern, and said so. He also expressed a polite wish to hear whatever narrative might concern so aristocratic a visitor to Herrick Hall.

"His lordship, as I said before," resumed the coach-

man, "came back again, a widower, to visit our master at the Hall. He wasn't called Earl Wyvern then—he was not, because, you see, his father, the old Earl, did not die for a matter of three years after that, so my lord was called Lord Ludlow. It's the second title in the family. If his lordship had had a son alive, or, more rightly, if his son hadn't come to a sad ending, he'd have been Lord Ludlow this day. D'ye understand me, Mr. Meiklejohn?"

Mr. Meiklejohn understood his companion's meaning perfectly well, and said so.

"Now," said the coachman, after again tasting his beer, "his lordship's young wife was dead abroad, but she had left him one comfort, and that was his only child, the finest little fellow ever was seen, I think. Born in Italy, or some such outlandish place, I believe the boy was, but, bless you! he was the noblest little chap ever I clapped eyes on, and, baby as he was, had the airs and the ways of a young king. I mind it well. It was the very year I was made head coachman, when old Mr. Parsons, that came before me, was took so bad with the rheumatics that he couldn't climb to his box. But it was a sad job about my lord's little boy."

The coachman here re-lighted his pipe, and sucked at its sealing-wax-ended tube for some moments in silence. The listening Scot grew tantalised by the tale-teller's undue delay.

"Scarlet fever, perhaps, Mr. Stubbs?" he suggested, with a cough. "We are all poor, feckless things, specially the young."

"Not a bit of it!" returned the coachman testily. "No, no, Mr. Meiklejohn, it was a wetter death than that, which might fall to the lot of any brat in a cottage. No; as I said, there was this little child, as beautiful as an angel, and as proud as a king. I remember him, as if it were yesterday, with his great dark eyes, that were as bold as a lion's, and all the silky curls about that pretty head, and the gay clothes they pranked him in. My lord was a cold-seeming man—nor is a father like a mother—but all agreed that my lord was wrapped up, as people call it, in the child. It was afterwards, as I've heard, that he took so greatly to politics."

"But how did this sad thing happen, Mr. Stubbs?" very reasonably demanded the Scottish gardener.

"It happened this way, Mr. Meiklejohn," replied the coachman, returning to the pith of his story. "My lord brought down with him, besides his valet, a nurse, of course, for the child, a very respectable, tidy young person, but a Londoner, and over-young for such a situation. This young person, the maid, used to go, with the perambulator and the little child, who may have been four, or something near that age, here and there, but most to the Sands, at Horseshoe Bay, and sit down there and read, or look at the sea, as girls like that will do. And one day, when a sudden storm came on, she didn't come back. When the child and the nurse were missed, there was a search, but it was all too late. The perambulator was found empty above high-water mark, and so was the open book the girl had been reading. But that was all; and nothing more was known until four days after the body of the young woman was found, poor thing, in shoal-water, six miles off, tangled in the long weed on Muddlesham Bank, and she was buried in Shrapton Cemetery. But the child's poor beautiful little corpse was never found—washed out to sea, no doubt, and——"

Here a sudden crash interrupted the narrator, as Obadiah dropped his long churchwarden pipe, and the fragile clay was smashed to pieces on the sanded floor.

"What's that, now?" exclaimed Mr. Meiklejohn.

"Nothing. The old cove in the corner must have nodded off to sleep, I suppose," answered the coachman, glancing towards the captain of jet-hunters, with whose personal appearance he did not happen to be acquainted.

But Obadiah sat quite still, and appeared to be unaffected either by the story he had just heard or by the demolition of his pipe.

Somehow, the interruption seemed to have broken the thread of the coachman's ideas; or it may possibly be that, having reached the climax of his tale, he had nothing more to tell. At any rate, he finished his pipe in sulky silence. Nor, after the space of some five minutes, did Obadiah Jedson linger in the parlour of the "Blue Lion." Quietly the captain of jet-hunters rose from his seat in the corner, and stalked out of the room, paying his modest reckoning at the bar, and passing out into the dusk of the coming night.

"A strange, dour-looking carle!" remarked the gardener from the Lothians, as the towering form of Obadiah passed him by; "just, to my fancy, what one o' our old Covenanting saints must have been—they who bled and suffered for the truth."

"That's Greek to me," responded the coachman.

Meanwhile, Obadiah Jedson's swift strides, despite his age, bore him rapidly to where, with fires gleaming in the twilight, the bivouac of the jet-hunters had been established in Horseshoe Bay. Several voices were raised in greeting or in questioning accents at the sight of the jet-seekers' captain. But their aged chief lingered not to hold conversation with his followers. "Hush ye!" he said, in the peremptory tones that prevented further parley. "I am on an errand now that brooks no tarrying."

There was in Obadiah Jedson's rough apology for a tent, made of a fragment of tarpaulin supported by sticks, a little old trunk, battered and dented in the vicissitudes of many a journey. It contained, besides some necessary raiment, the jet lately won by the company, and also the clothes and ornaments which Don had worn when first, near the jutting black rocks on those very sands, the lost child in his royal beauty had been discovered by the adventurous rovers of the sea-beach. Never in all those years had old Obadiah chosen to separate himself for a single day from those relics, and now he felt assured he could use them to good purpose. He made a bundle, with the aid of a large red handkerchief, of the clothes, the belt, and the other objects that

were the property of his foster-child, and bidding his band not to disturb themselves should his return be delayed, set off through the gathering darkness along the upland road that led to Herrick Hall.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

WITHIN THE CLASP.

"WISH to see his lordship!" exclaimed the footman who, at Herrick Hall, answered the door-bell, and who stood aghast at the audacity of the proposition. The footman was only acting up to the ancient tradition which makes it hard to see a great man or a rich man face to face. It is a tradition not wholly unreasonable. If there were no barriers to fence us in from unlicensed visitors, few of us would survive the eternal annoyance which begging letter-writers, duns, maniacs, eccentric projectors, and the pushing agents of enterprising firms might inflict upon us.

The nobler the quarry, the more numerous are the hawks; and a rich earl can hardly submit to be accosted, as a workman may be, by the first person who may happen—and a good many persons of both sexes would happen—to wish to get something out of him.

"I do desire to see Earl Wyvern," replied Obadiah, who was the applicant for admission. "I am little used to trouble the mighty of the earth to listen to my words for my sake; but I come on business, to attend to which, unless I judge wrongly, my lord the earl would gladly rise, even from a king's feast. What I have to say matters to his lordship far more than it does to me."

The footman wavered. Obadiah's gaunt height, flaming eyes, and dignity of bearing overcame the impression which the old red shirt, the battered hat, and the coarse clothes had made on the servitor's mind.

"What name, please?" he asked.

"I am Obadiah Jedson—Captain Jedson they call me," answered the jet-hunter impressively. "Tell the Earl that I can throw light upon what happened here in Horseshoe Bay seventeen long years ago. Sir William Herrick, your master, can hardly fail to have heard of Captain Obadiah Jedson, the jet-seeker."

The footman thereupon capitulated, and went in to do Obadiah's errand. In a few minutes—in fewer minutes than the gaunt old chief of the jet-hunters' company had reckoned on—the footman came back.

"Sir William did know of you, captain," he said, more respectfully than he had spoken before, "and so did her ladyship. Please step this way. My lord will see you in the dining-room."

There were lamps and candles blazing in the long, red-walled dining-room of Herrick Hall, so that the portraits of Sir William's ancestors in armour, or in silk, or in the bag-wig and laced coat of a later period, blinked on the intruder from within their heavily-gilded frames as if they had been drowsily alive. Dinner was lately over, but fruit and flowers yet stood in their silver baskets on the white cloth of the table, and the sideboard groaned beneath the weight of the great Tudor tankards and flagons, the shields, the cups, and the vases of the Restoration period, and the massive ugliness of the Georgian epoch. Lord Wyvern quickly came, somewhat of a frown upon his brow.

"Mr.—or Captain—Jedson," he said, "you have evoked very painful recollections—I trust not on frivolous grounds—by the message which you have thought fit to send me. If you have anything to tell which is worth the telling, I am prepared to listen to you."

"Lord Earl," replied Obadiah, confronting the peer with a grave dignity that challenged respect, "I forget neither what is due to a nobleman's rank nor to a father's heart when I ask your lordship to hearken to a rough man like me. I am a jet-hunter—a captain of jet-hunters. It seems to me but yesterday that our camp was pitched, as it is to-day, in Horseshoe Bay, hard by. It was seventeen long years ago. It was summer weather. It was the day of a sharp and sudden storm, such as we who lead an open-air life, always on the beach, are not unused to, even in the fine season."

"Well?" said the earl, as his lips quivered, and the lines that furrowed his broad white brow seemed to deepen, and he waited to hear more.

"My lord," Obadiah resumed, "I am not one of those who believe in luck—heathenly so called. But there is a guidance, if we could see it aright. On that day of sudden storm on the sands, close to the leaping waves, on the inner side of the black rocky headland that juts out into the sea, and cuts off the bay from Shrapton and the coast-line, we saw, as if it had dropped from the sky, the figure of a child."

"Alive?" asked Lord Wyvern hoarsely. When had his voice before that day been so little under his control!

"Alive," Obadiah hastened to say, "and well, and fearless. A beautiful boy, with silken curls and great dark eyes, richly clad, dainty to look upon—like a little prince torn from a palace, and set there on the desolate sea-beach, almost within reach of the furious sea. Quite alone he was. How he came to be there we marvelled then, for already the great white waves were sending their columns of spray high over the end of the rocky promontory, and the strongest man could not have rounded the point. But it has been borne in upon me since that the child, unconscious of the danger, may perhaps have gone round the headland on his little feet—straying very close to death, with the tide coming in at racehorse speed, helped by the gale, but yet eluding the doom that was so near. He must have been on our side of the rocks some minutes before we sighted him."

"Of what age was the boy?" asked the earl quickly. "I conclude, by your presence here, that you know the details of my loss?"

"An hour or two ago, Lord Earl, I knew not of your loss," answered the jet-hunter. "The overhearing of a chance conversation—if there be such a thing as chance, for I hold that what is written, that shall be—has brought home to me, after all these years, that our foundling, and my own foster-son, the little fellow whom we adopted among us, was no other than your

son, my lord. At the time we never dreamed of it. Our company was on the move, and our march was northward. We carried the boy with us. He was too young to tell us his parents' names. When we asked him as to his home, as to his own name, he could only tell us that they called him 'Don.' More closely questioned, he replied, crying as a child will cry, 'Little Don.' Is such a name strange to you, my lord?"

The tears that started to Earl Wyvern's haughty eyes, and the deep sob that shook his frame, were answer enough.

"Is he—my boy—yet living?" asked the earl; and it was with almost an imploring gaze that he fixed his eyes on Obadiah's rugged face.

"He is—he is, my lord," the jet-hunter made haste to say. "Roughly as we reared him, and poor as we were, he grew up to be as handsome and as noble a youth as ever gladdened a father's eyes. He still goes by the name of Don—Mr. Don they call him, for all believed him to be a gentleman's child from the first—and a braver lad, or a gentler, never won the praise of high and low along the coast here."

"Don?—yes, it was a name the Italian servants gave him at Naples, where they called him Don Lionello—Lionel Arthur Wyvern was his real name—and I, too, called him nothing else," said the earl thoughtfully. "I saw a young man, and a singularly handsome one, at Woodburn Parsonage, who——"

"Why, that must have been our Don—pardon me for interrupting your lordship—since Mr. Langton taught him, and liked him well, until that business came up about Miss Mowbray."

And in a few words Obadiah recounted how Don had become a clerk in Lord Thorsdale's land office, how he had won Violet's love, but, at her guardian's bidding, had been banished from the house.

"We may remedy that," said the earl, smiling. "But I forgot. Have you preserved, Captain Jedson, any of the clothes which the child wore?"

"I have carried them with me, under lock and key, in all my wandering career," answered Obadiah, as he undid the bundle, and laid it on the table before him. "Here, my lord, are the boy's clothes. This fine green velvet tunic, as you see, frayed and whitened now, but with the silver buttons yet bright, for I have burnished them at times; and here are the rest of the things, cap, shoes, and all, and the belt, with its big clasp of silver: that is bright, too; and a coral thing, that hung by a thin gold chain."

"That," said the earl, "is a Neapolitan charm against the Evil Eye—a mere toy; but the belt! Did you not wonder at what you found within the clasp?"

"Indeed, no. I doubt if I understand you, my lord," said Obadiah, wondering in his turn.

"I will see," said the earl, "if I have forgotten;" and, after one or two attempts, he pressed a secret spring, when instantly a silver plate flew open, revealing within a cavity that contained two tiny locks of hair and certain graven letters.

"Those are his mother's initials and mine. That is his mother's hair and my own. I doubt no more," said Lord Wyvern. "And now, Captain Jedson, how can I ever repay the debt?"

When suddenly Obadiah struck his forehead, exclaiming, "Dolt! dullard that I am! My lord, I greatly fear that the good news comes too late. They have driven our Don half desperate by separating him from the girl he loves, and to-morrow, early to-morrow, the brave boy starts to seek his fortune beyond the seas—starts for Mexico."

Lord Wyvern turned pale. He had quite lost his stoicism at the sight of the clothes and trinkets that his only child, so long mourned as dead, had worn, but the tears that dimmed his haughty eyes had not been all of sorrow. But now it seemed as though some new misfortune were impending.

"How is this?" he asked.

Then Obadiah related how Don, smarting under the imputation of mercenary motives, and despairing of being deemed a fitting suitor for Violet unless he grew rapidly rich, had induced Mr. Bartlett to recommend him to his brother, who managed some Mexican grandee's estate and mines in Northern Mexico.

"I have been in America myself, my lord, both north and south," concluded the jet-hunter bodingly, "and what I fear for the noble boy is his own courage. If he hadn't had a lion's heart, there'd have been widows in Yorkshire where there are happy wives, and orphans crying for bread, that never knew what Don's strong arm had done for them. But the lad is going where disease and savages and cowardly stabbers are as plenty as——"

"This must be stopped!" said Lord Wyvern, interrupting in his turn. And then Sir William Herrick was taken into council, and after some time had been inevitably lost in receiving the sincere congratulations of his kindly entertainers, in consulting railway time-tables, and in settling on a plan of action, a mounted messenger was despatched to Shrapton, to bespeak a special train to be in readiness in the morning to set off at an hour sufficiently early to render it possible to intercept Don at an important junction, at which he must necessarily stop during his journey towards Southampton and the steam-packet, West India bound, that was to waft him across the Atlantic towards Vera Cruz.

"I will send my own servant—Simmons is a very steady man," said the earl. "But, Captain Jedson, you will add very greatly to the obligation under which you have already laid me if you will accompany my valet, and vouch to Don himself, who knows you so well, for the truth of the tidings which follow him. Tell the boy that he has no need now to seek a fortune by imperilling his young life among barbarous foes, and in a semi-civilised country. Wyvern Castle, and the estates and the town-house, and the earl's coronet in the future, belong to him of right, as to me. He is even now Lord Ludlow, and as such I beg of you to cut short his projected self-exile, and to bring him back to the arms of his father."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

"MY LORD!"

THE fly which was to convey Don and his scanty luggage to the Daneborough Station arrived very early at the Old Steward's House at Thorsdale Park, and Don's young fellow-clerk was still asleep as his office companion started. Don's leave-takings had been got over. He had seen Violet, as he believed to be probable, for the last time. He had parted, before the jet-hunters' band set out on their southward march, with his foster-father, Obadiah Jedson. He had spoken hopefully to both of these, but, high of heart as he usually was, Don felt as if there was little prospect of a rapid rise in life, and a quick return to England and his promised bride. His courage was as dauntless as he had proved it to be many a day by sea and land, but his spirits were not as blithe as of old. Perhaps, since he had been called a fortune-hunter—since, for the first time in his bright young life, unworthy motives had been imputed to him—a gloom seemed to have settled upon the young man's joyous nature.

"DON SAW AT HIS ELBOW THE TOWERING FORM AND STRIKING FACE OF THE AGED CAPTAIN OF THE JET-HUNTERS" (*p.* 710).

As Don drove past Woodburn Parsonage, nestling amongst its trees, and as he looked up towards the windows of Violet's chamber, half-hidden by flowering creepers, tears sprang to his eyes. It was very early as yet. All at the Parsonage were probably asleep. The gardener on the lawn was whetting his scythe, but the house itself as yet was hushed. Then came

the rest of the drive to Daneborough; then the waiting at the station; and then at last the lumbering train jolted and snorted its way, as if with sullen reluctance, along the iron road.

It was a slow train by which Don was to travel. Intending emigrants have seldom much money to waste, and on such lines as that from Daneborough expresses were, like the proverbial visits of angels, few and far between. This was a train ostentatiously, almost irritably slow, stopping everywhere, even beside damp brick platforms that stood like red oases in a waste of wet greenery, and where the oldest porter on duty could not have remembered three passengers arriving or departing at any one time—and rumbling sluggishly along, like an unwieldy elephant, from each of these centres of agricultural depression to another. At last there was a town, and there tickets were pierced or snipped; and then there was another town, where it was needful to alight, wait, and change carriages. And so, in a slow way, the first portion of the journey was completed.

Don went through this tedious preliminary to his pilgrimage like a man in a dream. His thoughts were far away, sometimes with Violet in her peaceful home, sometimes among the scenes of his late occupations, and anon in the very different land that awaited him beyond the sunny sea and the palm-crested Antilles, the land of deep dry cañons, so called, of serrated ridges of porphyry and selenite, of blue peaks, vulture-haunted, and of forests of thorny scrub, through which a horse could hardly force his way. That was the Land of Promise. Don had his full share of the youth's longing for adventure and contempt for peril which has planted the English flag everywhere; but now—he knew not why—he felt a sensation of sadness, as though failure and disappointment lay in wait for him at the end of the long journey on which he was bound.

"Never mind," he said to himself, with a laugh: "at the sight of blue water my spirits will rise again, I am sure."

"Switcham Junction. Change!" said the guard, going quickly along the line of carriages.

Don, with the other passengers, got out and waited.

Switcham is a great station, the nucleus of a very iron spider's-web of rails, running towards the cardinal points of the compass, twisting, curving, and converging in the most bewildering way. It is dull work loitering on the boarded platform of such a place.

There Don stood, looking dejectedly about him. Suddenly there was a little bustle on the platform.

"See all clear there!—special coming, as telegraphed from the North!" bawled a deputy-inspector, and there was a moment of activity.

Switcham Junction being, as a reference to memory or to a time-table will prove, a spot whither unnumbered lines converge, a collision is always to be feared, just as is an earthquake in Peru. It is only by dint of great care that such untoward events are reduced to the moderate amount which does not awaken the Olympian wrath of leading newspapers, and depress the current value of debentures. On this occasion, no doubt, the necessary precautions had been taken, with good results, for presently the special train from the North, merely consisting of a couple of carriages tacked to a tender and an engine, came in with a smoothly rushing sound.

Perhaps Don was the only passenger among the loiterers on the extensive platform of Switcham who paid no attention at all to the advent of that costly luxury which only the rich can afford—the special train. The special train, then, so far as Don was concerned, rolled unregarded in.

"My lord!" said a strange voice, in a tone of deferential eagerness, so close to Don's ear that the young man could but start and turn his head. What he saw before him was a person in black, and with trim black whiskers, well dressed, but with the subservient air which denoted the highly-trained domestic.

"I beg your lordship's pardon!" said the man, raising his glossy hat.

Don stared at him in very natural surprise.

"This is some mistake," he said tolerantly.

"No mistake at all, asking your lordship's pardon for the liberty," said the stranger. "We have followed your lordship from the North by special train, and—— I am speaking, I hope, to Mr. Don?" added the man-servant rapidly, and with some anxiety.

"My name is Don," answered the young man, who scarcely knew how to treat this importunate intruder on his privacy. The man was respectable in appearance and respectful in manner: could scarcely be regarded either as a monomaniac or as the perpetrator of a hoax. "For whom do you take me?" he demanded sternly.

"For Lord Ludlow, my lord. I am here by orders of your lordship's father, my lord, and——"

So far had the valet proceeded in his speech, when a deeper voice struck in—

"Don, my dear boy, the man tells the truth, strange, and passing strange, as it may sound in those young ears of thine."

And Don saw at his elbow the towering form and striking face of the aged captain of the jet-hunters.

"You, too!" exclaimed Don, utterly bewildered; "and you also wishful to persuade me that I am not myself, but somebody else! Am I awake, or is all this a dream?"

"A sweet dream, a happy dream, as I hope," answered Obadiah, with the grim chuckle which with him, on very rare occasions, did duty for a laugh. "Come with me, my child, while I try to make clear to you what must now seem darkness indeed."

And, passing his gaunt arm through that of Don, the old jet-hunter gently drew the astonished young man away from the spot, where the discreet valet remained motionless.

"My boy, my foster-child," began Obadiah, in a voice that was broken by emotion, "when first you came—a wee thing—to break our bread, and warm your little limbs beside our camp-fire, I knew from the first that you belonged to gentle-folks. You were like a tiny eaglet that had dropped down from the

eyrie aloft, and had but the barred feathers and the dauntless eyes to tell of what race you came. At last the truth is known. Your father, who grows impatient as he waits yonder to press you to his heart, is a grand nobleman, a noble earl, my lad."

"His name?" Don asked, as his breath went and came more quickly than usual.

"His name is Earl Wyvern. You are yourself, it seems, Don, a lord, and your true name is Lionel Arthur, Lord Ludlow. You are his lordship's only child, and natural heir," replied Obadiah, and then went on, as rapidly and as lucidly as he could, to explain how, being an unsuspected listener to the talk of two of Sir William Herrick's servants in the sanded parlour of the "Blue Lion"—near which, in Horseshoe Bay, the jet-hunters' bivouac had been established—he had found for the first time a clue to the mystery of Don's parentage. He told how Lord Wyvern had willingly given credence to his tale, and had even himself, by touching the secret spring of the massive silver clasp, added an extra link to the chain of proofs which all accepted as sufficient.

There was no question any longer of Don's pursuing his solitary journey towards the steamship that was to waft the young adventurer to Mexico. Don—or otherwise Lord Ludlow—had no need to seek a fortune by way of qualifying himself as an eligible suitor for Violet's hand. His fortune was made already, since there was many a fair demesne, besides that which surrounded Wyvern Castle, that in the fulness of time must, with the earl's coronet, descend to Don.

The end of the colloquy was that, as fast as the special train could hurry him along, Don sped over the iron road to Shrapton. As he sat alone in his compartment of a first-class carriage—old Obadiah having insisted on journeying, as before, in company with Lord Wyvern's confidential servant, so as to leave his foster-child to his own reflections—it seemed almost to Don as though he were the hero of a fairy tale. The news appeared too good to be true, the promotion too sudden, the change in his prospects as abrupt as would be an instantaneous change from bleak winter to brilliant summer.

Shrapton at last, and the sea. At the station door one of Sir William Herrick's carriages was in waiting. Obadiah declined to accompany his former charge to the Hall.

"I shall see you, though, to-morrow," said Don, wringing the old man's hand, and then he stepped into the carriage.

"I shall tell the coachman to drive fast, my lord," said the earl's valet, as he sprang to his seat on the box, and the carriage dashed off towards Herrick Hall.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

FATHER AND SON.

SIR WILLIAM HERRICK, who was the soul of hospitality, had thoughtfully provided that Don, on his arrival at the Hall, should be ushered at once into the presence of his father. In the library, a large room where well-stored book-shelves alternated with the branching antlers of stags slain long ago, and with armour kept bright by the care of sundry generations of servants, the earl received the long-lost son whom he had so long sorrowed for as dead. All Lord Wyvern's pride, all the habitual coldness of his manner, gave way at once, and he did not even try to hide the unwonted tears that dimmed his eyes, as, opening his arms, he pressed the young man to his breast.

"My boy!" he exclaimed, pushing Don from him a little way, with a hand upon each shoulder, so as to see him better, "you cannot tell what this meeting is to me! To find again, as if the very grave had, through Heaven's mercy, yielded him up to me, the little child—all that my Marian left me—and to find in him a man grown, and a son of whom any father would be proud indeed!"

Don, too, was more affected than he had deemed possible. There was something touching in the very change in the bearing of one so haughty as the father to whom he had been newly restored. The earl's character had indeed, as has been hinted, seemed to undergo a great change at the period of his bereavements, when first his dearly-loved young wife, and next his only child, were snatched from him. Now, already he seemed to unbend, and the genial kindliness of his original nature appeared to force its way through the frigid austerity which to recent observers had seemed the key-note of his disposition.

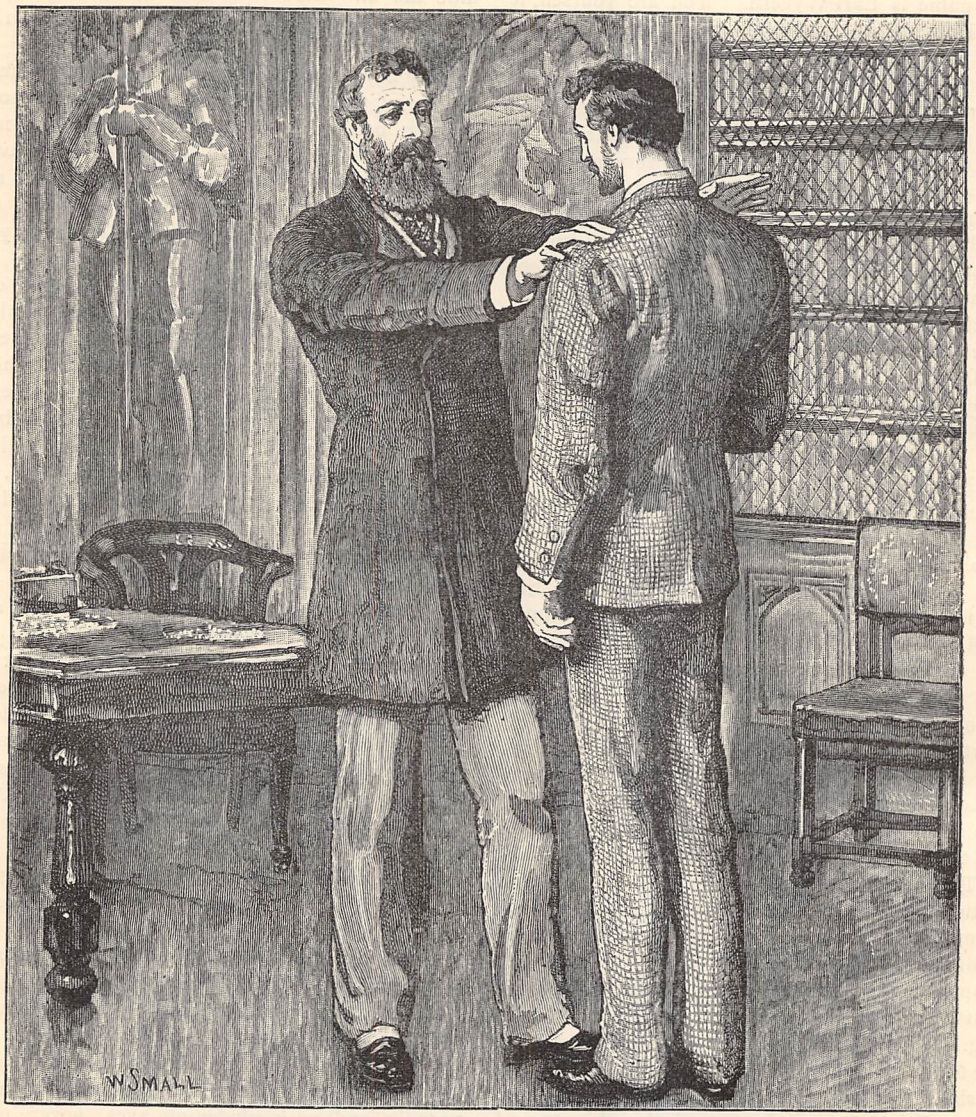
"You have the Wyvern features, my boy!" said the earl presently, "but your eyes remind me of your mother, too. When I saw you by chance at Woodburn Parsonage, your face haunted and perplexed me. But how could I conjecture that the tender child, lost beneath the waves, as all believed, so long ago, was there before me, under Mr. Langton's roof! To you, Don, I suspect, it all seems like a dream."

"It does, my lord," replied Don frankly; "and yet it is a dream that makes me very happy. Had I been offered to choose the father who should greet me as his son, I would gratefully have chosen as it has been willed."

Next followed Don's introduction to worthy Sir William, and to Lady Herrick, and their only unmarried daughter. How strangely sounded in his ears the new name that must now be his—Lord Ludlow. But his father, though he mentioned his recovered son by his new and aristocratic designation, and that proudly and with glistening eyes, never once addressed his heir save as "Don," as he had done when the tall, strong young man was but a beautiful child. That congratulations were not lacking may be readily supposed. Kindly Sir William Herrick and his excellent wife hospitably insisted on extending a pressing invitation to "Lord Ludlow" to be their guest during his father's stay, and it was settled that the visit of both the earl and his new-found son should be protracted for some time, to afford leisure for some necessary arrangements.

Don's first care was, with his father's sanction, to write to Mr. Marsh, in his capacity of Miss Mowbray's

guardian, to ask leave formally to renew, under his new name and in his altered position, his former proposals for Violet's hand. When it came to signing this letter, the first that he had written since his sudden and extraordinary rise in life, Don felt a passing awkwardness. Such feelings beset many men when environed by unaccustomed grandeur. A Court suit, a military uniform, with the sword that belongs to either garb, inflicts, when worn for the first time, tortures on the diffident, to which those whose nerves are strung to a different tension are strangers. And so it is sometimes with fine names. I have seen a quiet country lady who unexpectedly became a peeress as miserable as I have seen a timid gentleman, starting for Buckingham Palace and the presence of royalty, with his spit of a Court-sword persistently getting between his silk-stockinged ankles. Don was of another mould. But even he paused for a moment before he signed himself "Don—Ludlow."



"'MY BOY!' HE EXCLAIMED, PUSHING DON FROM HIM A LITTLE WAY, WITH A HAND UPON EACH SHOULDER" (*p.* 711).

The effect of this letter, and of one from Earl Wyvern to his old acquaintance, the Reverend Samuel Langton, at Woodburn Parsonage, may be readily conceived. There had been, under cover to the drysalter, in Don's letter, an open note to Violet—such a note as the gallant lad would have written had a successful stroke in Mexico sent him back unexpectedly early to her whom he loved—couched in modest, loving, and manly words.

Between the sending of these letters and the reception of the consequent replies, Don learned from Captain Obadiah, whose band yet lingered in Horseshoe Bay, that a recently-arrived jet-hunter had brought the news of the inquest which had been held upon the body of Rufus Crouch, with its matter-of-fact verdict of "Accidental death," and of the wretched man's burial in the nearest parish churchyard, the few sovereigns that had been found in his hut sufficing to pay the expenses of his unmourned funeral.

Mr. Marsh, drysalter and City merchant as he was, had been more stirred during his brief residence in Yorkshire by emotions of one sort or another than ever before in the many years of his life. He made haste now to write two letters. One was to Don. How hard it was to Mr. Marsh seriously to address the young jet-hunter—the adventurer whom he had so roughly driven from Violet's side—the nameless, fortuneless waif of the sea-beach—as "My Lord!" And yet he had to write the words "My Lord;" for was not Don, the penniless jet-seeker, the poorly-salaried clerk, heir to a great English noble, and the bearer of a grand historic name? But Mr. Marsh took credit to himself, justly, that Don's personal qualities had shone out, even to his eyes, through the mists and clouds in which poverty and adverse circumstances enwrap but too many of us. He had been sorry for his harshness—he had owned the lad to be noble in heart and conduct—even before the lad's nobility of blood and name had been blazoned forth to the world. So he penned to Don a letter that did credit to both.

To Earl Wyvern, Mr. Marsh addressed a more formal epistle of congratulation and of acceptance, so far as a guardian can accept, the honour of Lord Ludlow's offer of marriage to his ward. He mentioned, too, that Violet's accession to a fortune of £70,000, with deferred dividends amounting to a considerable sum, was now, as recent inquiries had proved, fully assured, and that therefore the young bride would bring this large dower to her future husband.

There were two other letters dated from the pleasant Parsonage at Woodburn. One of them was addressed to Earl Wyvern, and was signed "Samuel Langton," its contents being warm felicitations, learned quotations, and witty remarks—such a letter as we seldom see now, for the rector deserved to have lived, if not when the Right Honourable Joseph Addison and ingenious Sir Richard Steele lorded it at the coffee-houses in vogue, at least as far back as the time of Boswell, Chesterfield, and the Leviathan of a Doctor. The other letter was that from Violet to Lord Ludlow. Outside the envelope, of course, he was to be called by his grand new name—his new name that she was soon to share; but within the loving little letter there was no allusion to his courtesy title. He was Don—her dear, dear Don—Violet's only love—Violet's only darling. She welcomed him back as if he had ridden boldly off to the battle-field and come back unhurt. And she confessed to him all her fears, which she had partly kept back before, that she should lose him for ever in that burning land beyond the seas, and she poured out her innocent heart to him simply, in the hour of her rejoicing, because her lover was given back to her.

Earl Wyvern had given his consent promptly. He could not easily have refused anything to the son so newly restored to him; and he had seen Violet, and regarded her as the sweet, good girl she was. So arrangements were commenced for the marriage that, some months later, was to be.

Letters, however dear to lovers, are but, after all, the pale reflection of loving words and looks. Don—let us call him so still—wrote fervently enough, and Violet answered his letters in such pretty words as deserved the immortality which has been the lot of some exceptionally-preserved love-letters that have handed down to us from a long-buried past the old simple pathos that renews itself, ever and always, for each successive generation, like the rose's perfume and the lark's song. But Don could not rest until he had hurried off to Woodburn Parsonage to see Violet again.

How changed were all the externals of life since the day, so recent, when he had left Thorsdale to seek his fortune in Mexico—since that on which, with Mr. Marsh's half-reluctant sanction, he had bidden farewell to her on whom his heart was set! He was coming back now like a young prince that had been recognised as heir to his father's kingdom, and could cast aside the mean apparel of early exile, and shine forth like the sun flashing from the midst of riven clouds. But Don hardly thought of his altered circumstances: thought of little, indeed, save of Violet herself.

"I am so glad—so glad!" Violet said these words, and no more, as she stretched out her two white little hands to meet those eager ones that Don extended in greeting, and then she turned her sweet face aside and began to sob.

"Why should you cry, my love?" asked the young man impetuously, and with a certain sense of disappointment, for to him it had seemed as if life now ought to be all sunshine and joy.

But Violet did cry, though not for long, and though it would have been difficult for her, if arraigned before a Court of Love, as in the Languedoc of the Troubadours, to give a coherent account of the cause of her tears. Certainly it was not because Don was restored to her. Certainly it was not because the course of true love, after a brief delay amidst rocks and eddies, was henceforth to run smooth. There must have been some other reason, and perhaps Violet's own timid statement in answer to pressing questions came nearest to the truth.

"Do you know, Don dear," she said coyly, after a time, "that since you have become so grand a personage I am almost more than half afraid of you?"

"I don't know how I can be grand, or a personage," responded Don, almost indignantly. "Surely, my

own, I am the same that I was—say—the day before yesterday. And to be afraid of me!"

"But I have been thinking, and I am half afraid," said Violet, in that half-playful, half-serious way in which a girl who loves alone can speak, and which has a charm of its own beyond the reach of imitation—"half afraid of you, dear, since you are Lord Ludlow, and not Don any more, and will be an earl some day, and so rich and long-descended, and might choose—I dare say—among those who are far more beautiful and noble than——"

With a kiss Don stopped the rosy lips from saying more. "This is sheer treason, my darling," he said, as he passed his strong arm around Violet's slender waist; "Don I am, and Don I shall ever be, it seems, to those who love me or like me—most of all to her who is all the world to me, as you are, Violet dear. And what can a title signify, or a fortune, except that they help to bring us two together? and where, out of all the world, could I have found a wife so sweet and dear as the one whose heart is bound to mine?"

Then the talk flowed on, as lovers' talk is apt to do, in other channels, and Violet, ceasing to plead her own unworthiness for the high position which she must be one day called upon to fill, gave herself up to the sweetness of the hour. Her Don, her chosen, her youthful hero, was restored to her, and that after a separation so recent that the pang of parting was fresh and new in her recollection. And she could confess now, with a strange sense of enjoyment—such as the memory of past pain sometimes brings with it, illogical, but delicious—how keen had been her apprehensions lest Don should never come back—should, indeed, be lost to her for ever.

"I was so afraid for you, my darling," she murmured again and again: "so afraid, because you are so brave. It would have been worse for you," she added, with feminine force of reasoning, "than for another in your place."

"I was sad, but I did not see much to be afraid of," answered Don, with his bright smile. "When one has had to struggle often with sea and storm and quicksand, neither fever nor savage neighbours appear so very terrible. And I feel somehow like an impostor in coming back safe and sound before I had had time or chance to show the stuff I was made of, and whether I could do as well under novel circumstances as my friends' partiality prompted them to predict for me. I feel, too, as though things were made too comfortable for me, and the whole world had entered into a conspiracy to surround me, the waif of the sea-beach, with luxury and honours, and, I suppose, to spoil me."

"It would take a great deal to spoil you, Don," said Violet, half proudly, half tearfully, as she laid her white hand timidly on Don's dark curls.

"You for one, love, seem determined to do it," replied Don, with a laugh; and then he kissed her again, and had only just time to retire to a decorous distance before worthy Mr. Marsh came blundering into the room to shake the former object of his aversion by the hand, and wish him joy in his new character as Lord Ludlow.

And after the excellent drysalter, came the good clergyman and his wife, and the conversation became general, turning always, however, on the subject that filled the minds of all at Woodburn Parsonage—the wonderful revolution of Fortune's wheel that had suddenly bestowed on the foundling of the sea-shore every advantage of rank and wealth.

"I must not stay," said Don, after an hour or two had been thus spent pleasantly enough. "I promised my father—how strangely does the sound of my own voice ring when I say the word!—that I would be back at Sir William's house long before dinner-time, and I must not be late. I really think," he added, with a laugh, "that Lord Wyvern grudges everything just now that takes me out of his sight, and could hardly spare me to-day, even to you."

"And I don't wonder at it, Don, my child," answered the rector cheerily, as he shook hands with his former pupil; "nor do you, Violet, I dare say?"

And Violet's blushing cheek and sunny gaze gave a sufficient answer to the question.

So Don went back to Sir William Herrick's, but it was with a full understanding that his marriage with Mr. Marsh's ward was soon to be.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-NINTH.

MARRIAGE-BELLS.

LORD WYVERN, in pursuance of his promise, at length wrote to Dr. Leader, in his character of the magistrate before whom Rufus Crouch had made and affirmed on oath his deposition concerning the cheque forged, presented, and cashed at Threddleston. The earl expressed his readiness, if necessary, to be prosecutor in the case, should it be considered that adequate grounds existed for such a course. Some delay ensued, and at last Dr. Leader's answer came. The medical magistrate, before acting, had taken counsel of his brothers of the Bench; and it had been after mature deliberation, and in company with another justice of the peace, that he had called, with an escort of police, at Helston. But Sir Richard's steep-roofed manor-house was found in charge of a couple of care-takers, and Sir Richard himself was gone. That the baronet had abruptly discharged his servants, had packed up a few effects, and had started, taking with him no attendant but an old valet who had been with him since the beginning of his military career, was ascertained. He was reported to have closed his London house as summarily as he had put down his establishment in Yorkshire, and to have sailed for Demerara, where rumour alleged him to possess a small estate, inherited from his father. That, however, was hearsay; and Dr. Leader expressed himself as being glad to be freed from a disagreeable duty which it would otherwise have been necessary to fulfil.

The grim old captain of the jet-hunters, to whom both the earl and Don felt that they owed a deep debt of gratitude, refused the liberal offers of money which Lord Wyvern pressed upon him. "I lack for nothing, my lord," he answered; "and for the little I did, my foster-son—our Don I call the young lord still—has

paid me for it time again by true service and kindly feeling. Your lordship's friendly words I am thankful for, but I need no gold, save what I have earned in my wild trade."

But Don's knowledge of the old man's peculiarities prevailed, and Obadiah accepted the gift of a small farm which Earl Wyvern had purchased for him in Beckdale, the place of his birth, and of some such freehold as the veteran jet-hunter—descendant of a race of yeomen that had sunk into poverty—confessed himself to have been all his life ambitious to be the possessor of. So the famous old company of jet-seekers was broken up, most of its members turning their attention to more prosaic forms of bread-winning.

Mr. Marsh experienced less difficulty even than he had anticipated in securing for his pretty ward's benefit that seventy thousand pounds to which she was entitled, in virtue of the trust-deed signed by her eccentric great-uncle, the late Major-General Yorke, and which had been the glittering bait that had tempted Sir Richard to his ruin, and his accomplice, Crouch, to his death. The money was there, of course, safe in Britannia's keeping, and ready to be duly accounted for, like the treasure in the Eastern tale, when the proper *Open Sesame!* should be pronounced; though, left to itself, it would probably have gone, in the ripeness or rottenness of time, to swell that heap of unclaimed and uncared-for money that occasionally makes such a stir in the world when its amount is suddenly revealed. Meanwhile, Crouch's hut, unrepaired, and liable to sportive damage from boys, fell gradually to ruins—fit emblem of the downfall of the plans of its savage proprietor.

Lord Thorsdale, who kept his motley guests with him till he and they were mutually tired of one another, and then went to Cowes, Ventnor, and Torquay, passed a miserable winter, and seemed on the point of becoming really ill. But in early spring the masterful valetudinarian carried off his complaining countess to Davos, and, when the snows on the passes permitted it, went up to St. Moritz itself, where his shattered health derived real benefit, perhaps as much from the triumph of having his own way as from the bracing air of that elevated mountain plateau. He came down better in mind and body, and has ever since then been quoted by the faculty, when persuading a recalcitrant patient to "try the Engadine," as a burning and shining beacon whereby to take example in the way of regaining health. Glitka, the baronet once gone, found her further sojourn in England unendurable, and, much regretted by her partial mistress, Lady Thorsdale, returned to her native Hungary.

The efficient partner in the eminent drysalters' firm of Crump, Marsh, and Caxton is still a bachelor, still a resident in Dagger Court, and still as successful in business as before. He plays chess in winter and angles from a punt in summer with his former assiduity, but at Christmas he now makes a rule of accepting the cordial invitation to Wyvern Castle, one of the boasts of the Severn valley, which denotes the just esteem and liking with which the old-fashioned City merchant is regarded by those who dwell there.

There were doubts among some of the sterner, or perhaps the more conscientious, of the county magistrates as to the propriety of allowing the prosecution of Sir Richard Mortmain to be nipped in the bud because the erring baronet had fled the country. Demerara, as Admiral Bannerman pointed out in emphatic language to his weaker brethren in the Commission of the Peace, is, after all, a British colony, and as such, it was quite possible, if the Crown took up the case, to bring back the fugitive, "in irons, too, gentlemen, and with a marine sentry at his cabin door," to receive condign punishment at home. But before serious steps were taken to interest the Treasury in the matter, Sir Richard's body servant, in mourning garb, arrived at Thorsdale to inform the countess of her brother's death, of jungle fever, shortly after his reaching the malarious district where his plantation lay, in the sickly season. Sir Richard, before he grew delirious, had begun to write a letter which proved his tardy repentance.

The wedding-bells rang gaily, and flowers and lace and jewels sparkled and rustled and bloomed their best, when, with the fullest and freest consent of all concerned, Violet and Don—Miss Mowbray and Lord Ludlow, in newspaper parlance and in drawing-room and club-room gossip, but to each other Don and Violet eternally—were married in the spring.

It was a grand wedding, as became a bride and bridegroom so favoured by nature, and a house such as that noble one of Wyvern, and royalty in some of its junior branches graced the nuptials of the former foundling of the wild sea-beach.

There is not much more to tell, save that Don and Violet, loving and beloved, keep up a friendly intercourse with good Mr. and Mrs. Langton at Woodburn, and that they continue to live with Earl Wyvern, whose heart was greatly softened by the sudden joy that repaid him for years of lonely suffering, and who cannot bear again to be separated from the son of whom he is so proudly fond. Obadiah, though bent and feeble, yet survives; and frequently the future Earl and Countess of Wyvern—let them be Don and Violet to us still—talk with affection and gratitude of the good old man, and marvel at the talisman of hidden happiness for them that lay WITHIN THE CLASP.

THE END.

COOPER'S HILL ENGINEERING COLLEGE.

BY J. MUNRO, C.E.

THE beautiful eminence known as Cooper's Hill, which overlooks the winding Thames between the town of Staines and the village of Old Windsor, was a celebrated spot long before the Duke of Argyll pitched upon it for the site of the Royal Indian Engineering College. Sir John Denham's well-known poem had made it familiar—at least, to English-speaking people—all over the world. According to Dr. Johnson (see his "Lives of the Poets"), Sir John Denham, on resigning the Governorship of Farnham Castle, retreated to Oxford, where, in 1643, he published "Cooper's Hill." I find, however, that there was an earlier edition of the poem published in 1642, at London, and "printed for *Tho. Walkley*," and "sold at his Shop, at the sign of the Flying Horse, between York-house and Britaines Burse, 1642." There is a copy of this edition, which is presumably the first, in the British Museum, and it shows that the poem as originally written varies considerably from its present form, the fine apostrophe to the Thames, beginning "O could I flow like thee," being quite different and very inferior to the extant lines. In both versions the poet surveys the surrounding scene from Cooper's Hill; and, after moralising on St. Paul's, with the toiling masses of London at its feet, he passes to Windsor, on the other side of the horizon, and celebrates its royal towers. The green and level meadows between the hill and the Thames then engage his attention. He describes a royal deer-hunt over them, and likens the deer at bay to King John forced by the barons to seal the Magna Carta on Runnymede, which is part of the same range of greensward, under the hill, a little towards Staines. The river Thames, however, elicits the finest lines, and leads his imagination to that mighty Empire of which it is the spring.

"My eye, descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames! the most loved of all the ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.

* * * * *

Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast, or to disperse his stores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants;
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants,
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

Cooper's Hill, thus rendered classic, and associated poetically with the great Indian Empire, has now become the seat where those civil arts which develop the riches of that Empire are taught to emanate.

The Indian Engineering College is a fine mansion, situated on the top of the hill, in its own grounds, and overlooking the river. It stands, in fact, on the very spot where the poet is supposed to sit. Once a private residence, the larger rooms have been fitted up as class-rooms of the ordinary College type, the smaller rooms being converted into homes for the students, dining-halls, reading-rooms, smoking-rooms, and so on. The gardens round the house are very prettily laid out; and great cedars, elms, and lime-trees cast a breezy shade over the lawns in summer, or break the force of the winter gales.

The view from the hill is very fine, perhaps one of the finest in the Thames Valley: the river winding in front, with its grassy eyots, from Runnymede up to Windsor; and behind, the umbrageous wilds of Windsor Park, with Virginia Water and the smaller lakes and ponds. There are hundreds of pretty nooks in the neighbourhood, with rural inns and country lanes, to invite the student when out for a row, or engaged in the serious work of a survey; and, altogether, the time must pass very pleasantly at Cooper's Hill during the three years of study and athletics which prepare a young man for the more arduous duties of Indian engineering.

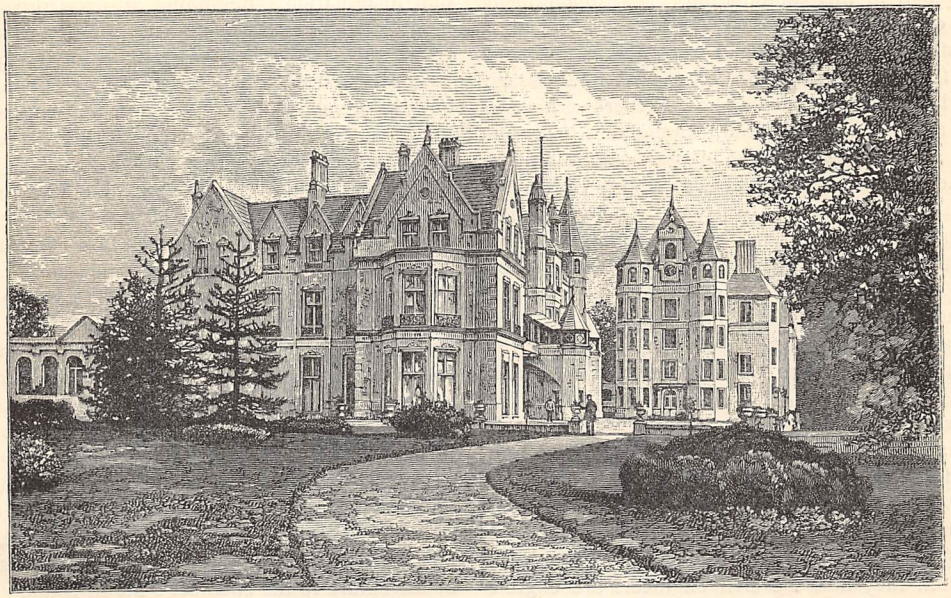
The College is reached from Egham Station, one and a half miles distant on the Great Western Railway; the nearest telegraph office being at Englefield Green. Established under the Secretary of State for India in Council, to educate civil engineers for the Indian Public Works Department, it is prepared to take in sixty fresh students every year. But all of these need not enter the Indian Service; a few may get an engineering education here for use elsewhere. There are, in fact, only a certain number of vacancies in the Indian Service, and when the supply of students exceeds the demand, the vacancies are filled up from qualified men.

The age of students seeking admission to the College must range from seventeen to twenty-one. They must show a good moral character, and an elementary knowledge of mathematics, besides a good general school or College education. Applications for admission must be made to the Secretary of the College on or before July 1st of each year, and the Entrance Examination takes place about the end of the following June. This embraces English composition (writing and spelling grammatically and well), arithmetic, algebra (as far as quadratic equations and the binomial theorem), geometry (the 4th and 6th Books of Euclid), mensuration, and plane trigonometry (including the solution of plane triangles). Full information on this head can be obtained from the College Calendar, published

yearly; from the Secretary; or, better still, from some student who has passed, or tutor who prepares for the examination.

If more than sixty students pass the Entrance Examination, preference is given to those who stand highest on the list, and according to the date of their applications. A fee of £2 (not returnable) is paid by each student examined.

The College course for Civil Engineering lasts three years; for the Telegraph Department, two years. Each annual session begins in September. There are three terms, divided from each other by a four weeks' vacation at Christmas, two weeks' at Easter, and eight weeks' in summer. The annual charge is £180 for each student, paid in £60 instalments at the beginning of each term; and a deposit of £5 has also to be made, as surety for damage to books or instruments, or for non-payment of College bills. The balance is returned to the student on leaving at the end of the course.



COOPER'S HILL COLLEGE.

The College fees include all charges for board, lodging, washing, but not for medical attendance, wine, or beer. Students must provide their own class-books, but surveying and drawing instruments, drawing-paper, and drawing-boards are provided by the College. There is a library for the use of the students, and a reading-room, provided with current periodicals; a gymnasium for manly exercises; and a workshop for learning the use of the lathe, but here students must provide their own hand-tools.

The subjects of study in the first year are engineering (including a knowledge of building materials), geometrical drawing, surveying (partly in the field), freehand drawing, physics (or chemistry), mathematics (including analytical geometry and the elements of the calculus), statics and dynamics, kinematics, geology, architecture, and work in the chemical laboratory and mechanical shop. During the second year, engineering and applied mechanics, geometrical and freehand drawing, surveying in the field, chemistry and physics, mathematics, geology, and architecture are taught. Students are also allowed the use of the chemical laboratory and the workshop. In the third year they are taught engineering and applied mechanics, keeping accounts, estimating for works, surveying, making projects for roads, railways, and canals, working out designs from given data, mechanical engineering, and architecture. Photography is also taught to a few who desire to learn the art; and we should advise any one who has a taste in that direction to do so, for it may prove a pleasant recreation in India, and provide him with many interesting souvenirs of his toils and journeys. French and German are also taught during the course.

For the Indian Telegraph Service the first year's course is the same as that for civil engineers; but the second and last year is occupied with engineering and applied mechanics, chemistry and physics, mathematics, mathematical physics, telegraphy, telegraph construction, signalling, testing materials, experimenting, the chemical laboratory, and making apparatus in the workshop.

Proficiency in these studies is tested from time to time by examinations during the session, and marks given in each subject. A minimum of marks is required for a student to pass in any subject, and a minimum total for a pass in all subjects; but extra marks are given for exceptional merit in special sub-

jects, and students are thus encouraged to excel in those studies for which they have a more decided taste and aptitude. There is a Final Examination during the last year, in which the training of the student, not only in book but in field work, is tested, and the marks he obtains class him as an ordinary Graduate of the College, an Associate if he has taken honours, and an Honorary Fellow if he has won special distinction.

On passing the Final Examination, the student, if such is his aim, will be appointed to one of the vacancies of the Indian Service, if found of sound constitution and free from serious physical defects. Owing to the limited number of vacancies, students are appointed in the order of the merits list at the Final Examination, so it is to the student's immediate interest to stand high in this examination. His appointment is that of assistant engineer (second grade), at a salary of 4,200 rupees (Indian rate) per annum, and it dates from his leaving the College. A free passage is given him to India, provided he gets there within two months after leaving England. Sometimes he is put through another year's course of practical training in an engineer's office at home, before going to India; but he is paid a salary of £150 a year, and may earn a further bonus of £10 or £25. Before leaving home he is permitted to choose the Province he wishes to be sent to, and the branch of service he prefers, and his request will be acceded to if possible; but it is understood that he must obey the wishes of the Government at any time, both as regards place and work.

Telegraph students, after completing the first year's course, are nominated to vacancies in India, and qualify for them during the next year. They are then drafted to India, passage-paid, as assistant superintendents, at a salary of 3,000 rupees per annum (Indian rate), from the date of leaving College. Both they and the civil engineers are eligible for furlough and pension-money from the date of leaving Cooper's Hill.

Those extra students who do not enter the Indian Service are assisted, if possible, to pupilages in a civil or mechanical engineer's office of standing, at moderate rates of premium.

Each student has a room of his own at the College; and is encouraged in manly exercises. In fact, he is required to undergo a training in military discipline, the use of the rifle, and in gymnastics, besides furnishing evidence that he can ride. An academical dress is worn when required; and good behaviour is essential. The situation of the College fortunately allows of ample facilities for all such requirements.

Once in India the career open to the young engineer is a very good one, and likely to stimulate even a dull imagination. Beginning at 4,200 rupees a year, he obtains 5,400 on rising one grade, and 11,400 on rising to be an executive engineer of the first class. The practical work is done by the executive engineer and the assistants. As superintendent engineer of the first class he earns 19,200 rupees per annum, and as chief engineer of the first class his salary is 30,000 rupees per annum. As a telegraph officer he can rise to a superintendentship of the first grade, at a salary of 1,500 rupees per mensem, and as director-general he is entitled to 3,000 rupees per mensem.

The works on which young engineers are engaged are chiefly the making and maintenance of railways, roads, and canals throughout the jungles and forests of that vast peninsula; and telegraph men are equally engaged in running new telegraph lines, or testing and repairing old ones. In time of peace, at least, it is entirely of a civil character; but, of course, the exigencies of war might at any time give it a semi-military character; and, at all times, the long distances to be traversed, the barbarous nature of the country, and the existence of military rule communicate a spice of adventure to the engineer's life in India.

A LOVE-QUARREL.

THAT scornful word, how soon 'twas said!
That slight revenged, when none was giv'n!
Then swift the tongue's sharp arrows sped,
At which, through twinned hearts deeply driv'n,
Sweet Love in terror fled.

Much tried he me, my bosom's lord,
Suspecting that and hinting this;
I raged; taunts, which my heart abhorred
When spoke, I launched, no point to miss,
And stabbed him with each word.

Come here, my greyhound, faithful thou
While faithless he who gave thee proves;
Smoothing in all my grief thy brow,
I marvel if his fancy moves
To me repentant now.

Perchance those hasty words regret
Would fain recall—each haughty look;
Patient his wish I might have met;
There! the gate clicked—doth he yet brook
Love's toils, love's gilded net?

My heart's love comes—'twere wise to pout;
A girl with spirit should behave;
And yet, methinks, I might him flout
Till Love withdrew the boon it gave,
And coldness followed doubt.

The door opes—up perplexed I start,
Timid yet confident he stands;
Begone, distrust! no more apart
Should lovers dwell—I seize his hands,
And nestle next his heart.

M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

E. Lecadre & Cie.

"COME HERE, MY GREYHOUND, FAITHFUL THOU
WHILE FAITHLESS HE."

TALKS WITH MY PATIENTS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

MY OBSTINATE PATIENT.

"WHAT is the good of asking a medical man's advice if you don't mean to follow it?"

Every one has heard this question asked, and generally asked of the obstinate, wilful, or doubting patient. It is one that the patient feels it somewhat hard to answer. And still, to call in the aid of a physician, but not, after all, to trust him implicitly with the case, and follow his instructions to the letter, is doing a very foolish thing, to say the least of it—ay, and it is a mistake that has cost many a precious life. Choose, then, your medical adviser as wisely as you can, but having made that choice, in the name of common sense let all the wisdom rest on his side, till you are well and up, and out again.

I first met W. G. at the sale of a property at N——'s, in town. The place—a small but very pretty one—a kind of *rus in suburbe*—was put to the hammer. I do not know what I myself was doing there. I did not mean to buy, certainly; but the property to be sold was near mine, and I dare say I was wondering who would come to reside at it.

W. G. did not prepossess me in his favour—not much at all events. He was a tall, squarely-framed, raw-boned, bold-chinned man about fifty, with rather more jewellery than I like to see on a gentleman; and he kept tossing the bunch of seals and trinkets suspended from his waistcoat—from force of habit, perhaps, but it gave one the idea he was purse-proud. He stood well to the front, held his head erect, and looked determined. A man, I thought to myself, that, with sword in hand, could defend a breach.

There were many there who seemed wishful to purchase that property, but the calm insolence of this man's "bids" finally put them all down. Then he turned round and smiled as he addressed me.

"They might have saved themselves the trouble of talking," he said. "When W. G. wants a thing, W. G. usually manages to have it."

This was my new neighbour, then—this the man who finally became my Obstinate Patient.

Although gradually, as I came to know him better, he developed many very excellent qualities, still at first I did not quite like him. He was too brusque in manner, too forward—one of the sort of people (you know them, doubtless) who in argument put a question, then, if you hesitate a second in answering, reply for you—"putting the words in your mouth," as lawyers call it.

"W. G. wasn't feeling the thing: could I look round and see him about 11 a.m. to-morrow, as he was starting for the City?"

That was the purport of a note my man handed me one evening after dinner.

I could hardly help smiling. W. G. could not be so very ill, then, if he meant starting for business immediately after his interview with medical science.

He was in his library. He rang the bell, and ordered his carriage "punctually at twelve."

Presently we were both seated, I waiting expectant, he pausing, as if he did not know exactly how to commence.

"Ahem!" he said at last; "I have sent for you to ask your advice about a trifling ailment, that has rather worried me for some time back. There's no harm in having advice, is there? Of course not. I knew you would say that."

Mark this, reader—I had not spoken a word yet.

"My symptoms are merely those of indigestion, I know; and I believe my liver is rather out of gear."

"That unhappy liver!" I couldn't help muttering.

"Unhappy liver!" he said quickly. "How did you know it was bad?—from my eyes, I suppose. Well, I must confess I have worked it pretty hard for the last twenty years, and I suppose it needs a holiday. My professional duties—those of a civil engineer in good practice—are trying enough at times, and one positively needs support. *You* know."

"Yes, *I* know," I replied; "but I was alluding more to livers in general. Pray proceed."

"What frightens me, though—and I never used to be nervous—is the fact that at times my memory is not so good as it used to be."

"Yes, at times," I said.

"And at other times it is all right. Then the brain does not take so kindly to sleep as it used to. Oh! I'm aware of what you would say—at fifty-five one doesn't require so much sleep; but, doctor, the little ought to be real—short and sweet, eh?"

"True."

"And one ought to awake refreshed, and full of life and energy; yet I don't. But then, if one keeps on building bridges or running tunnels all night in his dreams, how can one expect to feel like a lark in the morning?"

"I've never consulted any one before," he added, in answer to a question of mine.

"Yes, I have taken medicine. I have taken this."

He produced a long, neat phial containing fluid, and handed it to me.

After looking at it, I put it away in my breast pocket.

My patient smiled. "Doctor," he said, "are you in the habit of purloining things in that quiet way? Because——"

"I am," I said, smiling in turn; "it is a habit I have fallen into. But seriously, now: how did this medicine affect you?"

"For the first week after I commenced to take it," he replied, "I felt a new man. I felt twenty years younger, slept sounder at night, and had a better

appetite; but both sleep and appetite soon left me, and I felt more shaky, weak, and nervous than any old woman."

"Just so; and touching your other symptoms?"

"I don't know, doctor, that I have a deal more to mention. Those I have told you of are distressing enough, in all conscience; though they all, I suppose, point to simple disorder of the digestive organs, and your skill will soon put matters right."

But further examination of my patient proved that he was worse than he himself believed—worse than I myself had at first suspected—and that even paralysis was threatening, that terrible disease by which many of our hardest-working men are struck down at the very time they are busiest—at the time, indeed, that they themselves imagine the world can least spare them.

There was no use mincing matters with a man like this self-willed W. G. I told him my fears, and while promising to send him medicine, enjoined rest, complete and real.

This he assured me meant great pecuniary loss. He did not see how rest could possibly be arranged for; and besides, what would be rest to other people would be quite the reverse to him: it would be worry. His mind would be on his work, and he really did not see how that could be carried on without him.

I set myself to combat all his objections to my plan of treatment. The pecuniary loss, I pointed out, would be a gain to him in health and happiness, which are indeed, to a great extent, synonymous terms. As to the impossibility of carrying on the work without him, I was sorry to say I could not believe it. Work of all kinds had been carried on before he was born, and would be as well executed after he and I were laid in the "mools." The rest must not be of a wearisome nature. I should not think of prescribing mere surcease of labour, nor even the substitution of simple manual for brain exercise. I know well from personal experience that the mind is often working its busiest when spade or hoe is in the hand. No; W. G. must seek for entire change of scene and change of thought—for complete recruitment—for rest, not in name, but in reality, and for not less than six months of it.

"If you will promise to follow my advice," I added, "I will promise you in turn, as far as a medical man may, that I will restore your health—restore your mind and body to their original strength and balance; and I see no reason to doubt that some alterations in your habits and mode of living will enable you to remain well to a goodly old age."

"Six months' total rest!" said W. G., as if talking to himself: "six months' change of scene and thought! It cannot be, I fear. There must be some other means—some *régime* less trying and exacting—that, carried out, will not fail to restore me to myself. Pardon me, doctor, but I think you take too dark a view of the situation."

"Do I?" I replied. "Very well; you——"

"Oh!" he cried, interrupting me, and laughing, "I know what you are going to say: I may call in some one else. Well, he is a man of the world, W. G. is: he would like to buy even health at the cheapest market. Have you any objection to consulting with Mr. P——?"

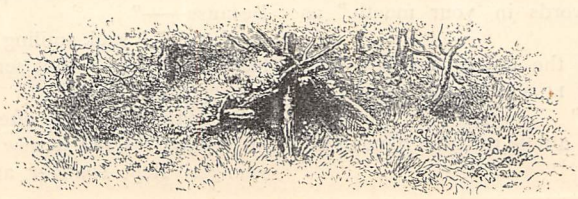
"Not the slightest; I shall be delighted."

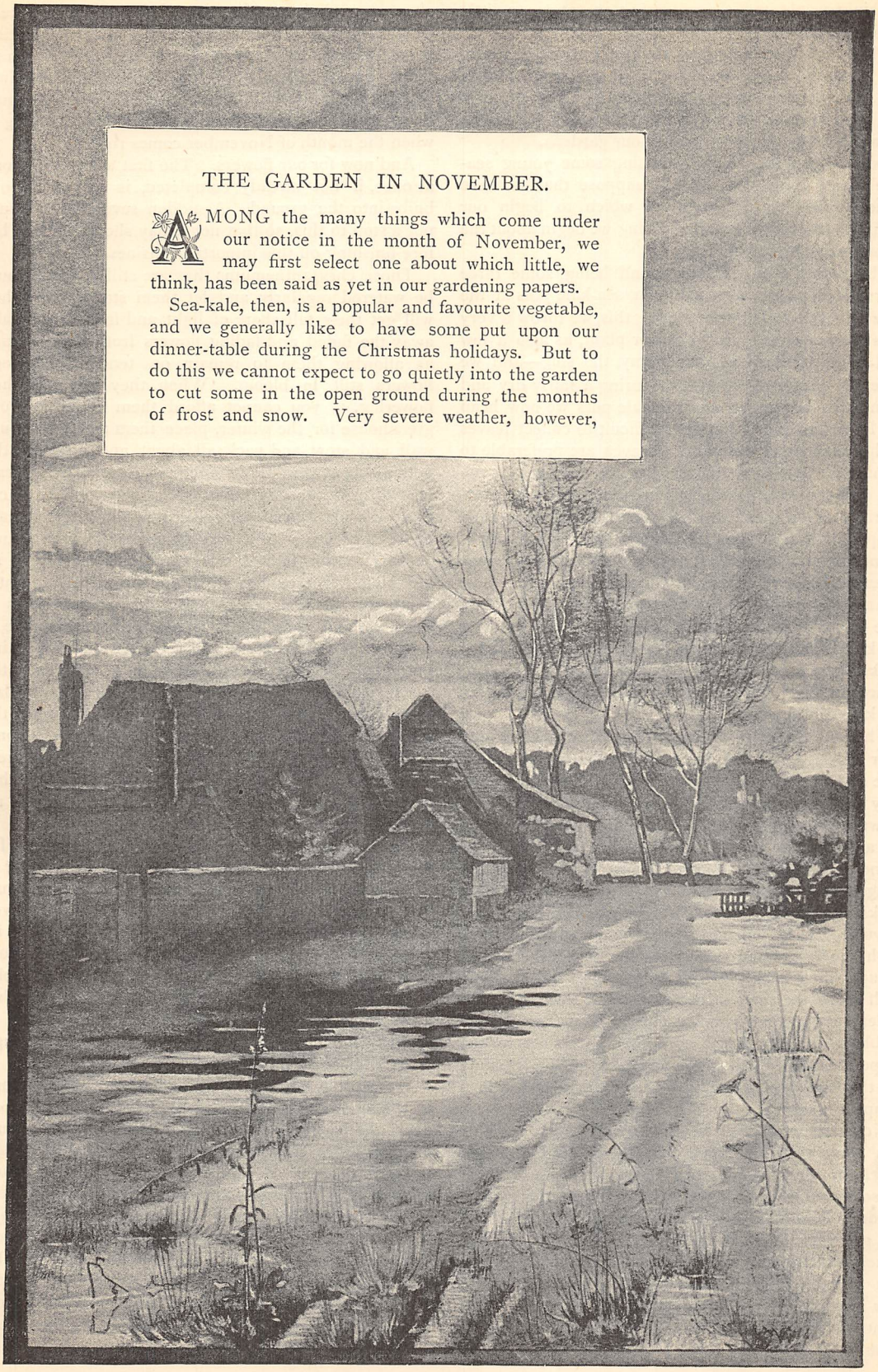
It did not please W. G. that Mr. P—— and myself took precisely the same view of his case. He had fondly hoped, I think, that the doctors would have differed. They do not, however, invariably do so!

One would have thought that now W. G. would have yielded to the persuasions of medical logic. He was a man who loved the world, and had no wish to quit it while still but little over the prime of life; but he had never been as yet counselled to make any sacrifice for his health's sake. He had depended hitherto on the strength of a good constitution, and he told both Mr. P—— and myself, candidly enough, it must be confessed, that he would continue to do so.

I ceased to attend him—some one else did; but he never left England, or even went to the country for the sake of rest and change. I missed the sight of his carriage for a whole week about six months after our last interview; but a day or two after I heard he had died—and died, too, rather suddenly.

If there is anything to be learned from W. G.'s case, it is this:—We busy people of the world—men and women—who labour with brain, who work with mind—while we should not allow ourselves to be panic-stricken every time we have some little ailment, should at the same time never despise little warnings. They are like slight flaws in the boiler of a steam-engine, or tiny rents in a sail: they need instant seeing to, or the whole fabric they threaten may go, and go suddenly. Indigestion may appear a very trifling thing; so may that slight headache you suffer from sometimes, or the giddiness on getting up quickly from the reclining position, which you may have by this time got almost used to. Despise them not. You may answer me boldly enough that you have always been energetic, always in the van of life, and that you are willing to die in harness, whenever the call comes. Well, death is the common lot of all, and happy are they who can contemplate the coming change with equanimity. But one may have to endure what seems worse than death—years and years of hopeless, wearisome sickness and inability, mayhap even of semi-imbecility. Who, I ask you, can contemplate a change to such a life as that with equanimity?





THE GARDEN IN NOVEMBER.

AMONG the many things which come under our notice in the month of November, we may first select one about which little, we think, has been said as yet in our gardening papers.

Sea-kale, then, is a popular and favourite vegetable, and we generally like to have some put upon our dinner-table during the Christmas holidays. But to do this we cannot expect to go quietly into the garden to cut some in the open ground during the months of frost and snow. Very severe weather, however,

certainly would make our forcing operations a little more difficult.

These little esculent white stalks are British natives, and along the sandy sea-shore, in some parts of Sussex in particular, they used to be gathered and eaten, so it has been said, in years gone by, very long before we began to cultivate it regularly in our gardens.

Before speaking, then, of raising some young sea-kale plants from seed, we will suppose that we have some already in existence on which to begin our forcing operations; and this forcing we begin about the second week in November.

The plants then in the ground being some three years old, we cover over with our sea-kale pots at the time just stated; but before doing this, we throw a very little lime over the crown of our plant, as also a few coal-ashes, to keep off our enemy the slug—and we generally prefer to do all this during a fairly dry and open day—and round our sea-kale pots we now heap our leaves, and it is not very difficult to collect leaves in the month of November. Leaves are preferable to manure for putting round the pots, for manure gets too hot, and the kale gets drawn up unnaturally by over-heating. Get, then, the driest of the leaves against the pots first of all, and let there be quite a foot thick, or indeed rather more, of leaves all round your pots. A temperature of about fifty-five degrees is the best to have for your forcing purposes. Some who do not care to incur the expense of sea-kale pots, cover over the kale itself with a heap of leaves, and as soon as the stalks seem long enough, which can readily be ascertained by the removal of a few of the topmost leaves, the kale can be cut.

This, of course, is not such a quick way of raising your kale. As to the leaves, we omitted to say that care should be taken, after they have been piled carefully round your pots, that they are not allowed to be blown away again by the gales which we rather look for at this time of the year. To prevent this, have round the outside of your heap some long and straggling litter, such as the long and now pulled-up stalks and foliage of your scarlet-runners, peas, convolvulus, and for once in a way the decayed bear-bine might be useful for this purpose. It does us harm enough when in the ground by winding and worming itself round the roots of our plants and shrubs, so that at least let us find some use for it now that we are grubbing it up. Anything long, in fact, or in the shape of what we will call a vegetable string, is handy for this purpose of keeping our leaves together in a compact mass.

Now (to go back to the sowing), as sea-kale is a plant that has thick and fleshy kind of roots, which go deep down into the soil, it is far best to sow your seeds in the spot in which you afterwards intend your plants to remain, just as we do our asparagus. First, then, in the early spring well trench and manure your ground. The soil, perhaps, best suited to kale is a good deep and rich loam. Sow in good, and not in frosty, weather in April. The plants will afterwards, of course, require the usual thinning out. Keep them also clear of weeds, and give, too, a slight top-dressing of thoroughly and well-decayed manure, which serves as a slight protection against the spring frosts which sometimes linger on so long. Leave from about four to six young plants in a patch when you thin. When your kale has been some three years thus established, you can begin forcing it when the month of November comes round.

And now for our flowers. The first thing to be done at once, if not already completed, is to get all our bulbs into the ground. A sudden severe frost would put a stop to this, so that not a day should be lost before finishing off this important business.

Those chrysanthemums that are still in flower must be watered regularly, and let them stand where they will get their full share of light and fresh air. Take away the faded and fading flowers from these plants, as allowing them to remain on tends to damage flowers still in bloom. When they have finished flowering, if you cannot afford them room in your greenhouse for the winter, place them against a south wall, and stow and pack all about and amongst the pots plenty of sawdust or some tan, to serve as a great-coat of protection for them. Nor had you better cut down the old flower-stem, as if you allow it to remain on it may serve as a sort of shelter for the young suckers. And, indeed, this month we must give all our plants that cannot stand the rigours of a winter some sort of shelter. All that we want to do is to keep, perhaps, merely a small stock of flowers alive to help us the following spring, when we begin bedding out again; and for this purpose an unused room in the house, perhaps a box-room, a cupboard, a dry cellar, or an old garden-frame, may help largely to supply the place of a greenhouse, if we do not rejoice in one. Only, somehow give fresh air, avoid damp, and rarely give water, except to keep the plants from altogether drying up; and of this there is but little fear in an English winter.

And November is our second good month for material alterations in the garden, and for moving or putting in new shrubs. Everything of this kind may now be done with safety. In moving a shrub, dig well round it, and at some little distance, first of all, from its stem, so as to get it gradually and carefully up without damaging the fibrous roots more than you can help. If you are in too much of a hurry, and tear it quickly away from, perhaps, its parent earth, the chance of saving your shrub is much diminished, even though you transplant it at the proper season of the year.

We can but barely hint at much that has to be done in the kitchen and fruit gardens. In the former, fork over the asparagus-bed, and cover it with some manure. The final earthing up of the celery should be seen to, and so contrived as to prevent much damage from rain and snow, if you are wanting to save some through the winter. Have the ground you intend for an onion-bed deeply trenched and manured; and your currant-bushes, too, will be improved by digging the soil round them and giving them a little manure. Dig also between the strawberry rows, or, what has been recommended as better still, give them a little top-dressing of manure and loam.

THE PEERS IN STATE.

BADGE OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

IN state occasions it is easy to distinguish the several grades of nobility by their robes, which are of crimson velvet at a coronation, and of fine red cloth on other occasions. A duke's robes, which when of velvet are worn over a surcoat lined with white taffeta, are doubled from the neck to the elbow with ermine having four rows of spots on each shoulder; the gold coronet, or circle of gold enriched with pearls and precious stones, has eight strawberry-leaves of gold resting on the crimson velvet cap turned up with ermine; his duchess has also a crimson robe and coronet—the parliamentary robe is tied up on the left shoulder with white ribbon. A marquess has four guards on the right shoulder and three on the left, surmounted by gold lace; and the coronet has four strawberry-leaves with big pearls placed alternately on pyramidal points surrounding a velvet cap and ermine. An earl has three guards of ermine and gold lace on each shoulder; and the coronet is a circle of gold bordered with ermine, heightened by eight pyramidal points or rays, arches springing from these with large pearls placed between strawberry-leaves. A viscount has two rows of plain white fur on the shoulders of the coronation robes; the coronet being a circle of gold bordered with ermine, fourteen pearls set thereon, but not raised on points. This coronet dates from the reign of James I., and was first worn by Viscount Cranbourn, created in the second year of that Sovereign's accession. A baron has two rows of white fur on the coronation robes, which are bordered with gold. Formerly the coronet was a mere circle of gold, but since Charles II.'s time this has been set round a crimson cap, with six pearls placed at equal distances.

A duke's parliamentary robes are scarlet cloth lined with taffeta doubled, with four guards of ermine at equal distances, with gold lace above each guard, tied up to the left shoulder by a white ribbon; his cap is crimson velvet lined with ermine, having a gold tassel on the top, the same as that of a marquess.

The archbishops and bishops are peers of Parliament, and wear the dress of their sacred office when they take their seats in the House of Peers on state occasions.

A peeress's robe of state follows in the order of degree that of her husband, but for coronations there are often special orders issued, as on the occasion when William IV. and his Queen were crowned. Then it was ordained they were to have "surcoats or kirtles [kirtles meaning loose robes] all crimson velvet, close-bodied and clasped before, edged or bordered with minever pure two inches broad, and scalloped down the sides from below the girdle, and sloped away into a train proportionable to the length of the robe or mantle for each degree, viz., about a third part thereof. The sleeve of the surcoat also to be of crimson velvet about five inches deep, scalloped at the bottom, edged with minever pure, and fringed with gold or silver. The cap of their coronets to be all of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, with a button and tassel of gold or silver on the top, suitable to the fringe of their sleeves."

The length of the train was regulated by the rank of the wearer, thus: "That of a baroness might be 3 feet on the ground, of a viscountess $1\frac{1}{4}$ yd. long, a countess $1\frac{1}{2}$ yd., a marchioness $1\frac{3}{4}$ yd., and a duchess 2 yards."

"The petticoats to be of cloth of silver or any other white stuff, either laid or embroidered, according to each person's fancy.

"The mantle to hang back, being fastened on each shoulder with cordons of silver or gold suitable to their fringe, with tassels of the same hanging down on each side of the waist. The surcoat or kirtle to be open before, that the petticoat may appear."

Then followed still more minute directions as to the several orders of peeresses.

"The baronesses' crimson velvet caps are to be furred with minever pure powdered, with two bars or rows of ermine, the mantle to be edged round with minever pure two inches in breadth, the train three feet on the ground, and the coronet according to their degree: viz., a circle with six pearls upon the same, not raised upon points." The countesses' robes or mantles were to be the same as heretofore, only the cape was to be powdered with three rows of ermine edgings three inches in breadth; the train one yard and a half; the coronet composed with small strawberries above the rim. The viscountesses' robes or mantles were to be like those of the baronesses, only the cape powdered with two rows and a half of ermine, the edging of the mantle two inches as before, and the train one yard and a quarter; the coronet to be according to their degree, viz., a rim or circle with pearls thereon, sixteen in number, and not raised upon points. The marchionesses' robes or mantles were also to be as before, only the cape was to be powdered with three inches and a half of ermine edging four inches in breadth; the train one yard and three-quarters; the coronet to be composed of four strawberry-leaves, four pearls raised upon points of the same height as the leaves alternately above the rim; and the caps of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, a tassel of gold at the top. The precision with which all this is laid down shows the importance attached to the several items.

Peers are mostly knights of some of the great orders, and wear the collars of the same on certain days in the year set apart as collar days, occurring often at Drawing-rooms, on the King or Queen's birthday, royal wedding, and on such other dates as the head of the realm may be pleased to fix.

As Sovereign of the several orders of knighthood

the reigning Monarch wears the riband of the order, and the badge, having the robes made trained. The knights occupy a very prominent position at the coronation and on state occasions.

The most ancient orders of knighthood in Great Britain are those of the Bath, Garter, St. Patrick, and St. Andrew or the Thistle.

The Knights of the Bath for full dress wear surcoats, vest, and small clothes of white satin closely gathered, or of crimson turned up with white, over this a mantle of crimson satin lined with white, and tied at the neck with a cordon of crimson silk and gold, with gold tassels. The Commanders wear close mantles. On the left shoulder of the mantle an eight-pointed silver star is embroidered, having three imperial crowns of gold with the motto, *Tria juncta in uno.* White silk high-crowned hats with plumes of ostrich feathers, white stockings, white satin shoes, white kid buskins with red tops, gold spurs, and gold-hilted swords in white leather scabbards. The collars of the order are gold, 1⅛ inch high, consisting of nine imperial crowns and eight roses, thistles, and shamrocks, united by knots; the badge, an oval medal with rose, thistle, and shamrock.

The most ancient and most celebrated of all the orders of knighthood is the Order of the Garter, which is now usually restricted to peers and members of the Royal Family.

> "When first this order was ordained, my Lords,
> Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,
> Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
> Such as were grown to credit by the wars,
> Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
> But always resolute in most extremes;
> He then that is not furnished in this sort,
> Doth but usurp the sacred name of Knight,
> Profaning this most honourable order"—

So put Shakespeare in the mouth of Lord Talbot, in his play of *Henry VI.* The history of its origin in Edward III.'s time is a familiar story to us all, the legend being widely spread that the garter was chosen as its emblem when Lady Salisbury dropped and the Sovereign picked up the garter that she wore, saying, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

St. George, the patron saint of England, was the presiding saint of the noble order.

The full dress of a Knight of the Order of the Garter is a long and ample mantle of garter blue velvet, lined with white, worn over a crimson velvet surcoat, and hood of the same; hat of black velvet, with white ostrich feathers, a heron's plume in the centre, fastened with diamonds. The collar of the order, 32 ounces in weight, consists of gold pieces in form like a garter, supporting the effigy of St. George mounted, slaying the dragon. The Lesser George, worn on less portentous occasions, from a blue riband, is a gold oval with St. George bearing his sword. The garter in blue velvet, with *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, in gold letters, is worn on the left leg, but this in non-full-dress is replaced by a strip of white leather. On the left side of the surcoat is a richly embroidered star in silver, with four central rays larger than the four others. Queen Victoria wears the riband of the order over the shoulder, and the garter, badge, and star of the order, two buttons set in diamonds, also an armlet with the knot of the order on the left arm, in the form of a splendid circlet of diamonds. The Registrar of the order is the Dean of Windsor. He wears crimson satin, lined with taffeta, and the insignia.

The peculiar dress which distinguished the order from all others at its institution was a mantle, tunic, and hood of blue cloth embroidered with garters of blue and gold, lined with ermine; that of the Sovereign differing from the knights in so far that the lining was minever instead of ermine.

The first mention of the collar of the Garter occurs in the reign of Henry VII., when the robes were purple velvet, lined with white silk, and no longer embroidered with garters. In Henry VIII.'s time the riband to which the order was suspended was black; it is now blue, having been changed in James I.'s time to its present colour. In Bluff King Hal's reign a flat black velvet hat of the period formed part of the dress, but this has since been changed for one with a higher crown.

The collar of the Scotch Order of the Thistle, dating back as far as King Robert II., consists of sprigs of rue enamelled vert, the symbol of the Picts and Scots; the badge with the figure of St. Andrew worn on the left shoulder, with dark green riband. On the left breast a star is worn composed of a St. Andrew's Cross, of the peculiar form associated with the martyrdom of that saint. The star has four silver rays issuing between the points of the cross, upon a field vert, a thistle of gold and green encircled by the motto of the order, *Nemo me impune lacessit.* The badge of the order, which displays a figure of St. Andrew, was never worn until the time of James III. of Scotland.

The Order of St. Patrick was instituted by George III. (1783), and augmented by William IV. The golden collar of the order is formed of five roses entwined with six harps, and a crown pendent from the centre—viz., the badge, which is sometimes worn with a blue riband. The star differs slightly as worn by the several grades. It is of silver, with eight points, and bears the red Cross of St. Patrick, similar to that of St. Andrew, with a shamrock having three imperial golden crowns, one on each of the three leaves.

The badges, collars, and insignia of these orders form so inseparable a portion of robes of state that the history of one is intimately associated with that of the other.

ARDERN HOLT.

OLD BREAD AND NEW.

HAT is there to tell about a loaf, when all of us know so well what it is like, and are quite aware that it is composed of sweet white wheat, ground into flour, mixed into a dough, then baked in an oven, and sold for a few pence to any one who wishes to buy it? Yet, if we trace the history of an English loaf, we shall find that it was not always quite the same thing, for in the good but rather hard times of the Middle Ages our peasantry, and indeed most people, lived on very different fare from what they do now; the best white bread, called "simnel bread," or "pain demayn," being only consumed by royal or very rich persons. More ordinary folks ate "wastel bread," and "cocket," which last owed its odd name to the baker's "cocket," or seal, with which he was by law obliged to mark each loaf he sold. Then came still commoner kinds: the "tourte," made of unbolted meal; the "trete," a brown loaf, made of meal once bolted; then "all sorts," a dry sort of black loaf; "house bread," and others composed of oats, rye, barley, peas, and beans, or mixtures of these. Piers Plowman, who wrote in the fourteenth century, talked of "a cake of oates, and bread for my bairns of beanes and peses," as a countryman's ordinary fare. To this day the use of "otes and peses" is common enough in the North of Scotland and Ireland, where the peasantry eat little else than oatmeal cakes, and pease bannocks or cakes —the children grow strong and sturdy on the porridge, crowdie, and stirabout, which they get at every meal.

In those old days, when public bakers were more looked after than they are at present, they were only allowed to make farthing or halfpenny loaves, under risk of a heavy penalty. They were also obliged to stamp each loaf sold with a registered seal, which was examined by properly appointed persons once a month; and still further to prevent cheating, sample loaves were taken hot from the ovens by assay officers, called "hutch reves," who came at unexpected hours and closely examined and reported on their quality. These ancient London bakers might not sell their loaves in their own shops or houses, but must carry them to the king's market, where the bread was exposed for sale in large boxes, or in baskets called "panyers." For this privilege the baker paid the king a toll of one halfpenny for week-days, and three-halfpence for Sunday trade—remember, the day was differently kept and thought of then from what it is now. The whole arrangement must have been very awkward for those buyers who lived at a distance from the market, and so the master baker had permission to hire hucksters, who carried his loaves round to the different customers, and who were allowed by law to claim thirteen to the dozen. You have heard of a baker's dozen, no doubt, the odd one being their profit.

Of course, many private persons made their own bread at home, and baked it as best they could, or they might send it to be baked at the regular bakers' ovens; they might even go themselves, or send their servants, to the bakehouse, to watch over their loaves.

When we mention the baker's loaf of to-day, we naturally think only of the quartern, half-quartern, tin, cottage, or fancy loaf, all alike made of white wheaten flour. Yet the modern English law concerning bread mentions that many other things besides wheat may be employed in its composition. It is especially stated that bread may be made of flour or meal of wheat, but it also adds that barley, rye, oats, buckwheat, Indian corn, peas, beans, rice, potatoes, or any of them may be used, mixed with pure water, common salt, eggs, milk; barm leaven, potato or other leaven, may be added as the baker sees fit, but no other ingredients whatever are to be used under pain of fine or imprisonment.

Before proceeding to understand the nature and uses of others of these "bread-stuffs," so solemnly mentioned by our laws, let us take up a handful of wheat and ask what it is. A simple enough question: you will answer it by saying, "The seeds of a kind of grass." Yet that is not quite correct, for any botanist will tell you this seed is really a fruit, which in its ripe state is enclosed in a shell or husk, corresponding with the loose pod of a pea or bean; this husk, which is of a much finer substance than the fruit it protects, is proof against moisture, through some kind of varnish or glaze which forms part of it. During the process of grinding, this natural overcoat will be separated, together with the other outer layers of the fruit, which is itself composed of tiny cells, closely filled with granules of fine starch. The layers, when ground, will form the soft, fluffy, and once despised substance known as bran.

The best white bread is made from the fine flour, "the very heart of corn," obtained by a first grinding. Good wholesome "seconds," or ordinary household bread, is a compound of the first and second grindings; the third making a very poor loaf indeed. Brown bread is a mixture of "first," "seconds," and "whole meal," that is, the produce of a first grinding just as it leaves the mill-stones: a coarse compound of flour and bran, which is generally considered very wholesome, because of some resinous matter hidden in the outside layers or bran of the wheat. The Germans make a bread called "pimpernickel" from wheat as it leaves the mill-stones after its first grinding.

Now that our sack of wheat has become a sack of flour, and is on its way to the baker, who is to transform it into dozens of sweet white loaves, let us just consider what this flour is composed of; for, like everything else we eat or drink, it contains several things which some of us would scarcely expect to find in it: among the rest, water and fat, but more

especially farina or starch, and a kind of sticky vegetable glue, called gluten, which, though very different in appearance, has chemically some resemblance to the flesh of animals. Without this gluten, the flour would not form into loaves. Perhaps I might make you better understand what it is, were I to tell you of a very old experiment by which you can easily detect it for yourselves. Mix up a good lump of stiffish dough of flour and water, then wash it as thoroughly as you can with clear cold water. You will soon see that this water, when it has drained away, has not melted the dough into a paste, as you might have expected it would do, but has itself become milky-looking, with a thick sediment. This milky-looking water is called "extractive," and the sediment is pure starch; as to the dough, it has become a moist sticky substance, which can be pulled and twisted about like some kind of well-soaked india-rubber. This is the gluten, and it is this sticky quality which is so useful in keeping thoroughly together the fine powder grains of starch, each little speck of which gets coated with it, and is so enabled to hold together while the chemical action is going on evenly throughout the whole mass.

Let us see what becomes of the flour when it reaches the bakehouse.

First having seen to his oven, the baker fetches a good supply of water, and adds it to some brewer's yeast, or leaven; perhaps it will be as well to mention that this yeast is ground malt mashed in hot water, which is boiled with hops. Flour is gradually mixed with the wort so produced, which soon begins to froth and ferment. When this has subsided, the mixture is strained and ready for use. (Leaven is merely old dough in a state of fermentation). To the water and yeast he adds a little salt, which improves it, and with this he kneads the flour into a dough, turning and rolling it about with all the strength of his bare hands and arms, until the whole forms a stiff ropy mass—"sponge," he calls it—which he presently puts in a warm place, and leaves to "set." In a very little time this "sponge" shows signs of deserving its name; for, just as a dry sponge would do if you damped it ever so little, so the yeast in it begins to act on its surroundings: the whole mass of dough gradually swells and puffs, and fills with little bubbles. In a short time it is all in a state of active fermentation, caused by the carbonic acid gas which is working about in it, and filling it out in such an odd way. When the baker thinks it has spread and puffed enough, he adds more flour, water, and salt, and gives the whole another thorough good kneading, which is to prevent any portion of it from becoming heavy or "sad;" then he puts the big, soft, yielding mass of dough in a warm place, where he leaves it to spread and distend for some hours: and here the baker shows his judgment, for if he leaves it at all too long it will be sour, and if he takes it away too soon his bread will be heavy and unwholesome. When it has had its own way for long enough, he again attends to his still uneasy dough, weighing it out into equal lumps, which he pops on his oven-floor to bake and brown into quartern or half-quartern loaves. Other lumps he will put into tins, where their "rising" propensities will soon be checked by the hot breath of the same dark receptacle.

When, by-and-by, he draws out trays and tins, the baker can easily test the quality of the loaves they contain, for if it is good "piled" bread he can detach pieces of it, crumble them into coarse powder, or make them into a smooth even pap. And I may as well tell you one of the baker's secrets here, which is that he has most likely added potatoes, well boiled, steamed, and fermented, to his dough. This does no harm, except that they are not as nourishing as the flour they represent. Sometimes he even puts alum to make inferior flour look a better colour, but as it also causes it to absorb too much water, the batch will be hard and indigestible.

There are plenty of reasons why many persons object to ordinary bakers' loaves, and prefer aërated bread, which is a kind quite untouched by hands that possibly are not always very nice.

We have said so much about wheat; let us now mention some of the other bread-stuffs by law allowed—namely, barley, oats, rye, buckwheat, Indian corn, beans, peas, potatoes, and rice. Among these, barley certainly claims the foremost place as the grain which formed one of the chief supports of the people of civilised nations, from the days of Ezekiel to those of Cæsar's Roman soldiers, or our own Saxon forefathers. Has not tradition told how the burning of a barley loaf cost great King Alfred a severe box of the ears, from the over-ready hand of an irate neatherd's wife, whose loaves, or rather cakes (for, as barley contains no gluten, it cannot be worked into a light-enough dough), no doubt exactly resembled those still eaten in Siberia, the north of Germany, Sweden, Norway, and even in parts of Ireland and Scotland. It is chiefly cultivated in England for the use of brewers, who steep it in water until it becomes malt; being again steeped and boiled with hops, it forms beer, or, as its Northern name signifies, "barley wine."

Then come oats, prettiest and hardiest of all cereals, flourishing where wheat and barley droop and die, seeming to prosper all the more for bad soil and inclement weather. It does not make very palatable bread, and soon turns heavy and sour. Yet it is much used in Scotland, that "land o' cakes," where oats, being coarsely bruised, and kneaded with water and salt, are formed into little flat loaves, or cakes, and baked on an iron plate or girdle. Here, too, as I have mentioned, besides the "otes," the poorer folks still make bannocks, or cakes, of "peases" dried and ground into a powder and baked on the hearth, after the fashion of the Arabs, or of our long-ago ancestors.

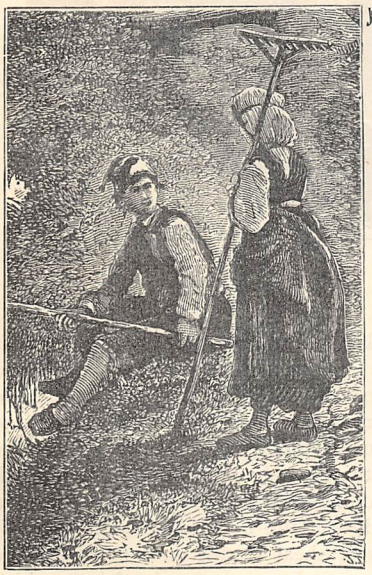
There is little need to describe the other things by law allowed, as few of them are now used by our bread-makers. Rye, which, ground into a coarse meal, and fermented with leaven, forms the ordinary black bread of the Northern peasantry, is now mostly used in England by distillers; buckwheat, by farmers, for the feeding of game and poultry; and Indian corn or maize, which is especially the bread-corn of the

United States—with us, it is, as flour, more used for puddings, and whole for poultry, horses, and cattle, which thrive famously upon it, as it contains much nourishing oil.

In the old days when bread was dearer and scarcer than it is now, many charitable persons left money to be spent in annual gifts or "doles" of bread for the poor. The Biddenden Dole, for instance, was the legacy of the twin sisters Preston. They left a piece of land long known as the "bread-and-cheese land;" all the rents derived from which were to be spent in bread and cheese, to be given to the poor. Three thousand of these "Biddenden cakes," bearing the impress of the donors—who, tradition averred, grew fixed side by side—were to be flung from the parish church roof every Easter Sunday, and they might be scrambled for by all who came. It was also the custom to fling loaves, to be scrambled for, from other churches, on the Thursday after Easter—a very curious fashion, which no doubt arose from the old "*largesse*" of the rich to their less fortunate neighbours.

A GLIMPSE OF NORWAY.

BY C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.



NORWEGIAN PEASANTS.

TEMPTED by a cordial invitation from most pleasant friends, who for several years have rented a river in Norway, there to enjoy first-class salmon-fishing, we started from England in the early summer, and reached Bergen ere the snows had altogether melted on the higher levels.

Our drive across country to Christiania was not an unmingled delight, for, though the sharp wind blowing across the snow was keen and cutting, the hot glare skinned our faces, and we voted the solitary drive in little carioles, each carrying only one person, decidedly dull.

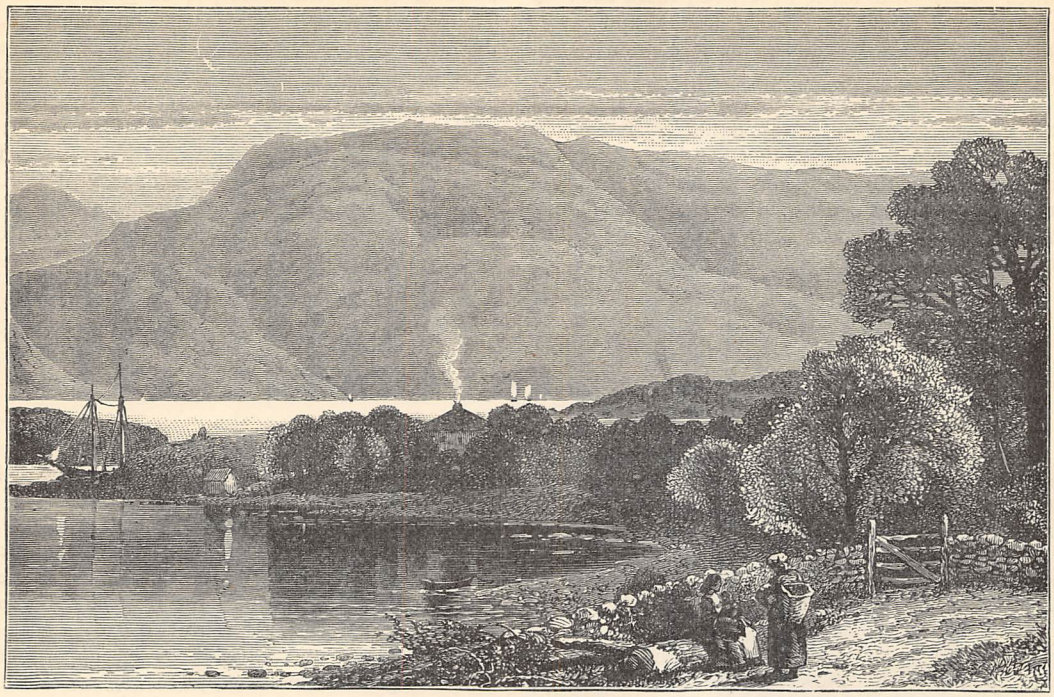
As the season advanced, we revelled in the abundance of exquisite wild flowers, especially the fields of lily of the valley, which grows in rank profusion throughout Southern Norway. Its blossom is larger than that of the English lily, and its perfume is heavenly. It grows in masses in the crevices of almost bare rock, and scents the whole air, mingling with the fragrance of ground-orchids of various sorts. There were also quantities of yellow violets and gay anemones, and a great variety of beautiful ferns. But most exquisite, and to our eyes most rare, was the carpet of delicate *Linea Borealis*, that most fairy-like tiny pink bell, hanging from its light hair-like stem: the darling of these northern regions, of which a few rare plants have colonised in Scottish fir-woods, and there flourish year after year, always on the same small patch of ground, never spreading, but happily never diminishing.

Early in July we made our way northward by fjord steamers and railway to Trondhjem, where we secured our passages in a coasting steamer which carried us north to Vefsen, which was the nearest point to our friends' fishing quarters. The two days' voyage was not unpleasant, and afforded us an opportunity of fraternising with some kindly Norwegians. The service of the table afforded us some amusement, each person being provided with a dozen little dishes containing various dainties—little bits of kippered salmon, a few sardines, slices of Bologna sausage, and divers other *entre-mets*.

At Vefsen we were met by our friends' boats, which took us twelve miles up the river, through very pretty, quiet scenery. The foot-path along the river was not inviting, being rough and swampy. The only road in the district where a wheeled conveyance could possibly travel is a short bit near the house; and the only vehicle which travels over it is a rough-and-ready cart of the simplest construction, being merely a platform on two wheels!

The river is very rapid and very blue—its waters exquisitely crystalline. It flows through fine fir-forest extending over a vast tract of country, beast-haunted. As yet these forests continue beautiful, but, alas! they are being rapidly felled, and that, too, in a manner which seemed to us wickedly wasteful, for, as the trees are felled in winter, it follows that they are cut on a level with the snow—that is, at least two feet above the ground. Shorn of their boughs, and reduced to mere prosaic logs, they are each branded with the name of their owner and thrown into the river, to find their own way sea-ward. Below the rapids they are collected and tied together so as to form rafts, and are then guided to their destination.

Leaving the boats, we ascended the river-bank by a steep zig-zag path, and soon were welcomed to our friends' fishing home, recently built by themselves, as they had hitherto lived in a little brick-floored Norwegian farmhouse. Now they rejoiced in a two-storeyed house, with a verandah at one end, built of wood, as all houses are in that part of the world.



THE STAVANGER FJORD.

They are built of roughly-squared wooden blocks, the interstices being well stuffed with moss to keep out the piercing cold of winter, and a house of a superior type is generally planked, both inside and out. In lieu of thatch or slates, it is customary to use the bark of the silvery birch, which has seven distinct skins. Three, or even four, of these can be removed without injury to the tree, the remaining skins sufficing to carry up the sap. The bark is taken off in large sheets, and the tree may be subjected to the flaying process every second year.

It seemed strange to learn that the excellent food provided by our hosts was almost all of foreign growth. Ducks and chickens were imported from Hull, and tinned meats from America. Vefsen, however, furnished bread, and flour and general groceries came from Trondhjem. Of course the river afforded a never-failing supply of excellent salmon, crisp and curdy, as only fish eaten on the spot, and almost at the moment of capture, can be. Milk was likewise abundant, and also rich cream; but it was strange indeed to learn that so poor is the rocky soil, and so precious to the peasants each little patch among the rocks which they can possibly cultivate, that they literally grow grass-crops on the thatch of all their houses and barns, and cut it periodically for fodder!

Speaking of the little fields, we were very much interested in hearing of the method adopted by the Norwegian farmers for drying their crops in harvest time. The wettest season does not greatly afflict them, so we thought the hint might be worth bestowing on the farmers in our own rainy isles.

When the fields are being reaped, carts laden with tall, strong poles follow in the wake of the reapers, and as fast as the sheaves are bound they are stuck on to a pole, which runs right through each sheaf, so as to spit it. First one is thus transfixed, the butt of the sheaf resting on the ground; then a second is pierced, and stuck on at right angles to the first; then a third and a fourth—till the pole carries as many as it can bear, the lowest sheaf resting on the ground, the highest raised some eight or ten feet in the air, which thus has free circulation, so that every breeze helps to dry the crop, and though rain may fall, it quickly drains off.

But as every tiny patch of ground is cultivated, no matter how inaccessible its situation, it stands to reason that a multitude of these can never be reached by the harvest cart; and to carry the sheaves on pack-ponies would be a slow toil, so the farmers have devised an exceedingly ingenious method of bringing home their crops, whether of hay or corn. They attach a strong wire to some projecting rock far up the steep hill-side and lead it down to the valley, and, by slinging each sheaf to the top of this wire, they run the whole crop down to the level ground, whence it is easily carried home.

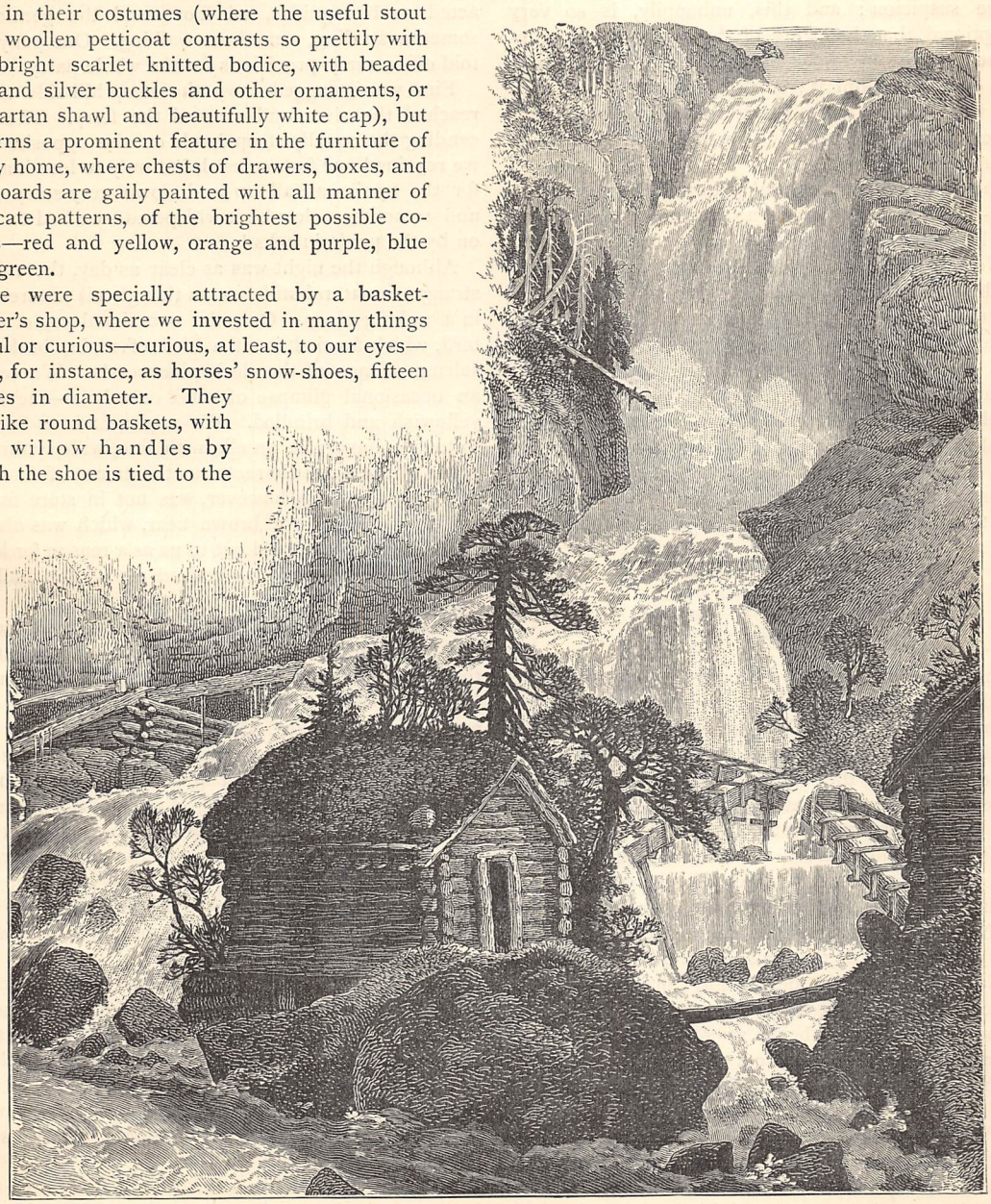
Our hosts had established such friendly relations with their poorer neighbours, that we were always sure of a kind welcome in any cottage we chanced to pass in the course of our long walks; though the large, fierce-looking dogs are too vigilant watchers to allow any stranger to approach in peace, till the master or mistress, responding to their summons,

comes out to reassure them as to their respectability. They are something like overgrown Pomeranians, and are excellent sheep-dogs, but very unsatisfactory companions to sportsmen, as they point indiscriminately at every sort of living creature, whether bird or animal. However, there is no alternative between working with one of these or none at all, as the Norwegians will not allow the importation of foreign dogs, for fear, they say, of introducing hydrophobia.

Cerberus being pacified, we were invariably invited to enter, which, of course, curiosity prompted us to do; and thus we were introduced to some very picturesque household groups, enlivened by the gay colouring so dear to the Norse peasantry. It is shown not only in their costumes (where the useful stout blue woollen petticoat contrasts so prettily with the bright scarlet knitted bodice, with beaded belt and silver buckles and other ornaments, or the tartan shawl and beautifully white cap), but it forms a prominent feature in the furniture of every home, where chests of drawers, boxes, and cupboards are gaily painted with all manner of intricate patterns, of the brightest possible colours—red and yellow, orange and purple, blue and green.

We were specially attracted by a basket-maker's shop, where we invested in many things useful or curious—curious, at least, to our eyes—such, for instance, as horses' snow-shoes, fifteen inches in diameter. They are like round baskets, with four willow handles by which the shoe is tied to the horse's leg by means of a wisp of hay or straw. These are worn on all four feet in winter. They are, however, only in use up in the north. We were also so fortunate as to obtain some curious old Apostle's Spoons, and some quaint silver ornaments, heart-shaped, surmounted with a cross, which had been the betrothal gifts of some ancestral pairs.

Speaking of betrothals, we had the good luck to witness a very interesting ceremonial—namely, a village wedding, when about fifty persons assembled, all in holiday costume—the women in bright-coloured petticoats and bodices with beautifully white chemisettes. They were a very pleasant-looking group—the



A NORWEGIAN WATERFALL.

men strong, well-knit fellows, but all alike fair-skinned, with flaxen hair and kind blue eyes. The bride was a demure young woman, somewhat overweighted with necklaces and bracelets (which we understood to be heirlooms), but more especially by an immense gilt crown running up in tall points to a height of about eight inches, and studded with many-coloured crystals. It is a most gorgeous headdress, and belongs to the village.

Every village is supposed to have one, which is hired for the occasion by the parents of the bride. But, like the plain ribbon or snood of the Scottish Highland maid, no Norwegian bride is entitled to wear this crown of honour unless her character is above suspicion; and this, unhappily, is so very exceptional, that the hiring of the crown is now considered almost invidious on the part of the few who may certainly claim it; so the custom is dying out, and we esteemed ourselves fortunate in having witnessed a nuptial ceremony in which this picturesque bridal decoration was worn.

There was no architectural beauty in the very plain, barn-like church, which had no pretence at decoration. The Lutheran service, which, of course, was conducted in Norwegian, seemed to us like that of the Scotch Presbyterian Church. All the men sat on one side and the women on the other, according to the usual custom. The parson (whose garb is a black gown, with a very large white fluted collar, encircling his throat like a Queen Elizabeth ruff) performed the simple service, in which a wedding-ring shaped like a double heart did duty in place of our plain circlet. He then ascended the pulpit and delivered a very long exhortation, which, being beyond our comprehension, was to us only suggestive of Longfellow's charming lines:—

> "Long was the good man's sermon,
> Yet it seemed not long to me,
> For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
> And still I thought of thee."

There was one feature in the ceremony which we noted with especial interest, therein recognising a lingering trace of pre-Christian days. The pulpit stands in the centre of a large chancel, and, at a pause in the service, all the wedding-party walked solemnly thrice round it, *in sidewise procession*—a pretty survival of old Norse paganism.

We learnt, however, that here, as elsewhere, the work of the schoolmaster is fast driving out all such special characteristics, and that there are now few of the Norwegian peasants who cannot read and write. The educational department in the more remote districts is, however, delightfully primitive—being carried on by itinerant teachers, who travel from house to house, each in turn being required to feed him for so many days, and to provide a temporary schoolroom for the use of all the scholars who can be mustered in the district.

After a few days spent in exploring the various points of interest in the immediate neighbourhood, it was generally voted that we should make a further expedition to visit a party of Laplanders who had encamped in the upper forest. In order to avoid the noonday heat, which was positively sickening, we started at 9 p.m., by broad daylight, for in these far northern latitudes there is practically no night in summer, though we must have travelled still further towards the Arctic zone ere we could actually have done homage to the midnight sun from any moderate elevation. Some of our party did indeed accomplish a most toilsome expedition to a high snowy ridge, at no very great distance from Vefsen, and were rewarded by a sight of the sun in his midnight glory. On the present occasion we had to be satisfied with a simpler excursion. So, after a cheery dinner, we set off—the ladies riding unshod ponies; the Norwegians, who acted as our guides, on foot; and the gentlemen sometimes riding, sometimes walking. One pony was told off to carry provisions for the whole party.

First we zig-zagged down the steep hill-side till we reached the river, and crossed the ferry. Then ascending the equally steep bank on the opposite side, we regained our former level, but only to lose it again, for the track was all up and down very steep hills, and sometimes—low be it whispered—we had to hold on by the ponies' necks!

Although the night was as clear as day, there was a strange, unnatural stillness, as though all nature were in a waking sleep. Only the occasional cry of some bird, which fancied itself a bird of night, broke the solemn silence of the dark pine-woods. We caught an occasional glimpse of a fox or a lynx—the latter yellowish and brindled. We might, had we been so fortunate, have met an elk, with fine, wide, palmated horns, of the same character as the moose of America. That good fortune, however, was not in store for us, neither did we see a brown bear, which was also on the cards, and was held out to us as a reason for keeping unbroken silence, as indeed we all felt inclined to do.

Towards midnight we reached a carpenter's house, and our hostess, who was not upheld by the novelty of the scene (which several years' residence had made familiar to her), announced that she was tired and would go no further. She did not awaken any one, but tied up her pony, and, finding a sledge in the carpenter's shop, she filled it with shavings, which lay thickly strewn around, and rolling herself up in her plaid, announced her intention of sleeping quietly in this novel cradle till the rest of the party returned; so there she slept in peace, till at early dawn the carpenter's family awoke, and marvelled much to find what guest they were harbouring unawares, and warm was the welcome accorded to her.

Meanwhile we proceeded on our steep ascent of several miles over very rough ground, till we reached the Lapp encampment—huts constructed of sticks and mud, with a covering of large sheets of silvery birch bark, and the fire in the middle, as in the huts of the Digger Indians of California, and the primitive (but now almost non-existent) bothies in the isles and Highlands of Scotland.

The Lapps seemed to consider the interior of their houses somewhat stuffy on a summer night, for they

were all lying in the open air, wrapped in their rugs of reindeer-skin—men, women, and children, and the old grandmother of all the Lapps. The men wear tight trousers and jackets of untanned leather, as do also the children, and the women have a sort of loose blouse of the same material, stopping above the knees; their legs being swathed in cloth, bound with long strips of leather.

They are a very unprepossessing race of quaint, elfish-looking little creatures, with straight, sandy-coloured hair, and small grey eyes. The men have stubbly moustaches, suggestive of a retired tooth-brush. They are all undersized, the average height of the men being five feet, and the women four and a half. When the others had departed to seek the reindeer, we made friends with a woman who was by herself in a small grass hut, and who very proudly exhibited her new-born baby—a queer little creature, with a yellow, leathery-looking face. The babies are strapped on to boards, and so carried on the maternal back, after the manner of the Indian papoose.

The crisp mountain air had sharpened our appetites, so with hearty good-will we proceeded to unpack the luncheon baskets, and very soon the little Lapp milk-maids brought us offerings of reindeer-milk in large bowls of birch-wood—an excellent addition to our feast.

Then we started homewards to retrace our steps over the difficult rocky path, through the thickets of feathery birch and the dark pine-forest. Only when here and there we passed little patches of sweet meadow grass, strewn with lovely flowers, we halted and allowed the ponies to snatch a delicious morsel while we gathered the bright blossoms; and so, laden with fragrant posies from these higher levels, we returned to the hospitable lodge, to the full enjoyment of a well-earned sleep.

LIVIA'S MISTAKE.

BY CATHARINE CHILDAR, AUTHOR OF "A MAID CALLED BARBARA," ETC.

IT was an exquisite day in January—but then it was Rome!—a crisp little breeze, with just the faintest suspicion of frost in it, a flood of sunlight steeping everything in warmth and colour, beautiful buildings standing out sharply from a background of intensest blue—in short, a day in which it was a pleasure to be alive. It was early, and the steps leading from the Piazza di Spagna to the Church of the Trinità were dotted about with groups of models, who stand there to be hired. They were full of fun and chatter, all thoroughly enjoying the sun-bath which Mother Nature was showering upon them. Presently a tall girl, simply dressed, began to ascend the steps.

"Good day, Livia," resounded on all sides as she approached.

She smiled and nodded, and was about to pass by.

"How proud we are!" cried one. "Now that we no longer go out as a model we can't stop to exchange a word."

"She is afraid of Tonio," jeered another.

"And Tonio is afraid of the tall Englishman."

"Poor Livia!—instead of earning money as easy as swallowing, she has to lug a great basket to the market! How nice it must be to be engaged to Antonio!"

The object of these scoffing remarks took no notice at first, but even pin-pricks, if judiciously administered, can produce a painful wound; so Livia winced at last under the repeated taunts of her former comrades.

Until the last few weeks she had formed one of the merry group on the steps, dressed as a *contadina*. She had met with great success as a model—too much so for the peace of mind of a certain Antonio Lessi, who had been in love with her for years. He was a fine, handsome fellow, much sought after as a model himself, especially by sculptors, who valued his fine form. This Tonio had finally won the pretty girl whom he had wooed so long, and when she had consented to marry him, he had begged her, as a favour, not to go out as a model any more.

"See, Livietta mia," said the ardent young man: "I do not like these strangers to stare at you all day, and paint your picture so—and then so. I will earn enough for both. Stay at home like a good girl, and make the soup. That's what you will do when we are married. You will not sit as a model then."

"Of course not," said Livia heartily; "and I will do whatever you like, Tonio mio."

But that was weeks ago, and, the first flush and excitement over, Livia began to find it dull to stop at home and make the soup. The mother was always kind, but the brothers and sisters were tiresome, and the grandmother grumbled all day. It was far pleasanter on the steps, hearing the news and seeing the passers-by.

Besides, time went on, and Livia's pockets grew empty. She did not like the feeling of having no money of her own. It was not agreeable to be obliged to ask the mother for every trifle. When she was a model she had enough and to spare for her little vanities—a ribbon on a festal day, a fresh flower, or what not. Besides, the pretty dress had suited Livia's pretty face; she felt dowdy in her plain brown skirt, with the red plaid shawl across her shoulders. So that the remarks of her companions irritated her the more because she felt that there was something in them.

She put down the basket and faced her tormentors.

"You're fine ones to talk like that! Much good you do as models! Nobody hires you, and you sit and gossip all day. As for Martina," she said, turning sharply upon the last speaker, "she has spoken truly for once: it *is* nice to be engaged to Tonio—so nice that she wanted to try it herself! We all know how she ran after him, but he would have nothing to say to her."

This turned the laugh against another, as Livia intended that it should. Besides, the shaft was well aimed; it was common gossip that the ugly Martina had languished in vain for handsome Antonio Lessi.

While this interchange of compliments had been going on, two young men in brown velveteen coats and knickerbockers had come up the steps.

"What!—Livia back again!" cried the taller and younger. "This is indeed a red-letter day. Why, we had gone into mourning for you!"

"Ah, signor!" said Livia, smiling and blushing; "you must not make fun of me."

"My dear child," replied the young man gravely, "I wouldn't do such a thing for the world! You know how badly I want your help for my picture. Are you still obstinate? Are you determined not to come?"

Livia was silent. She looked at the earnest, persuasive speaker—at his impatient companion—at the group of girls. The latter were huddled together, silent, envious spectators of her importance. Livia enjoyed her triumph.

"Well, if you won't, there's no help for it;" and the good-natured young man, whose name was Rowe, turned to the gaily-dressed models who were looking on. He seemed on the point of speaking to Martina. This was more than Livia could endure.

"Ebbene, signor," she said; "I will come."

"What! you will really come? Hoorah! Oh, never mind your dress; I don't want you as a peasant, you know. I have the proper costume. Come along. Oh, the basket!—the cabbage for the soup, eh? Hi! Beppo, my boy," he called to a ragged urchin lying full length along the parapet, "take this to the Via Misericordia. Make haste, or the padrona will be angry; and come to me again at the studio—I have some more messages for you. Be off now!"

And the eager young man hurried along, so that Livia, tall as she was, could scarcely keep up with him. When he had planned his picture he had always thought of Livia as his model, and he had been angry as well as disappointed when he found she would not come. Her unwillingness had heightened her value in his eyes, and he was triumphant that he had at last secured her.

Ten minutes after they had disappeared in the distance, Tonio Lessi came bounding up the steps two at a time. He called out pleasant greetings as he passed his friends, who repaid them in kind. Even on that sunshiny day the handsome, joyous youth seemed to bring an additional brightness.

But an unpleasant shock was in store for him, and the mischievous girls higher up were anxious to see the effect of it.

"Tonio! Tonio!" they called out, "where are you going so fast?"

"To the Baths of Diocletian," he shouted, as he came nearer and nearer, his upturned face beautiful as a classic hero's. "I have to pose for Signor Conti."

"Oh, then it is all right. We were afraid you were going the wrong way."

"Why? What do you mean?"

Tonio saw there was something behind all this, and paused as he came up to them.

"Nothing, nothing," said the more kindly ones; others noticed a threatening line between the big black eyes, and were prudently silent; but Martina said, with acid emphasis—

"We thought you might be running after your Livietta. She has gone to the Via Margutta—to Signor Rowe."

Tonio shot a glance at the girl which was as eloquent as the strongest words. She instinctively made the movement common to Italians when they wish to avert the "Jettatura," or Evil Eye; but the young man had gone on without a word.

Nevertheless, Martina's poison had done its work.

As Tonio stood, motionless as the statue of the fisher-lad he had to represent, his mind was revolving all kinds of wild projects. He was furious with Livia; more furious still with the young Englishman. Poor Mr. Rowe was Tonio's special aversion. He fancied that the pretty Livia had rather a sentimental liking for him: she always looked so conscious when the girls on the steps made laughing allusions to it. The very remembrance brought the blood to Tonio's swarthy face.

Yet he felt all the time that any jealousy, or even annoyance, was simply absurd. The young artist would never give Livia a thought beyond his picture: Tonio was quite aware of that; yet the idea that Livia was there, posing for him, irritated him beyond endurance. It was not so much that she had broken her word. That was wrong of her, no doubt; but Tonio had learnt long ago that the wilful girl was not to be controlled. No; it was simply and solely that she had chosen to sit for Mr. Rowe.

While the poor fellow was imagining all sorts of foolish things, and nursing his wrath to keep it warm, a shaggy-looking peasant arrived in hot haste at Signor Conti's studio. He came from Tonio's native place in the Abruzzi Mountains, with the news that old Lessi was ill—perhaps dying—and that Tonio must

go at once to see his father. There was nothing to be said against this. Signor Conti looked blank, but of course he let his model go.

While Tonio was trudging out of Rome, Livia was sitting, silent and uneasy, in Mr. Rowe's studio. It was all very well to earn money for ribbons, and the young Englishman was very kind and considerate, letting her rest, &c.; but that was not everything. *What would Tonio say?* This thought haunted her, and spoilt every hour of the day.

By the time she reached home Livia was quite in a penitent frame of mind. She resolved to bear all Tonio's reproaches meekly, and even to desert Mr. Rowe in the middle of his picture, should her aggrieved lover require such a sacrifice.

But the evening passed, and Tonio never came. The children seemed noisier than ever, and the old grandmother more fretful than she had ever known her. At last, disappointed and unhappy, Livia crept into bed.

The next day she made some cautious inquiries. Nobody knew anything of Tonio Lessi. What could have become of him? Livia grew angry. After all, he need not sulk her like that—going away without a word of explanation. It was really too bad.

So the next day at the studio was passed in a very different mood — angry, bitter thoughts filled the girl's mind. But she suited Mr. Rowe's purpose just as well. Dressed in some fanciful embroidered jacket, representing some character in history that she had never heard of, she sat there, gloomy and pre-occupied, while the young artist hardly so much as noticed the difference.

But as the days passed by, and Tonio did not appear, Livia's spirits returned. Her pride asserted itself. She was not going to wear the willow for such a strange, moody lover, especially as she had no lack of admirers.

But, if the truth must be told, it was a new and different feeling which was comforting poor Livia. Tonio had been right; with the keen perception of love, he had discovered the truth. There was actually a germ of reality in the foolish chaffing about Mr. Rowe, and the pretty, silly model was cherishing a wild dream.

She was beginning to lose her heart to the artist—a proceeding as hopeless as the desire of the moth for the candle, and with about the same result.

One afternoon, as the light was fading, and she was preparing to go, Mr. Rowe said absently—

"How the time has flown! I have not half worked in the detail of that sleeve."

"I can come again — this evening, if you like," said Livia eagerly.

The artist was standing back from his easel, gazing at the general effect. He was so pre-occupied he did not hear Livia's offer. She repeated it.

"Well, yes," he said: "that would help me. I'm horribly behind-hand."

Perhaps something in Livia's expression struck him, for he added hastily—

"But no; I had better wait till to-morrow. I shall only spoil it if I go muddling on. Besides, I have no right to tire you out."

"If that is all the signor fears, I can come; I shall not be tired."

Mr. Rowe laughed, and made some careless reply, in which nothing was settled. Livia resolved to return.

After a hasty plate of *minestra* she was again at the studio. There was a curtain across the door, but she could see lights; he was working. Ah! she was glad she had come.

She drew aside the curtain, but her steps were arrested on the threshold. A fair-haired English girl was there, looking at the picture. Mr. Rowe stood by. He took her hand—Livia had never seen him look like that before.

She leaned against the doorway; she felt cold and faint. Her own folly was revealed to her as by a lightning-flash. She staggered down the stairs, and nearly fell over the servant.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed; "Mr. Rowe is going to be idle to-night—his *sposa* has just arrived. Ah! you did not know? Yes, he is engaged. He is to marry next week."

Cutting short the talkative servant, Livia rushed

into the street. The cool air did her good. Well, it had been a dream; and, like a dream, it was over. How could she have imagined the English artist would ever have married her? Yet such things have been.

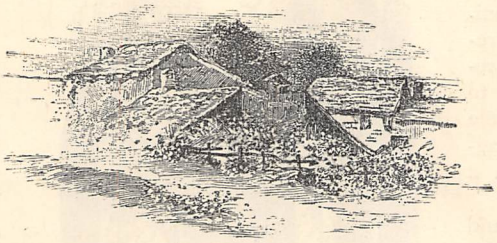
Her thoughts reverted to Tonio. What could have become of him? Was every one going to desert her?

Somebody touched her arm. She turned. Tonio stood before her!—Tonio, pale and sad-looking, without a word of reproach at finding her there.

"Ah, Livietta mia!" he cried, almost breaking into a sob, "how good it is to see you again!"

And they walked home hand in hand, like children, while Tonio explained his absence—how the father had died and left him the farm in the Abruzzi; and would Livia marry him now at once, and go and live there, and take care of the mother? Not a word of Mr. Rowe. The solemn event which had taken place had driven his anger and his jealousies out of his head; they seemed to have been part of a previous existence—long, long ago. All that was left was his love for Livia and the immense comfort of seeing her again.

And so Livia's foolish dream passed away and was forgotten. She lives happily up in the hills with her Tonio; and if you ever go there and see a handsome woman with two little children playing round her, it may perhaps be Livia Lessi.



The White Dove.

Words from the Swedish (FREDERIKA BREMER). *Music by* CHARLES W. PEARCE, Mus.D.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Andante grazioso.

p

There sit-teth a dove so white and fair. All on the li-ly-spray, all on the li - - - ly - spray; And she list-en-eth when to our Sa - - viour dear..... The lit-tle chil-dren pray.....

pp *dim.* *cres.* *p* *pp* *cres.* *p*

p *accell.*

Light-ly she spread-eth her friend-ly wings,..... And to

accell.

f *rall* - - - - *en* - - - - *tan* - - - - -

heaven's gate hath sped ;..... And un-to the Fa-ther in heaven she bears The pray'rs that the children have

f *colla voce.*

do. *Slowly.* *f*

said,..... The pray'rs that the children have said..... And

Slowly. *Tempo primo.* *cres* - - - - *cen* - - - - *do.*

p *cres - cen - do.* *f*

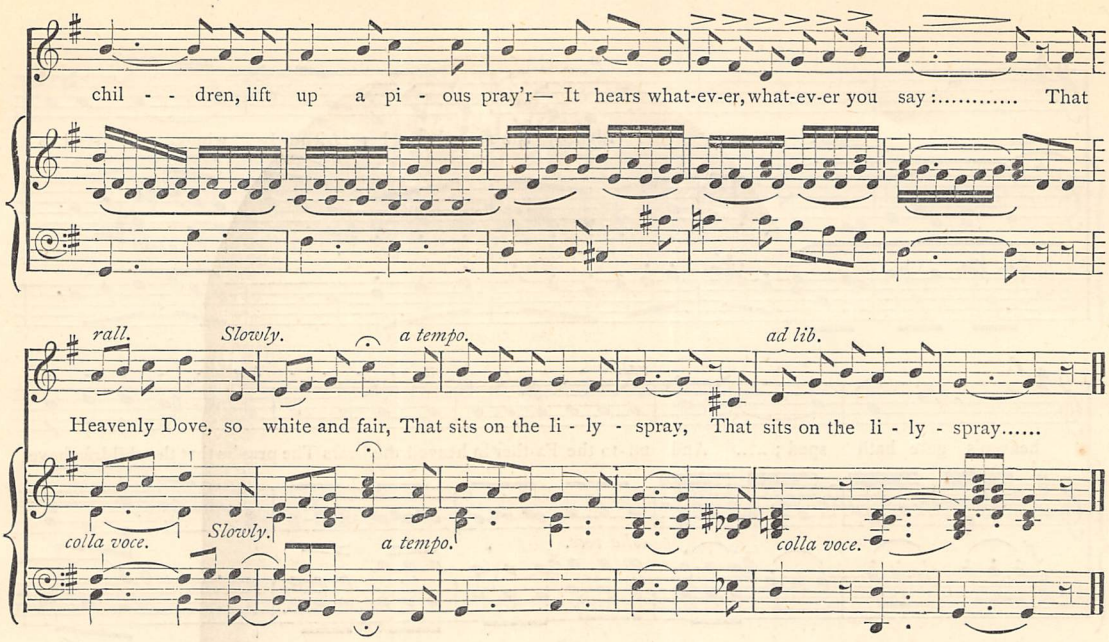
back she comes, from heaven's gate, And brings, that dove so mild,..... From the Fa-ther in heav'n who

sf *sf* *dim.* *f*

dim. *p* *rall - en - tan - do.* *Slowly.* *Tempo primo.*

hears her speak, A bless-ing for ev - 'ry child, A bless-ing for ev - 'ry child. Then,

dim. *p* *colla voce.* *Slowly.* *Tempo primo.*



ON THE ENDINGS OF THINGS.

POETS and romancers have been hard upon autumn. Dreary pictures have been drawn for us of "chill October" and "suicidal November," with their bare tree-trunks, leaden skies, and general air of desolation. Without doubt there is something melancholy in the fall of the leaf. It betokens the end of something, and human-kind —callous, even pachydermatous as it can be upon occasion—feels involuntary sadness about endings. Who ever finishes a pleasant book without a sigh of regret—sometimes even a sob of sorrow? An accustomed occupation is abandoned or resigned to others with the same sense of dislocation that one feels in putting aside the book which has become a friendly companion. Thus it is that, when the autumn leaves do "strow the brooks in Vallombrosa," an involuntary sadness creeps over us as we gaze across the dull grey landscape. Autumn is the year's old age, and though there be something that is chill and lifeless about it, as there often is about old age, there is yet the same tender charm in the gradual and natural decay of the year that one often sees in the closing years of a happy and righteous old age. The seasons of the year and the lives of men are full of parallels, as the moralists and preachers of all ages have not failed to point out. It is natural enough that autumn, treading rapidly, as it often does, upon the heels of golden summer, should sadden human-kind; yet, after all, what is there more beautiful in life than the season of falling leaves? There is something about an autumn day in the country which soothes and softens wondrously. The brilliant tints of summer have melted into a soft harmony of grey and russet; the blues, the greens, the crimsons, the golden yellows have faded; the vivid contrasts are gone, and the neutral tints, which are the distinguishing charm of Northern lands, give their tone to the landscape.

The autumn of the year is a reflective time, like the autumn of life. It is a season for counting up—not the casting up of commerce, the striking of averages, and the carrying forward of balances, but the harvest of a quiet eye, the blind man's holiday of the closing year. He who loves the seasons loves nature, and the love of nature is part of that natural religion which is implanted and inherent. Autumn, indeed, is not the only division of the year which gives us material for reflection. The seasons are full of suggestion to those who can read the lessons of earth and sky. The frosts of winter, the buds of spring, the perfumed breezes of summer, are each as morally educative as the greys of autumn. Philip IV. of Spain, who impiously said that had he been consulted at the Creation he could have suggested several improvements, would have been puzzled to invent a fifth season, or to endow the existing ones with a fresh charm.

The feeling which causes people to dislike autumn is akin to that which makes us fearful of death. "I

detest autumn; everything is so cold and damp," we say, and we gather our cloaks about us with a shiver. Death is dreaded as much because it is the end of things as because we know not that which follows it. The falling of the leaves betokens the end of the year's joyousness. The rosy cheek pales and the smile dies away. Yet, although the seasons have a general likeness, the separate days which are their units show infinite diversity. The days follow each other, and resemble not. No two days are ever exactly alike, even as there is some difference between the most similar faces. It is probable—albeit it is one of those things which can never be demonstrated—that there never were two exactly similar days. The clouds have a different hue, or they lie lower, or the wind has veered a point. How like is all this to the days of a man's life! The parallel is so close, that it boots not to follow it further.

To the reflective mind, this whole matter of endings is a sad one. It is curious to speculate how, had there been no death in nature, men would have looked upon the finishing of things. Perhaps the absence of that great mystic stop would have changed all the aspects of life. Undoubtedly there are endings in life when it is *Jubilate* that is sung in the stead of the accustomed *De Profundis*. Most men, we fancy, are glad to be at the end of their courtship, although women are apt to cast lingering glances behind. The paying of the last debt of a burdensome series causes no sentimental regrets because of the process being finished. The youth feels no sorrow at leaving school; he is eager to be out in the world, and to experience its sweets at first-hand. The stern "It is finished," which will meet him at every turn, he knows nothing of.

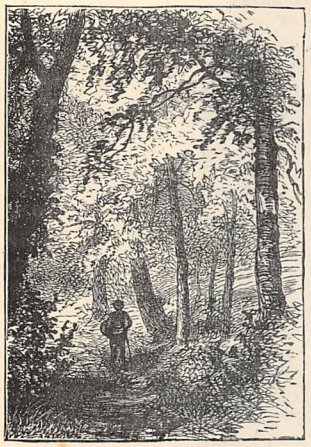
It is a wasted or a mis-spent life whose autumn comes too soon, or is repulsive and unlovely. As the fall of the year is the calmest and most touching of the seasons, so should the decline of life be the loveliest and the sweetest of the seven ages of man.

JOHN FORD:

HIS FAULTS AND FOLLIES, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

By FRANK BARRETT, Author of "Honest Davie," "Hidden Gold," &c. &c.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.



AS Gulliver, after seeing himself a giant amongst dwarfs, was thunderstruck with a sense of his own littleness on coming to find that he was but a dwarf amongst giants, so I was overcome by the consciousness of my own meanness and moral pitifulness when I compared my own conduct with that of Miss Westlake and Harry Armstrong. Miss Westlake had revealed her character and mine to me, and it was not long before I got a true insight into Harry's nature, and hit upon an explanation of that generosity mingled with reserve which had so perplexed me.

"Great goodness!" thought I, "what is all that I have done compared with that which yet remains to do before I dare again ask Miss Westlake to be my wife? Will and exertion alone are needed to obtain the externals of a gentleman, but those qualities which render him truly admirable, and something more than a pretentious sham, spring from the heart; and can I ever hope for them?"

It was something to know my own defects.

I sat in the morning-room, where Miss Westlake had left me, and Harry had come to shake my hand and bid me farewell, until the sound of the wheels that carried them away ceased to cut my heart. Then I rose, feeling that it was useless to brood upon bad eggs, as the Kitford folks have it, and that the something which must be done should be begun at once, and wandered in a purposeless manner out into the vestibule. The servants, passing, bowed to me and eyed me askant; and the housekeeper, saluting me, respectfully made a little speech to the effect that she had been told to regard me as the master of the estate, and in conclusion, asked me if I had any orders to give.

"Conduct the household as if Miss Westlake were still the mistress here," said I. "Let nothing be changed."

Then I went from room to room through the house, much astonished by the luxury which I there saw for the first time, and moved to admiration by the exquisite taste and perfect order which prevailed in every part. There was a refining influence in this evidence of a higher life, which I can only compare with that unnamed something in a cathedral which compels alike the rudest-born and the most cultured scholar to tread lightly and speak low. As I stood in the drawing-room, I thought of my lodging at Newcastle, where, as often as not, I would eat my lunch of bread and cheese seated on the table, with no more elevating surroundings than a row of templates, a shelf-full of wooden models for castings, and a few scale diagrams. Instinctively I looked at my boots—being in the habit of going to my lodgings across the coal-yard of the foundry.

There were flowers in the room, arranged with a care as to harmony of form and colour which I attributed to Miss Westlake. There were pictures and objects of art distributed here and there, which also I ascribed to her delicate taste and judgment. As I looked at these things, I recognised that not only in the greater qualities of heart and disposition, but also in the matter of cultivation, I had yet an enormous advancement to make. Perceiving my own deficiency, I do not marvel now that I was disheartened by my prospects. Indeed, the only wonder is that I yet retained so much self-sufficiency as enabled me to believe that the gulf between us might be spanned.

I seated myself in the drawing-room, near the piano, with a profound feeling of dejection. The piano, the flowers, the many graceful and beauteous things around me, told me of her who was gone, and might never return. The flowers would fade, and she would not replace them. The room would be henceforth silent and empty, save for my presence. I was utterly alone, and I felt like an usurper who has conquered a country, to find it deserted by its inhabitants. Never, in the deeper solitude of the woods, had I felt so completely alone. I turned with a sigh to a portfolio on a stand, and in an abstracted mood opened it. There were sketches in it, done in pen and ink, and sepia. To my unskilled eyes they seemed perfect. One was signed with her name, another was signed Harry Armstrong. There was a community of tastes between them—an equality in all things.

"No wonder they love," thought I.

But if humility was springing up in my disposition, and the faint dawn of nobler sentiment in my heart, the old evils were not all banished. I could not think of him and her in conjunction without jealousy. It stung me into action.

"What can I do to be his equal in generosity?" I asked.

That evening I walked over to Sevenoaks, where the Richies lived, and giving the name John Armstrong, obtained an interview with the elder Richie father to the man I sought. He was a plethoric, red-faced, short-breathed man, with a great double chin, who formerly had been a wine merchant.

"My son don't live with me," said he, gasping for breath, and wiping his moist face with a handkerchief from time to time. "He isn't here often, but quite often enough to suit me. Don't know anything about him, except that he's generally short of cash. I'm not responsible for his debts; so if you've got any I O U's, keep 'em as an assurance that he won't trouble you with a visit."

"Do you know if his solicitors are Leader and Leader, of Sun Court?" I asked.

"Never heard their name. Shouldn't be surprised, if they discount bills."

Seeing there was nothing to learn from him, I went away without explaining the object of my visit. The next day I saw Mr. Philips, the lawyer entrusted with the management of the late Sir Andrew's affairs—a tall, active, spare man, with iron-grey hair and deep-sunk eyes, and a face that never permitted you to guess what was going on in his mind.

"You are Sir John Armstrong?" he said, in a clear voice, with a slow, distinct utterance. The words were spoken in a half-interrogative tone as he fixed his eyes upon me.

"That is what I want to know," said I in reply.

"You have said so through your lawyers—Messrs. Leader and Leader."

"They said so to me."

"Do you know how they got their information?"

"From Benjamin Ford."

"Do you know how he found them out?"

"No. Do you?"

"I do not *know*, sir;" he put a slight accent on the word I have italicised.

"Can you guess?"

"A lawyer's duty is rather to test theories than to make them."

"What do you think of the theory that Benjamin Ford was instigated by Mr. Richie?"

"That must depend upon what grounds you have for such a supposition."

"Both Mr. Richie and Benjamin Ford have kept out of sight since the beginning of this affair, and it is the first time in Ford's life that he has absented himself from Kitford."

"Anything else?"

"A short time before it was announced to me that I was Sir Andrew's son, Mr. Richie led me to believe that if by any curious accident I should be placed in Mr. Harry Armstrong's position, I should stand a better chance than any one in the world of making Miss Westlake my wife."

"That is something. What do you conclude from these facts?"

"That he had an intention of bringing this lucky accident about, if necessary. Benjamin Ford's behaviour for the last two or three months favours the conjecture that he meditated a revelation which would be to my advantage."

"Allow me to remind you, sir, of the police formula, and to warn you that whatever you say in this office may be used in evidence against you."

"I only want to get at the truth."

"Very good. Now we will return to your theory, if it is agreeable to you; and in the first place, let me ask how long you have entertained it."

"Since yesterday afternoon."

"You were speaking about the probable connection between Ford and Mr. Richie."

"I know nothing for certain. The lawyers never mentioned Richie's name, but I feel confident Ford would not have discovered them without assistance. I have seen the elder Mr. Richie, and learnt from him that his son is in debt, and not improbably a client of Leader and Leader, if they are in the habit of discounting bills."

"They do discount bills. That being a matter of fact, I can say so much."

"That helps us wonderfully," said I cheerfully. "Now we have some sort of motive for his trumping up a tale of this kind. He reckons, maybe, on levying black-mail upon me after I have been in possession some time. There is also another motive in the background."

"Out with it, sir," said Mr. Philips, with more feeling in his voice than I had yet observed.

"When Mr. Richie spoke to me he had already made Miss Westlake an offer of marriage, and admitted that he still regarded her with amatory feelings. He was then on terms of friendship with the Armstrong family. The subsequent rupture suggests to my mind that he made a second offer, and was rejected."

"There again, sir, you touch upon a matter of fact which I can confirm. He did make a second offer, and dropped hints which prepared Sir Andrew for the claim you made."

"In that case he foresaw—supposing my claim to be a false one—a means of revenge and of extortion combined, possibly; for thinking that Miss Westlake would marry me, he perceived that my false position and his knowledge of the truth would enable him to beggar me and her at any moment—supposing we declined to pay black-mail."

"Hum!—and that is your theory?" said he, as I came to a stop.

"Yes; but not the only one."

"I shall be glad to listen to more if they are as good as the last," he said, with increased animation.

"In the first place, will you be good enough to tell me why you advised Mr. Armstrong not to contest my claim?"

"For certain reasons which I do not feel myself at liberty to state."

"I will tell you what I think those reasons are, and you shall contradict them if you think fit," said I. "To begin with: the story told by Ford is as plausible as that told by his wife. It is quite possible that I am Sir Andrew's lost son, though not probable. In taking the case into court, Harry Armstrong would run the risk of ruining his own brother if he won the cause, and the risk of morally ruining me if he lost it."

Mr. Philips gave an assenting nod.

"There are other reasons why a man of delicate feelings and generous impulses should avoid that risk. I saved his life when we were boys. His father and

he have all through my life taken an interest in my welfare. Miss Westlake has taken a still stronger interest. Mr. Armstrong may think that her interest in me is stronger than he supposed. He may think that if I had all the advantages which position, wealth, and a merciful charity could produce, Miss Westlake would marry me after awhile, when I had profited by the advantages I speak of. Mr. Armstrong, by foregoing a hazardous legal controversy, therefore frees Miss Westlake from an onerous position, and leaves her at liberty to be guided by her inclination. This course he would be the more likely to take because he himself loves that young lady, and would not profit by any moral claim he might have upon her gratitude."

"You are taking me out of my depth, sir," said the lawyer good-naturedly. "While I feel that I am standing upon hard facts, I know what I'm about; without that, I am no use to any one. You must show me a reason for your supposition, or I shall not be able to follow you."

"The fact that Mr. Armstrong's manner to me is unchanged by recent events, proves that he neither believes me to be his brother nor a willing impostor. He has shown himself neither more nor less kind to me in our last interview than in those which preceded it."

"Well, sir?" said Mr. Philips inquiringly, as he looked me full in the face when I ceased to speak.

"These are my theories," said I. "Now I ask you if they are justified by your knowledge of the circumstances?"

"I can only tell you, sir, that your theories are logical."

"You find my deductions just?"

"I find them feasible."

"In that case, I have only to tell you, as the representative of Mr. Harry Armstrong, that I decline to accept any part of the late Sir Andrew's estate."

"Hum!" said Mr. Philips, in a tone of content. Then he looked at me fixedly in silence for a moment, passing his smooth-shaven chin between his finger and thumb. "And supposing, sir," he said, at length —"supposing that I, as Mr. Harry Armstrong's representative, decline to accept what is presumably not mine?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"That is a matter of indifference to you," said he, in a tone of pleasantry which but partially concealed the sarcasm. "So long as you are freed from the onus you don't care upon whose shoulders it falls."

I felt the well-earned rebuke. There was no generosity in my act; it proceeded from my conscience rather than from my heart.

"You think," he proceeded, after a pause, "that Mr. Harry is not troubled with those scruples which prevent you from pocketing a disputable quarter of a million. Let me tell you, sir, that we are as honourable as you, and value a clear conscience as well as any one. Whilst there is any doubt as to your identity we shall not take possession."

"It is in your power, I suppose, to draw up a deed of gift, by which I can make over the whole of the estate to Mr. Armstrong."

"Whether Mr. Armstrong would accept such a gift remains to be seen. For my own part, I should hesitate to advise him to accept the estate from you before it is certain that the estate is yours to give. If you are not the eldest son of Sir Andrew, he, *the* rightful heir, may yet come forward, when he would have a right to demand an account of every penny that has been spent since his father's death, and thereby involve Mr. Armstrong in serious embarrassment. The case is purely hypothetical, of course."

I saw through the lawyer's subtlety, and rising, I thanked him for his civil attention, and left him.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

IT was clear to me that the skilful lawyer had laid upon me the necessity of proving my identity, and that till this was done he would counsel Harry Armstrong to accept nothing from me, however strong the probability was that I had no right to the estate. This was a source of secret gratification to me in one respect: it indicated that, generous as Harry Armstrong was, his magnanimity was not so great as I had at first believed it to be.

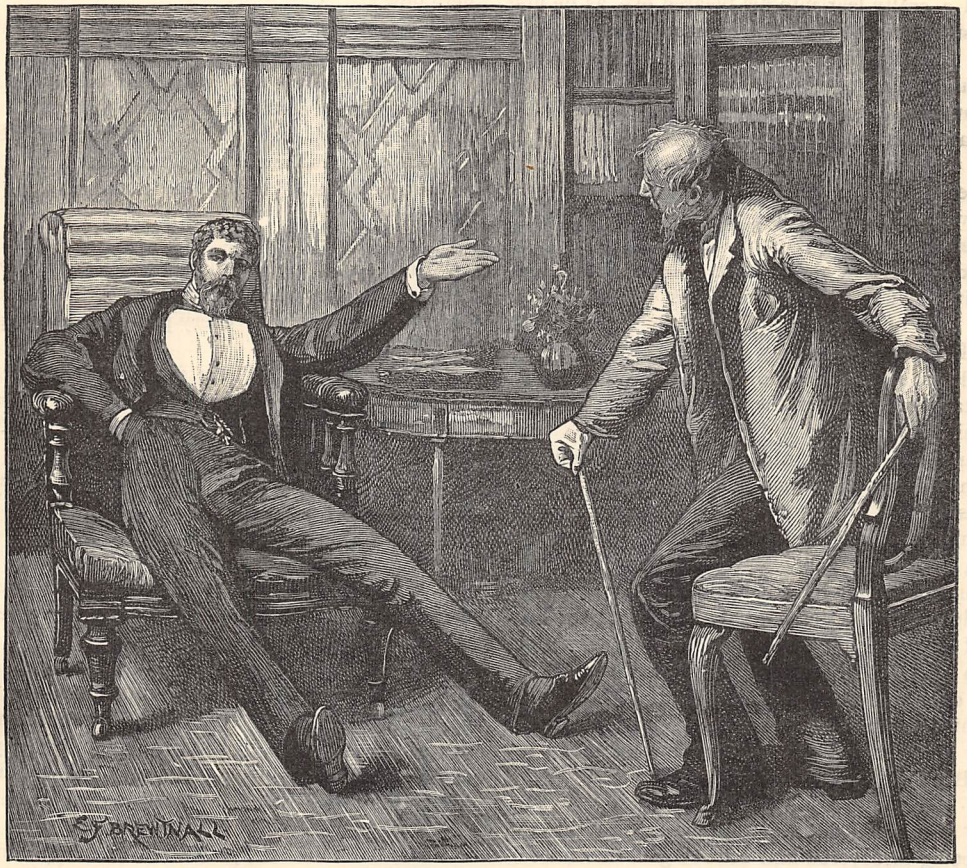
I resolved to abide my time, and await the natural course of events. I took up my residence at Armstrong House, and suffered no one to see that I did so with repugnance. I calculated that by this means Mr. Richie would be encouraged to come forward and levy his black-mail, if such was his intention, or that, tired of supporting Benjamin Ford, he would leave him to shift for himself. Without support, Ford could not live in concealment. If he sought parochial relief, he would be forwarded on to the parish in which Kitford stood. There, dispirited with the limited supply of ale, he would take the first opportunity of seeing me, and claiming a return for his services. Knowing his cunning, and the difficulty of getting the truth from him when a lie was to his advantage, I prepared myself for his coming.

I lived alone in the house, and had no friends. I called upon the neighbouring families, but no one returned my visit, except those who were stupid or self-seeking, and as I had no desire to become intimate with people of that kind, the acquaintance, after a feeble existence, speedily died out. I was not idle—that was impossible for me. I made a workshop of a coach-house, and there occupied myself several hours a day in making experiments in electricity and mechanics. A certain portion of the remaining time I gave to the ordering of the estate, only making such alterations upon its previous conduct as seemed to me advantageous, and to Mr. Philips prudent. What hours of the day were left to me, I gave to reading and to learning music. A professor gave me an hour's lesson on the piano each day, and I practised three more, so that in the course of a few months I acquired sufficient proficiency to play some easy sonatas of Schumann's creditably, and to find a delight in good music such as I had never dreamed of. I think I owe as much to the softening influence of music as to anything else—save my adoration of Miss Westlake—

for the improvement in my disposition. But music and the constant contemplation of that ideal which Miss Westlake represented were not the only refining powers at work. A great part of my time was now spent amidst elegant and artistic surroundings. It seems to me characteristic of our human nature that our minds, like our hands, should grow hard and rough, or soft and delicate, according to the nature of the things with which they are brought into constant contact. I ate delicate food; I found the greatest enjoyment in those amusements which appealed to the highest faculties of my mind; I was attentively waited upon by servants; I dressed like a gentleman, I studied to speak and act like a gentleman, and, finally, I began to feel like a gentleman.

Mr. Armstrong wrote to me a week after our parting, telling me that he had failed to obtain the appointment he sought at Paris, but had been advised to give his attention to literature as a profession, begging me to correspond with him if I found it agreeable. But the most pleasant part of his letter was a paragraph which told me that Miss Westlake had in her last letter mentioned my name, and expressed her kindly wishes in my behalf. I wrote a reply immediately, but said nothing of my visit to Mr. Philips, nor of my intentions. We exchanged civil letters twice after that.

Three months having gone by without producing a single proof to justify my suspicions respecting Mr. Richie and Benjamin Ford, I began to think I had done them an injustice, and this idea grew stronger as the fourth month drew towards its close. However, one fine morning as I was working in my laboratory the lodge-keeper sent to inform me that Benjamin Ford was at the gate, and desired to see me.



"'SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN!' SAID I, IMPATIENTLY" (*p.* 742).

I ordered that he should be taken into the library, and there I kept him waiting while I dressed myself in evening dress, and put on all the jewellery I possessed in preparation for the little comedy I had arranged.

"Well, my good man, what do you want to say to me?" said I, slamming the library door behind me, and bustling across the room to the chair at the further end.

I was much shocked by his altered appearance, and touched also. He had fallen away greatly; his clothes

hung loosely upon his shrunken figure; his eyes were sunken, his skin hanging in folds from his cheek-bones; his lower lip drooped; his complexion was an ashen yellow, save where his nose glowed red; he was bent, and leaned upon a couple of stout sticks—he was, in short, a wreck. But I did not let him see what I felt. I thrust my hands in my pockets, stretched out my legs, leant back in my chair, and regarded him with as much supercilious indifference as I could assume. A faint smile had come over his face, and a crafty leer into his bleared eye, as he first caught sight of me; but this expression faded away, and left nothing but a look of blank surprise and disappointment as he regarded me.

"What have I to say to you?" he asked with indistinct articulation.

"Yes, that is what I said. Be as brief as you can, if you please," said I, pulling out my watch.

"I have been ill, Jack—I mean Sir John," he said, in quavering tones. "Been in the hospital nigh on six weeks, sir; and would that I had never come out of it again!" He wiped his wretched eyes with the back of his hand, and sobbed. "Seems as if the life 'll never go out of my worthless old carcase."

"Sit down, sit down, sit down!" said I impatiently, as he staggered, without the support of his stick, in raising his shaking hand to his face.

He sank into a chair, and fumbled about until he found an old rag of a handkerchief, with which he wiped his eyes.

"Didn't think you was ever a-going to treat me like this, John—Sir Jack—Sir John. You used to be wonderful kind to me in the old times."

"Kinder than you deserved. I made a great mistake. I encouraged you in idleness when I ought rather to have left you to your own resources. What had you done to deserve my consideration?"

"Nothing much, indeed—always a selfish, ungrateful sot, ever since the first misfortune sort of broke my heart. But I did do the right thing by you at last, I did."

"You acknowledged the truth when you saw the risk of being discovered and sent to gaol for concealing it."

"Wasn't much fear of that," said he, with a sly leer.

"Why not?" I asked sharply.

He took time to consider his reply, and I saw that I was going too quickly.

"Oh, I'm sharp enough to tell a full pint from an empty pot."

"Well, come to the point—what do you want?"

"A little help, Jack—a little help. Not a farthing in the world, and so ill I can't stand alone. Weak as a baby I am, and that low-spirited, Sir John"—here he began to cry again.

"You must have been getting money from some one. You had none when I left you."

"Been in the hospital six weeks," he whimpered.

"And the other six or eight?"

"'Joying myself in London, sir," he said, with a fresh outburst of grief.

"You can't enjoy yourself in London without money. Where did you get it from?"

"Twopence here and threepence there, Jack."

"Nonsense! If you don't tell me the truth, I shall leave you to get twopence here and threepence there again."

"Gent as happened to meet me remembered seeing me at Kitford, and give me a bit of help."

"What gentleman? Now, tell the truth, for, as you may suppose, I know most of the gentlemen about here now."

After some hesitation, he said, seeing the futility of evasion, "Mr. Richie."

"Young Richie—the same who took you to the lawyers in the Temple?"

He looked up and looked down, shuffled about on his seat, then, looking up again, nodded.

"Why did he take you there? and why did he give you money?"

"Kind of friendly like."

"And out of friendship he gave you money to get drunk with, and when it was all spent and you went into the hospital, with every prospect of dying there, he left you."

"That's about it. There ain't no one in the world to take care of me like you used to, Jack—Sir John," he whined. "Every one's left me now. Nothing left."

"Well," said I, getting up and looking in the glass, "you'd better go into the workhouse."

"The workhouse, Jack!" he gasped.

"Proper place for you."

"What! after all I've done, Jack, for you, you'll send me to die in the house, where they never give you a mug of ale if you're dying for it?"

"Come, let us put an end to this. If you think I intend to encourage idleness and drunkenness, you are greatly mistaken; and if you think that because I have money I must necessarily squander it, you are also very much in error. You will get not a penny piece out of me—that's as certain as my name's John Armstrong."

"You don't mean it, Jack?" he said imploringly.

"I do. And I beg you to remember that my name is not Jack."

He was silent for some time. As I looked in the glass, I saw him regarding me with a kind of terror, and then his old lips began to twitch, and he rubbed his eyes once more with the ragged handkerchief. I said nothing, for indeed my heart gave way, and I had hardly courage to carry the pathetic farce farther, but pretended to be busy arranging my tie. I saw him fix his eyes on the ground in cogitation, as he rubbed his handkerchief into a ball and fumbled it from one hand to the other.

"I can't get over the past times, sir," he said presently. "Can't forget how won'ful kind you was to me—though it do seem now as if it couldn't never a been that you was full of kindness and mercy to me, it do. 'Spected to find you unaltered. Didn't think your goodness was all just because you thought I was your father—sort of pitied me for all the misfortunes

I had gone through, and felt for me 'cause I was so weak and helpless—like mothers feel for their young'ns. 'Spose you are happy and contented in your new-fashioned sort of way: like I am when I'm too tipsy to know what I'm at, or think of what I was. When I think of that, and 'member all your goodness to me, I feel as if I shouldn't like—shouldn't like to upset it all, Jack—shouldn't like to upset it all," he repeated with emphasis, as he saw that I stopped in arranging my tie.

"What do you mean?" I asked, dropping my voice, and turning round.

"I don't say I could, sir," said he quickly, "only say I shouldn't like to do it if you was just a little bit kind to me. I can't bear to hear you talk of my going in the work'se, Jack. If you'd on'y give me a little help now and then just to keep me out—I can't anyhow last very much longer. I do hope not. What—what's a few shillings to you, sir, now and then?"

"A few shillings! it would cost me a few hundred every day if I relieved the wants of every man who has ruined himself by drink," said I, as harshly as I could.

The old man passed his ball of a handkerchief from one hand to the other again, looking at the ground, his lips twitching; then he began to cry once more, and applying the handkerchief first to one streaming eye and again to the other, he said between his sobs—

"You're right enough—I've ruined myself—made my whole life a misery and a shame to myself and you. But you never told me so afore, Jack. Lor! I'm proud to see you such a gentleman in looks and manners. It's something to have a—to have had, so to speak—a son, as I might almost say, like you. But it do wring my heart to see you so changed to me—you who used to be so gentle and forbearing wi' me. I want you to be proud and fine, Jack—sir, it makes me feel as if I was someways paying you back for all you've done for me—I don't want to upset it all—only give me a few ha'pence, sir, just to keep me going a little while longer."

"If you were my father, I should, of course, feel bound to support you, but as you have no claim whatever upon me——"

"Supposing—I only say supposing"—said he, after considerable calculation, "supposing I was to tell you that after all you are my son; that the story I told those lawyer chaps was all got up for your good?"

"Oh! I see through you, Ben Ford. You don't frighten me. If there was any foundation for such a story as that, you wouldn't come to me whining for a few pence: you'd say, 'I want half of the plunder, or I'll expose the whole cheat.'"

"And what should you say to that?" asked he, looking at me in astonishment.

"What should I say?—why, 'Take your half and welcome: you have earnt it.'"

"What! you wouldn't give up the estate to the rightful owner?"

"Do you think I'm a fool," said I, with a cunning leer.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, falling back in his chair, and speaking in a tone of profound regret, "I thought you were an honest man—I've been thinking that all along."

"As honest as most people," said I cavalierly.

"I thought you was more honest than all the world," said he. "Hows'ever," he added, after a moment, as he took a more cheerful view of the case, "if there ain't no difference 'twixt me and you, why, there's no need to have any secrets. You are my son Jack, and nobody else's."

"You'll have to prove that," said I, going up to him, and dropping my voice, with a glance towards the door.

"Oh, I can do that in a jiffey," he whispered. "Oh, it's all right; you may be sure I ain't going to upset the apple-cart now. There ain't no one listening at the door, is there, my boy?"

I went to the door and made a pretence of looking into the passage. When I came back I found him carefully taking a folded paper, yellow and greasy, from a leather tobacco-pouch.

"There," said he, whispering, as he held out the paper with shaking fingers, "there's your mother's letter—writ the last day of her life. Take a look at it."

I took it quickly from his hand, and read that confession which I have mentioned at the commencement of this history, whereby my mother told how Sir Andrew's son met his death, how she concealed the body, and allowed it to be thought that the child had been stolen, that the truth might weigh less heavily on the mind of her beloved mistress.

I rang the bell.

"What are you going to do, Jack?" asked my father in trepidation, as he saw the change in my demeanour.

"Have no fear, father," said I; "you shall not suffer by this day's work."

I bade the servant have the brougham brought out, and in the meantime to serve lunch without delay.

As soon as my father had eaten and drunk, I took him with me in the brougham to Mr. Philips at Sevenoaks. There I bade the lawyer take a copy of the letter, and write down the confession we extorted from my father. This done, I left Sevenoaks by the next train, and went to London, taking with me my father and the precious letter.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

I LEFT my father at an hotel, and went to the address from which Sir Harry Armstrong—there is no reason to deny him his title any further—last wrote to me.

"Mr. Armstrong has left here, sir," said the maid who came to the door; "he has gone to live in the country." She left me and fetched a card, upon which was written "Mr. Harry Armstrong, Oak Cottage, Pangbourne."

"That's where his letters are forwarded to," said the girl, and then, anxious to enlighten me upon a subject particularly interesting to girls in general, she added, "You didn't know, sir, perhaps, that Mr. Armstrong's going to be married?"

"Married!" I echoed, with fear and trembling; "I know nothing of that." I turned to go, then stopped,

irresolute between the wish to know and the dread of having my fears confirmed. The girl still kept the door open. I turned about.

"Do you—do you know," I stammered—"can you tell me whom he is about to marry?"

"Yes, sir; he's going to marry Miss Westlake."

I turned away without a word, and walked on, heedless of where my steps tended.

was actuated by motives of self-interest. I despised myself heartily for my faults, and ridiculed the folly of having hoped to make a being so high above me my wife; but withal I did not regret that I had made myself despicable and ridiculous, for each fault and folly was the outcome of a love in itself pure and noble.

When I was tired out, sick and wretched, I hailed

"THE HOUSEMAID BROUGHT ME HIS CARD" (*p.* 746).

Here was an end to the hope that had never yet utterly forsaken my heart. The guiding star had gone from my heaven, and could lead my steps foolishly or wisely to the dark depths of despondency or the golden heights of expectation no more. I was not surprised, for in the past months I had come to learn how widely separated our lives had been by the change that had taken place in mine, yet still the hope existed secretly that she loved me, and that in time I might be found worthy of her love and fit to be her husband. In my mind I went over the follies I had been guilty of, and the faults. There was ample food for self-reproach. I laughed bitterly as I remembered the fault which surpassed all others—the belief I had suffered myself to entertain that Miss Westlake

a passing cab, and went back to the hotel where I had left my father. It was late. I found by looking at the time-table that I could not get to Pangbourne that night. My father was in bed. I went out, and coming to a place of amusement, I paid for my admission, and went in with such strange apathy that it was only when I took my seat that I found I was at a concert. I think it was Beethoven's music that I heard. It seemed to me that my own loss and desolation was being told in sound, and as I leant forward, with my arms upon my knees and my head bent, the tears fell from my eyes—the first I had ever shed.

Next morning I left my father in the hands of the hotel manager, and went to Pangbourne. I found Oak Cottage without difficulty; the windows were

thrown open, and I saw a table within being covered, and servants bustling about with flowers and glasses. A man in his shirt-sleeves came to the door.

"Is Mr. Armstrong here?" I asked.

"Started about twenty minutes, sir. You'll have to be quick, sir, if you want to see the service. It's at the old church: that is, if you've come to see the wedding, sir."

"No," said I, "I haven't come to see the wedding. I wish to leave this packet: that is all. It's a wedding present for Mr. Armstrong."

"*Mrs.* Armstrong, I presume, sir?"

"Yes—for both."

I put the packet containing my mother's letter of confession into his hands, and went away.

There was no train for two hours. I went down to the river, and wandered along the bank in the direction of Streatly. It was the first genial day of spring. There was only the faintest breeze, and that was soft and warm. Under the trees there were wide patches of wild hyacinth. I startled some children who were gathering them. They drew back with fear in their faces as I passed; I suppose my face was haggard and weird-looking, for when I turned about, I saw they had taken to their heels and were making off as fast as they could.

I sat under the bushes, looking down on the smooth river. I must have stayed there unconsciously a long time. Suddenly I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of voices and laughter; and then the wedding party came into sight.

There were two boats, I think. She sat in the first with two other ladies, and Harry was near her, pulling stroke, and looking in her face as they passed. Little did they know who was watching them from above; and it was well for their happiness to be ignorant of the misery that rent my heart. They went on and on, and passed out of sight, and their voices died away in the distance; only the ripple of the water upon the bank seemed sadly to echo her light laughter to my ear.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

WHEN my mind recovered vigour, I left London and went to Birmingham, having once more to seek a livelihood. With my usual good fortune I found a manufacturer who gave me a patient hearing, and entered at once into the scheme I had been working upon during the past four months for the more economical production of electricity and an improved means of storage. These inventions have since been superseded by better, and are now forgotten, but they had the effect of stimulating inquiry into a branch of electrical science then comparatively new, and of bringing the firm who had adopted my schemes into prominent notice. Mr. Wright, the head of the firm, a clear-sighted and enterprising man of business, gave me the order to "Go ahead," and offered me every facility for working out whatever mechanical notion my imagination begot. Fortunately, my inventions, if they were not great, had the advantage of being practical, and, with one or two exceptions, everything I produced brought money and consideration to my employers; seeing which, I stipulated at the end of twelve months that I should be admitted as junior partner into the firm. The audacity of my demand, perhaps, as much as the value of my services, inclined Mr. Wright in my favour—for a man with a strong belief in his own capability almost invariably obtains esteem—and we signed a contract for three years. The business of the firm advanced by leaps and bounds, and upon the expiration of the contract I was made a partner on equal terms with Mr. Wright, and the firm changed its title to Wright, Ford, and Co. A twentieth—nay, a fiftieth—part of my income being sufficient for my modest requirements, I put the rest into the business, and every day the works grew larger and our undertakings more extensive.

I kept my father with me from the day we left Sevenoaks together until his death. I am happy to think that his latter days were happier than those which preceded them. He never referred to the past: he feared, maybe, to be upbraided for the act which had taken me from the drawing-room back to the workshop. He was content to sit in the place where I worked, watching me like a sick child; and a smile of pleasure would feebly animate his face when I left off to say a few words to him, or found time to explain the engravings in illustrated newspapers. He grew weaker as time went on, and eight months after our coming to Birmingham he died.

"A strange life, Jack—strange, ain't it?" he said, as he held my hand, towards the last. "When I wanted to die, I couldn't; and now, when I'd like to stay just a little longer a-watching you, and a-looking at pictures, my end comes. God's will be done! Farewell, Jack; Heaven bless you!" And thus he passed away.

My partner, Mr. Wright, came of a good family. He had an intellectual, accomplished, and amiable wife, and some sweet children. I was always welcome at his house, and there I spent many hours of leisure, to my great advantage. I might have become hard, and perhaps morose, without the humanising influence of this family. It was with an effort at first that I shook off my melancholy and joined in the amusements of the little circle; but after a while I derived pleasure and a sense of relief from associating with these bright, intelligent, and hopeful natures. We went to all sorts of entertainments, and made excursions into the country together, and sometimes we made the evenings pleasant at home with music. The children liked me, and nothing pleased me better than to spend a few hours in the nursery with the little ones.

Seeing this, Mrs. Wright took it into her head that I ought to marry, and have children of my own; and more than one pretty girl was artfully brought into my society. But I had no taste for marriage in which I could not give love for love, and the tenderest glance of bright eyes failed to provoke response on my part. It was not that my heart was incapable of loving, but that my love was indivisible. My love was for one, and for ever. If Miss Westlake had been my wife, I

could not have loved her with greater constancy and fervour. It may be said that I should have overcome the tendency of my thought, that I should not have permitted the idea of love to exist in my heart, knowing that she was married to another. Possibly I did wrong to indulge in reveries that brought that sweet face before my eyes, as when, in bygone times, I had caught a glimpse of her from the thicket that concealed me. That was, however, my only self-indulgence. In those five years I never once sought an opportunity of seeing her, but rather avoided the possibility. I did not go near Kitford. I did not write to Sir Harry, or communicate with any one who might make known my whereabouts to him. More than this I could not do.

It was an unforeseen contingency that led Harry Armstrong to find me out.

I had invented and patented a secondary engine for employing the expansive force of steam before quitting the boiler, whereby the ordinary amount of power was nearly doubled, with an inconsiderable increase in the quantity of fuel. An account of this new engine, with diagrams, was published in an illustrated magazine of general information soon after. My name as the inventor, and that of the firm as patentees, occurred in the notice, and this coming under the eye of Sir Harry, he lost no time in ascertaining whether John Ford, the inventor, was not his old acquaintance the blacksmith of Kitford.

I was at home sitting at my piano when the housemaid brought me his card. It was but a few steps from the hall to my sitting-room, and before I had recovered from my surprise in reading the name of my visitor, he appeared at the door, and said—

"May I come in?"

I rose from the stool and greeted him as well as my embarrassment permitted.

"I am heartily glad to have found you, John," said he. "I only hope it is not unpleasant to you to be found."

"Why should it be?" I asked evasively.

"It looks as if you have purposely avoided us," he said.

I murmured something, I know not what, and begged him to be seated. Then there was a pause, awkward enough on my part.

There was a doll's-house on the table. It belonged to one of my little friends. Like many other modern structures, it was shaky on the first floor, and had been brought to me for repair. He glanced at it, and then—

"Are you married?" he asked.

I shook my head, and explained the presence of the child's toy. We talked about children for a time; then I ventured to ask him if he had any family.

"A couple of boys," he replied.

"Lady Armstrong," I stammered—"Lady Armstrong is very well, I hope?"

"Very well. Why haven't you come to see us? It isn't enough that you have given us title and estate; we want your friendship also. What is the quotation?—'Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind'?"

"I don't think I can be considered a giver in that sense."

"You only lay claim to being honest; we count you generous as well. For that reason I suppose we have never abandoned the hope that you would come to see us. Everything relating to you has been kept as you left it. You'll find not a tool out of its place in your workshop, and my wife keeps Schumann's sonata, not on the piano where she found it, but close by, ready to your hand. You still study music?"

I seized the opportunity of changing the subject, and we talked music for five minutes. Then, seeing that I was less embarrassed, he inquired about my father, about my business, my inventions, my home, and my friends. Finally, he asked if I had any idea of marrying.

"Oh! I'm too busy for that," said I, with an uneasy laugh.

The conversation dragged on, but he would not go. I can easily account for my embarrassment. I knew that I could not be this man's friend, and my conscience revolted against the pretence. I felt that I ought to tell him that I still loved the woman he had married.

"I suppose you close best part of Christmas week?" he said.

"Yes, from Saturday before Christmas Day to the Saturday following."

"Good," said he; "then promise me you will spend Christmas with us. Come, you can't plead that you will be too busy for that. We shall get over this feeling of stiffness and constraint, and become the best and warmest of friends. Do promise me you will come: I ask you as a favour to accept my invitation."

The temptation came before me in glowing colours to accept—to see her once more, to listen to her voice, to touch her hand. I hesitated.

"My wife knows of my intention, and is as eager as I am that you should come."

"She is?" I asked.

"Yes; and another friend will, I believe, be no less glad to see you."

"Your wife wishes to see me?" I said, the blood throbbing at my temples.

"I assure you she does."

I paused again; then suddenly rising from my chair, I exclaimed—

"No! I can't—I will not visit you."

He looked at me in astonishment and perplexity, and then rising also, he said gravely—

"I am not conscious of ever having intentionally offended you, John Ford. You must tell me why you *won't* visit me."

"Don't you see?" I cried. "Are you a fool, or blind? Don't you see that I love your wife?"

"My wife!" he said, in utter astonishment.

"Do you think that a love that has grown into my soul, that has thrown its fibres into every cell of my heart, is to be torn out and forgotten the moment you make the woman I loved your wife?"

"I never knew that you had seen my wife. She at least knows nothing of your feeling."

Now my turn of bewilderment came. "Was this man mad?" I asked myself, at the same moment that he probably was putting a like question to himself. He was the first to speak.

"We always believed—and for the life of me I can't see how we could have been mistaken—that you were in love with Ruth—my wife's cousin."

"Ruth—Miss Westlake—your wife's cousin!" I exclaimed.

"Certainly."

I fell to trembling: I had much ado to keep upon my legs.

"This is not a jest?" I said, catching hold of his shoulders: "you are not deceiving me?"

"Why should I? I have no wish to reverse the facts—I couldn't if I would. You have known nothing of my intimate life—nothing of my friends, acquaintances, habits, pursuits, affections. Your habits of seclusion have prevented you even from learning facts that were known to ordinary outside observers. You saw only my father, me, Ruth: these three characters constituted the whole family circle at Armstrong House to your eyes. You must have drawn your conclusions from the thinnest appearance. Possibly the name of Miss Westlake, common to my wife and her cousin, was sufficient to convince you that it was Ruth, and not her cousin, that I had married."

His suggestion was correct.

"Tell me in a word," said he, "that I am right, and the whole riddle is solved."

"It is true," I said.

A man with less feeling than he had would have laughed heartily. He saw only the pathetic side of the mistake.

"I sympathise with you, John," he said, taking my hand; "you must have suffered deeply."

"I am punished for wronging you and her."

"Well," he said, smiling, "you must have given us credit for very little generosity and a good deal of duplicity, to think Ruth and I could marry after what had passed between us and you, without a word to let you know. Come, I exact reparation: you shall come and atone for everything next week."

"She—Ruth—Miss Westlake!" I murmured.

"That is the visitor I spoke of just now, only you didn't seem to take much notice of what I said—the friend who will be not less pleased to see you than I shall be. She is coming to spend Christmas with us."

"Is she—is she married?" I faltered.

"No. Oh, John Ford, you don't know yet how great the prize is for which you have struggled. Ruth married! Why, don't you know—haven't you found out in all these years—that she has loved you as long as you have loved her?"

* * * * *

I spent Christmas at Armstrong House. Ruth had learnt all before I arrived, and when we met there was no need for words. She was too generous to exact my suppliance: she gave herself into my arms with a sigh which seemed to carry away from her heart all the sorrows I had planted there.

THE END.

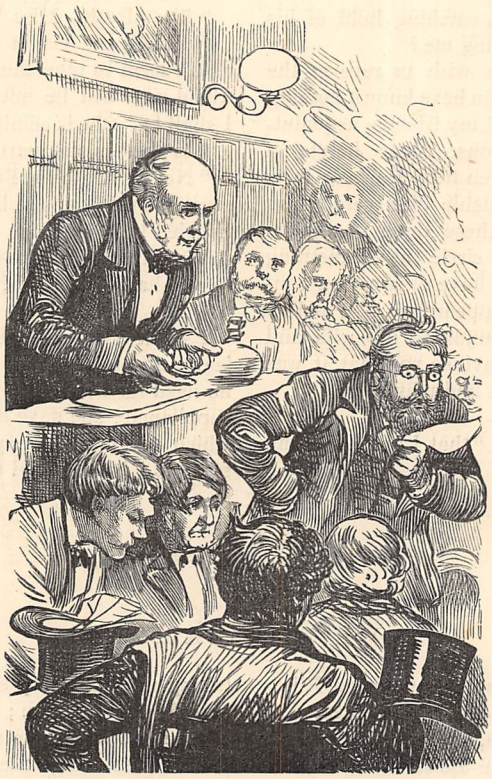
"MR. CHAIRMAN."

LORD BACON tells us that Queen Elizabeth, happening one day to meet Mr. Speaker Popham, asked him "what had passed in the Lower House." He replied, "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks"—the House having sat for that time, and done practically nothing. We are reminded of this anecdote by a meeting that was held not long ago within a hundred miles of the City of London, for the purpose of discussing an important social project. There was a good attendance; but when the hour arrived at which the proceedings had been announced to commence, no chairman was forthcoming. Several minutes having elapsed, one gentleman after another was nominated for the post, but all, for various reasons, declined to act. The situation was rapidly becoming farcical, till at length a member of the audience volunteered to officiate. As the event proved, he was, unfortunately, quite unequal to his self-imposed task. He perpetrated numerous blunders, accepted dictation (not guidance) from different quarters, and plunged the audience into such disorder, that it was only with great difficulty the business was transacted. This incident shows, on the one hand, the folly of the promoters of a meeting not taking the obvious precaution of being provided with an efficient chairman; and, on the other, the necessity of men and women interested in the public life of the period, possessing at least a general acquaintance with the *routine* of conducting a meeting in an intelligent, business-like, and orderly way.

For in these days of committees and societies and meetings of every description, it need not surprise us that men and women are continually being requested to take a prominent part in connection with such organisations. The call of duty, however, while it finds most persons willing enough to honour it, also discloses—as we have seen—a want of knowledge respecting the functions which acceptance of this or that office would involve. Now, we hold that a lively sense of public spirit is not only commendable in itself—provided, of course, it is not allowed to become all-engrossing—but ought to be encouraged and developed in our midst much more generally than is at present the case. When, therefore, paterfamilias is respectfully urged by letter or by deputation to place himself at the head of any meeting, committee, or society of the *raison d'être* of which he personally approves, we think that he ought, if he can possibly see his way to do so, to comply with the wishes of his

petitioners. Accordingly, we propose to explain briefly some of the chief duties which a chairman has to fulfil, and to supply a few practical hints or suggestions that may be serviceable to many who have the will and the time to make themselves useful to their neighbours, or to the community at large, but who are "backward in coming forward" (as the phrase is), because they are not familiar with the technical requirements of the post.

Some people have the notion that the duties of chairman of a committee are more or less—and rather more than less—of a purely ornamental sort. They look upon him as a kind of figure-head. Sir Arthur Otway will not, we may be sure, endorse that opinion; and it is notorious that Sir Lyon Playfair found his tenure of office anything but a bed of roses. However, it is not with the very onerous and responsible duties of Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons that we are concerned here. Few of our readers, we imagine, will be invited to occupy that distinguished position, and probably still fewer will aspire to it. In any case, the functions of a chairman are fully as important as those of any other office-bearer of a committee; for though they may entail but little of the arduous detail that falls to a secretary, they demand considerable administrative capacity. It is, however, worth while noting that the Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons must attend to *all details*—none must escape him.



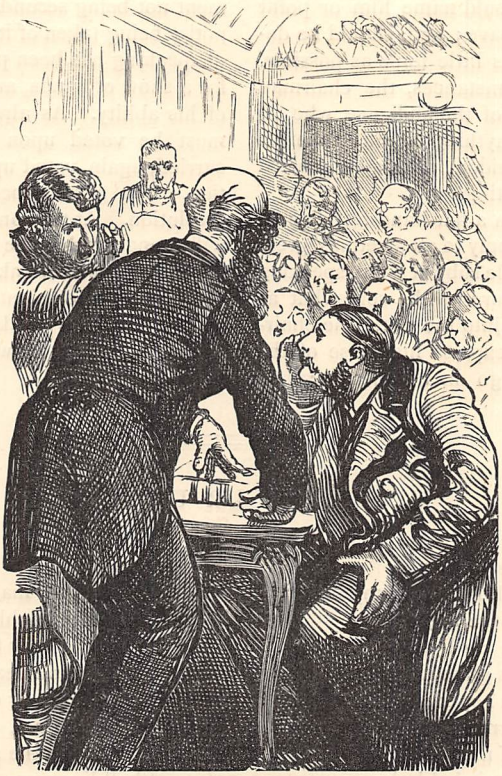
For the ordinary work of committees or societies, it is by no means necessary that the chairman should be a good speaker—perhaps the reverse, on the whole. A chairman who likes to hear the sound of his own voice will very soon ruin the committee or meeting over which he presides, unless steps be taken promptly to remedy the mischief. The model chairman should be able to say his say in a few brief, appropriate sentences when circumstances require it—as, for example, in stating the objects for which a meeting is being held; but usually he has to do more with controlling the speaking of others. He must be a man of tact, judgment, and an even temper—possessing the knack of coming, if need be, to a swift and sound decision upon the spur of the moment. A professional or business man, of good social standing in the locality, ought, as a rule, to be invited to take the chair. He will at once give an air of substantiality to the committee, stamping it with the sign and seal of worth. Often enough the success of a movement or of a society has been secured forthwith because a certain particular man has consented to head it. And, on the other hand, many a committee has failed to make the slightest headway—though the object for which it exists may be unexceptionable—simply because the co-operation of Mr. So-and-so has not been obtained. Though this may not indicate a very cheerful state of things, it is nevertheless a common experience.

A committee or society having been established, and its chairman appointed, it becomes incumbent upon the latter to attend the meetings with unfailing regularity. For his own comfort and convenience he will do so, since it must be obvious that the moment he "loses touch" with the affairs of the committee, he then and there labours under a distinct disadvantage, and his usefulness, moreover, is diminished. In committee work he will have due regard to punctuality—beginning the proceedings at the selected hour. If he is lax in this respect, he will find the members of the committee soon growing equally remiss—not to the benefit of the business which calls them together. In committees it is customary to permit of a good deal of the conversational style of transacting affairs, and *within well-defined limits* this is unavoidable. But in a meeting on a larger scale, public or otherwise, the chairman must regulate the business in the strictest possible manner.

Again, Mr. Chairman must take care that his meeting does its work. Let him always have it well in hand. He must not allow any one to speak more than once, or to wander from the subject, or to obtrude himself upon an unwilling audience. The only exception to the first point is made in favour of the speaker who introduces a subject, and who is accorded a right of reply—which, however, is usually not claimed at public meetings. As regards the second point, he will call the errant orator's attention to the irrelevancy of his remarks, and invite him to discuss the matter under consideration, or resume his seat. And in reference to the third, which has not unfrequently proved itself a thorn in the chairman's side, should the speaker persist in addressing people

who are manifestly reluctant to hear him, the chairman will probably be able to put an end to the unseemly scene by requesting the audience to vote as to whether the obstructionist is to be heard or not. In all cases the chairman must see that his ruling is upheld and acted upon. Respect for the chair must be a cardinal principle.

Very often at public meetings an amendment is proposed to a resolution; and when such is the case, the chairman must always *put the amendment first.* To this rule there is no exception. But we have known instances of chairmen who were not aware of the constitutional practice, and thus themselves gave rise, innocently, to much temporary inconvenience and dissatisfaction. Supposing the amendment be lost, the original motion will then be voted upon; but should the former be carried, it becomes itself the substantive resolution, and should (though this is not an invariable practice) be put a second time *as such;* and it will now be competent for another amendment to be proposed to it. In the case of a resolution calling forth several amendments, it will be advisable to consider them singly—getting rid of one before another is permitted to be brought up. Care will, of course, be taken that a proposed amendment is really an amendment. The negative of a proposition is clearly not an amendment; and the chairman will rule it out of order, the proper course of its supporters being to vote "No" to the proposition. Again, an amendment which raises a separate issue from that sought to be amended must not be entertained, since it really partakes of the character of an entirely new substantive proposition. Though this matter of amendments has been a sort of *pons asinorum* to many a chairman, a little reflection will help a man across the bridge.



The time at the disposal of speakers is another matter which the chairman ought to regulate with considerable discretion. When the number of speakers is likely to be large, a definite time-limit—announced by the chairman himself in his opening remarks—will greatly contribute to the success and enjoyableness of a meeting. We have seen a conference on an important and very complicated public question carried through with much *éclat* by a rigorous application of a ten-minutes rule. But, having committed himself to a time-limit, the chairman must see that he applies it without respect of persons. An audience is quick to detect partiality in its president, and also to appreciate his sense of fairness when it is unflinchingly exhibited.

Need it be said that a good-tempered chairman goes far to help the success of a meeting? Doubtless many things may occur to provoke hasty or angry comment from the chair; but such weakness may do so much harm, that every temptation to give way to it ought to be steadily resisted. Horace Walpole once succeeded in putting Mr. Speaker Onslow into a great rage, and the spectacle could hardly have been edifying. It seems that the House of Lords had returned a bill with certain amendments, and Walpole took advantage of the opportunity to oppose the measure *de novo.* His uncle and another member, however, insisting that only the Lords' amendments could be discussed, Mr. Speaker supported this view. Whereupon, Horace stated that he "should submit to his *oracular* decision, though he would not to the complaisant peevishness of anybody else." The Speaker having complained to the House of this language, Walpole says, "I begged his pardon, but had not thought that submitting to him was the way to offend him." And so ended this remarkable quarrel. It will be well if Mr Chairman be careful to avoid controversy and "words." He may, as a rule, count upon receiving implicit respect and obedience from gentlemen, and it is not worth his while to endanger the equanimity of a meeting by taking notice of a rude or flippant or insolent remark.

Another highly valuable quality in a chairman is *presence of mind.* He must never lose his grip on a meeting. When he sees it going a little wrong, or getting restive, he may feel assured something is amiss, and must take immediate steps to remedy matters. Though he has a variety of interests to consider, he can easily keep the whole in harmony, if he will only not lose his own head. It is astonishing how readily a shrewd, clear-headed man, who can be firm without being despotic, and conciliatory without being "soft," rises to the occasion, and pilots a meeting through all the shoals and rocks of threatened discontent and mutiny.

Fortunately, unruly gatherings are of rare occurrence.

Should, however, there be reason to anticipate anything in the nature of disturbance, the chairman's duty is clear. Reminding the audience that the meeting has been called for definite objects by certain persons, who alone have a right to the possession of the premises, all others being there only by permission, which will be withdrawn from disturbers of the peace, he will require all persons creating a disturbance, or incommoding others, to leave the premises, and have them ejected as trespassers on refusal. He will, of course, make this statement in a temperate manner, avoiding the use of threatening language. If he sees any one misconducting himself, he should name him or point him out, and order him to leave; and, should he decline, have him ejected with as little force as possible. In all such unpleasant circumstances, the chairman may count upon the support of the audience, who, as a rule, will seldom tolerate anything like a deliberate attempt on the part of an individual, or of an organised conspiracy, to "upset" a meeting.

It is impossible to lay down a hard-and-fast line of conduct which shall equally apply to all meetings, great or small, upon every conceivable subject; but, speaking generally, the order of procedure will be somewhat as follows:—Having been voted into the chair, the chairman will, in a word or two, express his sense of the honour done him, and then go on to briefly explain the why and wherefore of holding the meeting. The minutes of the previous meeting, if there have been such, will then be read and confirmed. The chairman will then call upon the secretary to read letters of apology and the like, if any there be. He will then request Mr. or Mrs. or Miss So-and-so to propose the first resolution. This having been duly accomplished, he will require it to be seconded and supported. Should an amendment—which, by-the-by, ought to be sent to him in writing beforehand—be proposed, he ought to intimate the fact after the seconding of the resolution, and at once invite its mover to propose it. An amendment not being seconded falls to the ground, no further notice being taken of it. After the necessary *quantum* of speaking has been performed, the chairman will call for a show of hands, and declare the result to the best of his ability. As already mentioned, an amendment must be voted upon *before* the resolution; and, if carried, again voted upon as the substantive proposition. The same procedure will apply to any further resolution. At the conclusion of the business some one will propose "that the best thanks of this meeting be accorded to Mr. Blank for his conduct in the chair." Certainly, an efficient chairman is entitled to, and will receive, the thanks and sympathy and support of every meeting over which he may be called upon to preside.

J. A. M.

MY NEIGHBOUR UPSTAIRS.

ALL day long
She singeth a song,
My little neighbour, over my head;
And half the night
I can see her light
On the opposite houses glimmer red.
And I marvel much what her thoughts may be
Sitting alone in her garret there;
Is ever one of them all of me?—
Of me, alas! with the grizzled hair—
The painter willing and ready to paint
The head of an alderman or a saint,
Should fate or chance to his luckless door
Send one or both with a guinea or more.
And some have whispered, and whisper still:
"Worse daubs than that fellow's our chambers fill."

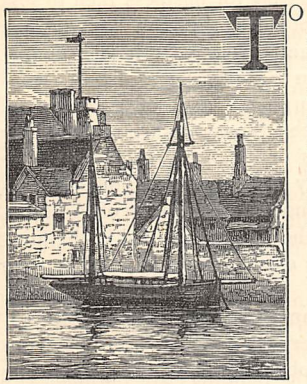
A week ago, a glimpse of her face
I caught as she passed by my landing-place;
And I treasured away the light of her eyes
In my heart, and worked it into my skies;
And to-day in the head of my old friend Jack
Blue eyes I've painted instead of black.
An orphan she, this many a year,
Come from the green fields far away,
To toil in the heart of the city here
For a bare subsistence from day to day.
Hearken again to that click, click, click;
Was ever music so sweet before
As the fall of her foot on the trembling floor,
As she plies the treadle, now slow, now quick,
Of the fairy machine that wins her bread?
Ah, little neighbour over my head!
You have your trials, and I have mine—
I rough and bearish, and you divine.
You have your dreams of the present day,
I of the future. Well, who shall say
But that in the ages yet to be
Shall live some proof of my love for thee?—
When folks shall say, "He could paint a girl
Better, in sooth, than a duke or earl."

I hear her foot on the creaking stair,
Softly she comes: ah, well-a-day!
I might have had a daughter as fair,
Had Love but triumphed and had his way.
I might have found by my lonely hearth
Laughter and music, and joy and mirth;
I might have had—but enough, enough,
Away with the past, and such sorry stuff!
Ah! there she trips with her nimble feet
Over the gutter and down the street.
Yet who, of all the many that pass,
Bestows a thought on my little lass?
Or the grizzled fogey who watches above,
Dreamily murmuring in his love,
"Perchance I may find a daughter yet,
And you a father, my little pet!"

MATTHIAS BARR.

A UNIQUE WATERING-PLACE.*

(SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE NEW WORLD.) BY CATHERINE OWEN.



TO the foreigner residing in America long enough to watch the beginning and the end of changes, perhaps the most remarkable thing is the rapidity with which, having once decided that a certain thing is desirable, Americans set to work to attain it.

No obstacle, natural or artificial, is allowed to obstruct them, whether it be hundreds of acres of barren rocks, without soil for a blade of grass to grow, which they mean shall bloom into the fertile loveliness of Central Park, or—like Coney Island—a flat, arid waste of sand, given up to rowdyism, which they determine shall become a gay and fashionable resort—the most attractive watering-place in the world to spend a day in.

Changes we see in every country—parks evolved from barren places, sea-side resorts from sand-banks—but usually the process is gradual, slow, and after some years the end is attained; but in America the attainment follows quickly on the resolution.

Ten years ago Coney Island was unknown to respectable New York, except as a barren, sandy waste very close to the city. One would hear vague regrets that there should be within ten miles of the city a fine beach and bathing-place of which no use was made, its wonderful facilities for sea-bathing amid the enjoyment of fresh ocean breezes being entirely given over to those who made the beach a Pandemonium.

In 1875, at the west end of the island, there was a wretched little hotel or tavern, and to this point two boats went daily from New York city; and at the termination of the Coney Island road stood another miserable hostelry. About this time an enterprising capitalist saw the possibilities of the place, and built a steam-railroad from Brooklyn to what is now known as West Brighton Beach, and erected a large restaurant and pavilion.

Six years later—in 1881—Coney Island had become the most popular watering-place in the country. There were eight railroads running to it, one line of horse-cars (tram-cars), and nine lines of steamboats, capable of transporting at least 150,000 persons to and from the beach daily, were in operation.

The beach is covered with light, cool, and gaily-painted buildings for every conceivable purpose, and during the whole summer months the sands are black with people.

Three of the hotels are among the finest of their kind in the world, and a number of the others fully equal to the best hotels at other watering-places.

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The island is now divided into four parts, known as the West End, West Brighton, Brighton Beach, and Manhattan Beach; and one soon learns that these divisions represent differences in the social scale of those who visit them.

The West End is still left much to nature. There are unattractive bathing-houses, the beach covered with refuse thrown up by the tides, and a huge wooden pavilion is used as a lunching-place.

Between West End and West Brighton are numbers of small hotels and pavilions, and then West Brighton Hotel. This forms about the centre of the beach, and here we begin to see what money and determination can do against nature.

Remember, Coney Island is but a sand-bar, into the soil of which we sink ankle-deep; and then look at this great Plaza, brilliant with parterres of flowers—masses of heliotrope, of roses, of geraniums—as beautifully kept as in Hyde Park itself, the grass green and fresh, traversed by broad wooden paths.

A fine band plays every afternoon and evening, and at this point the scene is like a huge fair-ground. At a distance from the Plaza performances of all kinds are going on—"Punch and Judy," dancing dogs, acrobats, great swings, merry-go-rounds, lecturers, vendors, jugglers, waxworks: everything that ever did go to a fair comes here, and it is to this point that the humbler pleasure-seeker, out for a rare day's holiday, brings wife, children, and lunch-basket, and regales eyes and ears, while the body is refreshed by the sharp, salt air of the Atlantic.

Here, too, is one of the great iron piers, which, built of tubular iron piles, runs a thousand feet into the sea. On it are three two-storey buildings, containing saloons, dining-rooms, and promenades. There are also 1,200 bath-rooms, and stairways leading down into the water

Steamboats from New York land here every hour of the day and evening, and at night the whole is lighted with electric lights.

At this date there is a second iron pier, built very near the one first mentioned, and offering still larger accommodation to excursionists, and having, in addition to all the attractions of the one first built, a theatre. Both of the piers have a most excellent restaurant, and at the innumerable small tables one can partake of a French dinner while watching the bathing below.

A wide drive and promenade of half a mile brings us to Brighton Beach—a very favourite spot with the better class of visitors. The hotel here has also a profusion of flowers, grass, and terraced walks; but at this part of the beach the itinerant vendor is not seen, nor any of the noisy attractions of the West End.

The Brighton Hotel is an ornamental building, handsomely furnished, over 500 feet long, and during the day can provide meals for 20,000 people. In front of this hotel is a pavilion, in which an orchestra of sixty discourse most excellent music during the afternoon and evening.

From Brighton to Manhattan Beach is two miles and a half, and the two are connected by a so-called marine railway.

This hotel is nearly 700 feet long, and three and four storeys in height, and very handsomely furnished. The lower floors and piazzas are entirely given up to the daily visitors; the upper ones are reserved for those who make a longer stay. Four thousand can dine at one time in this house.

One feature of all these hotels is that excellent accommodation is provided, without charge, for those families who bring their own lunch.

A large, airy pavilion, open to the sea, with parquet floor, neat tables, chairs, and abundant ice-water, cost nothing. Here the more frugal can unpack their baskets comfortably, and sit and eat the sandwiches, fried chicken or fried oysters, pickles, jelly-cake, and biscuit (rolls), which form the usual contents of an American lunch-basket.

Waiters are in attendance, and of them can be ordered any additional dish or dishes—tea, coffee, or beer—that may be required. Some parties bring only part of the lunch—the bread, butter, pickles, and cake—and order the sea-food for which the place is famous—soft-shell crab, clam, chowder, broiled fish, &c.

But such ordering is not usual or expected in return for the use of the pavilion. The hotel proprietors probably find their interest in the fact that the trim grounds and terraces—which, forming part of the beach, are open to all—are absolutely free from litter. No *débris* of a peripatetic luncheon—shells of hard eggs, empty bottles, orange-peel, or pieces of paper—strew the sand, or the miles of planked space that surround every hotel.

Coney Island is gayest at night: it is then that the parched and weary New York business man quits his office, and takes the boat to this sea-girt island—dines, listens to the music, and, if he wishes, can be back in the city by nine o'clock.

Thousands of clerks go to the island as the families who have been spending the day return, and the bathing goes on by electric light till midnight.

Its convenient proximity to the city, the fact that there is everything to make it as easy to spend an evening by the sea-shore as to walk in the park, make it an inestimable boon to those whom business compels to remain in the city through the hot months.

Although I have been able to give a few particulars of this remarkable watering-place, I have not been able to convey an idea of the aspect of it—its wealth of colour—by day; for flowers, fountains, and the bunting that streams from every tower of every hotel and pavilion, make a bright picture, over which the sun shines brightly (if we are fortunate), and the blue sea sparkles.

At night, however, the scene is more gay. It is a sort of Ranelagh-by-the-Sea. Handsome dressing is the rule, and the fact that every foot of terrace is kept as clean as a ball-room enables ladies to wear their delicate clothing with as little damage as in a drawing-room, and they vie with each other in the beauty of their costume. This applies principally, of course, to those who spend some time on the island, which, although its greatest value is to those who would get the sea-air in no other way, it has become very much the fashion to do. It is easy for business men to send wife and family to a spot where they can so easily join them in the evening, and every year it is becoming more and more common to do this.

At night, then, a surging crowd of gaily-dressed people pervades the place; thousands are seated at the little tables, taking ices or other refreshments, while the concerts go on, Levy or Arbuckle playing, perhaps, a cornet solo, and Gilmore (the Jullien of America) leading the band; for the music provided is the finest attainable, great rivalry existing on this point between the fashionable hotels.

The electric light beams over all, but thousands of coloured lights are everywhere. The iron piers are lighted with crimson-globed lights, which gleam redly over the sea. Most of the buildings are outlined with coloured lights, and at nine, from two or three points, there are very fine fireworks; with music and gaiety, and laughter, and fragrance of flowers everywhere.

Looking at this night scene, where money is spent lavishly, where the multitude seem given up to the enjoyment of the hour, in which every sense is gratified—for, besides the eye and ear and palate, the air is filled with sweet odours—one forgets that one is in prosaic, money-making America; for, as a rule, Americans, as their English cousins are said to do, take their pleasures sadly—the *atmosphere* of gaiety is usually lacking.

Coney Island is an exception to all this. No Parisian or Italian fête has more colour or *abandon* than is to be found here at all times in the season.

One of the gay pavilions on the beach is a pretty temporary home for strayed children. In the immense crowds such cases occur daily. The lost child is taken by one of the beach police, or other Good Samaritan, to the cool and pretty building, where it is amused and entertained till claimed. There is no rushing about in all directions, searching weary hours in the broiling sun by terrified guardians, to find at last a tearful, frightened child at a police-station, as at the London Crystal Palace or Hyde Park on fête days, or as would be the case elsewhere in America. If the child is missed, the mother goes direct to the place to which she knows it has been, or will be, taken.

Another convenience is a "lost and found" bureau, where articles found or lost can be taken or claimed; and it speaks well for American honesty that the "founds" are in no mean proportion to the "losts."

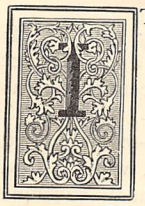
The season lasts only so long as the warm weather, and the close of it varies according to the late or early autumn; but the day the fiat has gone forth that the chill days have come, presto!—the whole scene changes like the "baseless fabric of a dream." Down comes the bunting, up go the gay awnings; hotels are dismantled, vehicles of every kind disappear, kiosques and every movable thing are taken away, and within a week or so nothing remains but gaunt, empty buildings with closed shutters, the deserted piers, and closed bathing-houses, to tell of what has been.

A WAYWARD WARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW HE WAS THWARTED," ETC. ETC.

"'I SHOULD LIKE—OH, SO MUCH!—TO HELP IN YOUR WORK'" (*p.* 754).

I.



IT is the business of the philosopher, as all the world knows, to find law and order in even the most abnormal phenomena, to suggest (at least) an adequate explanation of every enigma. For what other purpose does he exist than to throw light on the surrounding darkness? He is a torch-bearer to humanity's ignorance. If now and again, by reason of a pessimist temperament or defect of training, the rays he sheds around intensify rather than dispel the gloom, and cast shadows as of Egyptian night across man's forward path, surely he misconstrues his mission.

But the wisest head is sometimes puzzled, and the shrewdest explorer of the all-environing mystery is sometimes confounded. A problem presents itself which cannot be resolved by any of the familiar processes. The why of some suddenly disclosed fact is as inscrutable as the Sphinx of the Eastern desert. It was thus with Bernard Ralston.

Those who thirst for fame, as misers thirst for gold, or coquettes for admiration, would have found much to envy in this young man's position. At an age when a statesman is currently supposed to be studying his parliamentary primer, and when a future general may still be writhing under the sarcasms of a barrack-room instructor, Bernard Ralston had been welcomed into the front rank of philosophical thinkers. His book on "Instinct, Conscience, and Reason" was read and criticised by the few, praised and avoided by the many. The noisy heterodox claimed him as a new and promising recruit; and so also, to the amusement of the onlooker, did the staunchest maintainers of old landmarks. He was flattered, fêted, and the lion of his season.

It was from his suddenly acquired distinction that his embarrassment had approached. The solicitor's letter that was the beginning of sorrows made this clear. It ran thus:—

"DEAR SIR,—We have to inform you that by the will of our late client, Mr. Humphrey Power, you are appointed sole guardian of his only surviving daughter, Olive. As this may be in the nature of a surprise, we beg leave to quote the precise paragraph of the will:—'And I hereby empower Mr. Bernard Ralston to act in every respect as the guardian of my child. I am sure that Olive can have no fitter or wiser protector, none better qualified to advise and to regulate her life; and should he—as I earnestly beg—accept and fulfil this charge, I give and bequeath to the said Bernard Ralston, over and above such reasonable expenses as he may have incurred on my daughter's behalf, the sum of five thousand pounds, to be paid by

my executors on my daughter's twenty-first birthday, as a small tribute of my gratitude.'

"The young lady is a very considerable heiress, in her eighteenth year, and at present at a private *pension* in France. Further particulars will follow on your reply. We are, dear sir,

"Yours obediently,

"FANSHAWE & FITCH."

The gift of the proverbial white elephant could have produced in no heart a greater consternation. What should a retired and solitary student, of serious pursuits and uncourtly manners, answer to such a challenge? If Cleethorpe Hall were large, it by no means followed that he wanted more life within its bounds; and a girl in her teens, a mere child, as with the sage wisdom of five-and-thirty years he considered her! How could her presence by his fireside be harmonised with the quiet current of the life he elected to live?

Yet, the bait of five thousand pounds was a temptation. The glories of Cleethorpe Hall had been sadly tarnished through the improvidence of Bernard's father, and philosophy is not a particularly remunerative hobby to ride. Mr. Humphrey Power's legacy, if not precisely a fortune, would be an assistance in the keeping up of the restricted Cleethorpe establishment.

The matter was debated long and anxiously, and as the result Miss Olive Power arrived at the Hall one snowy February morning. Slight of figure, winsome of feature, with merry, violet-tinted brown eyes, and lips continually parting in a piquant smile over teeth of whitest pearl, Bernard Ralston was forced to admit that, if he was properly to protect his ward, his position might not prove a sinecure. Neither did it.

The girl's beauty attracted suitors as clover-blossoms allure bees; and it was soon an open secret in the country-side that Miss Power, as well as being a lonely and a lovely young thing, was a richly-dowered one. This brought the sometimes lugubrious voice of Prudence into reasonable accord with the chorus of adoration.

But Olive was not minded to be an easy capture for any of her wooers. With a woman's instinctive dexterity she kept them all at bay, and at twenty had escaped the necessity of as yet refusing any offer in formal and unequivocal terms. She was developing a taste for study which half amused, half interested her guardian. One evening he playfully rallied her on her application to sundry big tomes in the library.

"I shall be accused of transforming a merry and bewitching young lady into a blue-stocking—a disciple of my own dry-as-dust pursuits," he said; "some one some day may have special cause to blame me, I fear."

A sudden blush was on the maiden's cheeks, and her glance fell. It was impossible that she should misinterpret Bernard's meaning.

"There is Oswald Harbury to think of," Olive's guardian was daring enough to add.

Two shining eyes were momentarily uplifted. Was the flash they gave one of indignation, of scorn, or merely of confusion at a betrayed secret? Bernard could not guess.

"The nature of my employments can make no difference whatever, in any way that I can imagine, to Mr. Harbury," she answered. Then—it seemed to Bernard a strange transition—"Will you forgive me for asking a favour?" she went swiftly on; "I should like—oh, so much!—to help in your work. Could I not copy out your notes, or revise proofs sometimes?"

What philosopher could have successfully resisted the volunteered help of such an amanuensis? Not Bernard Ralston.

It was summer, three months later than the date of this conversation. Olive's guardian was seeking his ward in her own boudoir, with a gloom upon his face, and a depression of soul which defied his analysis. He had a message to convey, and a proposal to informally submit which he had little doubt would be accepted. Oswald Harbury, the young owner of half Cleethorpe, had asked permission to lay himself and his fortunes at Olive's feet. He loved her, he said; he would do his best to make her happy.

"And I believe that he will. He has a home to offer you, and is a true-hearted, honourable gentleman. As your guardian, Olive, I am bound to give my sanction to so fair and promising a suit. May I bid Mr. Harbury to come and plead his own cause?"

He had spoken hoarsely, and in a queer, far-off kind of voice that he hardly recognised as his own. It was surely singular, and must testify to an unsuspected weakness of character, that the prospect of separation from the ward originally received with so much doubt and dread should thus make havoc of his peace. He waited for the answer in a suspense that was positively harassing. At last it came.

"No, you may not," Olive said, "unless, indeed, you wish to get rid of me—to send me away. And not even then, for I cannot consent to marry a man whom I do not love."

Send Olive away! Was not every pulse in his body beating with fierce, unbidden joy at the verdict she had given? The measure of his recent terror was the measure of his present relief.

"That is a fear which my ward—my wayward ward!—never need harbour," he said, with a slow, broad smile; "she has brought too much sunshine into my lonely life for me to wish to lose her. But change is inevitable some day."

"Why?" a low voice murmured; and again came the mysterious illumination of Olive's eyes.

"Because, Olive—if for no other reason—the years of my guardianship will soon be at an end," he answered steadily, almost sternly. He must face the future resolutely, as befitted a teacher of his fellows.

And a few seconds later his quick, nervous step was echoing in the passage without.

II.

An early summer vacation in Switzerland—when the glorious Alpine flora should be at its loveliest—had been the cherished dream of years to Bernard Ralston, and at last it was realised. A woman's hand

had guided his steps thitherward. Olive Power had persuaded him to lay aside his work and make play-time of the sunny weather.

"You can finish your book on 'Vanity as a Force in Human Affairs' when you return, and the critics will all say that the last chapters are the brightest," she said pleadingly. And when she added a slight involuntary expression of her own eagerness for the change, he surrendered. The trio—Miss Ralston, Bernard's sister and housekeeper, was Olive's chaperon—had now been from England a fortnight.

They had reached the Riffel, and were thus encamped under shadow of the majestic (grim and uncouth, for variation of epithets) Matterhorn itself. Here Olive went into ecstacies. To watch the sunrise bathe the rugged, furrowed sides with waves of liquid light, was an occupation of which she never tired. And then there was the Gornër Grat to visit, the Gornër Glacier to see.

At the hotel there was pleasant company, including a couple of young Americans, who swept the ordinarily reserved and cautious student forward into a participation in their own reckless adventures by the sheer force of enthusiasm. The three went off one afternoon on a quest for edelweiss. The gloom was thickening in gorge and pass, and grey shadows were following the crimson sunset glow on the huge crests aloft, before there was any sign of a return. The ladies grew uneasy. Stories of accident and of awful peril were staples of the conversational bill of fare in the hotel *salon*, and inevitably exerted their influence on nervous minds. In this case the presentiment of evil was but too surely justified.

Two of the venturesome explorers returned, weary and dishevelled, but Bernard Ralston was missing.

"We thought he was before us," explained Mark Croxford, the elder of the brothers. "We drifted apart amongst the boulders and ice-ridges of a glacier-edge, and we looked for him to rejoin us at the lower turn of the track. Not meeting him, we supposed he had hurried away homewards."

A sudden chill had gone to many a heart in the little group of listeners. The thought of precipices and of their hidden and treacherous dangers was in every one's mind. A search expedition was quickly organised and started.

"I hear steps behind," said the guide, halting on the first stage of the journey and prominently displaying his lamp.

"Why, it is Miss Power!" cried Mark Croxford in astonishment.

It was indeed Olive. With blanched cheeks and agonised eyes and dauntless resolution, she insisted on accompanying the seekers. It was at her request that Bernard Ralston had come to Switzerland. If he perished, would it not in a sense be her fault? Better that her own life should have been sacrificed! To persuade the girl to return was useless—only a loss of precious minutes. With a muttered growl of disapprobation the guide was compelled to allow her to proceed.

Hours were spent in a vain pursuit.

"Guide, is there any hope?" demanded a stalwart Cornishman, at last.

"I fear, none!" he answered; "at the bottom of yonder chasm——"

His words were cut short. A cry, half triumphant, half fearful, slipped over Olive Power's bloodless lips.

"Listen! I hear a groan," she said.

A silence that might be felt prevailed.

"The wind across the glacier, miss," answered the leader, in sulky despair. "There is nothing for it but to go back."

"I will not," the girl declared, "until you tell me whose voice that is. Hark! it is no sound of wind!"

Again they listened, and again without result.

Mark Croxford gently laid his hand on Olive's arm. "Believe me, you are mistaken, Miss Power," he said; "you do not suppose that any one of us would give up this search if the least chance remained? But the guide knows best."

And yet, as he uttered his melancholy remonstrance, there *was* a sound from over the neighbouring ice-floe hard to credit to even the most eerie of Swiss breezes.

"There! surely you hear it now?" the girl said.

If only to make clear the girl's folly to herself, the quest was recommenced.

The quick ear of love had not blundered, after all. This time a chance gleam of the guide's lantern over a jagged precipice-side revealed a dark form huddled against an inner ledge. It was Bernard Ralston, insensible from the effects of his perilous fall, and proving that he still lived only by an occasional groan.

"I beg pardon very humbly, Miss Power," Mark Croxford whispered.

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"And they tell me, Olive, that I owe my life to you," the convalescent said, wheeled out on the broad mountain terrace of his resting-place. "How shall I contrive to repay you, I wonder! Do you know—nay, you cannot know—I had a dream this morning. After the doctor had left my room I dozed, and it seemed to me that—that the dearest girl in the wide world—and surely the bravest—came to my side and smoothed down the pillow—and—dare I whisper the words?—caressed my forehead. It was singular, was it not?"

Something in the poise of the averted face awakened a swift suspicion—a keen thrill of happiness.

"It cannot be that—that it was not a dream?" he queried. "That my ward is willing to be still dearer—to be my wife?"

The small palm was not withdrawn, the lovely crimsoned face was swiftly and momentarily upturned, as he had seen it twice before, and this time a look of ineffable content was mirrored thereupon.

"If you really desire so to extend your guardianship of your 'wayward ward,'" mischievous accents answered. And Bernard Ralston's sometime problem had become his dearest treasure. Love itself had taught love's lesson.

WHAT TO WEAR.

CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

I SHALL begin by telling you what is being worn in millinery, but there are so many and such decided novelties, I hardly know where to commence. The days are past when you could say this or that is worn, for everything is worn; the secret lies in how to apply it. There are as many modes as days in the year. What people are going to take a fancy to in England remains to be proved. Whatever the Princess of Wales affects will have a certain following; but up to now she has shown a predilection for a close shape with flat crown, and this is not at all what French houses sell or English fashion-mongers buy. The new bonnets are veritable bonnets, not airy nothings; the brims are not only much trimmed with close-set bindings of braid, but are puffed, and have puffings above the brims. The strings have diminished, they are quite short—indeed, have no ends at all often, but are merely bows pinned on. The crowns are plaited like a Quaker's cap, or are pointed, or are shaped like a section of a wheel, or have two square corners like the bottom of a sugar-bag. It is a velvet year, and velvet is much the most generally worn material, so there are more velvet bonnets than any others, many of them being embroidered in tinsel or with fine beads. There are, however, other materials used. The newest is the application of felt, not blocked felt, but felt in the piece, plaited to shape, or cut in vandykes and used with one row of felt, one of velvet. Chenille and cord galons, the rows sewn together, are made to do duty for the crowns of bonnets; and feather-cloth, viz., feathers sewn on to an invisible foundation.

ON THE BRIDGE.

Very few flowers are used, and then only large ones in the form of an aigrette with a tuft of osprey in the centre. Feathers are the universal adornment—ostrich and cocks' feathers; and birds' heads, wings, and tails; all of them placed on one bonnet very often. Quite a new idea is an ostrich feather, with all the changing hues of mother-of-pearl, and the flue portion only of the feather used, several together forming an aigrette. The cocks' plumes have curled and crimped tips, and birds of paradise are in vogue once again.

Pins and brooches in gold and steel, pearls, and mock diamonds make too frequent an appearance for good taste. The new ribbons are two and a half inches wide. The chief choice lies between stripes and brocades, and the newest stripes are the alternate velvet and moire, and cords, and satin. Every ribbon is reversible, the reverse being satin. Some of the velvet and some of the satin ribbons are covered all over with tiny spots, mere pin-points. But quite the most original novelty I have seen is a silk or satin ribbon having upon it a canvas and gold net-work, like guipure, through which the colour is apparent.

There are, of course, shot effects in many of the ribbons, and the embossed ribbons often have the figure in relief—such as velvet with the design in satin; and a few of the brocaded patterns are outlined in tinsel. Terry appears in lengthway stripes, and in devices on plain grounds, and some of these corded stripes have velvet edges. Mousse or moss-green is the prevailing colour. Nine out of every dozen French bonnets are mousse, but the other three are of Bacchante, a spilt wine shade; *Pactole*, a shade between old gold and buttercup; *mordoré*, a

new brown; bright Alexandre blue; and ashes of roses, between pink and mauve. Chenille is used in heavy tufts for aigrettes. I wonder whether we shall ever, in England, get to appreciate the gable bonnets, like the angle of a thatched roof, forming a point over the face. They are very much worn in Paris. Hats are either mere capotes or Tam O'Shanters, or they are made with very high crowns, covered with velvet, bedizened with feathers, and having very narrow brims. Frenchwomen cannot have the brims of their hats too high, nor Englishwomen too low. How are we going to reconcile the two?

Caps are only worn by ladies who cannot possibly do without them. They are now mostly made without any wire foundation, in Mauresque lace, the ends falling long at the back. I have seen several that recall the Italian head-dress.

But without wearing a cap ladies do sometimes like a little adornment for the head, and to meet this want small bows for one side of the head have been introduced, with ends or loops in shot and plain ribbon.

The story of the new silks of the year is soon told. I will not weary you with a long repetition of names; that, I fear, would make but little permanent impression. Velvet is the material which is to be most worn —plain and brocaded. The different kinds of brocades would take pages to describe; they are thrown on fancy interplaited grounds, like matelassé, on satin, Sicilienne, and plain velvet. The patterns are Arabesque and Moyen Age, crowded with rings, circles, geometrical figures, and other devices. The richest have plush figures in three heights, bordered with terry, so that they become more like paintings than weaving.

The leading colours are canard, the green of a duck's plumage; winter grey, like a gull's wing; cinnamon, myrtle, bronze, and mousse, and a red mahogany. Fancy silks are going out, they say, but many stripes and interwoven plaits of mixed colouring are used for trimmings. Soft Indian silks, plain and printed, are worn. Merveilleux has come down in price, but has been superseded by drap d'étoile, which does not cling so much and wears well. Rhadamese is still fashionable, and manufacturers have so improved the make of Bengaline that, pull it as you will, it does not open. All dresses are made of two materials or of two kinds of the same, plain and figured.

The so-called stocking-webbed bodices are among the most useful things of modern days, especially for people who have no dressmaker near at hand. They are produced in silk, but also in thick wool, when they are warmer. They are made with waistbands and various kinds of basques, in black, blue, cream, and red. A novelty in them is one without a waistcoat, but covered all over with a design of vermicelli braiding. Out-door jackets are made of the same material, trimmed with feathers or Astrachan, or braided. The material fits so well that it gives universal satisfaction, and really does wear well.

A wedding-gown is always an investment, and if you want the most magnificent kind possible, I should suggest brocaded velvet, or the finest plush,

THE ORANGE-TREE.

only more glistening than velvet; but the most charming bridal dresses are now being made in soft Indian silk, almost like silk-muslin, which, trimmed with lace, can hardly be rivalled in becomingness and softness. I should particularly recommend it for young brides. Full evening dresses of tulle are scattered over with single flowers, or rose-leaves; but for dinner-gowns and ordinary evening wear, lace dresses prove so useful that they have few rivals. Black Chantilly and white Oriental, and guipure in black and white, are now made the depth of a skirt, and are simply arranged over silk skirts, ruched at the bottom, with satin or velvet or brocaded bodices having paniers. Lace skirts are also made of flounces to the waist, or intermixed with piece net, sometimes over a colour, and a new idea is alternate horizontal rows of lace and satin ribbon.

I will now tell you of a variety of materials for useful evening wear. White and Indian muslins are very fashionable made as full skirts with alternate horizontal rows of lace and muslin to the waist, the edge bordered with lace. Gauze of all kinds, especially a new one which has flowers formed of coloured chenille on the surface, Crêpe de Panama, Chambéry gauze, Chinese embroidered crape, all these are worn, and Ariel silk, thinner than the silk and satin foulards. These make simple evening gowns, and good bridesmaids' dresses.

Bullrushes find their way with feathery grass into most of the floral decorations on bonnets and dresses, but floral trimmings are few and far between.

I am glad to see that, for young girls especially, full banded bodices are the prevailing style.

There is a very remarkable change with regard to mourning throughout the length and breadth of England. We are content, I hope, to wear our grief in our hearts, and not to consider that we more clearly demonstrate our feelings by the depth of our crape. A new crape-cloth has been brought out for widows' second mourning, which really wears well. It is all wool, though heretofore there has been a cotton warp in such fabrics. For all but deep mourning, people are wearing terry broché thrown on wool ground, all black, of course, and for slight mourning some charming speckled stuffs have been brought out. Another good novelty is a ribbon for use on mourning dresses, between Ottoman and faille, very durable, yet soft.

Fur capes are such thoroughly comfortable wear that I dare say you will be glad, as I was, to hear that they are to be worn as much as ever this year. They are slightly longer, fitted to the figure at the back, high on the shoulders, and fall in two lappets in the front, and are bordered with fur tails, or balls of fur. Natural fur is most fashionable. Astrachan and Persian lamb, black and grey, are perhaps the most worn. The list includes musk, sable, skunk, beaver, wolverine, and marten.

Umbrellas now have natural wooden handles, the quainter and more eccentric the newer style.

You must have a shawl, they are absolutely necessary, but select one with an Indian name — Dacca, Kashwah, or Dharwar; they will be soft, well coloured, and of English manufacture—made at Bradford, possibly; and there is just a chance they may have been to India and doubled their price before they came back again, but to all intents and purposes they are Indian, and camel's-hair. It is very curious if you are able to get behind the scenes and find out the history of many articles in which the credulity of us poor buyers is so cruelly played with. Happily what we know nothing about troubles us but little.

Gloves are always an anxiety, but I have discovered one or two good-wearing, good-looking, cheap ones, viz., the Pompadour, or Italian lamb, to be had very long, without buttons, in tan, black, and white, at a low price; and the Tyrol, which are wash-leather dyed a tan colour, and which fit well and stand hard wear; and the English chevrette, piqué sewn, in tan colours, a thick kid, but yet a durable one. Trimmed gloves are much worn by many people. The difficulty with the long gloves is that, being made large enough to slip over the hands, the tops are frequently too large to adhere closely to the arms. To get over this, they have ribbon run through slits at the top and tied in a bow, with sometimes the addition of lace at the edge, while occasionally the glove from wrist to elbow is composed of lace, either sewn in rows or woven to the arm. A good idea this, and well worthy of adoption in the case of gloves which are not quite long enough.

People who study economy wear silk gloves the shade of the dress, but Suèdes are always more popular, and fashionable in grey, white, and tan shades. For country wear, there has been brought out a new gauntlet with a long hook, which is raised on a lever, at the wrist and top, and a reversible cuff to a lined kid glove, the band of fur being so made that it may be put inside or turned outwards if desired. I do not see much in it, but novelty is ever sought after.

Black, white, and tan are what the hosier would call the leading things in gloves, but there are three shades of tan, be it remembered, viz., tan proper, drab, and fawn.

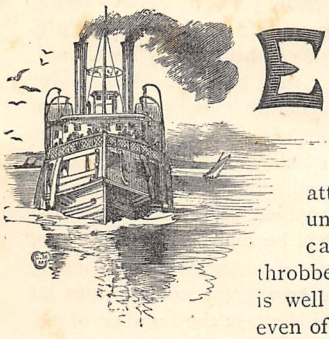
The style in which fashionable Englishwomen wear their hair is illustrated in our engraving. The coils and plaits at the top of the head, as adopted by Frenchwomen, are found ungraceful on the smaller Anglo-Saxon head, therefore a medium arrangement of basket-plaits on the centre of the back of the head has been adopted and with great success. The style is shown on the figure wearing an in-door costume of soft cream cashmere, trimmed with the new woollen lace.

The two promenade costumes can be made in any of the materials mentioned above. The braided example is in gull-grey serge, and the striped model in prune velvet and Bengaline; the hats in both instances corresponding in colour.

One of the new shot silks, of soft supple quantity, or the still popular nun's veiling, might be substituted for cashmere in the in-door costume, and a touch of bright colour be added in the kilting round the edge of the skirt. This kilting is always sewn to a foundation of either silk, alpaca, or twilled cotton. The reason of this underslip is, that it serves for the introduction of steel springs, always more or less worn now, to hold out the back of the skirt. These steels would be visible and unsightly were they sewn in the skirt proper, especially as there is a general tendency to abolish draperies, consequently foundation linings are necessary.

Whilst on the subject of linings, it occurs to me that there is a change in mantle linings. Plush is abolished for the purpose, and has been succeeded by quilted satin in such gay colours as poppy-red, terra-cotta, dark orange, &c. Down is used for stuffing when feasible, but cotton wadding is cheaper and more general. The quilting is lightly done in parallel lines, an inch or more apart, as this makes a more flexible lining than when quilted in squares or diamonds, and all contrivances—even minor ones—that conduce to the well-fitting of mantles should be attended to.

THE STORY OF ATLANTIC TELEGRAPHY.



EVERY year the submarine telegraph between America and Europe becomes more important; but though the history of the first attempt to carry a cable under the Atlantic — the cable which "spoke, throbbed, and was silent"— is well known, there are few even of those who use the wires often who know the extent of the Atlantic telegraph system, its growing use, and the vast capital therein invested. For years that traffic has been growing; and there have been several new companies formed which have added cables to the number laid, and thus enlarged the working capacity of the under-sea cables. Indeed, if the value of the shares is any test, the capacity of the cables for working is above that of the remunerative demand for their use.

It is thirty years since the Colonial Government of Newfoundland offered a guarantee to a company undertaking to lay a telegraph cable from Ireland to that colony. After elaborate experiments, a company was formed, a cable was made and laid. The cable, 2,500 miles long, enclosed 350,000 miles of wire, and "taxed the wire-drawers of the United Kingdom to produce it in time." Our Government lent a war-vessel, the *Agamemnon*, to take out half the cable, and the *Niagara* was lent for a like purpose by the United States Government. In August, 1857, the attempt began, and on the 11th of the month the cable snapped 350 miles from Ireland, and fell to the bottom of the sea. In July of the following year a more successful attempt was made, and in August, 1858, the telegraph cable was laid. On the 20th of the month commercial news began to be sent; on the 22nd Queen Victoria complimented President Buchanan and the United States "upon the completion of this great international work," and Mr. Buchanan suitably responded to the first royal telegram that had passed under the Atlantic waves. But on the 3rd of September the cable ceased to "speak," and for a time there was an interruption to the communication under the waves. But neither that disappointment, nor the loss of a vast sum of money, daunted those who desired to thus annihilate distance; and the proof that this is so is seen in the fact that there are now five companies who have cables laid for use between Europe and America! It may be of interest to state now the names of these, the number of their cables, and to show the extent of the capital sunk therein.

Early pioneer companies, the Anglo-American, the French Atlantic, and Newfoundland Telegraph Companies, amalgamated in 1873, and formed the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, the oldest and the largest of the cable companies whose lines are under the Atlantic. Its capital is £7,000,000, and it has now four cables working. Next to it comes the Direct United States Cable Company, with a capital of £1,314,000, which works one cable, and which, in its re-organised form, dates back to 1877. Then follows what is called the French Telegraph Company, and the two latest, the "Gould" and the "Bennett-Mackay" Cable Companies, the first of the three having one cable, and the two latter two each.

Turning from these dull records of fact, it may be added that the ten cables have had their workable facilities much increased by the adoption, in degree, of what is called the duplex system, by which a cable may be used for the transmission of messages in two directions at the same time. It is this, as well as the increase in the number of cables of late years, which has enabled so much more work to be done, lessened the period of waiting of telegrams for their "turn" at certain busy periods of the day, and tended towards the reduction of the cost of messages. That reduction of cost has been very irregular; usually the commencement of a new line has been the signal for a competition, during which the rate has been greatly lowered. But the truth of Robert Stephenson's maxim has been proved: "where combination is possible, competition is impossible" long, and in the end the competitions have resulted in combinations, and in a slight increase of the rate for the messages. Thus that rate has fluctuated: it has been as high as three shillings per word and as low as sixpence per word in one year, and at the time of writing is two shillings per word.

The comparatively high charge stimulates the use of "code" messages—messages in which words are employed, having a meaning agreed upon between the sender and the receiver, by which a considerable saving is brought about, and to some extent secresy secured in the message. Here is one such message in code: "Syrian, Abingdate, hull, Maybloom, hawspiece, gustulus"—a rather startling-looking message, which costs for the message twelve shillings for the six words (apart from the address), but translated with the aid of the code, the six words are expanded into a message about provisions and their prices to the extent of a score or two of words.

The speed of the Atlantic telegraph is varied: the mere transmission itself is a short act — say five minutes from end to end—but the occurrence of a large part of the traffic in a few hours of the day makes delay inevitable at that period, and adds to the length of the time from despatch to delivery of the message. As to the extent of the messages that pass over the Atlantic cables, it is difficult to speak with certainty, but in the period when the cost of telegraphing was least—when the tariff was sixpence per word—the highest number of words transmitted was 1,100,000 per month. A short time previously a new cable had been laid, connected with the shore ends of an old cable, and in length 1,506 knots deep sea between

Valentia (Ireland) and Heart's Content (Newfoundland), and 310 knots between Newfoundland and Cape Breton, and for this the total expenditure was £533,250; so that with the enlarging experience time gives, and the reduction in cost, half a million sterling may be roughly placed as the cost of each cable between the two sides of the Atlantic. The monetary results to the owners of the cables cannot be said to be extravagant. The receipts from the working of the associated cables are "pooled," and divided amongst the companies in proportions varying according to the number of cables in working order each possesses. Taking the largest company, its traffic receipts in six months were £225,000; and the cost of working, salaries, rent, maintenance of land lines, use of patents, office expenses, &c., were £36,500 in that time; but new buildings, provision for renewal, &c., claimed considerable sums, and in the end the holders of ordinary stock received only £1 10s. interest on £100 for the six months—three per cent. per annum. For this, offices are kept up in London and elsewhere; stations in Newfoundland, Ireland, France, and other countries; a staff specially experienced is provided, and a magnificent collection of electrical instruments is in use; whilst there is gradually growing up a greater knowledge of the length of "life" of cables, and of the conditions and the rates at which they can be most efficiently and economically worked.

Atlantic telegraphy, indeed, is still young and still undeveloped. One cable—a patriarch, from Brest to St. Pierre—is fifteen years old, but most of those we have named are comparatively young. Their working capacity under present conditions is known, but it is not known how soon these conditions may be altered, or at what rate messages may be sent. And as yet only the fringe of trans-Atlantic telegraphy has been touched. With few and short exceptions, the rates for messages have been heavy, and thus the extent of the work is minimised; but with the enlargement of the number of cables, and with a growing competition, lower rates will become current, and every year the growth of interest, of business, and of friendly relationship between the two great communities at each end of the wires, will increase the number of the messages of business, of news, of social life.

The Poet-Laureate has spoken of the "march of mind in the steamship," but it is yet more apparent in the telegraph, for whilst the steamship has, at vast cost and with enormous exertion, brought down the length of the passage from England to America to one week, the under-ocean wires are in seconds carrying momentous messages, and, in the strong words of Lowell, along them "tremble the joys, sorrows, wrongs, triumphs, hopes, and despairs" of myriads of men and women everywhere. This is now the outcome of the work of thirty years ago, and of the efforts of the Penders, the Grimstones, the Fields, and others who have developed the work.

THE GATHERER.

A Boot-Label.

Our engraving illustrates a household convenience recently introduced. It is designed to insure the calling of travellers in hotels and residences at the proper time in the morning. At present the custom is for "Boots" to chalk the hour on the boot-soles of the guest who wishes to be roused; but this plan sometimes leads to highly inconvenient mistakes. The new boot-labels are hung in the coffee-room and bed-rooms of an hotel, so that when the guest takes off his boots he may write the hour of his morning call on the label and affix the latter to his boots.

One form of the labels is a clock-face, which can be set to the hour; another is fitted with cards, which can be shifted as in a calendar; a third (which is shown in our illustration) has provision for ordering a bath or breakfast, &c.

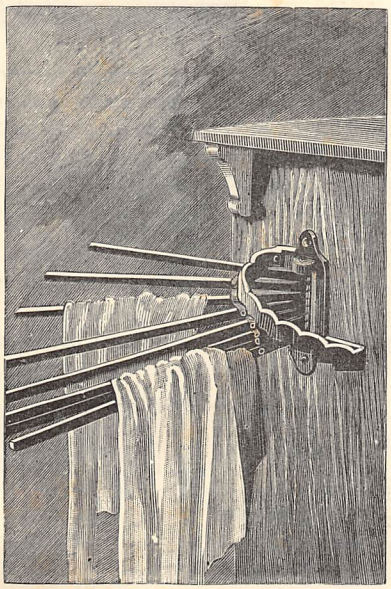
An Electric Parcels Post.

At the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, there has been on view for some months an interesting variety of the electric railway, adapted for conveying parcels. There is nothing novel in the system except, perhaps, the rails, which are placed one directly over the other, and the carriage runs between. The wheels of the carriage, placed one in front of the other, are deeply grooved to clutch the rails and prevent the car leaving the track, no matter how sharp the curve or high the speed. The motion is, of course, imparted to the wheels by a dynamo or electric motor carried by the car, and the dynamo is driven by an electric current conducted to it by the rails, and in this case supplied by a primary battery. Mr. Danchell's railway is an interesting experiment, and we hear that a larger trial will be made of it ere long.

"Squaring the Circle."

Mr. C. E. Parker Rhodes has brought out a simple contrivance for facilitating certain geometrical calculations. It consists of a shallow square trough, an adjustable "right-angle," and a quantity of small shot. To find approximately the "square" of a given circle, the latter is cut in some hard material, and the

circle thus made is placed on a level slab and carefully filled in with small shot, none of which overtops the rest. The shot are then placed in the shallow trough, and the right-angle adjusted until the shot just fill the square formed by the right-angle and the corner of the trough. This area is the square of the circle in which the shot were first placed. If, instead of a circle, a surveyor wanted the area of an irregular piece of land, he has to cut the plot to scale in cardboard and fill it out with the shot, then find the square in the trough equivalent to this area by means of the shot and adjustable right-angle. The plan may be useful sometimes.



A Useful Rack.

This rack is designed for airing and drying clothes, for hanging towels in a bath-room, or for any other similar purpose where it is essential that each article should be separated from the others and yet be fully exposed to the air. As will be seen from our illustration, the rack consists of a number of arms pivoted, one above another, on an axial pin, and kept apart by means of a collapsing metal band, which admits of the arms being folded and unfolded fan-wise. The arms are of great strength, and can, of course, be made of any required length.

A New Railway Engine.

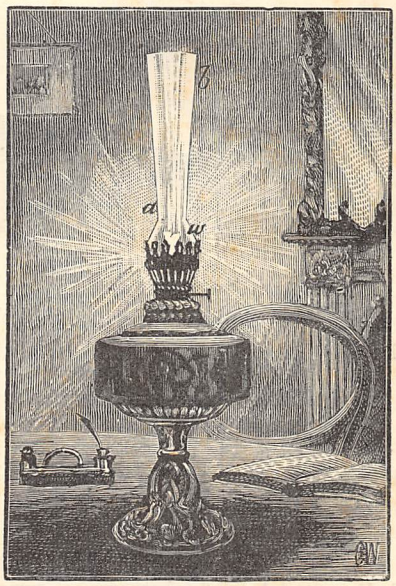
The engineering department of the South-Eastern Railway have at last overcome the difficulty, hitherto met by the use of two engines, of drawing a heavy train. They have now produced an engine capable of drawing heavy trains. Its inside cylinders are much larger than those of the ordinary engine, and its front part rests on a four-wheeled "bogie" truck, which enables it to turn curves with ease, without danger of leaving the rails. Such an engine is now working the tidal trains between Cannon Street and Folkestone, the total distance of 70 miles being travelled in 91 minutes, with trains varying from sixteen to twenty-six coaches. We may add that the same company have also constructed a new six-wheeled detaching composite carriage with electro-plated panelling, which obviates the necessity of re-painting The vehicle is 32 feet long, and comprises two first and two second-class compartments and a guard's van. The carriage is very handsome, the mouldings being of sheet-copper stamped under the press and electro-plated. Iron is also largely used in its construction. The carriage is attached to the down mail from Charing Cross to Shorncliffe.

A Giraffe Hotel.

A curious structure in the form of a gigantic giraffe is now being built at Sheepshead Bay, Rhode Island, directly over the Jerome Hotel, to which it will be an annexe. The structure will be 280 feet high, and stand on four legs, three of which will be used as stairways, the fourth as an elevator. A large dining-hall, 40 feet by 60 feet, will occupy the body of the animal, and a clam-bake dining-saloon will be fitted up in the head. In the eyes two electric lights will beam out over the sea.

A New Lamp-Glass.

A novel form of lamp-glass has been introduced by M. P. Bayle, which gives a more perfect combustion of oils in lamps than the ordinary form of glass. As shown in the woodcut, it has the form of two cones united at *a*, the narrowest part, and opening out above and below. The angle of widening in the upper part,



b, should not be more than 5° ; and that of the lower part should be between 35° and 45°. The best effect is obtained when the height of the glass is about six

times that of the diameter at the narrow part. The wick of the lamp is shown at *w*, and the glass enters the lamp by means of a cylindrical part at its lower end. This glass resembles that of the Argand reading-lamp in the narrowing of the tube; but it is an improvement on the latter, and more scientific. If the lamp is intended to burn in a still atmosphere free from draughts, the height of the glass may be reduced to four times the diameter of the neck. The best position of the wick is obtained when its top is just a trifle below the lower end or base of the lower cone. The glass is applicable to oil, petroleum, and gas lamps, with a gain in brilliancy of light, and freedom from fumes.

Gas-tight Tubing.

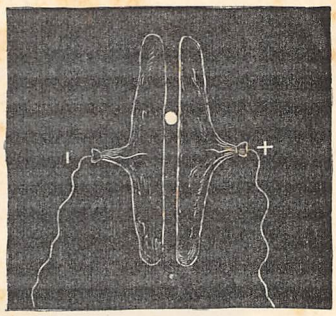
A great obstacle to the use of many of the applications to which gas has of late years been put, has been the want of a tubing which, while being flexible, should yet not allow of any escape of gas. Mr. T. Fletcher, F.C.S., has devised a tubing which will bear continuous heavy pressures without escape or smell. It consists of two separate layers of rubber, with a thin layer of pure tin vulcanised between, tin being absolutely gas-proof.

A Book-Clip.

This handy little device is intended to hold open and in position the pages of an account-book or other volume from which copying is to be done or extracts made. In form it resembles an ordinary spring letter-clip, to the top plate of which is attached an ellipse of strong wire, which serves to hold the pages in position, while it does not altogether obscure the heading or top lines.

Artificial Globe Lightning.

Fire-balls, or globe lightning, are a curious and hitherto unexplained form of the electric discharge which are frequently seen in summer. Thus, during the past August great balls of fire were seen rolling down the slopes of Lochnagar in Scotland during a violent thunderstorm. The best explanation of fire-balls has been given recently by M. Gaston Planté, a well-known French electrician, who actually produces what is a very good imitation, if it is not actually a miniature artificial fireball. The figure illustrates his apparatus, which simply consists of two damp surfaces formed of pads of filter-paper moistened with distilled water and brought very close together. These pads were connected with a Planté secondary battery of 16,000 cells, giving an initial electromotive force of 40,000 volts. On making contact, a small ball of fire, shown in the figure by the white spot, appeared between the pads, and ran from one side to the other between the two surfaces. In the experiment the pads take the place of charged clouds, or a charged cloud and the ground; M. Planté thinking globe lightning is produced when a column of charged air or vapour comes very close to the earth.



An Electric Governor.

When used for electric light purposes, engines should govern quickly. Hence, we have the new Porte-Manville governor, which is illustrated in Figs. 1 and 2. The bevel wheel, B, runs between two collars, D D[1]. The boss of the wheel is tapped and has a threaded spindle running through it. Part of the spindle is cut square, and runs through a square hole in the collar D, which prevents the spindle turning with the wheel, and only allows it to be screwed up and down. This arrangement provides that when the bevel wheel turns, the valve is either open or shut. Movement is given to the bevel wheel by a spur wheel, to which

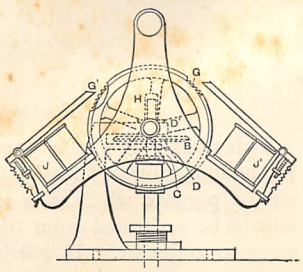


FIG. 1.

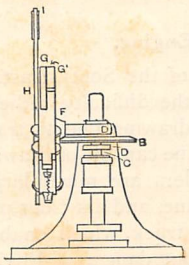


FIG. 2.

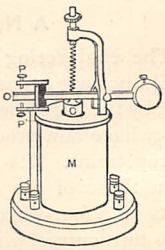
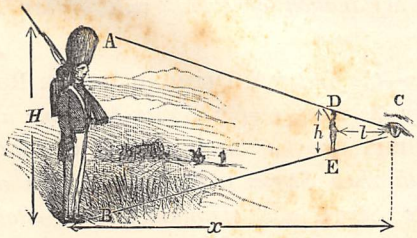


FIG. 3.

are attached two ratchet wheels, G G^1, with their teeth cut in opposite directions. Upon the same spindle as the spur and ratchet wheels, but unattached to them, is the three-armed carriage H, which is kept oscillating about its centre by the upper arm, I, being attached to a reciprocating part of the engine. On the other two arms of the carriage are electromagnets, J J^1, having their iron armatures prolonged into pawls, the pawl of one magnet being over one ratchet, and the pawl of the other magnet over the other ratchet. If, now, a current is sent through the left-hand magnet, its armature is attracted and engages with its own ratchet wheel, which turns the whole system in the direction that raises the valve. If the current flows through the other magnet the reverse action takes place, and the valve closes. The current is sent by a relay which may be caused to operate by the tachometer when the speed becomes too high or too low; or it may be controlled by the electric-lighting current itself by means of the device shown in Fig. 3. Here we have a solenoid, M, which, when traversed by the current, sucks down a soft iron core, C, into its hollow interior, and pulls on the spring lever O, thereby causing it to make contact with the piece P^1, below. If the current is too weak, O makes contact above with P; but in either case an electric current is sent to the governor to open or close the valve.

A Distance Judger.

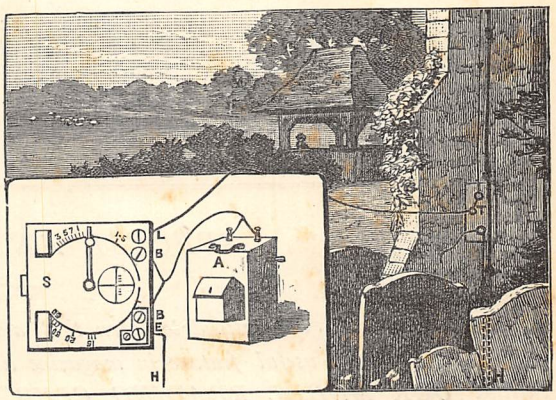
The following practical device for estimating distances at sight emanates from a French source. One or more silhouettes of standing or kneeling men are to be drawn on a card—the standing ones 25 millimetres in height, the kneeling ones 16 millimetres. These may be coloured for army use with uniforms of the enemy, but ordinarily they may simply be in black ink. The



figures are then cut out of the card with great care, leaving attached a base of cardboard to be held between the thumb and first finger. The appliance thus made is callibrated in the following manner:—Station several persons corresponding to the figures on the card at a distance of 200 metres, and cause an assistant to hold the instrument up in front of you. Move back until the resemblance of the distant figures corresponds to those of the card in height, and measure the distance between you and the silhouettes. The comparison of the two distances gives the clue to the use of the instrument. It is best to make the cards of such a size that at a certain distance from the persons the eye requires to be an even number of paces behind the silhouettes. Thus, if it is four paces behind the silhouettes (4 × ·75 metres = 3 metres), the multiplier (as proved below) is 50 to give the distance. If, then, on looking at a distant party of men in this manner the observer recedes from the silhouette until the men equal in size the figures on the card, the number of paces he has receded multiplied by 50 will give the distance of the men in metres. The figure illustrates the principle of the device, where H is the height of a distant person, A B, and h is the height of the silhouette figure, D E; l is the distance of the eye, C, from the card, D E, and x is the distance sought. Now in the similar triangles, A B C and D E C, we have

$$x = l\frac{H}{h}$$

and, since the length of a pace is ·75 metres, if n is the number of paces taken back from the card, we have $l = n \times \cdot 75$ metres. Now, if we agree to make $\frac{H}{h} \times \cdot 75 = 50$, we shall arrive at the proper height to give the card figure. Thus, taking H at 1·665 metres (5 ft. 5½ in.), we find $h = 0{\cdot}249$ metre, or say 25 millimetres, as originally stated.

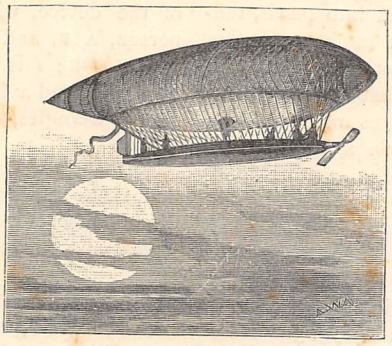


Siemens' Lightning-Rod Tester.

Messrs. Siemens Brothers have devised the apparatus which we illustrate for quickly testing lightning-rods. It consists of a small hand-dynamo, which is contained in a box A, and generates the testing current on the handle being turned. Into this box when not in use slides the indicator-face S, on the left of the engraving. The latter is fitted with four terminals L, B, B, E, and and has resistance coils underneath. To test the rod a copper wire is connected to its point: but this is best done when the rod is first erected. The wire runs down beside the rod. In making the test, terminal L is connected by the loose wire to the point of the rod, terminal E is joined to a good "earth," and terminals B B to the hand-dynamo or generator. The handle of the latter is then turned to generate the testing current which, when the hand on the dial is held down, flows through the rod and apparatus. A small galvanometer attached to the dial-face shows how the current operates; and the hand is to be moved on the dial until there is no deflection of the galvanometer needle. When this is so, the dial will show the resistance of the lightning-rod in ohms.

A Propelling Balloon.

On August 9th an interesting and successful balloon ascent was made from Meudon, in France, by two Government aëronauts, Captains Renard and Krebs. The balloon was dirigeable, and driven by a screw propeller while steered by a rudder like a large square sail. Captains Renard and Krebs have been engaged for some years past in experiments on ballooning at the Government establishment in Meudon, and their past work culminated in the effort of August 9th. The balloon, of light strong silk, is cigar-shaped and pointed at both ends. It is 197 feet long and 39 feet in diameter. A light netting covers it, and supports a platform 131 feet long by 10 feet broad. This is the basis of the car which carries the passengers and freight. The propeller, which consists of a screw of light wooden framework and air-tight cloth, is fixed to the front of the platform. It is driven by a Gramme dynamo, actuated by a current from a set of stored accumulators, or secondary batteries. It may be remembered that in a recent GATHERER we gave an account of a somewhat similar ascent made by Gaston Tissandier. In the latter case the dynamo was driven by primary batteries. Captains Renard and Krebs ascended together, the former having charge of the propelling gear, the latter of the rudder. On being liberated from the ground, the aërostat rose quickly to a height of 180 feet, and then, the propeller being in full play, started off for Villebon, a town seven miles distant, which had previously been fixed upon as the destination of the trip. The day was calm, but there was a breeze blowing against the balloon at the rate of 18 feet per second. On arriving at Villebon the aërial craft was steered gradually round, describing half a circle, and started back to Meudon, where it arrived safely some forty minutes after it set out. When within 20 feet of the ground the vessel was eased, reversed, and stopped, then hauled to earth by a rope thrown from the car. Since this attempt, others equally successful have been made.



A PROPELLING BALLOON.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

OUR readers will be gratified to learn that arrangements are being made for the introduction of a novel and very useful feature in magazine literature, in the form of a New Department, to be entitled OUR MODEL READING CLUB, the full explanation of which will appear in our NEXT ISSUE.

In the SAME ISSUE *will appear two New Serial Stories—the first,* "A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH," *the Story of an American Family in their English Home, by the Author of "Horace Maclean: a Story of a Search in Strange Places;" the second,* "SWEET CHRISTABEL," *a Study of Girl Character, by the Author of "The Probation of Dorothy Travers." Both these Stories will be more than usually interesting, and it may be added that the Short Complete Stories will maintain the long-established reputation of the* MAGAZINE *in this amongst so many other respects.*

The Programme of arrangements for the immediate future is so full and varied, that the Editor can only point to the separate Sheet issued with this Part of the MAGAZINE, *where it will be seen that it would be almost invidious to select only a few of the items for special mention to the exclusion of the majority. The contents of that Programme will show that the* MAGAZINE *will continue, as heretofore, to fulfil the comprehensive aim which has characterised it from the commencement, by providing for the wants of a large and increasing public in the United Kingdom, in America, and in the British Colonies. The present phenomenal success of this* MAGAZINE *is a striking proof—if, indeed, any proof were required—of the sterling soundness of the principle adopted by its conductors in strengthening, consolidating, and extending year by year the attractions, resources, and practical usefulness of each Department (and that without undue encroachment of one upon the other), so that the* MAGAZINE *itself "has ever proved its own best advertisement" when placed in the hands of new readers.*